



THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

A NEW SERIES

OF THE
SCOTS MAGAZINE.

JANUARY—JUNE 1825

Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.

VOL. XVI.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

1825.

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EDI/M
VOL. 10
1928

11246 18.10.76

THE
SCOTS MAGAZINE,
AND
EDINBURGH LITERARY MISCELLANY.

New Series.

VOL. XCV.

FOR 1825.—PART I.

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

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LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

JANUARY 1825.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. Feb. 1825.	Morn.		Even.		Days. Feb. 1825.	Morn.		Even.	
	H.	M.	H.	M.		H.	M.	H.	M.
Tu. 1	0	28	0	54	Tu. 15	0	45	1	5
W. 2	1	20	1	45	W. 16	1	25	1	42
Th. 3	2	8	2	31	Th. 17	1	58	2	15
Fr. 4	2	58	3	14	Fr. 18	2	30	2	45
Sa. 5	3	35	3	54	Sa. 19	2	59	3	13
Su. 6	4	16	4	35	Su. 20	3	24	3	41
M. 7	4	56	5	16	M. 21	3	56	4	10
Tu. 8	5	36	5	59	Tu. 22	4	23	4	39
W. 9	6	22	6	47	W. 23	4	56	5	12
Th. 10	7	15	7	48	Th. 24	5	31	5	52
Fr. 11	8	28	9	13	Fr. 25	6	16	6	42
Sa. 12	10	1	10	44	Sa. 26	7	15	7	51
Su. 13	11	25	11	57	Su. 27	8	40	9	28
M. 14	—	—	0	23	M. 28	10	14	10	56

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	D.	M.	H.
Full Moon,...	Th. 3.	16	past 11 morn.
Last Quart,...	Th. 10.	58	— 1 morn.
New Moon,...	Th. 17.	7	— 10 aftern.
First Quart,...	Sa. 26.	42	— 1 morn.

TERMS, &c.

Feb.

- 2. Candlemas.
- 24. Duke of Cambridge born (1774.)
- 26. Hare hunting ends.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.



THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JANUARY 1825.

DEFENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.

The Argument.

How Peter became a Phrenologist.—His assiduity and earnestness in cultivating this sublime science.—His great success, and the happy means of it.—How Phrenology powerfully grapples with Philosophy.—How it aids History and Biography.—Peter, through the discoveries of Phrenology, perceives among his friends; new Shakespeares, and Newtons, Bacons, Swifts, and Goethes, and Schillers, and hopes highly of himself.—A musician startles Peter and his system.—This science most useful in forming right matrimonial alliances.—Peter, pursuing his system, again startled by the view of Materialism.—How Peter profits by surveying, stealthily, the heads of public speakers, and prognosticates happily of the Bar.—How Phrenology might improve Poetry, and highly benefit the Drama.—And how, by this, Peter's own genius and ambition are kindled up.—Peter, for the advancement of his science, visits prisons and is edited; but he also suffers loss.—Peter, with his friends, foresee a mighty battle with the unenlightened, but they are prepared for it, and Peter sings a Paean.—The great benefit of this science in choosing jurymen.—Peter again startled and alarmed by the application of the science to his own family, but closes by declaring his firmness, and his lasting allegiance to the mighty science.

MR EDITOR,

I BELIEVE, Sir, I may be regarded as a striking exemplification of the ancient truth, that our strongest biasses and fondest predilections frequently owe their first impulse and growth to some seemingly-remote and unconnected circumstances of accident. To some influences of this kind I owe it that I first burst the shell, so to speak, and grew up the strongly-fledged Phrenologist which I now am. Being considerably past the meridian of life, I had for several years been gradually dropping—what Phrenologists regard as the greatest check of science—my hair. Some of the bolder features of development had been gradually stealing from beneath their covering, like the first specks of growing islands, from which the waters are imperceptibly receding. At length, however, the shock of nearly the total destitution of my locks overtook me. I had gone to bed with my head in its usual state, but, in the morning, when I took off my night-cap, and put up my hand to spread and adjust my locks as usual, I felt nothing but a terrific and appalling smoothness on every side. The dignified eminence, if I may so say, had lost nearly every shred or patch of verdure. My hair had capriciously taken its leave; and while I stood upon the floor in my shirt, with my night-cap in my palsied hand, I felt, amidst my dejection and bewilderment, that, like the Jewish champion of old—if I durst allude to what is sacred and venerable—my strength seemed to have departed with my locks. I remained, long after this lamented occurrence, in deep melan-

choly and impervious concealment. I felt I should not speedily rise above a visitation, which had so strangely and calamitously transformed me. I could not endure the thoughts of fleeing for shelter to a wig. I used to sit whole days, sorrowful, by the fire, sunk in silence and inaction, unless when some slight circumstance kindled the train of an inexhaustible magazine of bilge and irritation. My fingers were ever wandering unconsciously, as it were, along the smooth and despoiled surface; and, amidst my numerous other regrets, I equally lamented the not being immediately recognised by my own mother, whose blindness makes her, like the Patriarch of old, dis-criminate by the touch; and also, that, in my musical passion, I should be obliged for ever to relinquish my favourite duet of Jackson, "*Time has not thinned my flowing hair,*" in performing a part in which I used to take such true delight. In this state of melancholy destitution and discomfort, the magic word Phrenology first sounded in my ears. I became an enthusiastic disciple of this divine science. I speedily soared, in the exhilarating and fervid spirit of such pursuits, above the feeling of my unmanly dejection. The vigorous scientific pinions of Combe and Spurzheim, like the roc-bird of Sinbad, raised me triumphant above the dark and desolate region of my enervating disquietude. What I had regarded as a signal calamity I now viewed as a singular interposition of Phrenological fortune. I possessed a field for the cultivation of this admirable science, I might say, peculiarly my own. The roughnesses of no thick or tangled herbage, if I may so speak, interposed to cloud or deceive the nicety and directness of my scientific touch. After pursuing, during the day, my Phrenological studies, in their deeper and sublimer mysteries, I could still enjoy, amidst my enthusiasm, the delight of refreshing my science, even as I drew on my night-cap, and stepped into bed,—like your musician, who, in laying aside his more difficult and arduous professional exercises, delights, often, before putting by his instrument, to yield to some graceful and unfettered dashes of sportive or scientific prelude. I now felt myself swimming amidst all the delicious and fervid mental intoxication which peculiarly attends the enthusiastic Phrenological proselyte. The great Curran believed, that, to commence with a certainty of success the career of the Irish Bar, it was indispensable that the young votary of the law should be without a shilling in his pocket; and, in regard to myself, I may ingeniously own, that in having now scarcely three hairs on my head, I proudly regard myself, in this state of capillary destitution, as peculiarly favoured with the most enviable and felicitous appliances, for the nurture and cultivation of Phrenological science.

Perhaps, Sir, I need scarcely observe, that nearly the whole of my time is dedicated to the pursuit of this great and admirable science. I allow it, to say the truth without restraint, to occupy and engross my whole soul. I am not desirous of diversifying my studies, lest, while I might seem to divide, I should perhaps enfeeble the strength of my mental energies; I would wish to concentrate the hottest rays of my genius upon the yet cold, and somewhat-unexplored surface of so inviting a science. I like not the method of those excursive, intellectual pioneers, whose every hour is occupied with some differing novelty of pursuit, and with whom science seems, vainly and ceaselessly, to chase science, and the mind, like a field whose fair and soft herbage a too-constant succession of footsteps has beat down, remains arid and sterile, and without the delicious medicinal unction of some darling and prevailing predilection. It is for this reason that I cherish this master-passion of my soul, like Jacob of old the child of his later years; and that I should as little seek to diminish its divine fervour and strength, as I should to scatter idly and fruitlessly abroad, in a thousand feeble rills, the full and majestic stream which flowed past my dwelling. To be candid, Sir, I fear my scientific enthusiasm is at times troublesome and impertinent to others; I am somewhat, in the spirit of my prevailing passion, like the enthusiastic breeches-maker in "*Chrysal,*" who was ever stretching forth, as it were, unconsciously, his hand, to catch the measure of those who sat near him. My hand often, amid the entrancement of my

scientific musings, wanders from my own head to those of my next neighbour's ; and the consequence might often be sufficiently calamitous and distressing, were not those who feel the unexpected touch of my Phrenological hand good-humoured enough to forgive these evidences of my hallucination.

I have now, I think, acquired considerable skill in this truly-inviting science. I can at once put my practised hand upon the complicated indication of every peculiarity of mind ; I know as exactly the extent of the mental riches as I do the number of pigeons within my dovecot. Like the fingers of a musician running the chromatic or diatonic scale, I can glide through the minutest semitones of the intellectual faculties, and, in my own way, finely modulate, if I may so say, between the the organ of ideality and that of secretiveness, or soften the harsh discords of combativeness and destructiveness, by the resolution of the sweeter and gentler attributes of tune, or amateness. Catalani cannot run the gamut more fleetly than what we more advanced Phrenologists can, amidst all the hostility and contrariety of nob's and bumps, quickly decypher, and drag into Phrenological light, every shifting and varied attribute of human character. I once entertained a true veneration for the most distinguished cultivators of the philosophy of mind. I used to consider those inquiries, which sought to elucidate or detect the movements and impulses of the ever-active and subtle spirit within us, which seems to recede from, and, as it were, elude the investigation of itself, and the deep and inexhaustible well-spring of whose activity seems, if I may so speak, to flow beneath so dark and impervious a shade, as the most noble and sublime of any. My Phrenology, however, has wholly dissipated the illusion of such mistaken views ; the Phrenologist now seems to me to stand upon a much prouder and more dignified eminence than the metaphysician. Seated in my arm-chair, I can run the changes through the whole arcana of mind ; I grasp at once at the decided marks of the human character, and holding up my results, laugh at shadowy and vain speculation ; I can feel the indicative pulses of the mental faculties moving and throbbing, as it were, beneath my Phrenological finger ; I can heave out my philosophic plummet, if I may so say, from the promontory of destructiveness or amateness, and determine their aggregate depth, and the force or intensity of their current. I cannot, indeed, at times, amidst the delicious chuckle and effervescence of my Phrenological pride, refrain from exclaiming, "What a pity that Locke, and Reid, and Leibnitz, in their sterile and shadowy science, should have driven so pertinaciously, so idly, and so acutely !" The philosophy of mind seems to me, I must honestly say, to be indubitably on the wane, and to be gradually sinking before the resistless growth and ascendancy of a nobler and more decisive science. I do not, indeed, despair of seeing, at no distant day, the fate of Polyphemus of old, if I may be allowed the allusion, realized upon it, and of beholding the resolute and invincible arm of Phrenology prod out the eyes of this grim and aged monster, who has so long, beneath so many varieties of disguise, ensnared, bewildered, and terrified the prying and inquisitive world.

I begin now, Sir, to see somewhat of a sublime philosophy in the custom of those savages, who carefully preserve the skulls of their dead. I have a strong suspicion that they must be skilful Phrenologists, and that, being singularly fond of biography, they take this way of accurately perpetuating the qualities for which their relatives, and most distinguished heroes, have been remarkable. I have no doubt they thus escape much of that questionable dubiety and indecision which unfortunately pervade our biography, and that their stated eulogies of the dead, with these awful interpreters before them, are as remarkable for their truth, as the rapid precision with which they are given.

Were, Sir, an untutored Indian to behold me engaged in this divine and exhilarating study, with some dozen or two of skulls before me, over which I occasionally darted my practised fingers, like a dexterous player on the musical-glasses, he would, I have no doubt, sink down before me in awe

and admiration ;—he would believe these singular manuals of my science were the trophies of my success in war,—that I was kindling and inflaming my courage by the sight of these awful monuments of my prowess,—like the hungry lion in his cave, whetting his fury by viewing the bones of his victims around him ; and he would believe, that, while in my peaceful philosophic occupation, I was diligently, with my measure, taking the dimensions of the faculties or dispositions with the same accuracy that you weigh a pack of wool,—that I was tracing the course of my scalping knife, or cherishing my warlike ardour, while I looked insatiate upon the spot where I dealt the deadly wound. I must confess, indeed, that your Phrenologist, hard at study, unless to the deeply initiated, presents no very inviting or prepossessing picture. The tools with which he works are, indeed, of a singular kind. However, if he be a man of sensibility and philosophic reflection, even amidst his failures he may profit, and, with death at his elbow, slide into many a fine and solemn strain of soothing and instructive moralizing. I possess somewhat of a poetic vein, and I feel it often during the gush of its most impressive excitement, amidst the grim, appropriate furniture of my Phrenological shop.

I observe, of late, among our Phrenologists, that many of them afflicted with the deformity of baldness have now betaken themselves to wigs : this, it is maliciously said, not for the purpose of concealing this want of luxuriant and clustering foliage, but because, since the bright and irresistible beams of Phrenological conversion have flashed upon them, they have been so unfortunate as to discover, upon themselves, the marked and proud development of organs of a most suspicious kind. Others, again, it is said, have, with exultation, tossed aside their wigs, and appear in all the simple, unadorned grandeur of frontal nakedness, that they may display some rare and enviable distinction of organs,—the region of ideality or imagination, of number or of wit, which it may be fairly doubted whether the heads of Shakspeare, of Newton, of Swift, or of Steele, ever exhibited in such massive distinctness of development. One of my Phrenological friends has frequently hinted to me his belief that he inherits the soul of Lord Bacon ; as, following the somewhat vague and treacherous guidance of the portraits of that great philosopher, he finds that the configuration of his head, in all that seems essential, bears a most striking resemblance to that of the English sage. There is, indeed, a slight difference, he allows, over the left ear, which somewhat assimilates him to Tycho-Brache, or Copernicus ; by which means he concentrates in himself what is most sublime in astronomy with what is most wise and infallible in philosophical investigation. Another scientific friend believes, he assures me, on the best authority, that the singular development of his head is the true type of that of Goëthe, the greatest poetic genius of Germany. And a third, an enthusiast in the singularly chequered literature of that intellectual country, recognises, in the nobles and protuberances of his skull, a felicitous and magic union of the most-approved Phrenological traits of Schiller and Herder, admirably dashed with some touches of Gleim and Jünger, to season, with a becoming graceful satyric vivacity, the too ardent poetic temperament of the one, and the too continuously solemn and dignified philosophic musings of the other. I could instance many others of my scientific friends who cherish opinions equally flattering and consolatory ; but I deem it superfluous. I may merely, therefore, hint, by way of philosophic reproof to those who vent the fume and irritation of their own disappointment in querulously lamenting the limited and emasculated state of the general talent, that, judging from Phrenological prognostics, there seems to me no hazard that the literature or science of the age shall speedily sink into imbecility. The Phrenologists, however, it is probable, will hereafter assume the lead in all those great intellectual pursuits which equally embellish and enoble the era in which they flourish. The distinguished science of which they are the disciples has already lifted, if I may so say, the dark and impervious veil from every tortuous maze of intellectual character. It disclosed to them, in their own persons, a rich and varied assemblage of every grace or noble energy of mental endowment.

They have only to give movement and direction to what has lain so long dead and torpid,—to stretch forth their graceful Phrenological hand, and strew whatever arid and uninviting scientific path they enter with the rich and fragrant flowers of an unwonted fascination and attraction.

I cannot, Sir, here conceal from you, that, amidst my Phrenological studies, I occasionally encounter some slight shocks of discrepancy, and seeming contradiction. These, however, I may say, rather whet than cool my ardour. What I cannot turn gracefully aside, in my scientific strength, I seek, with the bold ardour of a noble steed, to overleap; and, in your true Phrenological spirit, when I have passed such barriers, I endeavour to let the recollection of their opposition drop secretly from my mind. Thus, the peculiar configuration of my head tells me I have an exceeding mathematical genius; the region of pure intellect, also, is admirably developed; and the protuberance of language, in its richness, swells nearly into deformity. Candour, however, obliges me to say, that mathematics have always been my peculiar aversion; I have stumbled, in darkness and bewilderment, at the very threshold of pure mental speculation; and in place of rivalling the fame of Adelung, or Sir William Jones, in the vigour and rapidity with which I grapple and overcome languages, I must honestly say, that nearly ten years wrestling with the French language has been scarcely sufficient to enable me to read the *Tales of Mercier*, or the *Fables of La Motte*. I intend, however, speedily again to overhaul my intellectual character. I must examine, so to speak, how the declivities and swellings of the mental surface run; and it is not impossible that I may discover, and easily turn aside, some injurious obstruction, which has, during the whole of my life, caused the stream of intellectual character to flow away in difficult and reluctant channels. I shall still, therefore, in future, continue to draw (*Phrenologicè*) the inferences of my deepest predilections rather from the configuration of my head than the feelings of my heart. I am not without confident hopes of speedily flashing forth in the dazzling brightness of my real and long-hid character,—of breaking the intellectual mystery in which I have hitherto lived,—of existing, as it were, again, in a beauty of mental form, heretofore unknown to myself; and, in my later years, beneath the bland and quickening influence of the Phrenological spring, if I may so speak, of casting aside the slough, or uncomely hair, of my intellectual hide, and, like the wild-horse, cheered by the quickening warmth of a new sun, of shewing many sportive tricks of elasticity and vigour. I shall then, contrasting my former mental character with the more singular and opposing biases and capacities which Phrenology shall have dragged into light, seem, as it were, to bear about with me a kind of double *Janus visage*, in which, however, the youthful bloom and beauty of my Phrenological face, so to say, shall at once throw into the shade the emaciated and fast-waning features of my former intellectual self. In this state of mental transformation, I shall look back upon my former self with those callous feelings of indifference with which I call up the memory of a friend from whom I have willingly separated. It may be, that I shall then recognise only a few feeble features of resemblance between the peculiarities of my former mental character, and the more noble and fundamental intellectual change which I anticipate for myself. Perhaps, indeed, as in the remote descendants of an ancient house, some scattered features may often be traced, which assimilate them to the parent stock, as something in the arch of the eyebrows, the play of the mouth, the expression of the eyes, or even the sound of the voice; so it may, perhaps, be with myself, amidst the greatness of my intellectual change. I shall, however, in the dignified and sublime spirit of Phrenology which swells my bosom, look upon such insulated traces of my former self merely, so to speak, as scientific landmarks, which shall enable me more decisively to pronounce upon the extent of the revolution which has taken place, and to estimate more accurately the crowd and peculiarity of those mental obstacles which the rush of the Phrenological tide has so triumphantly and resistlessly swept away.

I have said, that, in my scientific pursuits, some touch of discrepancy oc-

asionally ruffles the placid smoothness of my Phrenological credulity. I was at a concert some nights ago, where an admirable and exquisite performer enchanted and enraptured me, by the mingled power, and graceful, expressive delicacy of his execution. I anticipated a strong confirmation of the truth of my darling science, when he kindly gratified the impatience of my somewhat unmannerly enthusiasm, by allowing me to lay my scientific and practised hand on his head. My consternation and bewilderment, however, were extreme, when I felt, so to speak, no beating of the musical pulse,—no organ of tune,—“total eclipse,”—Combe and Spurzheim rolling disastrously on the descendant, at the very moment when I expected some irrefragable touch of Phrenological science to greet my impatient finger. This, I must say, seemed to me, amidst the too overwhelming surprise of the moment, nearly as extraordinary as if a man could see by the soles of his feet, or think and live without his head. However, subsequent reflection, and the consoling and sympathetic counsellings of my Phrenological friends, have somewhat blunted the edge of my disappointment. And without infringing the sacredness of scientific truth, or the Confession of Faith of the Phrenological College, I escape from the dilemma which seemed ready to ensnare and entangle me, by merely believing, that a man may often do well what he is even led to by no peculiar strength or bias; that the effects of sedulous practice and habit sometimes (to the terror of weak Phrenologists) treacherously assume, as it were, the form and aspect of the deeper and truer propensities of the soul. It does indeed, I must allow, seem, at first sight, somewhat humiliating and rebutting to estimate the intellectual riches of Shakespeare or Milton, or take the dimensions of the gigantic genius of Handel, as your tailor takes your measure for a doublet, or a pair of breeches. I would only, however, here observe, that the greatest and most sublime truths in science are often admirably worked out by the simplest means. The seeming feebleness and inadequacy, therefore, of our Phrenological tools—looking to the splendour and magnitude of their results—ought rather, then, to beget the deepest sentiments of admiration and conviction than any profane and irreverent movements of ridicule or incredulity.

I may here communicate to you, somewhat in confidence, that several of my associates—zealous and enthusiastic proselytes of this fascinating science—are at present on the momentous eve of forming matrimonial connections, guided solely by the noble lights and prognostics of Phrenology. The fervour and purity of their scientific faith may well, in such an event, beget our admiration, although, perhaps, it may be unable to charm others into imitation. My scientific friends, in this decisive and eventful step of their lives, shall wisely not have yielded to the delusive and vain ardours of that soft passion, which, as our poets gratuitously say, “enchants the world.” They shall have made their matrimonial happiness flow, as a just and emphatic corollary, from the pure and abundant source of their Phrenological science; they shall have been guided alone by the bearings of the Phrenological map of the human passions and affections. And should any of my friends, by some dread fatality, be deceived in the fair object of their Phrenological choice, and find that they have not indeed taken gentleness and affection to their arms, I know well, that, in the noble enthusiasm of science, they will keep the unhappy secret locked within their own bosoms, and, amidst all the pitiless peltings of the domestic storm, they will, with the Roman spirit of Curtius of old, rejoice in so trying and decisive a self-devotion, which shall so eminently accelerate the advance of this sublime science.

It has been hinted to me, by a zealous and well-intentioned, but unscientific friend of mine, that my religious belief stands no slight hazard, from the inevitable tendency of my Phrenological doctrines. He idly supposes that the views of our system lead inevitably to materialism; that if we inseparably associate certain predominant tempers and dispositions of mind with certain marked and distinctive peculiarities in the configuration of the head, we seem to make mind receive the whole of its individual bias, and direction, and control, from the influence and contact of matter. That

we here, he says, elevate what is, in truth, subservient, into the controlling and directing power; that we rashly make our Phrenological signs not merely those which indicate mental qualities, but which rather, in some sort, produce, or at least modify them; and that, amidst the affected strictness of our science, we forget the pure spiritual nature of the divine principle within us, which we seek so idly and irreverently to entangle within the feeble meshes of our Phrenology. To these charges of my serious metaphysical friend I feel myself generally averse formally to reply. I have, to say the truth, in what regards the moral or religious tendencies of my Phrenology, entrusted for some time my conscience to several of my scientific intimates, of the most admirable and piercing acumen, and endeavour to shake myself free from anxiety or inquietude. My wife, indeed, frequently hints that my religion sits about me more loosely than heretofore, and fears, that, as I have lately swung from the moorings of my ancient political creed, or rather lost all confidence in its most public and zealous advocates, through the unerring lights of Phrenology, that I may, perhaps, from similar principles, also forswear my religion. To say the truth, indeed, this system has somewhat darkened, I fear, the purity of my former belief in the free agency and accountability of man; and amidst all the intoxicating fervours of my scientific enthusiasm, I cannot at times escape what might almost seem the legitimate inference from our system,—that if the soul is thus swayed and directed by the physical formation of the head,—if every variety of disposition and intellectual bias is inseparably connected and associated with a certain marked and distinctive craniological developement, that then our actions would seem the result of a dread and irresistible necessity. What I had formerly imagined was spiritual and indestructible, my Phrenology, I fear, irreverently tells me is ever controlled and clogged by the adamantine chains, so to speak, of that matter by which it is bound down and encircled; and, in place of the free and uncurtailed majesty of its flight, it receives its laws, its tendency, and its direction, from the peculiar form and configuration of those cells of the head and the brain which it inhabits. But I do not here desire to enter into the deeper and more recondite bearings of the science, lest, in my yet imperfect scientific strength, I should realize the fate of the ancient Milo, and, caught between some gripping and relentless cleft of the Phrenological tree, fall an easy sacrifice to the feeblest infidel arm. It may be, that, what at times now seems so dark and hideous a spectre, if I may so say, may yet be found to be but the insubstantial shadow of my too rash and easily excited fears.

My well-meaning friend hints, that it may perhaps be difficult for me to return, should I follow much farther the dictates of my scientific ardour; and irreverently mentions, that a most acute and pertinacious Phrenologist, whose energy had carried him forward to an enviable distance on the perilous road, when, in the feeling of some unwonted misgivings of contrition, he began to think of gathering up his religion, found he had imperceptibly dropt it by the way. I have, however, prudently resolved to take myself to task at the different stages of my Phrenological advance, and should I feel the haze of scepticism or infidelity gradually rising into the horizon, so to speak, of my religious belief, I shall then resolutely pause, amidst that intoxicating fervour of speculation which none but your deep, Eleusinian, initiated Phrenologists know, and begin to distrust the predictions and delusive splendours of this sublime science which has so long fascinated and beguiled me.

My enthusiastic ardour in the prosecution of Phrenological science led me, some time ago, to adopt a very peculiar and decisive step, with a view to my still farther improvement, and immediate gratification. I had become somewhat tired of pursuing my scientific speculations upon the skulls of the dead, which, as I in general knew nothing of the traditionary character of those of whom I possessed these sad memorials, I often found resolve insensibly into a mere deceitful play of pleasing and ingenious fancy. I was therefore unable to compare and check the results of my Phrenological speculations by the true and avowed biasses and attributes of character of those departed spirits,

upon whom, like the ancient Egyptians, I passed sentence after death. This uncertain and inconclusive mode of study, which had at times irritated and inflamed my too-ardent and susceptible temperament, and been productive of no little domestic discord, led me to look impatiently around me for some wide and inviting field, where I might still pursue, amidst all the certainties and salutary checks of living character, my darling Phrenological pursuits. It at once occurred to me, that the Gentlemen of the Bar presented to my scientific ardour that inviting range for Phrenological appreciation which I had long so eagerly sought in vain. I easily prevailed upon the servants of their robing, or tying-room, to allow me to officiate along with them, veiled beneath the impenetrable disguise of the perruquier, and to assist in putting on and adjusting the wigs of the Advocates before they spring forth into the arena of the Parliament House, to display their curls and their law. It so happens, I know not from what cause, (fortunate, in respect to my Phrenological self,) that the greater number of the Advocates who wear bar-wigs are either wholly or partially affected with baldness. I shall not stop to inquire whether this arise from the violent heats of animated and dignified contention, or whether the continued friction and movement of the wig, like the "*Gutta cavat lapidem*," may not be traced as the cause of this inviting peculiarity. I may merely observe, that I did my utmost to profit by the spectacle of so chequered and varied an assemblage of heads, which my ingenuity had placed so immediately under my observation. Those who stood then unsuspecting before me knew not what a scientific and finely-appreciating adept was at that moment looking insatiate, through the Phrenological windows, upon every maze and intricacy of the inward man. They knew not, that, while I seemed to wield my brush, or adjust a curl, I was even then at the bottom of the well of truth, illumined by the irrefragable beams of Phrenological light. I regretted, however, that I was, in general, only allowed a passing glance,—that the panorama of intellect was fatally transitory,—that I was permitted no time to pause over the rich and fascinating banquet presented by such striking and singular varieties of Phrenological development. I was, indeed, repeatedly sharply reproved for being dilatory in my assumed office. However, the sight of such a varied and rapid succession of skulls was, to my scientific mind, so admirably instructive, and so soothingly gratifying, that I felt it at times as impossible that I should have immediately clapped on their wigs without taking first a greedy and insatiate glance of the riches before me, as it would be for me not to inhale the fragrance of the summer flowers as I pass along, or for a traveller, parched and fainting with thirst, not to drink from the stream which flows cool and sparkling at his feet. When, in this truly enviable situation for a Phrenologist, I saw on the head of some grim, arid, unimaginative, matter-of-fact old lawyer, some striking indication, which I knew to correspond exactly with the peculiarities of his real character, I could not refrain a suppressed chuckle of triumph, and was often on the point of breaking forth amid the buoyancy and intensity of my Phrenological rapture, into some empassioned exclamation of astonishment and admiration, which would assuredly have at once revealed the enthusiastic Phrenologist beneath the unexpected disguise of the barber. I need not, I believe, assure you, who must know the high character of the Bar so well, that I discovered in most of those who passed under my piercing and infallible scrutiny the indubitable indications of distinguished talent, of amiable biases, and of pure and honourable purposes. And among its younger members, who have the felicity (in the eye of the Phrenologist) to be struck with partial baldness, I owe it, as some return for the scientific treat I enjoyed, to say, that the indications of distinguished mental endowment seemed to me striking and unambiguous. I augur, in the spirit of assured conviction, that there appears to me no hazard that the Bar shall speedily fall beneath its present high reputation. The bright, but too fleeting, glimpses of Phrenological light, which beamed upon me, lead me to believe that the stream of legal talent shall gather additional power and volume as it flows. Meanwhile, the younger members of the Bar, in the assured confidence of future success, can only

soothe themselves with the indulgence of those wishes, not unbecoming or irreverent in aspirants, that the old overshadowing timber may, in the ripeness of a proper season, be hewn down, and allow the crowd of young and vigorous plants to raise their depressed heads, to spread forth their branches, and expand themselves into the majestic dignity of trees of the forest.

The effect of my Phrenological knowledge upon my mind has been, in some respects, sufficiently strange and unlooked-for. It has deprived, in my sight, our poets of many of their greatest charms. Those descriptions, in which they fancifully trace an analogy between the outward features of their personages and their mental qualities,—those enthusiastic bursts of feeling and passion in which lovers trace, with so delighted an assurance, the indications of every fair, or graceful, or noble attribute of female character, in the fascinating and irresistible beauty of their mistresses, and which, in my former deplorable ignorance, touched me with so fond and lively a rapture,—these I now zealously endeavour to estimate, by the light of more novel and enlarged views. I find it, however, I must ingenuously own, no easy task to wean myself from these old and fond poetic predilections. The feelings of my heart, when I meet with these passages of fascinating and seductive beauty, which our Phrenological science opposes, generally rebel against the more sober and decisive dictates of my now enlightened judgment; and when I feel myself hurried along by the powerful and delicious influence of such expressions, I now, in my enlarged philosophy, at once chill and arrest their force, by stretching forth, so to speak, my cold and irresistible Phrenological hand, which at once, with a sad and disastrous, yet wisely corrective power, throws a deadening and sullen gloom across the animated brightness of the poetic horizon. In my enthusiastic passion for this new science, I should now, in much that is esteemed most vital and essential, wish to model and construct anew our poetical system. I would have poets no longer to speak of the fascinating and commanding beauty and majesty of the human form or countenance. I would desire they would no longer describe, with such inimitable and expressive, yet delusive poetic colouring, the irresistible and soft beauty of an Helen, which even touched the old into reverence as she passed,—the matron loveliness of the sorrowing Andromache,—the godlike bearing of a Hector,—the venerable age of a Priam,—or the grace and fascinating beauty of a Paris; I would now, indeed, rather wish, amidst my scientific hallucination, that the poet should at once draw a veil over all the deceitful and fleeting blandishments of outward feature; I would have him at once to ascend, as it were, into the “*arcana rerum*.” I would desire, that, in describing his feigned personages, he should rather walk by the sure and stubborn head-marks of Phrenology, than the deceitful play and vacillation of human features; and that, in characterising his heroes and heroines by the peculiar configuration of their skulls, he should there break forth into some noble and enthusiastic aspirations of his art. Besides, should his poetic wings seem in hazard of carrying him aloft in too devious and hazardous a flight, he should still possess this advantage over all cultivators of the divine art, that he might at once, from the precision of the scientific rules he walks by, regulate his course with the most striking and unswerving accuracy. He might sink gracefully and sportively down, from where he first ascended, upon some singularly jutting promontory on the skull of his poetical victim, or on some shelving and gentle declivity of amateness, of wit, or of tune. He might, in short, suitably close the splendour and vigour of his poetic flight, by descending, like a feathered Mercury, at once on your true scientific ground; and should, in the intensity of his wrapt emotion, his poetic mantle still too closely cling to him, he might gracefully toss it aside, as no longer necessary, and stand forth your ardent and insatiate Phrenologist, amidst the Golgotha of skulls. I would have, indeed, your Phrenological poet climb into no daring elevation but by the assured ladder of his Phrenology alone; I would not have him vainly to grasp the unsubstantial colours of the passing clouds, so to speak, but rather to lay hold, amid all his delightful wanderings, of the stable pillars of his Phrenology. I can indeed assure him, from some de-

licious experiences of my own, that he shall experience 'a more intense and glowing satisfaction in steering his poetic bark, if I may so say, amidst the sutures, the swelling projections, and undulations of the skull, than, it is probable, even the mariner feels, who steers his vessel amidst the promontories, and isles, and sweeping bays of a fair and newly-discovered region.

Since my Phrenological conversion, I may indeed say, that Shakespeare, and all our great dramatic poets, have fallen incalculably in my estimation. They dwell too much upon the outward demeanour and characteristics of their feigned personages,—they allow them to be too fancifully and capriciously swayed by such treacherous indications. I now view many of those passages in Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ford, which I formerly admired, no less for their rich poetic beauty, than the truth of their piercing and felicitous discrimination, as nothing more than fanciful and unreal trifles, seeing they are reared upon the unstable ground of the shadowy and fantastic science of physiognomy. I wish, indeed, our dramatists had known somewhat of the rich treasures of Phrenological science. How poetically then would they have luxuriated and wantoned amid the singularly compounded and varied developments of the human head! With what an energetic Michael Angelo touch would they have portrayed the lowering and dread majesty of the organ of destructiveness in some stern and ruthless tyrant! And with what a touching and soft aerial delicacy, worthy of Guido or the Carracci, would they have expatiated upon the cheering indications of the more gentle, and bland, and engaging affections! They would then, by the aids of this noble science, have more dexterously and skilfully associated their dramatic personages. They would have conficted them upon the moving scene, according to the strongly-contrasted and opposing development of their polls; and in place of those unreal and shadowy attributes with which they have endowed them, the spectator would have been subdued and electrified by a fierce dramatic conflict upon the truest and most approved Phrenological principles, in which the differing development of the personages would, like the hustling and opposing spirits of Dante, imposingly give dramatic significance to each other, and in which some of the brightest flashes of poetry might be emitted by a collision as singular as it would, I have no doubt, be dramatic and effective.

I am happy to say, that a young friend of mine, an enthusiastic votary of this delightful science, is at present engaged in the composition of a tragic drama, which shall illustrate and impressively enforce the most striking doctrines of Phrenological science. Those whose obduracy and illiberality have refused to sink before the precision and force of our ratiocination, may, it is not impossible, by the seductive beauties of our verse, be charmed and softened into conviction. My poetical friend judiciously adopts the ancient accompaniment of the chorus, which, amidst a proper share of querulous and mournful moralizing, shall, like the running or division-bass of musicians to a melody, play off an incessant and convincing Phrenological comment upon the incidents and distinctive characteristics of the dramatic personages. In this piece, my enthusiastic friend lavishes the most studied and skilful efforts of his poetic and dramatic strength on the prominent characters of the hero and heroine. They are designed to exemplify the most striking and fascinating doctrines of the great science, and are portrayed with much touching and impassioned energy, as distractedly enamoured of each other on pure Phrenological principles. It is the rare and finely-concatenated assemblage of nobles upon the heads of these intellectual Phrenological lovers, teeming with delightful prophesyings and assurances of whatever is most fascinating and seductive in disposition, or great and original in pure mental endowment, which fans their soft passion to its most delicious and intoxicating height. My poetical friend has therefore, in his Phrenological aim, portrayed them as callous and indifferent to every grace or attraction of outward feature or demeanour; and, indeed, with such decisive boldness and Phrenological energy of touch has he, in this respect, characterised them, that, in one scene, where they plead their cause before a tyrant king, (the impressive exemplification of combativeness,) they might,

with striking truth, apply to themselves the words of Lord North to His late Majesty, when he inquired of him the name of a lady, who, amidst the crowd of the drawing-room, had much attracted his notice: "Please your Majesty, that is Lady North. We enjoy the peculiar distinction of being esteemed the ugliest couple in England." In portraying his hero and heroine as so singularly devoid of every outward fascination, it caused at first much distressing embarrassment to my friend, in his dramatic invention, how he should be able to raise up obstacles to the union of a fair who might seem rather repulsive than inviting to all eyes but their own; and especially as the lady was represented as somewhat "passée," and seemed, to the uninitiated, to bear a kind of Medusa head upon her shoulders. I, however, caused the obstructed stream of his genius again to flow with its wonted force, by hinting, that perhaps all his dramatic personages should be poetically held out as enthusiastic Phrenologists; that his hero and heroine might then be portrayed as rising into an irresistible fascination in Phrenological eyes; that there was then no emotion or feeling throughout, the whole diapason of passion which he might not legitimately call into play, and no displays of devoted or romantic daring, springing from the pure well of approved Phrenological excitement, with which he might not agitate, embroil, and impressively diversify the movements of the mimic Phrenological scene.

In this drama, and a series of others which are speedily to follow, my poetical friend designs that the ancient doctrine of fatality—so consonant to the inferences of our system—shall always form an impressive and prominent part. I despair, indeed, (to speak here ingenuously,) of all at once attaining to that elevation and refinement of dramatic appreciation which has led several eminent critics to regard the visitations of a fatalism which, through a dread climax of appalling suffering, at last sternly immolates the sad victim of unintentional or unconscious guilt, as forming, of all others, the most gratifying, and delicious, and impressive dramatic spectacle. I am told, however, that your terror is the true cathartic of the soul, your most efficacious mental purge; and surely what has proved so singularly piquant and grateful, if I may so say, to palates so admirably refined and discriminative, I may at least get the length of nibbling with some agreeable ticklings of a growing relish. Ah! Mr Editor, how often have I fruitlessly longed that some happy chance—kind to our wishes—could toss into the midst of our scientific conclave the skulls of Œdipus, of Orestes, of Polinices, or some other eminent victim of the ancient fatality! With what intense veneration and entrancement of soul would these inestimable relics be surveyed! What Phrenologist so cold as would not catch fire from the enkindling sympathetic touch! The triumph of Phrenology would then, I have no doubt, be complete; we should then easily trace the characters of that deep Phrenological hand-writing, which would at once elucidate and confirm the dark vicissitudes of their respective fortunes; and Œdipus, (if I may be allowed the bold poetic license,) from the shadowy dimness of so remote an age, would be heard to give forth his impressive Phrenological voice, and be the convincing and overwhelming commentary to the profane and incredulous, upon the actions of his former self.

I often imagine, of late, that I feel, even within myself, some strong, unambiguous promptings of a poetic and dramatic spirit. I cannot hope, indeed, to attain the energetic and impassioned poetic touch of my enthusiastic young friend. However, to the meditative and contemplative, the gravest and least-impassioned flow of poetic sentiment often holds out the richest and most instructive themes for philosophic thought. I cherish the hope, besides, that, when I fairly stretch out my poetic wings, they will be found more vigorous and thickly feathered than I at present anticipate. I have always admired, above all others, your historical plays. Poetry there follows not the vain and erring guide of fiction, but lavishes the force and beauty of its impressive colouring on the true and eventfully-chequered incidents of human life. In this conviction, I propose to adopt a similar walk of dramatic composition, and my Phrenology shall here, if I may so

say, be the favouring and effective gale which shall waft forward auspiciously my poetic bark. I shall select the heroes of my historical dramas, with a novel force of originality, from the gibbet, for there Phrenology has shown a peculiar regard; their characters have been always boldly and decisively marked; the delusive veil of a hypocritical courtesy and disguise sits not upon them; they seem, with a generous self-devotion, to have lived for the sole purpose of doing honour to Phrenology; and it cannot seem unsuitable that they should be remembered with somewhat of a sympathetic affection. I may add also, that with the Newgate Calendar before me as my poetical ground-work, I can, amidst all the delicious complexity of the dramatic scene, occasionally check my poetry by the logic of my Phrenology; and, like a skilful player at chess or backgammon, make no dramatic move without irresistibly clenching and fortifying it by the indicative and eloquent tokens of this sublime science. I shall thus wisely pursue, even amidst the fascinations of poetry, the Baconian method of investigation; and I shall not improbably merit the eulogy of having no less melted the enemies of my science, like Orpheus of old, by the overpowering fascination of my verse, than, like a more-refined Theseus or Hercules, of having struck their sneering incredulity dead by some vigorous blows of my Phrenological club.

I have found in the course of my scientific pursuits, that Phrenology, like adversity, makes one "acquainted with strange bed-fellows." I am a constant visitor of our Prison and Bridewell, and in following there the bent of my Phrenological passion, I am on an easy and familiar footing with many of the most daring and abandoned miscreants. It must be owned, indeed, to seem at first sight a slight disparagement of this great and novel science, that it leads its votaries amidst such singularly and wildly-chekered society. But in the strength and fervour of my enthusiastic passion, I love to lay my skilful and inquiring hand upon these pulses of the moral man, where they beat most forcibly and distinctly. And should I find, in the configuration of the head of some wretch worthy, by his crimes, of the gibbet, some striking and indubitable confirmation of the truth of the system, I confess, at times, in the intoxication and enthusiasm of science, I am almost ready to hug him in my arms, to congratulate him upon the admirable consistency of his conduct, and to wish that the actions of his life may yet run in the same beautiful truth and sweetness of accordancy with the prognostics of his Phrenological developement, until science shall receive its triumph in their fitting and not unusual catastrophe. I regret, however, that candour must here compel me to praise the justice of the law somewhat at the expense of my Phrenology. I have frequently had my pocket picked by those whom the dictates of my science had led me to compassionate; and it is only a few days ago, that, after awakening from the intense rapture with which I had surveyed the strikingly-marked developement of the organ of honesty and integrity, on the head of one of the prisoners, I found that my watch was gone; however, your man of science is not more exempt than others from the accidents of life. I clear myself with the thought, that I am zealously pushing forward the advance of a new science; and should a dash of bitterness at times cross the delicious richness of my draught, I still drink on, and lose all feeling of its gall in the succeeding exhilarating and intoxicating sweetness. Indeed I ought not, perhaps, seriously to complain, if those from whom I derive some of the most cogent and forcible illustrations of my Phrenology should occasionally assume the right of somewhat rewarding themselves for the new revelations of knowledge which they passively impart. If, like Jonathan Wild, they exhibit some manifestations of their old calling, even when, as it were, about to mount the scaffold, I should remember that, by the publicity of their exit, they accomplish a singular union of advantages; they benefit the injured community, and strikingly illustrate and embellish Phrenological science.

I cannot, however, here disguise from you, that we anticipate much opposition to the final general adoption of the doctrines of Phrenology. We have already been the objects of ridicule, of satire, and vituperation; but

under all these, we display much equanimity, and feel a soothing and consolatory pride in numbering ourselves among those distinguished worthies, who, in all ages, have been similarly persecuted in promoting the advance of science. Our philosophy even soars higher. We amuse ourselves with such puerile and impotent attacks of malignity, and, amidst the refined and contemplative orgies of the craniological club, when we have tossed aside our manual of skulls for the day, we often exhilarate and animate each other in the glorious Phrenological curriculum, by likening such efforts of the enemies of pure science to the noisy but feeble beatings of a shallow body of waters against a massy and irresistible barrier.

We, however, anticipate attacks of a more earnest and persevering kind, as it is natural to suppose that the advance of Phrenological science cannot be contemplated by the sceptical and incredulous without strong feelings of envy and dismay. It is proposed, in this event, to spring actively, and with power, from our present perhaps too passive and torpid state of defence, and to adopt, through the press, a vigorous and appalling mode of rejoinder. We shall call into exertion that rich and unparalleled concentration of varied and elevated talent, so eminently united in our Phrenological members; and, as the different poisoned and deadly arrows of wit,—of caustic satire,—of withering irony,—of overwhelming ridicule,—of irresistible ratiocination, shall be separately launched by those vigorous arms whom the sure aids of Phrenology shall peculiarly point out, I feel assured that the issue will be at once striking, exemplary, and effective. Indeed, to be candid, I am somewhat against crushing our enemies by the first decisive and overwhelming exertion of our intellectual strength. I am rather fond of a prolonged wrangle, where I hold the means of victory and triumph in my hands,—I would wish to play with these unscientific men of Gath like the monarch Pike, who sports long with his feeble prey, and delights to cheat it with many vain hopes of escape, before he finally darts upon it in his strength, and devours it; I would wish thus to treat those who have so wantonly sounded the tocsin of ignorance and incredulity against us,—I would frequently beguile them into a belief of our feebleness, or too melting compassion,—I would enjoy the singular emotions and transports of their delusion,—I would display some transient and heedless gleams of intellectual strength, merely to damp their confidence, that I might again behold the singularity of its growth,—I would witness the alternation of every vain and inconsiderate passion in their minds, until at length, fatigued with my long forbearance, and nerved by the dignity of the cause, I would at once put forth the hitherto sleeping energies of my giant strength, and, amidst the peals of their insane merriment, strike from beneath them the pillars of their safety and security.

I cannot here, amidst the exultation of our anticipated triumph, refrain from saying, that I think it not improbable that this admirable science shall, at no very remote period, penetrate with its guiding light into our Courts of Law. I despair not, indeed, of seeing every Judge upon the Circuit attended by his Phrenological assessor. With what true and delicious feelings of rapture would I then gaze upon some Phrenological friend, in this enviable situation, seated near the Judge! I think I see him, as it were, charming with his infallible divining rod, if I may so speak, from the lists of the Sheriff's, your most efficacious and finely-endowed jurymen. I think I see, in the triumph of this divine science, the stream of fitting mental powers, of dispositions and predilections, rolling into the jury-box with a beautiful and consistent similarity of force, until the great magician Phrenologist holds up his guiding and infallible hand, and, in an impressive voice of authority, cries out, to the submissive clerk, "Hold! close the intellectual sluice—there is enough!" Your Phrenologist shall then, in the easy familiarity of an equal dignity, shake hands with the legislator; his scientific skill shall give a finer movement and precision to the mighty engine of the law; and the dross of human character, could it ever find its way amidst jurymen, would be purged away, so to speak, by his refining

and discriminating Phrenological hand. But, Sir, not to lead you to suppose that I am the Phrenological victim of a blind, indiscriminating enthusiasm, and that I have not thrown aside my candour with the rags of my old principles, I must ingenuously confess to you, that I fear I have not yet attained that perspicuity of Phrenological acumen, or that power of beating down, or reconciling seeming contradictions, which have so eminently marked the scientific labours of several of my associates. I must, indeed, own, that this distinguished science, however fascinating in the main, has not been to me a source of satisfaction wholly unalloyed. The conclusions of my Phrenological philosophy have often singularly clashed with the dictates of my own experience; and I know not how dexterously to escape from the dilemmas in which I am so repeatedly ensnared. I wish to wrap myself up in the wide folds, so to speak, of my Phrenological mantle; but I feel somewhat reluctant, at these times, to part with the warm and long-used covering of my own experience. However, these seeming contradictions have not materially shaken the firmness of my Phrenological conviction; and I pursue, at times, my scientific studies with so zealous a fervour, and so wrapt and poetic an enthusiasm, that I happily either neglect, or forget to call into play, the dictates and resolves of my common observation, and swim down resistlessly, exulting and triumphant, upon the smooth Phrenological tide. But, at times, adverse and fierce currents come across me, which render, if I may so say, the helm powerless in my hand, and lead me almost to regret that I had ever mounted the Phrenological bark.

I grieve, indeed, to say, that I have lately, by the instrumentality of this science, made the most startling and calamitous discoveries. Like old Lear, I am almost led to eye with distrust and aversion my own family. The plagues of the house of Atreus and Thyestes seem, to my Phrenological sight, about to be played off at no distant day within the bosom of my own domestic circle. In the configuration of the heads of my children, I have discovered the indications of qualities of the most distressing and alarming kind; and in ruminating sadly upon which, I seem, as it were, amidst my agitated thoughts, to be seated on the brink of a volcano, the first indistinct rolling sounds of whose approaching destructive eruption already meet my ear. I have discovered the organ of destructiveness, of uncommonly large and marked development, on the head of my eldest boy; in my second those of combativeness and trick may be no less distinctly traced; and in my darling girl, the deep characters of this symptomatic short-hand writing are most disastrous in their prognostics. The organs of ideality and pure intellect seem in hazard of being darkened or swallowed up by that of idiocy. Upon the head of my wife I have also discovered the indubitable trace of inconstancy and frivolity; of which, to say the truth, although her conduct hitherto has seemed to me wholly free, yet I feel myself at times crossed by the pangs of jealousy and suspicion; and I enjoy the melancholy distinction of being able more peculiarly to give the weight of my testimony to the unrivalled truth, and deep, natural penetration, with which our great dramatist, in the character of the Moor, has depicted the growth and torments of this afflicting passion. In short, in reference to the dread revelations of Phrenology, I may almost adopt the empassioned exclamation of the agonized Macduff, "What, all? All my pretty chickens, and their dam? Oh! hell-kite!" "Devilish Phrenology!" (might I then, indeed, with truth exclaim, were my predictions here calamitously realized,) "how insidiously hast thou beguiled me, and, with a refined cruelty, only she around me a bright light, that I should the more indubitably behold my own misery! Thou hast put the magic and mysterious wand in the hand of thy zealous disciple, only that he should fall the first victim of the exercise of his art, that he should disenchant himself of his former fond delusions, and open his eyes upon the stern features of the harrowing reality."

I profess myself assuredly zealous in defence of the great system; ye may well believe, that, amidst all my zeal and devotion, I would rather it were a fiction, than that, like the unhappy victims of the ancient irrevoc-

able fate, I should stalk abroad, as it were, a living Phrenological martyr, and find within the moral issues of my own family the dread exemplification of its truth.

I trust that my heat has not here led me too far. Let not my worthy Phrenological friends at all suppose that I am here in the least inclined to *rattling*; I have truly no wish to shake myself free from my light and flexible Phrenological chains. I have merely stated the distressing impressions and scientific difficulties of an old man, but, I fear, a young and too timid Phrenologist. I wish merely to speak in the humbleness of a disciple who implores light and guidance. Forbid that I should seem to speak irreverently of this sublime science, or seek to ruffle the dignified philosophic calm of its nobler professors, seated aloft in the blue empyrean of the science, by any fears or anticipations of my apostasy. I have spoken much and decidedly in its commendation, not, assuredly, with the design of insidiously stealing from its burden, and fatally treating it like the old man of the sea, in the Eastern Tale. In the earnestness of my attachment, I have assuredly no wish to dim or ripple the smooth placidity of the Phrenological stream, if I may so speak, by the slightest breath of my disquietude or discontent. I can assure you I felicitate myself upon the acquisition of a science which I feel shall so admirably embellish, and recreate, and soothe, the years of my declining life. I shall still hope, if I may so speak, amidst the spreading boughs of the fair and stately Phrenological tree, and pour forth to the envy and wonder of all feebler and less musical throats than my own, the clear and melodious gush of my Phrenological notes.

I look back, I confess, with mingled astonishment and grief, upon the monstrous heresies of my former grovelling and benighted years. Yet, in the mingled yarn of life, these are not wholly without their advantage. The dark contrast of my former errors shews off, as it were, in a bolder and more alluring brilliancy of light, the dignity of my present state of Phrenological conversion. I taste more lusciously the sweets of the refined banquet, although I may not have entered with the first of the guests. If I have advanced somewhat late within the hallowed and alluring precincts of so noble a science, I shall at least endeavour that none of the sands of life shall steal treacherously away, without some new manifestations of devoted attachment, or the acquisition of some new wreaths of Phrenological triumph. I shall still continue to lift the delicious Phrenological chalice to my lips, and sip the divine intoxication to the last. And I shall, in the race of improvement, equally nourish and invigorate my science and my philosophy, by the spectacle of the sad memorials upon which I daily glide my finely-appreciating and discriminating hand.

I have heard of an eminent sage and philosopher, who, when death was stealing fast upon him, and those around were entreating he would take something which might, at least for a passing interval, delay the last conflict, or beguile the too vivid sense of his situation, replied with mild steadfastness, in the spirit of a comprehensive wisdom, "No—I have had enough of every thing!" I should, indeed, in so awful a situation, esteem it the triumph of my philosophy and my religion could I breathe forth, in the meekness of a satisfied and resigned spirit, so noble and suitable a reply. But I fear the strength and fervour of my abiding scientific passion would sit upon me even in my latter hour; that it would render somewhat ambiguous the brightness of my setting; and that, while, to the inquiries or solicitations of my friends, I might add, "Yes—I have had enough of every thing," I would, it is probable, quickly subjoin the mental salvo, "*except Phrenology.*"

Yours, &c. &c.

PETER PERICRANIUM.

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SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. VIII.

THE Eighth General Assembly met at Edinburgh, in the Nether Tolbooth, on the 25th of June 1564. Besides the form of opening the proceedings by prayer, it seems to have been usual for some one of its most distinguished members to make an address, or exhortation, to the Assembly. On this occasion, both these duties were discharged by Knox, and Willock was continued in the office of Moderator. As the Assembly did not convene till late in the afternoon, no business was transacted in the First Session; but the future meetings were arranged and appointed. Many of the nobility were in town; but those of them who favoured the measures of the Court did not come to this Assembly. At the suggestion of the Laird of Lundie, a message was sent requesting their presence and counsel. Next morning, several of them presented themselves; but drew themselves apart from the members of the Assembly into the Inner Council House, and sent Mr George Hay to request that the Superintendants, and some of the chief Ministers, would repair to them. To this request the Assembly replied, that, as they were met upon the common business of the Church, the presence of the Superintendants and chief Ministers could not be dispensed with; and charged the nobility, on the truth of their profession as Protestants, to join the rest of their brethren, and to propose, openly, such measures as they might judge to be expedient or necessary. The object which the nobility had in view, by this proposed conference, was to draw over some of the Ministers to their party; but when they found that the Assembly would not consent to the removal of its leading members, they modified their request. They professed that they had no design of following any divisive course, but urged that they had some matters to discuss which were more suited to a private conference than a public Assembly. On the understanding that no conclusion should

be come to, nor vote taken, till the business had been reported to the whole Assembly, a deputation of the Superintendants and principal Ministers repaired to the nobility. Knox, who had taken his seat beside the clerk, that he might assist in arranging and forwarding the business of the court, was immediately sent for. Indeed the principal object of this conference seems to have been to pass censure upon the freedom which he had lately used, in his prayers and sermons, in reproving the idolatry and vice of the Queen and her courtiers. A long and violent controversy ensued upon the obedience which subjects owe to their rulers; which is recorded with great minuteness at the conclusion of the Fourth Book of Knox's History of the Reformation. It ended, as such controversies generally do, without producing conviction on either party. The account which is given of it in Calderwood's large MS. seems to be taken from Knox. The Buik of the Universal Kirk makes no mention of the conference, and notices nothing but the ordinary forms and business of the Assembly.

In the Second Session, the Earl of Glencairn and the Superintendant of the West were required to state what steps they had taken towards visiting the hospital of Glasgow: but nothing having been done, the Superintendant promised to make a report to the next Assembly, provided the Privy Council gave authority to proceed. A Minister being required for the parish of Largo, Mr Montgomery, Minister of Cupar, was appointed to preach there occasionally; and steps were ordered to be taken, that, in his absence, the school-master should read and exhort at Cupar.

The Third Session is altogether omitted in the Buik of the Universal Kirk; and the only thing noticed by Calderwood, is a request from the Earl of Monteith, that a Minister who understood the "Irish tongue" should be planted in that district. In compliance with this request, the

Assembly appointed Mr John Ure, Minister of Leuchars, to be translated to Monteith

In the Fourth Session, the Assembly named certain Commissioners to repair to the Lords of Secret Council with certain articles, and to reason thereupon and report. These articles required, that all idolatry should be abolished, the Protestant Religion *de novo* established, and no "uther face of religion permittit or tholit to be erectit." For this purpose, it was specially requested that Ministers should be provided with a regular stipend, and that the transgressors of the laws and ordinances of the church should be punished. When these articles were read, they were objected to by the Earls of Murray, Argyle, and Glencairn, with the Secretary, who had been deputed by the Queen to be present in the Assembly. Instead of presenting the articles as drawn up by the Assembly, they promised that they would declare to the Queen the good dispositions entertained towards her by the Ministers, - that they would labour to have the religion standing in the realm at her arrival strictly observed, and to have a suitable stipend allotted to Ministers. Hereafter, the forementioned Lords declared to the Assembly, by the Secretary, that they had proposed these points to the Queen, and that she had readily granted them. The Assembly, in return, expressed their gratitude, and promised all dutiful obedience and submission. Recurring to the case of the labourers of the ground, the Assembly required the holders of tenns who were present, to state what relief they were willing to grant, and several declared their readiness to submit themselves in this matter to the discretion and humanity of the Superintendants, and others who might be appointed. That Ministers might be suitably accommodated with all convenient speed, the Clerk Register was requested to give an extract of the Act of Parliament which had lately been passed "Anent glebes and manses." As there was still much confusion, arising from the want of a proper distinction between the respective provinces of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Courts, a committee, consisting of the most learned

and eminent members, was appointed to hold a conference on the jurisdiction of the Kirk, and to report their opinion to the next Assembly. James Mackaitney was unanimously chosen Solicitor for the Kirk, in all actions before the Lords of Council and Session, to proceed with the advice of Mr Thomas Makcalycane, David Borthwick, and Richard Strang, Advocates. The remainder of this Session was occupied in matters of order and discipline. A committee was appointed to consider whether it was more expedient that Mr Andrew Simson should continue as Minister at Dunning and Cargill, or be removed to Dunbar. They decreed that he should be removed to Dunbar. This excellent man had originally been master of the Grammar School at Perth; and his character as a teacher stood so high, that he had sometimes under his care no fewer than three hundred pupils—many of them from the families of the principal nobility and gentry. Even after his removal to Dunbar, he seems to have continued his labours as a teacher. He was the author of that introduction to the Latin tongue commonly called the Dunbar Rudiments. It was first printed at Edinburgh in 1587, and continued to be generally taught over Scotland till the days of Ruddiman.

Although the Assembly, by their procedure in the case of Mr Andrew Simson, had virtually declared that the power of removing Ministers from one parish to another rested solely with them, yet the question was, in this same Session, formally put, "Whether a Minister might not leave his kirk, and pass to another at his awin pleasure?" It was concluded that he might not, without the knowledge and permission of the Superintendant, or General Assembly. Neither could a Minister, without special leave, retire for a time from the parish where he had been placed: for, in this same Session, when Mr Patrick Couston, Minister of Syres, gave in a request for licence to pass to France, and other countries, for encreasing his knowledge, "The hail Assemblie, in ane voyce, dissentit therfra, and ordaint that he should not passe out of this countrey, nor yet leave his congregation

quher he travails, without special licence of the hail kirk, if they sall heirafter think it expedient or neces-sarie." The person who is here called Couston is better known by the name of Adamson, under which he afterwards arrived at the dignity of Archbishop. The Episcopal writers are very much inclined to deny that he ever changed his name ; but the change is alluded to by all the Presbyterian writers who lived about that time, although they do not assign any very good reason for it. Wodrow, (in his *Life of Adamson*,) suggests, that when his ambitious projects were formed, and when he was forking for a bishoprick, he might have judged it expedient to change his name, in order to conceal his origin. He was the son of a baker at Perth. Under the name of Couston, he is mentioned, in the First General Assembly, among those who were reckoned able for the ministry. His talents seem to have been very early acknowledged, for he is named among those who were proposed as candidates for the office of the ministry at Aberdeen, and other principal places. And he, more than once, received a commission for planting kirks. He seems to have been settled at Syres some time before this ; and although the Assembly refused to give him leave, he left his parish, and went over to France, as tutor to James Macgill, son of Sir James Macgill of Rankellier-nether, who was Clerk-Register during the reign of Mary. On his return to Scotland, some years afterwards, he resumed the duties of the ministry, and took a very conspicuous part in the affairs of the Church.

In this same Session Mr Alex. Jarden, Minister of Inchtute, Kilspindie, and Rait, who had been suspended from all function in the Church by the last Assembly, was restored, in consideration of the satisfaction which he had given for his offence.

"It was appointed that a request should be presented to the Queen, for obtaining the gift of the Friars' Kirk of Kirkubright, to be holden hereafter the Parish Kirk of Kirkubright." Whether this matter was prosecuted immediately does not appear ; but the gift was latterly ob-

tained. By a document, preserved among the public records of Kirkubright, dated the 24th of March 1570, there was given to the Magistrates "the place and kirk in the town of Kirkubright, quhillk sometime pertained to the Friars Minores of Kirkubright ; also ane kirk within the burgh, called St. Andrew's Kirk, with the kirk-yard, chappellanes, and yeard thereof, reserving to John M'Clelland and John Mitchell the chalmers and yeards which they occupy at the date hereof, for their life-rent."

The Sixth Session was chiefly occupied in the appointing of Commissioners to plant kirks in the several districts of the kingdom. Knox was sent to the north, and Mr George Hay was appointed to visit the kirks of Renfrew. Mr Craig was sent to the south ; and, in his absence, Mr Goodman, Minister at St. Andrew's, was to preach at Edinburgh.

The Commissioner of Murray having complained upon William Sutherland, Exhorter at the Kirk of Moy, for scandal and contumacy, he was deprived of all ecclesiastical function, and the censures of the Church ordered to be passed upon him.

The Superintendent of Lothian was empowered to proceed to censure against Mr Robert Cockburn, Minister at Haddington, in case he resorted not to General and Synodal Assemblies. The learned and pious man, whose retired habits called forth this appointment, was son to the laird of Langton in the Mersc. He received his education at St. Andrew's, and afterwards taught theology and the Oriental languages in the University of Paris. His works on the Excellence of the word of God, and on the style of Scripture, having brought him under suspicion of heresy, he retired from France in 1553. According to Dr Mackenzie, he came back to St. Andrew's, where he openly espoused the doctrines of the Reformation, and taught for several years. His *Meditation on the Lord's Prayer* was printed at St. Andrew's, by John Scot, in 1555. He seems to have been settled at Haddington about 1564, and to have died about 1569. Dempster, Spotswood, and Mackenzie, extol him as

the most learned and moderate among the Reformers. Wodrow says, his work on the Excellence of Scripture contains some very warm and eloquent exhortations to the reading of the word of God. His Treatises on Justification and Faith are distinct

and regular; and his Meditation on the Lord's Prayer is judicious and pious. He seems to have been very averse to the bustle of public business, for the complaint which was made against him in this Assembly was repeated soon after.

ON HORSEMANSHIP.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are few things more animating and delightful than a ride on horseback. Dr Johnson talks of the pleasure of riding in a coach at full gallop; but the Doctor was no horseman, and therefore he could not judge comparatively. It is indeed upon record, that he once attended a hunt at Brighton; but upon that occasion it seems the learned Doctor got entangled among the hounds, and concluded the sports of the day by very nearly being in at the death of a greater than reynard. I believe, also, he made another experiment of his skill in horsemanship, while in the Isle of Sky, on one of the laird's highland nags; and a fine picture Boswell makes of him, to be sure! Any one, however, acquainted with both these exercises, will not, I think, hesitate to assign the superiority in every respect to that of horsemanship. There can be no comparison between them in my eyes. The one is as superior to the other in beauty, animation, and heart-stirring power, as a canto of Lord Byron's poetry is to a volume of Dr Southey's prose. The soul is expanded and enlivened by the one,—its faculties are benumbed and deadened by the other. The pleasures of a gallop on horseback must be experienced; they cannot be described. The feeling is exquisite. It is one of unmixed gratification. No corroding cares, or harassing reflections, can break in to mar our enjoyment. The world and its distresses are left behind. Futurity, and all its unlimited capacities, are before. Lord Byron mentions a French renegade, who said that he never found himself on horseback, in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, almost indescribable.

Our recollections of the heroes of former days are intimately associated with the names and qualities of their war-horses. Alexander would be very probably forgot, but for the noble Bucephalus; St. George would be nothing without his horse; and in Don Quixote, our affections are completely divided between his gallant steed and his almost equally-gallant squire. The horses of Richard the Lion-hearted, and of Charles the Fifth, &c. are just as celebrated as their noble riders; and, indeed, the picture of a hero is incomplete without his useful and romantic companion. The mind is not satisfied without it. Our modern warriors are all represented on horseback. Buonaparte, mounted on his famous white charger, and surrounded by the splendour and elegances of his Generals, contrasted with his own noble simplicity of attire, presents a dignified and interesting picture. Every person must be sensible, that, in the representation of a battle, the interest and the effect of the scene is powerfully increased by the spirit and beauty of the horses. Shakespeare, whose works contain a complete compendium of Nature, was well aware of all this. His works abound with beautiful allusions to the horse; and in making use of them, he succeeds in bringing us nearer to the scene he portrays, and raises up a new object of interest and affection. Richard's directions, the night before his last fatal battle, "Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow,"

has been much and justly admired, both as being characteristically true, and as conveying a distinct image to the mind. I do not recollect any thing more affecting than the recollection

tions of Richard the Second, upon being told that Bolingbroke had, at his coronation, "*rode on Roan Barbary*." The loss of his crown seemed to be deemed trifling to the loss of his horse; the ingratitude of his friends and subjects does not appear to have touched him so deeply and so keenly as this seeming insensibility on the part of his four-footed favourite. He inquires, with anxious solicitude:

"Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom.—So proudly, as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich.—So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade had ate bread from my royal hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,

(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?"

I might gratify my readers, and myself, with many more extracts upon this subject; but there is neither leisure nor space afforded me. I should, however, like to know if Shakespeare was himself given to horsing. There is no judging a poet by his works, as was beautifully illustrated in the case of *Jemmy Thomson*; and, so far as I recollect, none of his biographers or commentators make mention of his inclinations that way; but no conclusion, either on the one side or the other, can be drawn from *their* silence, as their attention was unfortunately directed to a crowd of other topics, which threatened almost to overwhelm at once the meaning and the fame of the illustrious bard. It is no doubt true, that the literary men of the olden time were a different sort of people, and moved in a very different sphere from their successors of the present day. *Their* wishes were probably more humble, and their difficulties more urgent; and instead of being ambitious to exhibit on horseback, they were probably solicitous rather of a seat at a city feast, and to display their skill in the mysteries thereof. Times are altered, and poets

have undergone a manifest change, in outward things at least. They may, now-a-days, indulge themselves in every humour, and in the luxury of riding in coaches as well as on horseback; and they, and the world, are the better for it. Their poetry is improved by it. A ride on horseback dissipates idle humours, and clears away the muddiness of the brain; it excites the animal spirits, and inspires new ideas of life and happiness. I am convinced Walter Scott is fond of riding on horseback, and I think I remember of some person admiring the dignity of his appearance when mounted. It is well known that Byron was (alas! that I should live to speak of him as one that is past!) very partial to this exercise; and I have no doubt that his finest passages were committed to paper immediately on his return from the course; or perhaps he carried materials with him, "to catch the luring image as it rose." Sterne used to compose his sermons when on horseback; and the situation and exercise are calculated to inspire the mind with a variety of ideas, and a beauty and energy of language, which may in vain be looked for in the close atmosphere and confined prospect of a four-cornered room.

I think it is Montaigne who says he would rather be a good horseman than a good logician. There certainly appears to be no inconsistency between these two qualities—and it seems quite possible for a man to have both. It happens, however, very unaccountably, as I opine, that there are several individuals of this learned city who are reputed great wits and powerful logicians, who, notwithstanding almost daily practice, are yet very deficient in the science of horsemanship. It might be deemed invidious, and perhaps my motives might be misconstrued, were I to point them out by a more precise description; but they are seen almost daily on horseback, and yet their progress in the acquisition of this graceful accomplishment is extremely slow. Day after day on horseback,—day after day galloping, and trotting, and attempting all the other modes of getting forward, and making a display, which are usually practised by equestrians, it remains

a kind of problem how these individuals should still continue in their original state of ignorance and inability to ride either with comfort or with grace. Neither time nor practice makes the least perceptible improvement on them. I do not know whether the Phrenologist could throw any light upon this question, but it appears to be one peculiarly calculated for their consideration. There may exist some incompatibility, not yet discovered, or at least not yet known, to the old sects of Philosophers, between the possession of a certain portion of brains heavily imbued with scholarship, and that agility which is requisite to make a good rider; but I leave this very interesting and important inquiry to their more profound researches.

It may perhaps be difficult to distinguish the contortions of a Philosopher from the *hacking* of a horse-couper or murland-farmer; but there is one character which cannot be mistaken upon horseback,—I mean that of a gentleman, the bearing of a gentleman is indeed discoverable in every situation, and in all his actions, however trivial. There is nothing he does, or can do, but what is done in the best taste, and with the greatest propriety, grace, and politeness. In entering a room, or in doing any of the little agreeables of polite life, the feeling and tact of a gentleman is distinctly discernible, and can neither be mistaken nor counterfeited by the imitations of less-gifted individuals. But in no situation is the superiority of a gentleman so manifest and unequivocal, and so incapable of imitation, as upon horseback. His position is the most secure, and at the same time the most easy and graceful. He has a perfect command of himself and the animal beneath him; and, which excludes every idea of rebellion or cross-purposes between them, one never anticipates or thinks of the possibility of such a thing, when contemplating the progress of a gentleman on horseback. They move as if they formed one piece of beautiful and graceful machinery. And really we cannot wonder, that the first people who were seen on horseback were taken for a people half-horse half-man, so much were they considered as one.

But there is one object far superior to all these, in point of interest, gracefulness, and beauty,—I mean a lady mounted on an ambling palfrey. The philosopher and the gentleman must bow their diminished heads before such an aspiring object. I remember the first time I saw the lovely M—— on horseback, and the scene shall never be forgot. After the tedious toil of a long day's unsuccessful fishing, I was returning home jaded and fatigued. On reaching the gentle sloping hill from which my little home and the neighbouring village could be seen, I stood for a while contemplating the happy scene. The sun was just going down in glorious and gorgeous splendour, and the surrounding landscape was tinged with its harmonious and golden hues. The lovely lady, mounted on a milk-white pony, came upon me suddenly at this place. The reflection of the setting-sun, and the lively exercise she was engaged in, had brightened her countenance to an appearance quite heavenly; and when she disappeared from my sight, she left me in doubt whether she was a being of heaven or of earth, so sudden, so bright, and so beautiful, had been the apparition. It is rather surprising to me that an accomplishment so graceful should not be more general amongst the ladies. They may rest assured, that in no exercise or movement is it in their power to excite a more exquisite interest, or a higher admiration, and there is none better calculated to heighten their beauty and enliven their spirits. The quadrille, or the waltz, or the promenade, no doubt, afford admirable opportunities for the display of elegance and grace; but the situation on horseback is much more elevated, and the appearance is more imposing; and in avoiding late hours and the fatigues of a ball-room, they are more than compensated by the benefit derived from an exhilarating ride. Our older moralists were rather disposed to censure and ridicule the female equestrian; and if their representation of the character of that day is to be taken as correct, their censures were perhaps called for, and merited. In these instances, it would appear that there was an assumption of masculine de-

meanour and vulgar habits, equally unbecoming and indelicate. But the present age is too refined; the minds of the female world have been too highly improved to countenance or admit of any such practices *now*; and in recommending this exercise to my fair friends, I have no fear of its being carried to such an extreme. It is, I am sure, calculated to improve their health and increase their happiness; and it is really important to encourage the cultivation of all those "means and appliances" by which such important objects may be attained. I have no wish, certainly, to see my fair friends continually at a hard gallop, and far less do I ever wish to see the day when they shall follow the hounds—leap a five-bar gate—or, like Mrs Thornton, display their powers on the race-course. Be moderate, gentle, and delicate, and I shall delight, above all things, in seeing them well practised in this delightful accomplishment.

Although an ardent admirer of the beauties of horsemanship, I am no jockey, or admirer or encourager of jockeys. I like nothing about hunting but the romance of it. The sight of the hounds, and the hunters, and the horses, in a clear morning, ascending out of a woody dell in full cry, is one which I could never witness without the highest delight and admiration. The cries of the huntsmen, the full swell of the horns, and the howlings of the hounds, re-echoed through the woods, ring in the ear with a thrilling extacy of pleasure. I have had some experience of the high excitements of the hunter in scenes like these; but it strikes me, that the finest gratification is felt only by the on-looker, who comprehends and enjoys the whole romantic scene, and, like the spectator of a battle, can follow out its varied mazes without his attention being distracted by personal risks, or his vision limited by natural obstacles. M.

ON THE SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS OF HOMER.

WHOEVER has read the *Odyssey* with any degree of attention, must have been surprised why it was necessary for Ulysses to encounter the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, when he might have easily avoided them, by sailing round the western extremity of Sicily. We cannot believe that one so distinguished for the cautious prudence of his conduct, would have preferred almost inevitable ruin to probable safety; and yet he is chargeable with this inconsistency, if he ventured upon a way, which, with the exception of one solitary instance, (*Od.* 12. 66, &c.,) had proved the destruction of all who had previously attempted it. Virgil makes Helenus advise Æneas to choose the circuitous rout in preference to so formidable a passage; and, by so doing, seems to have thought that the conduct of his illustrious predecessor was liable to objection. It is, indeed, difficult to say what could have induced Homer to make his hero act in a manner so much at variance with the usual prudence of his character. Certainly it was not the desire of displaying his gigantic powers of description. Such a

supposition would be an impeachment of his ingenuity, as he might have easily introduced into his narrative all the terrors of Scylla and Charybdis, without so flagrant violation of probability; or, if the presence of his hero was necessary to give still greater interest and animation to his description, he had a tempest at his command for the accomplishment of his purposes.

These objections, it will readily appear, are founded on the belief that the island of Circe was situated on the west coast of Italy, and that the Scylla and Charybdis of Homer are the same as the Scylla and Charybdis of the moderns. We cannot, however, avoid suspecting the correctness of these opinions, since, to suppose them true, not only involves the inconsistency to which we have alluded, but, as will be shown, would compel us to believe in what is impossible. We are, indeed, aware that many writers of antiquity can be produced in support of them; but it is to Homer himself we would have recourse, in order to show that the residence of Circe was different from what it is generally

supposed to have been when she was visited by Ulysses, and that the identity of the Scylla and Charybdis described by Homer, and of those in the straits of Messina, has no existence whatever, except in their names.

Before we can establish the truth of the latter assertion, it will be requisite to ascertain the position of Circe's island, from which Ulysses set sail at the commencement of his voyage. On this point, Homer supplies us with the most satisfactory information. He states, in language as plain as he could have possibly used, that it was near the habitation of Aurora, and the rising of the sun, (Od. 12. 3 and 4.) This position evidently corresponds with the eastern shores of the Euxine. The words of Homer, indeed, when considered by themselves, can only authorise us to conclude, that the habitation of Circe was situated at the eastern extremity of the known world, but, when taken in connection with the fact, that Circe resided near the land of Colchis before her flight into Italy, they are sufficient to prove that her abode, when she was left by Ulysses, was near the eastern shores of the Black Sea. Besides, this idea receives additional confirmation from the epithet which is given by Homer to the island. He calls it *Æcia*—(Od. 12. 3.)—a term evidently derived from *Æta*, an island of Colchis, near the eastern shores of the Euxine. Instead, therefore, of supposing that the island in question was on the west coast of Italy, we must fix it in a place which might have been considered, in that early period of society, as at the opposite extremity of the world.

It will probably occur to those who have followed Ulysses through his wanderings, that he was on the west of Italy before he visited the residence of Circe, and as it would be absurd to suppose that he navigated the Thracian Bosphorus, and crossed the Black Sea from west to east, in order to arrive at Ithaca, it may be objected that it was physically impossible for him to sail from Italy to the Euxine. This argument, though formidable at first sight, is not insuperable. It evidently involves the assumption that Homer believed the

sea on the west of Italy and the Euxine to be separated by land. This, however, though in reality the case, does not seem to have been his opinion, and unless it can be shown that his ideas on this point of geography corresponded with those of the moderns, it is quite logical to admit the truth of what he says respecting the situation of Circe's island, and from it to infer, that he supposed the sea on the west of Italy not to be separated from the Euxine by land, but to be connected with it by a continuation of the same element.

Though this argument seems to be sufficient in itself to prove that Homer believed in the existence of this communication by sea, yet it may not be improper to mention, that the same circumstance is rendered at least probable, by the idea which he entertained respecting a circumambient ocean. In his account of the objects depicted on the shield of Achilles, he represents the sea as encompassing the earth, and, considering the very limited knowledge possessed in the age of Homer with regard to the earth's superficial extent, it is not improbable that he viewed the Euxine and the sea on the west of Italy as forming different parts of the surrounding ocean. If this supposition be admitted, there was no impropriety in representing Ulysses as sailing directly from Italy to the eastern extremity of the Euxine.

But it may be said, that, if Homer supposed this passage to exist, he might have brought his hero back to his native country by the Scylla and Charybdis. On the supposition of this communication by water, we are willing to admit the possibility of the voyage, but we cannot allow that it could have been accomplished during the short time in which Homer describes it to have taken place. Such, indeed, was the celerity with which it was performed, that Ulysses seems to have arrived at the Island of the Sun the very day on which he left the habitation of Circe. The fewness of the events that occurred during this part of his voyage, and the rapidity of their succession, are circumstances which the poet has marked with the greatest clearness and perspicuity. We find that the

vessel of Ulysses was quickly wafted from Circe's Island to the rocks of the Syrens; that he had no sooner passed this dangerous coast, than he heard the noise, and saw the swelling gaves of Charybdis, and that he reached the Island of the Sun immediately after his escape from the terrors of that destructive whirlpool.

It will be easily perceived, that the force of the argument depends upon three circumstances: the position of Circe's Island—the immense distance between it and the modern Charybdis—and the shortness of the time which Ulysses took to sail from that island to the Charybdis of Homer. With regard to the locality of Circe's habitation, we have the authority of Homer himself, who, as we have shown, places it at the eastern extremity of the known world, and its proximity to the Scylla and Charybdis of Homer is fairly deducible from the short interval of time which elapsed before Ulysses encountered the dangers of that formidable rock and whirlpool. If, then, the Scylla and Charybdis of Homer are the same as those of the moderns, the poet is not only chargeable with a violation of probability, in representing his hero as preferring a passage at once dangerous and unknown, to one that was known and comparatively safe; but he is guilty of an additional absurdity, in making Ulysses perform what it was impossible for him to accomplish. From these considerations, we think ourselves justified in asserting, that the Scylla and Charybdis of Homer were not situated in that narrow passage which now bears the name of the Straits of Messina.

But if this was not their local position, where are we to find them? It is often more easy to state a difficulty than to solve it; and this is particularly the case in the present instance, as there seems to be no situation that can be substituted for the one which, in the common opinion, they have uniformly held. We have, therefore, no other alternative left, than to suppose that they were indebted for their existence to the imagination of the poet. We do not see any reasonable objection to this mode of removing the difficulty. The creative power of fancy is as legiti-

mately exercised in the production of a place, as in that of a new race of beings; and Homer seems to have availed himself of this privilege much more frequently than is generally supposed. The Island of Calypso, for instance, has been placed by different inquirers in different parts of the world; but a satisfactory position has not, as far as we know, ever been given to it; a circumstance that may be accounted for, by supposing it to have been only a poetic fiction.

But even as creations of the poet, the rock and whirlpool under consideration must have been viewed by him as having a local situation. In order to ascertain it, it will be necessary to remember, that Ulysses passed them when returning to his native country. If, then, he sailed from the eastern extremity of the Euxine, they must have occurred in some part betwixt that place and Ithaca; and it is not improbable that Homer placed them in some imaginary strait, which, in his opinion, connected the Adriatic with the surrounding ocean.

Before dismissing the subject, it may be proper to take notice of an objection which may be urged against what has been advanced. The identity of the names, it may be said, could not have been the result of chance, and, of course, there must be some connection between the Scylla and Charybdis of Homer and those of the moderns. The force of the preceding observations, however, would not be invalidated, even if no reason could be assigned for this coincidence, but we may remark, that the names were probably invented by Homer, and subsequently applied by some Grecian colonists to the rock and whirlpool between Sicily and Italy. Nothing can be more natural, than for emigrants to affix the local appellations to which they had been accustomed in their native land, to corresponding places in the country to which they have removed; and though the modern Scylla and Charybdis fall far short of the terrors with which Homer has invested those of his own creation, yet the resemblances between them are sufficient to warrant the supposition which has been made, to account for the identity of the names.

Summer.

THE beautiful Summer is gone !
 It is gone with its balms of delight ;
 And its memory we linger on,
 Like a bright dream of the night :
 It hath pass'd on its perfum'd wing
 Like some radiant celestial thing—
 The beautiful Summer is gone !

We dream of its loveliness yet,
 We dream of its bright sunny flow'rs,
 Its repose we may not forget,
 Like the thoughts of our childhood hours.

There's a voice amid Nature's decay,
 That speaketh of bliss pass'd away—
 The beautiful Summer is gone !

Yet holier these feelings to me,
 And fraught with thought tenderer far
 Than Summer's most gay pageantry,
 Or all its rich glories are.
 A sadness most sweet enwraps the soul,
 We would not, if we could controul,
 When the beautiful Summer is gone !

DELTA.

HISTOIRE MILITAIRE DE LA CAMPAGNE DE RUSSIE EN 1812.

(Concluded.)

IN the Eighth Chapter, Colonel Boutourlin treats first of the situation of the armies during the *sejour* of Napoleon at Moscow, and of the Russians at Tarutino ; then of the activity of the corps of partisans, a kind of *guerilla* force, which, at the suggestion of Colonel Davidof, was first adopted some days before the battle of Borodino, and which, having been found very useful, was extensively encouraged by Kutusof. The character and habits of the regular troops, or Kozaks of the Don—" *cette milice belliqueuse et infatigable*"—which the banks of the Don furnish to the Russian armies, are singularly well adapted for a guerilla warfare, and always formed part of the troops of the partisans, who were able officers, and whose operations were favoured by the hostile dispositions of the peasantry toward the French. They proved most ruinous to their enemies, by cutting off their resources of provisions, and attacking their foraging parties, who dared scarcely venture five versts from their camps.

" While abundance reigned in the camp of Tarutino, misery and want were the portion of the troops of Napoleon, who, upon the smoking ruins of the ancient capital of the Czars, *devorait ses inquietudes*, and still endeavoured to maintain a menacing attitude." The correspondence between General Lauriston and Prince Kutusof, with respect to peace, and the profound dissimulation with which the latter acted, are well known to the public. By his cunning, he assuredly deceived Buonaparte and his Generals, and led them to entertain the most false expectations, so as the better to lead them into the snare, by the delay of their operations.

After the advance of Napoleon to Moscow, Kutusof determined to throw his forces into the rear of the grand French army. While the chief Russian army kept the enemy in check, the secondary armies were simultaneously to commence offensive operations upon its rear. General Steingell, disembarking at Renal with 14,000 men from Finland, was to proceed to Riga, and after joining some thousand troops there, was to attack the left of Macdonald's corps. Count Wittgenstein, whose corps, with reinforcements and militia, now amounted to 50,000 men, was to act against Saint-Cyr, by throwing the greatest part of his forces on the left of the Dvina, above Polotsk, to take this town (*à revers*) from behind, where the enemy, as formerly mentioned, was fortified. Having expelled Saint-Cyr, and thrown him upon the corps of Steingell, he was to beat back (*rabattre*) upon Dokhtsi, so as to put himself in intimate connection with Admiral Tchitchagof, and to watch the course of the Ula against the grand French army. The Admiral was enjoined to gain the left of Prince Schwartzenberg, and after having left before him the third army of the west, to transport the Moldavian army by Nesvig upon Minsk, to which the corps of General

Estell was also to direct itself from Mozyr. After the junction with the last, the Admiral would have had about 50,000 men under his orders, destined to watch the course of the Beresina, and to defend the point of Borisof, and the defiles between this town and Bobr against the grand army of Napoleon. The Admiral had, besides, the most positive orders to put himself in communication with Wittgenstein. The third army was meant to throw back Prince Schwartzenberg beyond the Boog, and afterwards proceed to establish itself at Nesvig, so as to be ready to support that of the Admiral, and form the right of the three armies. By this plan, a formidable mass of 100,000 men was to be established upon the Beresina, without counting the reserve which was to direct itself upon Wilna. Marshal Kutúsof having had no objections against these dispositions, *proposées par l'Empereur Alexandre*, orders were forwarded to put them into execution.

We shall now return to the grand armies.

Though the grand army of the Russians still occupied the camp at Tarútino, the head-quarters of General Kutúsof were transported to Leteshévka, as being a less-exposed position. The militia, already organized, finished the *investissement* of the French army at Moscow, by tracing round it a contiguous circle. The militia of Tver was still in that town, so as to sustain Vintzengerode; that of Yarosláf, posted at Porisláf-Zaleskoi, covered the road of Yarosláf; that of Vladimir, posted at Pokróf, covered the road of Vladimir; that of Riazan, posted at Dednovo, upon the Oka, observed the road of Riazan and that of Kazimof, by Yegoriévsk; that of Tala covered this government by bordering the right bank of the Oka, from Aleksin to Katshir; finally, that of Kalúga assembled in the town of the same name, and pushed forward a strong detachment upon Briansk, (in the government of Orcl,) to defend this town, important on account of its foundry and arsenal. The militia, being for the greater part armed with pikes, could not have opposed a very numerous body, but at least they prevented the French from sending out detachments to the provinces adjoining to the government of Moscow, and obtaining new means of subsistence for their army.

From Tarútino the Russians made a successful attack upon the King of Naples' advanced guard, which is called the Battle of Tchernitchnia, and then returned to the camp at Tarútino. In this combat, the French sustained a loss of 2,000 slain, (including two generals,) and 1,500 prisoners; while the Russians had only 500 men *hors de combat*, and General Bagavout killed by a cannon ball at the commencement of the attack.

At the beginning of October, Napoleon made his preparations for a retreat. The corps of Ney, and the division of Delzons, pushed from Bóghoródk and Dmitref, and rejoined on the 3d (15th) the army before Moscow: the division of Broussier and the light cavalry of Ornaro passed from the road of Smolensk upon that of Kalúga, directing themselves upon the village Phorninskoyé. Still Napoleon himself remained at Moscow; but the news of the defeat of the King of Naples dissipated all his hopes of peace. He now saw the magnitude of the danger, into which his delay at Moscow had drawn the army. He had no time to lose; and, above all, it was necessary to endeavour to re-establish his communications. He therefore resolved to turn the position of the Russians, by directing himself by Boróvsk and Málo-Yaroslávets, upon Kalúga. If he had succeeded in arriving at this town before the Russians, he would have obtained the immense advantage of establishing his communications with Smolensk by Youknof and Viasma; and with Mohilef, by Métkhovsk, Jizdra, Rosláv, and Mstisláv; and if even the subsequent events of the campaign had obliged him to fall back behind the Dnieper, this retreat, performed across fertile and *undevastated* countries, might have been effected without great disasters.

On the 7th (19th) October Napoleon left Moscow, and although determined to retreat by Boróvsk, yet he made his first march by the old road of Kalúga, so as to be joined by the advanced guard of the King of Naples at Vatutinka, and the head-quarters were fixed at Troitskoyé, an adjoining village. Mortier remained at Moscow with the young guard, so as to protect the convoy of sick, of wounded, of artillery, of ammunition, and of

trophies taken in that city. On the 8th, (20th,) the Viceroy went to Ignátovo, and on the 9th, (21st,) having regained the new road of Kalúga at Bisákova, proceeded to Phorninskoyé, and joined General Broussier. Napoleon following the same route on the 9th and 10th, (21st and 22d,) with the mass of the army, also arrived at Phorninskoyé. On the 10th, (22d,) the corps of Prince Poniatóvski was pushed forward upon Vereá, with the design of covering, on the side of Medvin, the march of the convoys which followed the road of Smolensk.

The plan of Napoleon to turn the camp of Tarútino by the left, and gain Kalúga, as already explained, being now perceived by the Russians, there was not a moment to be lost in barring the new road to that town. As it was too late to think of anticipating the mass of Napoleon's army at Boróvsk, it was determined to march to Málo-Yaroslávets.

General Vintzingerode, having heard of the departure of Napoleon from Moscow, moved from Klin upon the capital. On the 10th (22d) he arrived with his advanced guard at the barrier of Tver. Marshal Mortier had withdrawn himself into the Kremlé. Sad silence reigned in the rest of the city. Vintzingerode, followed by a few Kozáks, most imprudently penetrated into it. Some piquets of cavalry, who guarded the avenues of the Kremlé, withdrew themselves without fighting. Encouraged by this reception, the General still more imprudently advanced, accompanied only by Captain Narishkin, in order to summon the troops which occupied the Kremlé, and which he supposed fewer than they really were. A French post threw itself upon him. A white handkerchief which he held in his hand, in order to pass *pour parlementaire*, did not save him. As Colonel Boutourlin honestly remarks, "*les ennemis ne pouvant raisonnablement avoir égard a une manière aussi insitée de se présenter en parlementaire,*" they made both Vintzingerode and Narishkin prisoners.

On the 11th, (23d,) the mass of the French army arrived at Boróvsk; the corps of the Viceroy advanced even to Uvárovskoyé, and, indeed, the division of this corps of Delzons pushed forward even to Málo-Yaroslávets. On the same day Mortier evacuated Moscow, at two o'clock in the morning, and retired upon Phorninskoyé. General Ilovaiski, *par interim*, commanding the corps of Vintzingerode, entered Moscow, which had been thirty-nine days in the hands of the enemy.

General Platóf had previously been dispatched to Málo-Yaroslávets, with fifteen regiments of Kozáks; but the army was not ready to march till the evening of the 11th, (23d). The camp of Tarútino was raised, and the army proceeded to Málo-Yaroslávets, which now became the theatre of a most obstinate conflict on the 12th, (24th). At the conclusion, the Viceroy remained master of the town.

Sir R. Wilson is of opinion, that if, after the battle of Málo-Yaroslávets, so glorious to Prince Eugene and his Italian army, Napoleon had, on the second day, pushed on his advanced guard, instead of making an oblique movement to regain the Moscow and Smolensk road, the whole Russian army, in obedience to the orders already given, would have retired behind the Oka, and left a rich country, and a secure line of march in whatsoever direction Buonaparte might have chosen to re-enter Poland.

The loss of the French in this combat was above 5,000 men *hors de ligne*, and such was the obstinacy of the combatants, that of this number there were only 200 prisoners. Generals Delzons and Lévié were slain, and Generals Pino, Giffenga, and Fontana, wounded. The loss of the Russians was also about 5,000 men *hors de combat*. They had to regret General Dórokhof, who died in consequence of a wound received in this affair. The number of troops engaged in this battle, on each side, was about 20,000. The Russians had a momentary numerical advantage, which was destroyed by the French reinforcements.

"The possession of Málo-Yaroslávets could only be important to the Russians, in as much as it covered the march which their army performed, so as to transport itself upon the new road of Kaluga. This end having been completely gained on the 12th, (24th,) to have stubbornly disputed

this town longer would have been an operation without object." Kutúsof, therefore, in the night between the 11th and 12th, (23d and 24th,) withdrew the troops which had been engaged. The whole army took up its position upon the road of Kalúga, at two and a half versts distance from Málo-Yaroslávets.

Prince Poniatóvski had received orders to march upon Vérea, and examine the road from that town by Medin to Kalúga, while the French army went to Málo-Yaroslávets; and on the 13th, (25th,) his advanced guard appeared near Medin, when he was charged by Colonel Ilovaiskii the 9th, and thrown back upon the *gros du corps*, which had advanced from Vérea to Yegoriévskoyé.

Although Napoleon had displaced the Russians from Málo-Yaroslávets, he was not more advanced, and had not succeeded in opening his way to Kalúga. The Russians appeared masters of his communications, but the courageous Napoleon determined upon the only plausible manner of regaining them, and of reaching the Dnieper before them, by beating back to the road of Smolensk to Moscow. It was cruel necessity which made him pursue this route, which, being completely despoiled, could not present any resources to the French troops. Accordingly he retreated upon Boróvsk, Vérea, Mojaïsk, and Viasma, and subsequently to Gjatsk, Viasma, Dórogobujé, and Smolensk.

On the same day, the 14th, (26th,) that the French began their retreat, the Russians retired towards Kalúga, and took up their station at Gontchérovo, while the head-quarters were at Detsino. Colonel Boutourlin says, this retrograde march of Kutúsof, which was suggested by ill-founded anxiety about the road from Medin to Kalúga, was a serious fault, which might have had the most dangerous consequences, if the enemy had perceived it in time. In fact, it discovered to Napoleon the road from Málo-Yaroslávets to Medin, and put it into his power to have retreated by the last town, Tucknof, and Jelnia, upon Smolensk, through a country which had suffered none of the disasters of the war.

Of the motions of the Russian army to protect Kalúga by the road of Medin it is needless to speak, as Buonaparte never made the attempt after the affair of Poniatóvski above noticed. The Russian forces then made various marches, and approached Mojaïsk, that they might watch his motions.

Colonel Boutourlin again blames Napoleon's long and imprudent delay at Moscow, and while he approves his plan of marching upon Kalúga, he censures the tardiness with which he acted, as such a step could only have been successful by its rapid execution: and he says, Napoleon might have reached Málo-Yaroslávets, on the evening of the 9th, (21st). He likewise reproaches him for not having given battle after the combat of Málo-Yaroslávets, because "he ought to have risked every thing to have endeavoured to open, sword in hand, the road of Kalúga, and thus to have spared himself the necessity of retiring by the desolated route of Smolensk, where the ruin of his army became infallible." The superiority of his forces in number at that epoch presented the chance of success, and the most complete defeat could not have had more disastrous consequences than the retreat by the road of Smolensk. A battle gained would have put him in possession of fertile provinces, and perhaps he would even have been able to have established good winter-quarters between Kalúga and Smolensk, after having thrown back the Russian army upon Orel or Tula. So says the Colonel; but neither Napoleon nor he knew that the retreat by Smolensk was to be so disastrous as it proved; and besides, a defeat at Málo-Yaroslávets might have endangered his whole army, and his own personal safety.

While Boutourlin praises Kutúsof's conduct, he again reproaches him with the retreat from Málo-Yaroslávets to Gontchérovo. But we must pass on to other events.

"Even at Gjatsk, the retreat of Napoleon began to assume the character of a flight," and its course was marked by the corpses of men and horses

who had perished of want and fatigue *. Kutúsof took advantage of the disastrous state of Napoleon's army, and pursued it with activity, while the Kozáks harrassed it on every side, and prevented its foragers from going to any distance,—for when they did, they seldom returned.

An affair of some consequence took place at Liakhero ; and in an engagement at Viasma, the French had about 7,000 men *hors de ligne*, of whom more than 2,000 were made prisoners, and besides they lost a standard and three cannon. The Russians had 800 men killed and 4,000 wounded. The corps of Davoust, of the Viceroy, and of Prince Poniatóvski, who were engaged, presented a total of about 40,000 combatants, without reckoning the corps of Ney ; while the number of regular troops under the orders of Generals Platóf and Milaradovitch did not exceed 25,000 men.

Boutourlin says, Kutúsof may be reproached for not having arrived by forced marches at Viasma before the French, so as to have barred the passage, and caused him to come to a decisive battle, in order to open his communications with Smolensk. He allows that the chances of success were in favour of the Russians, and that if even the fortune of arms had declared against them, they had a free retreat upon Juckrof ; “ while the defeat of the enemy would infallibly entraînant après elle la ruine complète de leur armée, qui, coupée de toutes ses communications, se serait trouvée réduite à la cruelle alternative où de mettre bas les armes où de chercher son salut individuellement en se débattant.” Since such was the case, we are not surprised that the prudence of Kutúsof caused a general discontentment in his own army, by losing so good an opportunity, *de frapper un coup aussi brillant que décisif* ; in fact, of terminating at once their fatigues, their anxieties, and the war. We leave the Colonel to extricate Kutúsof from the dilemma in which he has placed him, and to find a new mode of defence for a most glaring deficiency of military skill.

The condition of the French army became daily more and more miserable ; for, besides want of provisions, they had to contend with the petrifying cold of a most severe climate, from which they had few means of protection, and had not even the knowledge requisite for the utilization of those which were in their power. On the 26th of October, (7th of November,) the snow fell, and the cold commenced, in consequence of which, the roads became slippery and almost impracticable for the small remnant of the horses of the French, which they had not the means of shoeing for the season. Sir R. Wilson, in his “ *Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia in 1817*,” says, that the French army would have regained its position on the Dvina and the Borysthènes, without any serious injury, had it not been for a sudden intense frost, and a total neglect of providing horse-shoes suitable to the climate ; and he was much taunted for this discovery, as it was triumphantly, and by some indignantly called. That the horses were not frost-shod, however, was not the fault of the French, as is evident from the want of means to do it ; and beyond all question, this deficiency was a very serious evil, and led to most ruinous consequences. Former cold and fatigue, skirmishes, and combats, ruined the French army, and the course of their retreat was strewn with the dying and the dead. The frightful pictures of the retreat of the French exhibited by Sir R. Wilson, Labaume, Larrey, &c. are all confirmed by Boutourlin, who reports, that the dying became cannibals, and in a ferocious delirium, devoured the remains of their comrades, who had died but a few minutes before. We shall draw a veil over other scenes equally revolting to human contemplation.

The Viceroy had received orders to take the direction of Duchovstchina, and Poretché upon Vitepsk, so as to give succour to Oudinot, who was pressed by Wittgenstein ; and he therefore passed the river at Dórogobujé. He was followed by the Kozáks, &c., who harrassed him, and although he had the advantage in an engagement at Duchovstchina, yet he was obliged, for want of the power of resistance, to rejoin the army at Smolensk.

* In the kitchen of the King of Naples there were found flayed cats and boiled horse-flesh, p. 147, 2d.

Napoleon reached Smolensk, with his Guards, on the 28th October, (9th November,) and on the following day was joined by Davoust and Ney. As he had been closely followed by the Russians, and as Kutúsof, repeating the same manœuvre which had succeeded at Moscow, had already seized the roads of Roslavl and Mstislavl, and threatened his communications with Orgha and Borrissef, and the Beresina, he could not long remain in this town. Besides, the offensive motions of Count Wittgenstein, and Admiral Tchitchagof, may have caused well-founded apprehensions for his rear, and precipitated his retreat, so as to reach the Beresina before the two armies of the right and left should be able to unite and prevent his passage. A party of his Guards left Smolensk on the 1st (13th) November; with the rest he quitted that town on the 2d, (14th); the corps of the Viceroy, of Davoust, and of Ney, with which that of Poniatovski had been amalgamated, followed him in succession at intervals of a day. They were pursued by the Russians; much and severe skirmishing took place, which was followed by the battle of Krasnoyé. Napoleon wished to sustain himself here till the arrival of Davoust's corps, and resolved to accept of battle; and indeed on the morning of the 5th (17th) he began the attack, in which he was worsted. Davoust's corps having joined him, he ordered the retreat upon Liadi, which he reached, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Russians.

While affairs were going on at Krasnoyé, Platoff prepared to take possession of Smolensk, which he did on the morning of the 5th, (17th,) after the French had evacuated it. Davoust's corps had left this town in the night, between the 3d and 4th, (15th and 16th,) and, as we have seen, had joined Napoleon at Krasnoyé. But Ney's corps only left Smolensk in the night, between the 4th and 5th, (16th and 17th,) after having blown up a part of the fortifications. Buonaparte's retreat upon Liadi left Ney's corps at the mercy of the Russians, who intercepted it between Smolensk and Krasnoyé. Near the last place, Milarádovitch awaited his arrival, which was announced by the Kozáks towards three o'clock p. m. of the 6th, (18th.) The French advanced in a thick fog, unperceived by the Russians, till within 250 paces of their batteries, which opened forty pieces of cannon, and showered grape upon the advancing columns. Far from being disconcerted, Boutourlin avows, that they "threw themselves upon the batteries with admirable fury and courage," and with rare intrepidity. Whole ranks fell, and were instantly replaced by others, whom a similar fate awaited. Although extenuated, they evinced the most heroic obstinacy, but at length were obliged to retire some versts in disorder. "Marshal Ney, seeing the absolute impossibility of avoiding the loss of the greatest part of his corps, resolved to save a part." At the head of about 4000 troops, less in disorder than the rest, he took his course, at the fall of night, towards the village Sirokoreniyé, where he passed the Dnieper upon the ice, which was yet but very weak. During the passage, he was attacked by a regiment of Kozáks, who took 10 cannons and 300 prisoners. He escaped with the remainder of his troops towards Gusi-noyé. The troops *du gros du son corps* remained upon the great road, and, separated from their chief, at midnight sent a *parlementaire* to General Milarádovitch, offering to capitulate. The proposition having been received, 8,500 laid down their arms. By adding to this number 3,500 prisoners taken by the Russians during the combat, it appears that an attack on the 6th (18th) November, cost the French 12,000 prisoners, without speaking of the slain, besides twenty-five cannon and much baggage.

On the same day, Napoleon left Liadi for Dubbróvna. All his cavalry being dismounted, he united the officers who still had horses, and formed four companies of them, each of 150. The Generals performed the functions of officers, and the Colonels those of under-officers. This squadron, called *sacred*, was put under the orders of General Grouchy, and was destined to serve as an escort to Napoleon; but it only existed some days, as all the horses died of fatigue and famine.

Above 26,000 prisoners, of whom seven were Generals, and more than 300 Officers, many standards, and 116 cannon, without counting 112 found by the *centenier*, Naskin, were the trophies of the signal advantages which the

Russian army gained on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, (15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th,) of November. Besides, the French had above 10,000 men killed, drowned in the Dnieper, and dead from inanition and cold. The total loss of the Russian army did not exceed 2000 men *hors de combat*. "This battle," says the Colonel, "*est un des plus beaux faits d'armes* of our age," so fertile in memorable events, for the half of the enemy's wing was destroyed. The manœuvres of the Russians present an exact application of the true principles of the art of war. The Colonel says, that in quitting Smolensk, the French had still a total of 70,000 men, while the Russians did not count above 50,000. "Yet, in spite of this inferiority in number, the Russians, wherever they fought, were stronger than their enemies, because Prince Kutúsof took care not to allow them to engage but with isolated corps of the French army." Allowing the relative strength of the armies to be as stated above, of course every one will conclude that *the true principles of war*, and the engaging of *isolated corps*, would have availed but little to the Russians had the French not been ruined by cold and hunger. The Russians fought well; but Napoleon's army, at least the most important part of it, became the prey of a northern winter.

Colonel Boutourlin avows, however, that we may reproach Kutúsof *avec raison* for not having, *par trop de prudence*, executed a plan proposed for the operations of the 5th, (17th,) as by this he *priva son armée de la gloire de pulvériser d'un seul coup l'armée de Napoleon*. This was assuredly a dreadful mistake of Kutúsof's; but, says the Colonel, "*nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de rappeler, que cet excès de circonspection même, n'était que la conséquence du système de temporization adopté par le Marechal, et qui assura la délivrance de la Russie.*" Before we can coincide with the Colonel's reasoning, or Kutúsof's *vrais principes de l'art de guerre*, we must be persuaded, that it is better, even when an occasion presents itself of *pulverising* our enemies at once, to adopt a *système de temporization*, and to destroy it piece-meal, and run all the hazard of repeated defeats, and sustain the useless losses of reiterated attacks.

The Russian army marched to Románovna, where the head-quarters of Kutúsof were established, while the troops were cantoned in the surrounding villages. A division of grenadiers, with a regiment of Kozáks, remained at Sirokireniyé, and a brigade, with another regiment of Kozáks, was stationed at Krasnoyé, with the design of collecting *les marauders ennemis*, who wandered between that place and the Dnieper.

Napoleon had retreated to, and remained at Orsha, so as to collect the *debris* of Ney's corps. Platóf reached Ney on the afternoon of the 7th, (19th,) near Gusinoyé, and prevented his retreat by Lubávitsi, by throwing him back upon the woods which border the Dnieper. On the 8th, (20th,) at eight o'clock of the morning, he again overtook him near Dubrovka, and took 800 prisoners, and *le mena battant* even to the village of Jakubovo, where a desperate combat was fought, and of which the French kept possession. Napoleon, instructed of the critical position of Ney, sent to his succour the corps of the Viceroy. Favoured by the motions of this corps, and especially by the obscurity of the night, Ney effected his retreat upon Orsha, and reunited himself to the French army.

The Colonel says with much partiality, that Kutúsof, seeing that the enemy had profited by the delay necessary to reduce Ney's army, before marching to gain the advance of Napoleon, determined to employ only the advanced guard in the pursuit; and that, in order not to fatigue his troops uselessly, he directed, by gentle marches, the mass of his army upon Kopis, where he proposed to pass the Dnieper. But Napoleon, "who, in his disaster, only thought of saving his person by gaining the Niemen, caused his troops to make such fatiguing marches, that one could not follow him without also risking the ruin of the Russian troops." "The half-famished, starved, and spirit-broken troops of Napoleon, could make marches, in which they could not be followed by the well-clothed, well-fed, and elated army of the Russians!!!" This is the truth; for in fact the condition of the Russian army

was bad enough at this epoch ; it could not make head against the French—not from disinclination, but from absolute incapability.

Colonel Boutourlin censures Napoleon for not having changed his *route dévastée* of Smolensk, turned to the left at Gjatsk, and proceeded by Sisévka, Bcloi and Poretchyc, upon Witepsk. He complains also of his having marched his corps so far separate from each other upon the same road of déviation, and not scattered, and rather advancing by several roads nearly on the same parallel, so as to have separate sources for obtaining provisions. He is of opinion that Napoleon should have retreated by the right bank of the Dnieper from Smolensk to Orsha. And he thinks personal safety alone could dictate to Napoleon, when, despairing to save his army, he took the shortest and the best-known road ; sacrificing all the corps which, *disposés en échelons*, performed the functions of a rear-guard, destined to cover the retreat of his escort.

Although Kutúsof, by Colonel Boutourlin's own account, allowed two opportunities to escape him, in the retreat from Mojaïsk to Orsha, of striking a decisive blow and finishing the war, yet he concludes his Ninth Chapter by saying that his conduct "*est digne des plus grands éloges*," and that by his system of prudence he had succeeded in giving mortal blows to the army of Napoleon. Much as we value Kutúsof, we should suppose, if he had commanded the French, and Napoleon the Russians, the former would never have reached Viasma, far less Smolensk.

In the Tenth Chapter the author gives a minute account of the plan of operations for the secondary Russian armies,—of the landing of Count Steingell at Revel with 10,000 men, and of his march to Riga, and afterwards upon Druja,—of the offensive steps resumed by Count Wittgenstein, after having received reinforcements,—of the battle of Polótsk, and of the attack and capture of the town by the Russians,—of the retreat of Count Steingell behind the Dvina,—of the pursuit of the French beyond the Dvina by Wittgenstein and Steingell, and their junction at Lepel,—of the combat of Tchasnki,—of the capture of Witepsk by the Russians,—of the battle of Smoliantsi,—of the repulse of the Austro-Saxon army into the duchy of Warsaw by Admiral Tchitchagof,—of the Admiral's march towards the Beresina,—of the occupation of Minsk by the Russians,—of the combat of Borissof,—of the battle of Volkoviski,—and of the retreat of General Sacken, &c. &c.

The Eleventh Chapter contains an account of Napoleon's retreat and arrival at Borissof,—of the defeat of Admiral Tchitchagof's advanced guard,—of the celebrated passage of the Beresina, at Studenki, by the French,—of the combat of Staro-Borissof and the capitulation of Partonneaux's division,—of the battles of Stakhof and of Studenki,—of the retreat of the French upon Wilna,—of the departure of Napoleon from the army, &c. &c. This chapter is all so interesting, that we scarcely know which points to select for the reader's entertainment. The passage, however, of the Beresina merits particular notice.

As we have already seen, the French army was re-united at Orsha on the 8th (20th) November, in a very critical situation. Two armies, on the right and left, endeavoured to get into its rear, and cut off its retreat, while it was pursued in the centre by Kutúsof. By forced marches, Napoleon escaped Kutúsof, but he fatigued his troops, and with the remainder of them, amounting only to about 40,000, it was impossible to defend the line of the Dnieper. It was not easy to execute a retreat. Tchitchagof was moving forwards to intercept his communications with Minsk, and Wittgenstein shut up the roads from Orsha to Wilna. Buonaparte determined, by forced marches, to reach Borissof before Tchitchagof, but on arriving at Bobr, he found that there was no hope of getting to the Beresina before the army of the Danube. His case was now extremely hard ; for there appeared no other chance of escape but by opening a passage for himself sword in hand. But at this critical juncture Napoleon shewed himself worthy the character he had justly acquired of a great captain. He measured the immensity of the danger "with the eye of genius, and dis-

covered resources, where a General, less able, or less determined, would not have suspected even their possibility." It is really delightful to find such a compliment paid by a Russian officer to the greatest enemy his country ever encountered; and when we suppose it also to be the language of the Emperor Alexander, it assumes the highest character for impartiality and dignity of sentiment.

Buonaparte outwitted his enemies by a feigned show of wishing to cross the Beresina at one place, while he had resolved to accomplish it at another. He resolved to pass the Beresina near Studenki, ten or twelve miles above Borissof, at a place favourable for the construction of bridges. By a seasonable frost, the marshes on the borders of this river were frozen, and even supported the artillery. Thus, by one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, which elude the knowledge of mortals, the cold, which had hitherto proved the most dreadful scourge of the French army, now contributed to the safety of its remnants. Buonaparte caused some troops to cross the river by swimming, so as to examine the opposite bank; he then raised batteries, under protection of which two bridges were constructed, and finally accomplished the passage of the river, notwithstanding some opposition of the Russian army, which arrived too late to oppose him successfully. Till the return from Elba—an event unparalleled in history—the passage of the Beresina was perhaps the most glorious deed in the military life of the Corsican chieftain—of the inordinately ambitious Emperor of the French. This great event took place on the 15th (27th) of November, and was followed by wonderful activity on the part of the French. Having gained the right bank of the Beresina while surrounded by formidable armies, they fought their way on the 16th, (28th,) defiled upon Zembin during the night between the 16th and 17th, (28th and 29th,) and reached Pletchinitza on the 17th (29th), while the imperial quarters were fixed at Kameni. On the 18th (30th) Napoleon's head-quarters were at Pletchenitsa, on the 19th (1st December) at Stariki, on 21st (the 3d) at Molodétchno, on the 22d (4th) at Biscuitsa, and on the 23d (5th) at Smergoni, where were assembled all the principal officers. Buonaparte having made good his rapid flight, and thus saved the wreck of his army from almost certain death or captivity, now confided the command of the army to the King of Naples, and immediately departed by post for Paris.

Buonaparte's conduct at this crisis of his life has been much canvassed, and very opposite opinions are still entertained respecting it. The sentiments of one of the enemy, and of an enlightened and liberal individual, such as Colonel Boutourlin, therefore deserves the highest attention. The Colonel thinks that Buonaparte was justifiable in quitting his army, upon the ground that he was not merely chief of that army, but because the destiny of France was entirely placed upon his head. "His first duty, therefore, in these circumstances, was less to assist the agony of the ruins of his army, than to watch over the safety of the French empire. He could not better fulfil this duty than by returning to Paris, so as to hasten, by his presence, the organization of new armies."

While Colonel Boutourlin speaks of the cruel losses with which the French paid for the passage of the Beresina, he admits the disappointment of the Russians at the event. They had hoped, that, by the operations of the secondary armies, all the avenues for Napoleon's return would have been closed, and while his army surrendered, that he himself would have become their prisoner.

The Colonel defends Tchitchagof, Wittgenstein, and Kutúsof, against different accusations which have been brought against them, relative to the escape of Napoleon, while he brings forward others himself. He accuses Tchitchagof of having manœuvred *avec une lenteur qui eut une influence funeste sur l'ensemble des opérations*, and for not having joined General Tchaplits on the evening of the 15th, (27th,) so as to have attacked the small number of the French who had then crossed the Beresina: he also blames him for a halt which he made at Stakhof, as well as

for the manner in which the combat of Stakhof was conducted. He is of opinion, that the dispositions adopted on the 16th, by the Russian Generals, of dividing their forces upon both banks of the Beresina, leaves much room for criticism. The Colonel, with great propriety and impartiality, admits "that the conduct of the Emperor of the French," at the passage of the Beresina, "is above all eulogy. Invested on all sides, Napoleon *ne perd pas la tête* ; he deceives, by able demonstrations, the Generals who were opposed to him, and sliding, so to speak, between the armies which prepare themselves to fall upon him, he performs his passage at a well-chosen point." Thus the great losses which the French suffered should not be attributed to Napoleon, but put to the account of the unfortunate circumstances in which his army was placed, and which it was no longer in his power to master.

In the Twelfth and last Chapter, Colonel Boutourlin gives an account of the pursuit of the French by the Russians upon Wilna,—of the capture of Wilna,—of the re-crossing of the Niemen by the King of Naples,—of the cantonnements of the grand Russian army,—of the arrival of the Emperor Alexander at Wilna,—of the retreat of Macdonald,—of the capture of Memel,—of the defection of the Prussians,—of the retreat of the Austrians,—and of the evacuation of the Russian territory by the French.

After six months of the most desperate campaign on record, the Russian territory was at length evacuated by the French. By what Colonel Boutourlin calls a moderate calculation, 125,000 Frenchmen were killed in battle, and 190,000 made prisoners, not including forty-eight generals and 3000 officers. By adding those who were lost in detail, in consequence of disease, famine, cold, and other accidental causes, we find the number 450,000 men. We may reckon the number of allied troops who escaped the great disaster, and repassed the frontiers of Russia, at about 80,000 men ; but in this number are comprehended 23,000 Austrians, and 18,000 Prussians, so that of the other troops of Napoleon there did not remain 40,000 men. The Russians took from the French 75 eagles, or standards, and 929 cannon, without reckoning those which remain buried in the earth, or covered with water.

Colonel Boutourlin clearly proves the falsehood of the report that the continual retreat of the Russian armies was a preconceived plan for drawing the French into the centre of Russia. That conduct was dictated by necessity or propriety.

We must now conclude this long review, by warmly recommending Colonel Boutourlin's work to public attention.

THE IMPROVISATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS*.

WE owe the fair authoress an apology, which we do not well know how to frame, for being so long of according the meed of praise so justly due to her delightful poems. *Her* forgiveness we do not despair of obtaining, if woman, as we thoroughly believe, be the sweet forgiving creature she is represented to be in the volume before us. We fear, however, we shall not be so easily pardoned by our readers for withholding from their notice, to so late a period, this pleasing addition to the female poetry of the age. The only

reparation we can make to these last, is to lay aside all further prelude, and hasten to introduce them to an acquaintance, which we are sure will soon become an intimate one, with the work. It consists, then, of the *Improvisatrice*, a poem of considerable length, and about thirty others, some longer, and some shorter, but all of them of high poetical merit. Indeed it possesses a greater degree of originality, in point of thought, than any volume we have seen issue from the press for a considerable time. The style of the longer poems

* The *Improvisatrice*, and other Poems, by L. E. L.. Third Edition. London. Hurst, Robinson, & Company.

bears a considerable resemblance to that of Moore; but the similarity goes no farther. In one instance only did we recognise either the images or language of any other poet; but that one we deem singularly unfortunate, as it is of a passage which none can expect to excel, few hope to equal. It is of the picture given by Aspatia of Ariadne, in the *Maid's Tragedy*. We can readily conceive how she was led, by her intense admiration of the original, to introduce it; but we say again, that it was unfortunate, as giving rise to a comparison which, straining as it is to our gallantry to admit it, must terminate to the disadvantage of the lady.

But dismissing this, let us give an analysis of the principal poem, and proceed to lay some specimens before our readers. The thread of narrative which pervades it is slight, and consists of the history, given by herself, of a young Florentine girl, of exquisite sensibility, and high poetic feeling, powerfully operated upon by external causes. She gives us an account of the effect which the circumstances in which she was placed had upon her mind. The description of Italy, with which she introduces herself, we consider eminently beautiful:

I am a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
Are most divine—where earth and sky
Are picture both and poetry.

I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill
Of hope and feeling, oh! I still
Am proud to think to where I owe
My birth, though but the dawn of woe!
My childhood pass'd 'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;
Statues but known from shapes of earth,
By being too lovely for mortal birth;
Paintings, whose colours of life were
caught

From the fairy tints in the rainbow
wrought;

Music, whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's
close;

Language so silvery, that every word
Was like the lute's awakening chord;
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;
Flow'rs whose lives were a breath of de-
light;

Leaves whose green pomp knew no with-
ering;

Fountains bright as the skies of our
spring;

And songs, whose wild and passionate
line
Suited a soul of romance like mine.

Ballads and songs are introduced without any connection, but merely as the breathings of her muse in her solitude.

The following song of Sappho we think will bear a comparison with Mr Croly's picture of Sappho in his *Gems from the Antique*:—

Sappho's Song.

Farewell, my lute! and would that I
Had never wak'd thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breath'd in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy pow'r, thy spell, my gentlest
lute?

I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute that wrought me
wrong;

It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart are
flame;

It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vow'd to thee!
Long be thy light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea,
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

Want of room prevents us from noticing all the tales woven into this poem; we therefore pass on to a circumstance of great interest in the history of the heroine.

One evening, as she was pouring forth her soul in song, she was overheard by a young man, Lorenzo, who was so struck with the beauty of her performance, "so soul-centred in her song," that his appearance made a deep impression on her, and she became in love. Unfortunately he was engaged, and was soon after married to the lady to whom he was so bound. From this time the Improvisatrice began rapidly to decline in health. "Songs which only told of love" disappointed were her sole amusement. In one of these she gives the following exquisite picture of a young girl pining away for her absent lover:—

It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves !—but worst of all
It is to watch the flow'r of spring
Fade in its fresh blossoming !
To see the once so clear blue orb
Its summer light and warmth forget ;
Darkening beneath its tearful lid,
Like a rain-beaten violet !
To watch the banner-rose of health
Pass from the cheek !—to mark how
plain,
Upon the wan and sunken brow,
Become the wanderings of each view !
The shadowy hand, so thin, so pale !
The languid step ! the drooping head !
The long wreaths of neglected hair !
The lip whence red and smile are fled !
And having watch'd thus, day by day,
Light, life, and colour pass away !
To see, at length, the glassy eye
Fix dull in dread mortality ;
Mark the last ray, catch the last breath,
Till the grave sets its sign of death !

The health of the lady whom Lorenzo had married soon became such that it was necessary to remove her to the Azores, where she shortly died. Lorenzo, mindful of the minstrel he had heard, hastened to Italy, and sought her hand. But,

Oh ! mockery of happiness !
Love now was all too late to save,

and she expired in his arms.

This, then, is a sketch, with a few specimens, of the principal poem. Its fault, if fault it be, is, that though all beautiful, no part rises decidedly superior to the rest, but is throughout one table-land of fine poetry.

Of the shorter poems, we are almost puzzled to say which of them are the most pleasing ; but if called upon to decide, we would say Rosalie, and the Minstrel of Portugal. In them, as well as in the longer poem, thoughts and expressions are often to be met with of great poetic beauty, greater than are to be found in any works, save those of the elder dramatists. Several of the minor pieces bear a considerable resemblance to the style of Wordsworth, but without any of those instances of bad taste, and obscurity of expression, which are occasionally to be met with in his

poetry. In them her favourite topic is love ; and on this subject, how well she sings, let our readers judge :

“ I did love once,—
Lov'd as youth, genius, woman loves,
though now
My heart is chill'd, and sear'd, and taught
to wear
That falsest of false things, a mask of
smiles ;
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been ! Love is like a
glass,
That throws its own rich colour over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning
looks
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its
glad red ;
And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the
page
Bearing the poet's words of love : and
then
The twilight walk, when the linked arms
can feel
The beating of the heart ; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once,—
A light the eyes can never see again ;
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathes of
love
Seem echoes of the heart.”

One specimen more, and we have done.

*Lina written beneath a Picture of a Girl
burning a Love-Letter.*

“ The lines were fill'd with many a tender thing,
All the impassion'd heart's fond communing.”

I took the scroll : I could not brook
An eye to look on it, save mine ;
I could not bear another's look
To dwell upon one thought of thine.

My lamp was burning by my side,
I held thy letter to the flame,
I mark'd the blaze swift o'er it glide,
It did not even spare thy name.

Soon the light from the embers past,
I was so sad to see it die,
So bright at first, so dark at last,
I fear'd it was love's history.

GAFFER GRABBLE, DEALER AND CHAPMAN; A PAROCHIAL FARCE.

ON the evening of Tuesday last, when rummaging my *locker* in quest of antidotes against *ennui*, a malady that afflicts men who have little to do and less to think of, I cast my eye on a tolerably-sized parcel, bound with red tape, and labelled thus, "*Gaffer Grabble*, an Afterpiece, in three Acts, by *Jeremy Sackbut*, Esq. of the Inner-Temple," and instantly called to mind the odd circumstance that deterred me from giving it a place in the *Albion Literary Museum*.

Mr Sackbut's accompanying note contained many well-coloured encomiums on my *Editorial* prowess, which were all palatable enough, and his very high opinion of the *Museum* was also taken in good part; but when he proceeded to say that his performance had been rejected by all the loggerheaded playhouse-managers, newspaper-manufacturers, magazine-editors, &c. &c. in London, and that the only remaining hope he entertained of presenting his literary bantling to the public rested entirely on my well-known discrimination, goodness of heart, loving-kindness, and so forth—"Ho, ho!" said I to myself, "this won't do, Mr Jeremy—all gammon—sheer blarney—can't digest it." So saying, I gently gave the neck of his note a bit of a twist, and slipped it between the grate rib. Having thus far manifested my dislike to fudge, flummery, and evil-speaking, I forthwith proceeded to examine Mr Sackbut's manuscript, and certainly felt myself much in love with the prologue, until three crack-jaw words, all in a row, made their appearance, which decided the fate of his piece. Ever since the merciless threshing I received per the hands of *Dominic Gordon*, because of my incapacity to articulate that frightful name, *Mahershallathashbash*, to his liking, have I shuddered at the sight of a *little* syllable, cursed the inventors of cramp words from the innermost chamber of my heart, and even wished the poor printers in Beelzebub's bosom for committing them to types. No wonder that Jeremy's farce was consigned to the waste locker. "But," saith the wise man, "there is a time for every thing;" and even so say I; a time to condemn and a time to approve, a time to d—n plays and a time to save them.

I cast my eye on Jeremy's parcel as aforesaid, and remembered the sentence passed upon it. Curiosity whispered in mine ear, "Take another look," and Prudence said, "Beware of the prologue—pass it without halting," which accordingly was done. In a word, which, amongst our modern phraseologists, implies *many*, I fell upon Mr Jeremy Sackbut's Afterpiece, and perused it with the greatest care imaginable, not having met with a single *little* word throughout the whole performance. With respect to its intrinsic worth, I beg leave to decline giving any opinion thereon, least said being soonest mended; the reader of course must judge for him or herself, as the case may be.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Carpenter's Shop. Dan Wiggins patching an old arm-chair, and his man, Jem Dingle, mending a broken wheel-barrow.*

Dingle.—I say, master.

Wiggins.—Say on, Jem.

Dingle.—If that old rogue, *Ned Clench*, ha'n't been wheeling cheese in this here barrow, I'm a Dutchman.

Wiggins.—Nonsense.

Dingle.—But I do say that such is the fact. Mites and maggots, avaunt! Good gracious me, what spankers! Look ye here, master, how they skip and crawl.

Wiggins (*minutely examining the*

vehicle).—Hop, skip, and leap—there they go, sure enough, jolly dogs all. By gowls, Neddy, the parish upholds thy deputy chin, or else many a weary tongue wags untruly. Blessed is he whom a select vestry delighteth to honour.

Dingle.—Didn't I say, when the old boy was chosen overseer, that his house and the workhouse were too near by a bow-shot? Only think of the slender fence between *Dame Dorothy's* back court and Ned's garden. Why, I've seen three magpies breakfasting on the bits o' raw flesh that stuck to the rails. Aye, aye, Neddy, many a jolly good *sticking-piece*, and prime *mouse-buttock*, hast thou trailed over since *Dame Dorothy* became matron.

Wiggins.—No doubt of it.

Dingle.—What a bare-faced shame it was, to send his old aunt into the house, and have her appointed stewardess of the parish-store, with such a rickety partition between them, when all the parish knew that Ned Clench had four fingers and a thumb on each hand, every one o' them furnished with a hook ready baited to catch!

Wiggins.—All true, Jem, and fairly told; but you and I must pick our words very carefully indeed, when speaking o' Mr Clench. He's the acting overseer, you know, and helps us to a shree o' parish business now and then. Why, I should think our coffin score, for the current year, will amount to—let me see.

(*Enter Mrs Mabel Wiggins.*)

Dingle.—One o'clock, as I'm a sinful man, and not a turned hair on my hide. Stars and garters, how the time slips away!

Mabel.—A sprinkling o' thy sweat, Jem, wou'd cleanse the leper, and wash the Blackamoor white; but we have no time to talk. Come, folk, come along. All's ready, roast and boiled, dumplings and green pease. Marry and grace, (*looking earnestly at Jem's patient,*) when did Ned's harrow come to the hospital?

Dingle (*scratching his head as if groping for an answer*).—Why, I suppose it might be about—some time in the morning.

Wiggins.—Morning! with a witness. The clock struck nine just as Ned's lad began to deliver his master's compliments.

Dingle.—Yea, and verily, master, thy memory's made o' better stuff than mine.

Mabel.—Compliments, indeed! My sooth, when the like o' Ned Clench began to use compliments, it's high time they were out o' fashion. Guess what old Skip-nose was after last night?

Dingle.—Wheeling cheese, to be sure.

Mabel.—Freely spoken, Jem. Did ye espy him? was ye on the watch?

Dingle.—Not I, faith. My belief in Neddy's carnal knowledge o' double Glo'ster is founded on the testimony of living witnesses—there they are (*pointing with both his fore fingers*).

Mabel.—(*Carefully inspecting the wheel-barrow.*)—Cheese-born, to a certainty. My stars! they've been in fat quarters, every mother's son o' them, and really the poor forlorn creatures seem conscious o' what has happened. Only see how they jump and tumble, cursing the hour, no doubt, that Ned's harrow broke down. What d'ye think *Goody Grannum* says?

Dingle.—God knows. Goody's a queer wife, and tells queer stories.

Mabel.—This blessed morning, when I was shelling the pease, in came Goody Grannum, and said unto me, "Mother Wiggins, can ye keep a secret?" "Lord love the woman," quoth I, "when was my tongue known to tattle? I marvel to hear ye speak." "Then mark my words," said Goody, lifting her eyes to the ceiling, and clasping her hands in so fashion, "there isn't a lustier rogue than Ned Clench in fifty parishes. Last night, my gudeman was grievously afflicted with his old complaints—a violent wheezing and shortness o' breath—Lord help me with him, for he's a sore, sore handful!—so up got I, and opened our back wicket. The night was cloudy, the wind abroad, and every earthly thing wrapt in utter darkness; but just as I put my hand to the fastening, a sudden glimpse o' moonshine brightened Dame Dorothy's back court, and there I beheld madam handing something bulky over the rails."

Dingle.—You don't say so!

Mabel.—These are the woman's own words, Jem; as I've a soul to be sav'd, not one o' them was coin'd by me.

Dingle.—Well sped, Goody Grannum—go it, Mother Wiggins. What next?

Mabel.—She declared to her God, in my presence, that she saw Ned Clench wheeling a heavy-laden harrow down the dark walk; but before he got half way, a kind o' crashing noise, mingled with bitter curse, induced her to keep a shap lookout, and presently she espied a jolly cheese trundling away to Ned's back door.

Wiggins.—Primely watched, Goody Grannum,—cleverly wheeled, Neddy Clench. Was there ever a parish so abominably rogue-ridden! Overseer, indeed! the mean, fleehing, velvet-tongued son of a —, curse me if I know where to find a dad for him; and his long-headed, fly-away son-in-law, *Bill Quirk o' Lauky-leggan*, vestry-clerk and undertaker, he's what ye may call—

Dingle.—No great things—another o' the same. Bill's clerkship never upheld Madam Quirk's genteelty at Brighton, nor paid for her box-tickets to the Opera, nor edged her caps with French lace—neither did the profit o' his trade, since he commenced undertaker, find him in boots and spurs, horse and gig, town-house, country-house, and so on. As for the Secretaryships he holds in ten or a dozen societies, we'll pass them by—tongues will wag, but there's wheels within wheels, take my word for it.

Mabel.—Wheels here or wheels there, Ned's ways, and Bill's means, appear as plain to me, Jem, as the nose on thy face. Mr Overseer Clench and his well-beloved son, Billy Quirk, and his fair-faced aunt,

Mrs Matron Dorothy, can live very well without their mothers. Don't ye see how the game goes? Ned fills the workhouse with parish poor, Dorothy puts them on slack-belt allowance, Bill stands in the back-ground with his death-board ready to—

Wiggins.—Mabel, Mabel, that tongue o' thine wags most unconscionably. Speak within bounds, for Heaven's sake, and call not the devil worse than he really is.

Mabel.—Dan Wiggins, that tongue o' thine wags most unreasonably—I merely meant to say, that the parish poor seldom sit down to tight-belt allowance, notwithstanding the heavy rates levied every quarter, and then pass sentence on the free-fingered manner in which Dame Dorothy fills Ned's basket and Bill's store—that's all. As for mortality, there isn't a workhouse within fifty miles of ours that keeps the sexton's spade freer of rust.

Dingle.—Bravely spoken, Mother Wiggins. Thy words are all full grown, and fairly feathered—not a gosing amongst them. But Clench and Company have more bones to pick than come from the parish workhouse. Annual requests, Christmas *benefactions*, casual gifts, and other benevolences, all through Neddy's hands in due form, because it's the fashion now-a-days for ladies and gentlemen to be charitable by proxy.

Mabel.—There's the evil, Jem. Would charitably-inclined folk only take the trouble o' looking on distress with their own eyes, and relieving it with their own hands, in place o' deputising the like o' Ned Clench and Bill Quirk—

Wiggins.—Sottly, Mabel—not so fast. Only consider how very industriously the two worthies propagate stories of beggar men and beggar women, making what is called a *good thing of it*, in less time than trades-folk usually reckon upon; disposing of the walks and avocations by private contract, like newsmen and milk-mongers, and then retiring from business altogether—stories that induce many good-hearted people to leave their mites at Ned's disposal, because of his local knowledge and apparent sanctity.

Dingle.—Very justly observed—all feasible enough; and now when I think on't, didn't young Ned, at the last vestry but one, deliver a lecture on sham cripples, blind fiddlers, mock dumbies, and imposition in general, that made every body stare. Such plausible tales and well-coloured orations naturally incline our wealthy parishioners, and others unacquainted with low life, to distrust their own judgments, and rely on the more experienced discrimination of Clench and Company.

Wiggins.—Exactly so, and really it is grievous to see such a couple of—

Dingle (looking cunningly out at the shop-door).—Hush, hush; here they come full drive, rag, tag, and bobtail. Dump-ling and green prase, did ye say?

Mabel (following Jem's example).—Generation o' vipers! What a pair o' white-livered Pharisees! Yes, lad, we've a rare boiling.

(Enter Ned Clench and Bill Quirk.)

Clench.—Good morrow, Mr Wiggins.

Wiggins.—Your servant, Mr Clench.

Quirk (casting his eyes about Dan's shop).—Tidy little box, well stocked, and full of conveniences. 'Pon my honour, Wiggins, you've got a snug birth of it.

Mabel.—Yes, the place is pretty tolerable, considering; but we've had a sore struggle, and many difficulties to overcome.

Clench.—Honest endeavours are blest, Mrs Wiggins, and he that sets a stout heart to the steep hill seldom fails, through grace, of gaining the summit in a reasonable space of time. It rejoices me to see the industrious man prosper.

Wiggins.—Why, Mr Clench, we've reason to be thankful that all our endeavours have hitherto been rewarded, and every reasonable expectation fully realized. Jem and I keep driving away at something or other, and seldom see the heels o' a job out at the door before another pops in. What with *Squire Grogan's* whums, parish work, and odds and ends picked up here and there, we make a bold shift to keep the wolf at bay.

Clench.—And heartily glad am I to hear of it. The sober, attentive, clean-handed tradesman, that demeanes himself in a business-like manner, and keeps his eye on the Scripture-saying, "Do unto all men as you'd have all men do unto you," will find friends, and step into the way of well-doing sooner or later. My custom, Mr Wiggins, such as it is, may be relied on, and what little influence I possess in the way of recommendation is heartily at your service.

Wiggins.—For which, Mr Clench, I beg leave to return my very best acknowledgments. The chair and wheel-barrow may be expected home. When shall we say, Jem?

Dingle.—They'll be ready for a march, I should think, by this time to-morrow.

Clench.—Any time to-morrow will do extremely well; but lay them aside for the present. We've a bit of a job that must be got on with in preference. Fall to, Mr Wiggins, and make a coffin five feet ten and a quarter.

Quirk.—Eleven and a-quarter.

Clench (*consulting his memorandum-book*).—Right, William, it is so. Five feet eleven and a-quarter long, two feet one and a-half wide, by twenty-seven inches deep in the clear.

Dingle.—What a punchy little box!

Clench.—Yes, James. He whose mortal remains are about to be deposited therein was a man of substance, in so far as flesh is concerned.

Quirk.—Don't be nice with it, Wiggins; rough boards, tidied a little with the Jack-plane, and tacked together with a few nails,

Wiggins.—Shell fashion?

Quirk.—Not exactly so, but pretty nearly. Charity coffins, Dan, have no claim whatever to ostentatious finery. I shan't get that for it, (*snapping his thumb*).

Wiggins.—What! wont the parish?

Clench.—O dear no; the parish has nothing to do with it. My son William defrays the poor man's funeral charges out of respect to his memory. Old *Giles Grabble*, you know, the outlandish pack-man.

Dingle.—Good life! is Gaffer Grabble gone dead?

Mabel.—And taken his wealth to kingdom come?

Clench.—Many people, Mrs Wiggins, and I amongst the rest, looked upon *Giles Grabble* as a man of good estate; but such is not the case. Half an hour before he departed this life my son William was called to his bedside.

Wiggins.—Where did he give up the ghost?

Quirk.—In father's two-pair back bedroom. Lord help him, Dan, he died as poor as a church mouse. I had no conception that the old fellow was in indigent circumstances, until he made shift to explain himself, poor man. Ruinous credit, desperate debts, flash bills, and blind bargains. O Lord, O Lord! what will this world come to!

Mabel.—Bless me, it is not long since Old Gaffer was in our house, hearty and well. Did he die suddenly?

Clench.—Why, no. The poor old creature had been ailing for some time, and certainly was in a fair way to consecrated ground; but what carried him off so very hurriedly, in my opinion, was the baneful habit of *chewing opium*; that insatuating stimulant, whose gilded poison so many foolish people fly to for relief, when worldly cares weigh down the animal spirits.

Dingle.—Aye, Mr *Clench*! When did chewing opium come in vogue? Has poor old *Tom* lost his popularity?

Clench.—Not he indeed, James. The

gin bottle is still resorted to by a certain class of folk; but our West-end fashionables prefer the drug on account of its delectably-insatuating qualities.

Quirk.—The effects of strong cordial gin, and the effects of opium, it would seem, are precisely alike. The former calcines the constitution, as it were, by degrees, when exhilarating the animal spirits. The latter acts upon the intellectual system in a very surprising manner, and produces the most pleasing, dreamy stupor that can possibly be imagined, gradually dissipating the unfortunate chewer's constitutional stamina until he becomes a mere mass of living insensibility, and finally slips away like a knotless thread. Poor old *Giles* went off like a lamb.

Wiggins.—Dreaming to death! Well, that's one way of committing suicide. Don't ye think the *Coroner* ought to wait upon him?

Mabel.—And take the opinion of twelve honest men?

Quirk.—Not at all. The old fellow has not left the value of that behind him (*tossing up a shaving with the end of his stick*) to pay the *Coroner's* fee. We've had *Sally Glum* the *searcher* to overhaul him. Six pennyworth of *Sal's* opinion is all I can afford. No, no, we'll have nothing to do with *Coroners*. Get the coffin ready, Wiggins, and let me have it by half-past six this evening at farthest.

Clench.—Because, though he only died a few hours ago, the body is much discoloured, and therefore requires to be speedily disposed of. Don't let it be later than half-past six, Mr Wiggins.

Dingle.—I'll be answerable for its appearance,—a bit of a shell,—we'll knock it up in no time.

Wiggins.—Yes, yes, we'll soon tack a few boards together.

Clench.—Well, that point's settled. William, (*lugging out his watch and turning to Bill Quirk*). You and I must be on the move. It's well nigh two o'clock, and we've to call at the sexton's.

Quirk.—Is there nothing else wanting? Coffin furniture we've got—shroud, pall, bier. Yes, all's right; we may toddle. Good bye, Wiggins. Yourservant, Ma'am, (*nodding to Mabel, who returns the compliment*).

Clench.—Adieu for the present.

Wiggins.—Your most obedient, Gentlemen. [*Exit Clench and Quirk*].

Dingle.—Well, this is a rummish go.

Mabel.—So say I, Jem.

Wiggins.—Chewing opium, to bamboozle old daddy *Caro*! Was ever the

like heard tell of in a 'Christian land !
What say ye, gentlefolk ?

Mabel.—More likeli to deaden the smartings o' a prickly conscience.

Dingle.—That's nearer the mark, mistress. A more saintly-looking advocate for fair-play than Giles Grabble never quoted Scripture, and a ranker cheat never ran on two legs. Gaffer's conscience and mine cou'd never agree, by a long, long way ; though his yard rod was within an inch and quarter o' calling my three foot rule *dear brother*.

Wiggins.—And as for dying pennyless, I won't believe a syllable o't. Giles was a shrewd, sure-footed, bargain-driving old cock, that knew his customer bravely.

Mabel.—He pennyless ! Lord help ye, Wiggins, the man was as rich as a Jew. Depend upon it, these two blades have laid violent hands on Gaffer's mouldy sovereigns, and fingered every valuable in his pack. Yea, yea, Neddy Clench, it isn't the first goodly store thou hast pillaged, nor the only savoury pie thou hast had a finger in. But it matters not. The fox can run no longer than his legs will let, and the *old one* must and will have his due, sooner or later, that's some comfort. Now, folk, leave off speechifying. It's no use standing here wasting our wind. Dinner waits—come along. [*Exit Mabel.*]

Dingle.—I second the motion.

[*Exit Dingle.*]

Wiggins.—And I bring up the rear.

[*Exit Wiggins.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Burial Ground. Old Jerry Waghorn the sexton leaning on a tombstone, quaffing home-brewed. His journeyman, Bob Grigg, digging a grave.*

Grigg.—Yes, yes, we'll get on like our neighbours—no doubt o' that ; Nan's a thrifty lass, and I can handle a shovel. Never a lad in the county o' Surrey will Bob turn his back on. But as for Billy Quirk's *presentation*, dang it, I's afeard, mainly afeard.

Waghorn.—Afeard o' what ? Poh, poh, faint heart ne'er won fair lady. Here, lad, take a *sup*, (*hands him the mug*). That pluck o' thine lacks cherishment.

Grigg (*whips it off at a draught*).—Prime stuff, master.

Waghorn.—Better never was bolted. Nancy Waghorn can brew a drop o' the comforter when she likes ; and as for boiling, baking, stewing, and roasting—getting up full and half-mourning dresses—freshening bearse-plumes and cutting shroud-cloth to the best advantage, there isn't a handier girl within the bills

o' mortality ; she'll make thee a charming wife, Robin.

Grigg.—*I believe ye.* Nance can take her bacon to market with the best o' them, and Rob's up to a trick or two. We'll have our own little difficulties to encounter at the first go off, like other young folk, but loving hearts and willing hands, you know.

Waghorn.—Nothing o' the sort, Robin. Difficulties will vanish and stumbling-blocks disappear the moment Nan Waghorn becomes thy wife. She's been a dutiful child to me, and therefore have I made up my mind to settle the whole *resurrection fees* o' this parish upon her for a year and day.

Grigg.—Said like yourself—nobly spoken—gentleman every inch o' ye. What a debt o' gratitude will Nance and I have to pay ! O my heart, my uplifted heart, when wilt thou rub off the score ? Never, never, never.

Waghorn.—Not one stave more to that tune, Robin. She's my own, my only child, and thou'rt a deserving lad. All I possess will eventually go to her and her heirs male and female. God grant them hale hearts to enjoy it ! So the *snatch-moncy*, ye observe, may be look'd upon merely as a lunch before dinner. But that has nothing to do with delving. Twenty guineas, I think ye said, is the price Billy Quirk sets upon his presentation.

Grigg.—Twenty golden guineas.

Waghorn.—The sum's a round one, to be sure, but the equivalent may be worthy o't. Have ye ta'en a survey ?

Grigg.—O yes—catch me at buying a pig in a poke. Nance and I had a squint at the parish last Thursday, but, good Lord ! the swarms o' healthy faces that we saw was truly disheartening.

Waghorn.—That's very odd. The parish o' *Lunkyleggan* is much exposed to the Nor'-East, and consumption, I shou'd think, might help to make the sexton's pot boil. Was there no appearance o' gout, rheumatism, or other bodily ailment.

Grigg.—Neither cough nor cripple did we fall in with,—not so much as a ricketty brat.

Waghorn.—Well, Robin, lad, we must e'en live and be thankful ; the Lord's will be done ! These parishioners, I'm told, are all o' them plain, hard-working folk, living in a kind o' homely, primitive way, after the manner o' their forefathers ; and therefore it is not to be supposed that mortality can make great progress ; but as their circumstances improve, they'll indulge their carnal appetites, and die in a reasonable space o' time, like other Christians.

Grigg.—God grant they may, for it's a populous parish, and a roomy church-yard.

Waghorn (*emphatically*).—The day will dawn, Robin, *when they'll want doctoring*.

Grigg.—Thy words, master, have a prophetic twang. Dang it, if I ha'n't a great mind to nail Bill Quirk.

Waghorn.—So so, lad. Keep within compass, and mistake me not. I merely ventured a well-grounded opinion, that such an epoch will gradually be brought about. We all know that the very *underfoots* o' society have a hankering after gentility, and when they do happen to arise from their low estate, we also know that nine-tenths o' them canter away to *Moll Crankum's*.

Grigg.—I believe they do.

Waghorn.—And many diverting capers they do cut. Squire *Mushroom* must and will have his crusted port, sack, and canary; nothing less will go down,—Madam her tea, supper, card, and gossiping parties, balls, routes, and the devil knows what. Then begin their sorrows to bud. Drunken nights beget *dry mornings*, surfeit *sickness*, indolence *indigestion*—on they go, devil take the hindmost. Medical men o' fashion attend the family. Mugs, phials, pots, and gallipots, duly arrive, morning, noon, and night. Good Lord deliver us from all evil! I cou'd tell a tale, Robin; but really we must not clip the credit o' our best friends. Lord take them to thyself, say I, for they've been the making o' me!

Grigg.—What a pity it is that Lankyleggan shou'd be overlook'd by the Faculty. I verily believe that many o' the parishioners are wealthy, well-doing folk.

Waghorn.—Nature's an old wilful slut, Robin, and so very ticklish withal, that it wou'd be the height o' folly to intrude upon her at an unseasonable hour. When men and women o' low degree, as I before hinted, shoot up like cedars amongst the trees, and the precise *nick o' time* arrives, then will our medical friends open shop, because no genteel family can be truly so without their attendance. What can be more gratifying to newly-fledg'd pride, than the sight o' a spruce young blackamoor, clad in green and gold, hammering the door, and a dashing West-end M. D. jumping from his curricule, and skipping up the steps?

Grigg.—Nothing in God's creation.

Waghorn.—And the poor sexton, whose jaded looks and tatter'd raiment indicate the sturdiness o' his fellow-parishioners, must also feel highly gratified. In my younger days, when the sextonship o' this parish was in the

market, price fifteen guineas, and a crown to the clerk, thinks I to myself, what's best to be done? Work hard for a crust, or sup with the swallows—"better small fish than no fish," were the very words that presented themselves in reply; so, without farther prologue, off started Jerry to old Joey Bundy's office, and nabb'd the presentation.

Grigg.—Joey, I take it, was a kind o' parish *factotum*, like our Ned Clench.

Waghorn.—Much o' the same breed; parish-clerk and select vestryman. These gentry, Robin, pocket the price o' every beneficial incumbency, from that o' the sexton himself down to the veriest headle. God only knows how they contrive it; but well do I know, that never an official birth o' the smallest value has been given away in this parish for these last fifty years, without *down-on-the-nail* security, and all their bargains are negotiated so very snugly *under the rose*, that the *old one* himself cou'dn't bring them to book.

Grigg.—They're sad dogs, to a certainty; but it can't be help'd; no use to grumble. What can't be cur'd must e'en be endur'd, and really their charges are exorbitant. Fifteen guineas, I shou'd think, was a long, long price, at that time o' the day.

Waghorn.—Why, yes. The parish o' *Paunchylaw*, in those days, was just such another as *Lankyleggan*; little or nothing a-stir in our line. Many a weary week did I labour in the lonesome yard, grubbing up docks, cutting rank grass, and trimming graves, merely to keep up appearances.

Grigg.—The most disagreeable of all disagreeable jobs that a spirited young lad can possibly fall in with.

Waghorn.—Aye, aye, Robin, these were days o' sorrow and sighing to me. Long will I remember the barren, heartless prospect, and never forget, until my dying day, what pass'd here, (*smiting his bosom*,) when young *Doctor Gilpison* issued his cards.

Grigg.—Blessed be his memory! He was the first o' the Faculty that practised in *Paunchylaw*, and the last o' them that left off smothering fever under warm blankets. Oh what a change has taken place for the better, since Mr Gilpison commenced operations!

Waghorn.—Yes, lad, times are improved—vastly improved. We've now, thank God, seven apothecaries, five surgeons, nine quack doctors, and a consulting physician, all in full practice.

Grigg.—Gad, I'll have another try at Billy Quirk.

Waghorn.—Well, do so, by all means,

and beat him down if ye can—there can be no harm in't,—*only* be sure and make use o' civil words—Bill's a mighty man, you know, in both parishes.

Grigg.—Oh, I'll tickle him gently, and butter his consequence with soft sayings, take my word for it. He'll be here by and bye, to stow away the old packman, that died as poor as a rat, to the utter astonishment o' every body. Billy, I'm told, puts him in the ground at his own cost.

Waghorn.—So they say; and I must give the poor soul a few gratuitous tinkles, as he comes up the lane, for old acquaintance sake. Don't lay him too deep, Robin; he'll be lifted to-morrow night. By Jupiter, (*looking up to the dial*,) it's four o'clock within a handful o' minutes; they'll have him here in no time.

Grigg.—Shall I go any deeper?

Waghorn.—Let me see, (*looks into the grave*,) yes ye may; half a spade or so.

Grigg.—Thy will shall be done.

[*throws out a few shovelfuls.*]

Waghorn.—Well, go it, Rob, go it merrily. I'll up to the belfry and look out for squalls. [*Exit Waghorn.*]

Grigg (solus).—Good old soul as ever breathed. Where's the master sexton, now-a-days, that would made so free with his own journeyman, or the man o' substance that would give his only child in marriage to a shirtless *lackpenny*? I do believe, that a luckier lad than my own identical self never was born of a woman. Oh, Nancy, Nancy! how lovingly thee and I will lay our heads together, and skip through life hand in glove! We'll neither brew disquiet at home, nor fish for trouble in strange waters. Gentility may shun our approach, and mock gentility sneer at our avocation—my Lord Duke smile as he passeth by, and my Lady Duchess turn up her nose, because of their belief in *noble* and *ignoble mould*; but the sexton's underground knowledge biddeth him laugh in his sleeve. He can tell a tale any day o' the week that would humble their philosophy. Mould, indeed, noble and ignoble! Every grave-digger in Christendom, and elsewhere, hath buffeted titled skulls, and kicked the jowls o' knights, squires, and mongrel-gentry, about like shuttlecocks. My own experience sayeth, that gentle beef rots sooner than vulgar bacon; and many a lusty laugh have I had at *Nobility* and *Modality*, when comparing ploughmen's shanks with noblemen's shins. Laugh, did I say, at rotten bones? the world's a laughing-stock, at whose expense we jolly grave-diggers often enjoy ourselves—heartier fellows never trod thereon.

[*sings.*]

The merry thrush gladdens the grove,
The merry lark gladdens the sky,
And who are so merry as we
Who merrily live till we die?

[*digs away.*]

(*Enter Nan Waghorn, tripping across the graves.*)

Nan.—I thought I heard a voice.

Grigg. (*poping his head above ground*).

—Aye, love, art thee there?

Nan.—Yes, love.

Grigg.—What shall I tell ye?

Nan.—Good news, to be sure,—have ye broken the ice?

Grigg.—That I have, my lass, and most successfully too. Oh, Nancy Waghorn, thy father is a father indeed! Nothing has he denied that you and I reckoned upon—all our own way—every thing to our liking.

Nan.—Blessings on him! When was he here? How did he look? What did he say? Oh, Bobby, Bobby! tell me all in a breath.

Grigg.—Why, he just said, in his own familiar, free, and easy way, "Take her, lad, and my blessing to boot. She'll have a cow and calf, her will o' the household moveables, and a few shining ones to jink in her lap when she returns from church;"—that's all that passed.

Nan.—Gracious me! what a down-sitting!

Grigg.—I believe it is, my good girl; but that's not all. The *snatch-money's* ours for a year and day.

Nan.—Is it possible? Oh, my love, Bobby, how gaily we'll go! I had a squint at the *Resurrection-Book* this morning—the sight o't would do your eyes good.

Grigg.—Yes, Nancy, love, we'll go as becomes us, take my word for it. The three first haps shall clink in *Crambonella* for a crimson-velvet pelisse—thy shapely person must not be slighted. Two more, I should think, will realize a full-feathered gypsy Leghorn, ribbons and all, in St. Paul's church-yard; and devil's in't if a couple more don't fetch gold waistband-clasps, finger and ear-rings.

Nan.—Gold and velvet, feathers and finery! Lard, Bobby, how ye do talk! The neighbours will stare like stuck-pigs, and that sneering slut, *Bet Gandy*, what sort o' cry d'ye think she'll set up?

Grigg.—Lard, Nance, how should I know? Mayhap she'll sing out, "There goes our young sextoness with three *subjects* on her back, two on her head, and a pair at her belt."

Nan.—Bob Grigg, what sort o' language is that to fling in my face? Though a sexton's daughter, and a beadle's grand-daughter, I'd have you to know that I'm

neither stock nor stone—subjects indeed !
(*tosses her nose, turns her about, and walks away at a snail pace*).

Grigg.—Nancy, Nan, good life. (*jumps from the hole and catches her.*) Not for the world—ten thousand worlds, (*snatches a kiss,*) would I give pain to the lass that lives here, (*striking his bosom.*) Bob Grigg's as incapable o' wilfully affronting womanly dignity as he's deserving o' tasting maiden sweetness, (*kisses her.*) Lord love ye, Nan !

Nan.—Leave me, Robert, leave me alone.

Grigg.—Is that evil spirit o' thine laid ?—shall we live and love as usual ?

Nan.—Why, yes ; I suppose so.

Grigg.—Then let us seal our agreement with a kiss o' reconciliation, (*throws his arm about her neck.*) I could live on thy lips for ever and a day. (*Bell tolls.*) Ding, dong ; here comes old Gaffer.

Nan.—Leave go, Bob, leave go, I say, —was there ever a poor thing—plague on ye—(*She ultimately submits, after a severe sham-struggle, and exits*).

Grigg.—I say, love—Nan—Nancy. Bless the girl, she skips like a squirrel. (*Bowls a scull after her, which has the desired effect.*) Don't forget to meet me at nine—you know where.

Nan (unseen by the audience).—The old place ?

Grigg.—Yes, love, under the green yew-tree. [*resumes his labour.*]

(*Enter Bill Quirk in his professional habiliments.*)

Quirk.—Well, Bob, how get ye on ?

Grigg.—Like a house on fire.

Quirk.—Deep enough, I should think ; but you know best—no business of mine. So Miss Waghorn and you had a jaunt last week ?

Grigg.—Yes, a bit of a cruise.

Quirk.—And what thought ye of Lankyleggan ?

Grigg.—No great shakes. The yard's spacious, and the parish large ; but, good life, the folk are not our sort o' folk. Fifteen and a-crown, I should think.

Quirk.—Won't do, Robin—won't do, my good fellow ; I tell you so as a well-wisher, but don't believe me. Step down some evening to my clerk, before the thing gets wind, and make him an offer. His wife's relatives have more influence that way than all the parish besides.

Grigg.—Hasn't Mr Quirk a morsel ?

Quirk.—Not I, faith—no more than that shovel. But drop it, drop it, for the present.

Grigg.—I've no notion o' second-hand dealers, principals are more to my liking.

Quirk.—So, so.

(*Enter Gaffer Grabble's funeral. Ned Clench, Dan Wiggins, and Jem Dingle in cloaks and scarfs, officiating as mourners-in-chief.*)

Quirk (addressing himself to the men).—This way, my lads ; I'll lead down somewhere hereabouts.

[*which accordingly is done.*]

Wiggins.—His Reverence, I should think, will soon be here ; it's past the usual time.

Quirk.—Mayhap he will—just depends upon the tune he's in. Reverence apart, Mr Wiggins, he's but a so-and-so parson. I can't endure the drawing, crawling, fastidious book-worm. He has no more notion of business than a goose.

Clench.—Mr Townley's a young man, William, green from the University, full of book knowledge and school divinity. He cannot be expected to go through the service so very cleverly as his worthy predecessor Mr Hassock ; but he'll become more expert as he grows older.

Quirk.—It's to be hoped he will, for really I've no patience with him. The slow, psalm-tune manner in which he snails it along is truly provoking. Neither sleet nor snow, wind nor ruin, has the least effect upon his pace ; and then the precise, straight-forward Act-of-Parliament course that all church and parish-officers ought to steer, according to parson Townley's account, is ridiculous in the extreme. The man has a soft place in his head, that's clear.

Grigg.—His particularity, to my certain knowledge, has been many a bright pound out o' master's pocket. Was old Hassock above the turf, I'd be bound to say, he'd dispose o' a score for Townley's dozen. Bless my life, (*looking to the clock,*) what in all the world keeps him ? I'll up to the look-out, and have a sec.

[*starts off.*]

Quirk.—Well-jested Robin, d—d good joke—strikingly characteristic.

Dingle.—Joking aside, gentlemen—there's worse fellows than parson Townley escape the cart's tail.

Quirk.—True Jem ; but here lays the mischief—there's no such thing as finding them.

Dingle.—I could find them, Mr Quirk, (*looking significantly in his face,*) without going a Sabbath day's journey.

Wiggins.—Gentlemen, gentlemen, recollect where ye are—shape the converse to the occasion, I beseech ye.

Clench.—Light language, Mr Wiggins, is very unsuitable for consecrated ground ; particularly so when a fellow-creature, at least the remains of one, are about to be consigned thereto.

Quirk.—Poh, poh,—there's no harm in't—none in the world, to make a fuss about.

Grigg (*calls from the church-yard wall, whereon he had perched himself*).—Ware hawk,—here comes the parson without a canonical rag on his back. What's the go, now? [*jumps down*.

Quirk.—Here, Bob, lay these planks a little closer, bring the dead-ropes, and get every thing in order before he comes.

Grigg (*kicking a couple of deals closer to their pillows, and hauling two cords from beneath a grave-stone*).—Let me alone for that, Mr Quirk—all's ready—all's right.

(*Enter Parson Townley.*)

Clench (*making his obeisance hat in hand*).—Your most obedient, reverend Sir.

Townley.—Good-day t'ye, Mr Clench—friends all, I salute you.

Quirk.—The young folk, I hope, continue to do well. Master John, I see, begins to stir about, and really Miss Townley comes on charmingly, considering.

Townley.—Yes, Mr Quirk, they who are near and dear to me begin to look forward. The chastening rod hath been mercifully laid on indeed, and happy am I to say, not without administering spiritual benefit, praised be the Giver of good for every blessing!—Step this way, gentlemen, for a minute or two. (*turns aside.*)

Quirk (*aside, following the parson*).—What's the fellow up to, think ye?—don't half like him.

Clench.—Tut—he's too much of a greenhorn to cope with you and I.

Townley.—How comes it, Mr Quirk, that you've brought the deceased for interment so very hurriedly? He only died yesterday morning, it seems.

Quirk.—For one little reason, Mr Townley, that may be snugly stowed away in a picktooth case. The body became so very offensive, that premature interment, if I may so call it, was absolutely necessary.

Clench.—Never did I see a more unrightly corpse.

Townley.—Report says, Mr Quirk, that the deceased was in the habit of using a deleterious drug for some time previous to his dissolution. Have you any knowledge of the circumstance?

Quirk.—Yes, your Reverence. He chewed opium without ceasing, poor old soul! to cure the heart-ache, as he alleged. Gaffer was a man of property some years ago, and might have lived at his ease in peace and comfort; but, alas, alas! the simple man's the beggar's brother.

Townley.—Poor, infatuated being. The pernicious habit, I should think, greatly tended to shorten his days.

Clench.—No doubt of it—none in the world.

Quirk.—And yet old Giles was aware of its evil tendency. Often have I cautioned, expostulated, nay threatened, but it was all whistling to the wind.

Townley.—Then, Gentlemen, according to your own showing, it is meet and proper the Coroner should be apprised of what has happened without delay. Rumour shall never say of me that I connived at laying a fellow-creature in the grave, under circumstances so very suspicious, without inquiry.

Clench.—Suspicious circumstances, Mr Townley!—I don't understand ye. I've lived in this parish with credit these fifty years bygone. Slander could never say black's my eye—my character is above suspicion, and therefore spurns it. Why then do ye insinuate that I would connive at unfair play? Your worthy predecessor, rest his soul! never scrupled to do his duty when he saw me on the ground; and as for Coroners' inquests, the parish is sufficiently burthened already, let me tell ye, without being put to unnecessary expence. My good name is a sufficient guarantee, that nothing improper is going on here, and I pledge it.

Townley.—It is to be hoped, Mr Clench, that neither you nor I have our good names to seek at this time of the day; and if in our possession, let us carefully treasure them up, because they are more valuable than great riches. But that is foreign to our present purpose. The law expressly says, that when a man dies by his own act, violence, or casual harm, the proper officer is to be summoned, a jury impaneled, and every matter relative to his untimely end thoroughly sifted. It is my wish to have this poor man's case looked into, and decency bids me proceed. There are many unpleasant stories abroad.

Clench.—What stories, Sir? I know of none that can maim the character of either me or mine. Really, Mr Townley, you are too fastidious—indeed, my good Sir, you are—every body says so. What motive could possibly induce me to act improperly on this or any other occasion? My good fame is in the scale—my reputation in the balance—the fair reputation that procured me the secretaryships of three *Bible Associations*, nine *Sick Clubs*, and five *Benevolent Institutions* for relieving poor old women at their own homes.

Townley.—Of these clubs, Mr Quirk, I have my own private opinion—but let it pass. The short and long of the matter is this, I neither can nor will ~~enter the~~

deceased until such time as a Coroner's jury deliver their verdict.

Quirk—Well, what stands next on the reformation list? I suppose our ancient parishioners, men and matrons, will be called upon to exchange their old sayers for Scripture sayings, our lads and lasses their ballads and roundelays for spiritual songs; and our dogs taught to bark reverently on the Sabbath-day. Aye, aye, Mr Townley, new brooms sweep clean, sayeth the proverb.

Townley.—Sir, so long as it pleaseth Providence to continue me in this parish and in this world, the servant of Him who went about doing good, so long will I continue, by precept, by example, and by influence, to cherish virtuous feeling, and check immorality. My predecessor laboured many years amongst you. He is gone to his account, and it pains me to say, his endeavours have not been blest. The glaring laxity of morals, and of manners throughout the parish fully warrant me in so saying. Lewdness stalks in broad day-light, and decency is ashamed to be seen. Hence it is that the rites of our holy religion are mocked, her becoming ceremonies held as naught, and her wholesome doctrines rendered unpalatable;—hence it is that our little parochial offices, incredible though it may seem, are sold for money—our poor rates misapplied—our poor stinted in food and raiment;—and hence comes it that, when we inquire of the grey-haired man our way to the next village, he bids us go, look—of the child, follow your nose. These evils, Sir, will I do my best to cure; and there are yet men—not such men as you—to be met with in our hamlets, who will joyfully lend me a helping hand, (*turns away from the two worthies*) Had you any knowledge, Mr Wiggins, of the deceased?—Was he a parishioner?

Wiggins.—Not that I know of, your Reverence; I merely knew him as travelling dealer.

Dingle.—He was a Derbyshire man, Sir, what the packmen-folk call a twelve-stone *Neddy*; and well they might, for a jollier pack than Gaffer Grabble's never was slung, and a riper ye woudn't have seen on summer day—watches, jewellery, silks.

Townley.—What became of his property?

Dingle.—I dare say, Mr Edward Clench, there where he stands, can tell ye all about it, Sir. Gaffer died in his two-pair back bed-room.

Clench.—Poor man, he brought nothing of that sort into my house; rags, disease, and a broken heart, was his all.

Townley.—That may happen to be inquired into when his relatives come

forward. Meanwhile, remove the body. *Bur-carrier*.—To the workhouse, your Reverence?

Townley.—Certainly. (*They proceed to lay Gaffer on the bier; but a couple of feeble moans from the interior of his shell induce them to lay him down rather more numbly than they lifted him up*)

Quirk.—What d'ye bogle at, fools? He won't bite ye. The man's as dead as King Harry the VIII—(*Deep groans succeed their weakly prognostics*)

Dingle.—Alive, b' the Lord! Hand me the mattock—d'ye you hear, Bob? (*Proceeds to wrench the lid off Gaffer's shell—Groaning continues*)

Townley.—Gently, young man—gently—don't be rash.

Clench (*aside*)—What the devil's to be done?

Quirk.—Bolt, for Christ's sake, bolt—not a moment to spare.

Clench.—Here goes (*walks away*).

Townley.—Don't leave the ground, Sir—look to these men, my good folk—(*addressing the bier-carriers, who take the necessary measures to prevent Ned and Bill from decamping*.)

Wiggins (*laying his hand on Gaffer's bosom*)—The heart beats freely.

Townley.—Hands off, Mr Wiggins. Leave him to himself. Let Nature have her own way a little while: (*they all four, that is to say, Parson Townley, Dan Wiggins, Jen Dingle, and Rob Grigg, step two paces back from the coffin, and stand stock still*)

Bier-carrier.—D'ye think he'll speak, Gilbert?

Gilbert.—If he do, Jonathan, I's off, it's so vriteful to hear a dead man.

Wiggins.—Hush you there,—not a word.

Gaffer Grabble (*after a solemn silence of one minute and a half*)—Shadow o' death—land o' spirits—evil ones—och, och, och, (*opens his eyes*) Where am I now?—sky and sun—living men—bless-ed day-light—all a dream—O aye, yes yes,—thankful, thankful am I. Deary me, what's the meaning?—(*works his arms from beneath the shroud, and gropes about*) So—So—Sophy Mr—Mr—Clench. Ed—Edward, bless my life, where—where's the wallet, the silk wallet? (*feels under his head*) Sov—Sov—Sovereign bag, bill-book—all gone. Lord help the helpless!

Townley.—O my God! what a scene! Miserable man, his heart cleaveth to the mouldy hoard, his soul to the minted heap, notwithstanding the peril he is in. Lift him up, my friends. (*Wiggins, Dingle, and Grigg, disengage old Gaffer from his shell, and support him in their arms*)

Townley.—Spare me your cloak, Mr Wiggins, to throw about him, (*divests Dan of his mantle.*)

Dingle.—Take mine too, Sir.

Gaffer (*upheld as aforesaid.*)—Paunchylaw church—(*looking steadfastly at the door thereof*)—Paunchylaw steeple,—Paunchylaw in England!—surely I'm

right—must be so—every individual thing—(*stares wildly about him*)—Mercy on us, where's my pack? Sophy, Ned, Bill, young Ned—O ye Jews, ye uncircumcised Jews, (*breaks away from his supporters, bawling out, hobbery! Robbery! Robbery! pursued by the wild* *Dramatis Personæ.*)

Thus have I fairly transcribed Mr Sackbut's After-piece in so far as the two first Acts are concerned, the third being in want of a little *hammering*, is necessarily detained.

A RETIRED AUTHOR.

Quality Square, London 1824.

A Choral Ode.

Translated from the *Medea* of Euripides.

Argument.

EURIPIDES, in a charming episode, congratulates the Athenians upon their divine origin, and the excellence of their climate. Attica, the land of the brave, is characterized by the poet as the nurse of Freedom, and patroness of the liberal arts and sciences, the birth-place of the Muses, the retreat of Venus, and the land in which were cherished all the finer feelings of the human soul. Thence the poet infers the impossibility of an asylum for Medea in the metropolis of such a sacred and delightful country, if her desire of revenging Jason's perfidy should instigate her to murder her own children. The poet endeavours to divert Medea from her horrid purpose, by making an appeal to her maternal affection, calculated to move both her pity and her terror.

Chorus—Strophe.

ATHENIANS! renown'd in the annals of glory,
Indulging in sweets of a genial clime;
And heroes illustrious in primitive story,
Descended of gods in the earliest of time:
How fruitful thy soil, how romantic thy mountains!
Of freedom and science thy laurels e'er bloom;
How sacred thy streams and perennial fountains,
And groves which exhale a delicious perfume!
Through regions of beauty, and flow'rs ever ambling,
Inhaling the balm of the purest of skies;
In pleasure and mirth o'er the green hillocks gamb'ling,
In Greece where the brightest of prospects arise.
Where muses, chaste Pierian Nine,
Infus'd sweet harmony divine;
And taught seraphic notes to swell
In song, as hoary legends tell.

Antistrophe.

Where crystal streamlets of Cephissus glide,
And, murmuring softly, pour a golden tide.

Panting in the sultry beam,
Venus sought the cooling stream,
In beauty lavishing her pow'rs
On beds of ever-blooming flow'rs,
Breath'd through these regions of perfume,
Where laurels and sweet myrtles bloom;
Before her breathing vernal zephyrs fly,
Soft breezes float along the lucid sky.
Twining wreaths of sweetest roses,
In ringlets of her golden hair,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
Waving through the ambient air;
Before her face, in beauty smil'd,
Cupid, fair and lovely child,
To teach the sages of the land
To *feel* as well as understand,
To render beauty in the fair
Serenely sweet as vernal air,
To every virtue grace impart,
And sovereign comfort to the bleeding heart.

Strophe.

Shall Athens, wash'd by sacred streams,
Which far reflect their golden gleams,
Or realm of friends, with open arms,
Receive you from a foreign strand
Into the bosom of your native land—
A wandering exile doom'd to roam,
Still cherishing the thoughts of home,

By day, affrighted with alarms,
By night, with horrid dreams ?
Along with many others weeping,
View thy sons, in life's fair bloom,
Survey their wounds, behold them sleep-
ing

•Sound in death's eternal gloom.
By all the gods, we thee implore,
To think of horrid deeds no more ;
Nor thirsting for thy children's blood,
Limbue thy fingers in the purple flood.

Antistrophe.

How shall you seize the smiling creatures,
While round your knees they fondly
cling,

Or mar those sweet and lovely features,
Fresh blooming like the flow'rs in
spring ?

Or how to them so cruel-hearted
As rob them of their vernal joys ?

Has all maternal love departed
For thy pleasing, lovely boys ?
Or look upon them flush'd with beauty,
In innocence, without disguise,
Alive to every filial duty,
Affection beaming in their eyes—
To-day, fair flow'rs, in loveliest bloom,
But cold and lifeless on the *morroze*,
Slumbering in the silent tomb,
Without the pangs of deepest sorrow
Settling in perpetual gloom ?
Thy little suppliants loudly screaming,
Fearful of impending woe,
And floods of tears profusely streaming
To avert the fatal blow,
While drown thy bleeding heart in anguish,
While thirsting for thy children's blood—
Will force thy frantic thoughts to lan-
guish,
And turn, with horror, from the purple
flood. G. S.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You cannot conceive how much good your welcome letter did me ; nor do I wish that ever you should. None but a person separated from all whom he has been accustomed to hold dear, and doomed to reside among those with whom he finds it impossible to associate, can ever comprehend the tenth part of the rapture with which I again and again surveyed your letter, examining every well-known character, and forming an opinion concerning your health, from their regularity, before I broke the seal.

It is a happiness, an exquisite happiness, to receive such a letter ; but it is a dearly-purchased one. Many an hour, and many a day of longing expectation, and friendless loneliness, must have been endured before such a pleasure can be gained ; and, after all, what is it but an unsatisfactory, fleeting pleasure ? I do feel delight of the deepest and purest nature while engaged in reading what I know to be the transcript of your mind ; but when I have finished the perusal, I sigh in vain for the warmly affectionate voice, the kindly smile, and the eye's tender glance. These I may picture in my imagination, but when shall I again behold them in the living reality ? The first feelings excited by receiving your letter are those of gladness ; but they subside into others of a more pensive and

melancholy character. I find I have insensibly fallen into the very subject which I promised to treat of in this letter ; therefore I shall just proceed, as if what I have written had been written merely by way of introduction. It may not be amiss, however, to mention a few circumstances, which, though they may have escaped your notice, as they passed when I was quite a boy, have yet had very considerable influence in giving a bias to my mind, and all my habits of thought.

My father's house, as you know, is considerably distant from any neighbours ; and the nearest consist of families, who either have never had children, or in whom they are arrived at years of maturity. Hence, during our childhood, till we went to school, we never had any companions. The distance from school was too great for us to be sent there till we were more than mere children, and had already acquired something of a fixed mental character, as well as bodily strength ; and remote as we were from the influence of example, each of us assumed that particular habit of temper which was individually the most natural. I am quite convinced that there must be a natural difference between the mind of one person, even the most closely related, and that of another, otherwise it would be impossible to ac-

count for the difference of disposition and pursuits between my elder brother and myself. Our younger years were passed in a manner precisely similar, but we never thought or acted alike. It is not my intention, however, to draw a parallel between us; it is sufficient for my purpose if I mention one or two circumstances, which either gave a bias to my mind, or discovered and drew into action its natural inclination. My mother, a woman whose natural powers of mind and cultivation far exceeded the greater part of women in her station, took the charge of our early education, and exerted herself so well, that I had read through the Bible in a very tolerable manner before I ever saw a school. During the time when she was instructing me in the knowledge of letters, it was long to me a very irksome concern. A lady who took an interest in me having made me a present of a little book, I thought myself compelled in honour to learn *her* book well, and by so doing, prepared myself unconsciously for the reading of the New Testament. Still, however, my lesson was to me very disagreeable; I was much more inclined to wander, though alone, among the woods, delighted with the swaying of the branches when the wind was high; or to lay in some "bieldy" place, and gaze upon the clouds drifting across the sky. After such rambles, I used to tell my mother the most wonderful and incredible stories of what I had fancied in my unconscious reveries; and when she checked me, my simple answer was—"but, mother, I'm sure I thought I saw them; may be I was dreaming, though." After having toiled unwillingly through the greater part of the New Testament, I commenced reading the book of the Revelations. The wonders contained in it arrested my attention, and fixed me in astonishment. It was of no consequence that I could not comprehend what I yet believe no man can: I sought for no meaning but what the literal signification of the words imported, and I read them again and again with increasing pleasure. When my mother bad me read her a lesson, I used to request permission to read a chapter of the Revelations, when I had

finished my other task: to this, you may be sure, she was by no means averse, as it had the effect, both of causing me read with spirit, and read a double quantity. From that time forward, reading constituted, as it still does, my chief source of gratification. Shortly after this, I began to read every book which I could get hold of: but my chief favourites were "the History of Wallace," modernised from Blind Harry, by Hamilton, and "Gordon's Bruce." Often when my brother and sisters were at play, have I been engaged reading and weeping over the ill-merited misfortunes of Wallace, till, in a fit of enthusiasm, I would rush among the nettles and thistles, and mow them down, as if destroying the "false Southrons."

This taste for reading, like all other tastes, grew upon me by indulgence, till I laid every one, with whom I could make so free, under contribution for books; and though poetry, war, and romance, were what gave me most delight, yet I found means to peruse the History of England, of Scotland, Rollin's Ancient History, Guthrie's Geography, and a considerable number of other valuable and instructive works, and with no little attention. Thus I early began to have pursuits which tended to withdraw me from the sports of my compeers. So attached to reading did I become, that I often stole away from amongst my play-fellows, to continue the pursuit of some book which had engaged my attention. By this means, even before I had left school, I was tolerably intimate with nearly all the best authors in the language, whether in poetry, history, or romance. The consequence was, that I learned to think in a very different manner from those who were in other respects my equals, and amongst whom I was compelled to be, or seek for more congenial companions in my books. While I continued at school, a boy among boys, it was a matter of no great concern in what manner I employed my play-hours, nor were the taunts of my companions either very frequent or very galling. I was never at any loss in repelling insults; and that boy must have been very confident in his superiority of

strength, who would have wantonly ventured to provoke my resentment. The same romantic feelings which caused me in private act the avenging or liberating hero, caused me despise the idea of yielding to one who was not exceedingly an overmatch for me. My personal contests, however, were desperate, rather than frequent; for though I did not shun, I by no means sought quarrels.

Such is a slight outline of my past days, from boyhood till now, when I find myself obliged to bear my part of the active duties of life: and though I can make no pretensions to learning, yet I have acquired a taste, and a desire for it, which in other circumstances might have been to me a source of the purest pleasure. What may be its ultimate consequence I cannot foresee; but I now proceed to mention a few of the inconveniences at present attending it.

My reading has been so diversified, that there are few things can occur which I have not seen treated of by some able writer. I have thus, by the help of a tolerable memory, got a number of opinions much superior to what I could otherwise have had, and greatly different from what my companions have any notion of. This makes them appear to me a parcel of uncultivated and thick-headed creatures, at whose foolish notions, or still more foolish ignorance, I cannot but laugh: but when I attempt to give them some truer ideas, I am hooted as a crack-brained fool, half-turned in the head by reading; or perhaps hated for my impudence, as they esteem it, in daring to set my opinions in opposition to those of men who might well be any of them my father. In spite of the contempt which I feel for their ignorant and obstinate prejudices, it is by no means agreeable to know myself the object of dislike or of ridicule. All my high-raised ideas of virtue, honour, and generosity, are in like manner treated as crazy reveries; I must either conceal them, or, by mentioning them, feel myself become an object of derision. When I gaze around me, and behold all Nature smiling with the expanding beauties of spring and summer, or enriched with the bountiful productions of autumn, my heart glows with a warmth and gratitude

which longs for utterance; but it longs in vain. These things are beheld by almost all with careless unconcern, scarcely noticed, or noticed only with that gratification which results from the prospect of indulgence to selfish enjoyment. I can find no one with whom to taste the sweetest of all delights, the reciprocal communion of the heart. If I venture to express my feelings, I am answered by a scornful sneer, and some silly remark about books and their authors, who had nothing else to do but waste their time in writing a deal of idle nonsense about matters of which, after all their pretence, they knew nothing. They have learned by experience that spring will bud, summer blossom, and autumn produce, if the season be favourable, and that is all they know, or seek to know, regarding all other thoughts about the matter as quite idle, and nothing to the purpose. I am obliged, therefore, either to wage a continual warfare with those amongst whom I am placed, or to amuse myself as I best can with my own thoughts and fancies. This, perhaps, is not a matter of much moment; but I find myself as little able to bring my mind to relish their manner of thinking and acting, as they are to mine. The common people do not suit me for companions, far less for friends; and those of cultivated minds are in a rank too high for me to aspire to their notice, or for them to condescend to pay any attention to me. Am I then doomed to be a lonely, companionless being? I believe I am; and if the definition which philosophers give of man be correct, viz. a social, gregarious animal, then am I excluded from amongst my own species. The world around me is beautiful, and fills my bosom with gladness when I behold its beauties; but they are not for me. They are neither mine by the laws of property, nor even by that law which gives all creatures, after their kind, a right to subsistence. I cannot claim kindred with the great family of man, for none of its grades will receive me. I gaze with feelings of awe and wonder, mingled with delight, upon the sublime expanse of heaven; but when my soul is filled with transport and admiration by the

majestic grandeur of the scene, I feel my enthusiasm checked by the want of some one of kindred nature to whom I might communicate my sentiments and feelings, and whose sympathy might even increase their purity and elevation. With those of my own station, in all their coarseness and stupidity, I cannot, will not associate, and with those above me I may not. With the former I believe I could better bring myself to at least a temporary agreement, than with the latter. I am disgusted with the manners of the one, but my soul revolts when I see the overweening haughtiness of the other. Yet I can better endure their stately and prideful distance than their insulting condescension. If they choose to stalk past me with lofty pride, there is something within my breast which tells me that I can be as proud as they: when they seem to think that I must feel myself greatly honoured by their very gracious notice, my cheek burns with indignation. What right have they to assume such airs of superiority? Is it because Fortune has given them that wealth which she has denied to me? Let them show, by their superior merits, that her kindness has been justly bestowed. Is it in their noble blood? Let them prove its nobility by their illustrious actions, rather than empty haughtiness; and yet in this respect I too might boast an equal, if not a superior extraction to many of them. I am content to endure my inferiority of station, since fate and misfortune have so willed; but why should it be thrust upon my observation, by their show of letting themselves down to a level with me for a few minutes, as if that were a mighty matter? Fretted by these disagreeable peculiarities in my situation and habits of thought, I have no resource but in venting my feelings in my letters to you, and indulging in lonely wanderings by the side of my little favourite stream, when the shades of evening cover the sky with a congenial melancholy hue. At such times I often feel inclined almost to blame the dispensations of Providence, though I am well assured that my doing so is highly culpable. Why was my youth spent in acquiring tastes which can now be no longer

gratified? And to what has the cultivation of mind, resulting from the perusal of refined works, tended, but to make me more susceptible of unhappiness? Alas! I am like a butterfly, which some untimely smiles of spring have caused to cast aside its protecting crust, and left exposed to all the chilling storms which may assail it; clad, it may be, more elegantly, but certainly much less securely defended. I see before me what I might have enjoyed,—I feel how exquisitely I could have enjoyed,—but I know that such enjoyments are beyond my attainment. Had I never known to extend my wishes and my conceptions beyond my humble station, I might have passed my life in the same dull, contented thoughtlessness with my equals; neither knowing, nor seeking any thing farther, than how to procure a bare subsistence for the day that was passing over me, and desiring no higher degree of mental cultivation than my neighbours. Scarce can I refrain exclaiming, “Oh, happy state of contented ignorance! would that such were mine!” Yet, when I think upon the narrow and contracted scale of their understandings,—the grossness of their pleasures and pursuits,—and the barrenness and dulness of their ideas, together with their want of relish for the many beauties of Nature, I cannot consent, were it possible, to sink into such an abject littleness of mind. I have not a doubt that they enjoy more content than I ever shall, though I might have shared it, had not my youthful habits raised my mind a little above its sphere of attraction. I could wish my fate had been different, yet were my life to be begun anew, I would desire to cultivate my mind as far as possible. Is it not hard, that though my youth has not been spent in vicious pursuits, it should have left a sting behind it which will embitter all the remainder of my existence?

I can easily conceive what would have greatly contributed to my happiness, even under my present circumstances; with one exception. Had you been near me, that I might have had an opportunity of soothing my fretted heart with the pleasures of your conversation,—or if a young man with a disposition such as yours had

been my companion, then could I have mocked at much that now tortures me; and, together with my friend, I could have laughed alike at the rudeness of the rabble, or the pride of the wealthy. It is in vain that I attempt to reason away my vexations. When I ask myself, if I have not acquired more enlarged capacities of enjoyment, by enlarging my knowledge and refining my taste, I am ready, perfectly ready, to grant that I have; but though my capacities of enjoyment be enlarged, my opportunities are not; and I am thus only instructed in the knowledge of my own privations,—shown clearly pleasures the most exquisite, which are placed just beyond my reach,—made practically acquainted with the punishment of Tantalus. Does it not aggravate the misery of the captive to give him, through the grated windows of his gloomy dungeon, a glimmering view of Nature's free and luxuriant beauties—awakening in his soul a panting, languishing desire for pleasures which he knows he is doomed never to enjoy? To cultivate his mental powers is certainly one of the most imperative duties of every man; but sad experience compels me to declare, that, in the present state of society, it is by no means an infallible guide in the search of happiness. I am strongly inclined to charge those writers who have painted the charms of learning and cultivation in such glowing colours, with a wilful misrepresentation of human nature. They declaim in such an enthusiastic manner concerning the deep and pure delight resulting from intellectual improvement, that one would imagine every advancement in knowledge was so much undoubted progress made in the path of true happiness. I can only declare that *I* have not found it so. On the contrary, the more that I have felt my ideas enlarged beyond those of men in my own station, the more bitter has been my discontent with my condition, and the more ardent my longings after what, with unavailing regret, I have been compelled to relinquish as unattainable. To point out to me pleasures which others possess, but from which I am excluded, will not certainly increase my happiness: it is like displaying a

plentiful feast before a hungry man, and at the same time preventing him to partake; it aggravates what of itself was already sufficiently distressing.

Another great complaint which I have to bring against my little learning is, that it has caused me make a false estimate of the world and mankind. The poets described in strains of ardent gratitude the benevolence of their patrons,—men whose chief delight, they taught me to believe, was in exerting their influence to forward the aspiring wishes of depressed merit,—whose philanthropic hearts were always actuated by that sentiment, that “it is more blessed to give than to receive,”—who did not wait till their kindness was solicited, but sought out every fitting object upon whom to bestow their bounty,—who valued rank and wealth only as the means of doing good, not of assuming an insolent and overbearing superiority. Where are these patterns of beneficence to be found? They exist nowhere, perhaps never existed, but in the writings and imaginations of those poets by whom their praises were sung; and even those praises, if the truth were known, may be but the bitter irony of disappointed genius. They told me of friendship, pure, disinterested, inviolable—friendship which was more gratified by procuring another's advantage, though at the expense of privations, sufferings, life itself, than it could be by the highest personal good,—friendship which knits congenial hearts together with so fond, so intimate a tie, that every hope, every enjoyment was mutual,—nay, would have been despised, if not shared with the bosom friend. I gaze around me, and beholding all actuated alike by contracted selfishness, would exclaim that friendship too was merely a fabrication of the poet's brain; but the full swell of my heart, as memory directs my view to the days when the warm, cordial grasp of *your* hand was wont to awaken a thrilling glow of rapturous delight over all my frame, tells me that friendship, though rare, may yet be found in all its native purity. They celebrate, in enthusiastic strains of rapturous delight, the joys of love, and the seraphic virtues and beauties of woman.

Though much inclined to question the sincerity of their panegyrics, and the truth of their representations, I must withhold my censure, and acknowledge my inability to form a proper judgment. Woman is lovely, and may be worthy the warmest admiration, for any thing I know to the contrary. Experience has given me no information there; and the language of love is to me a strange language. If I might form an opinion, however, I would suppose the joys which lovers boast, and the pains of which they complain, to be the idle ravings of a diseased imagination. Thus have the poets represented to me a world clothed in beauty, and inhabited by all that is good, noble, generous, and lovely: how different I have found it! They pointed out to me a path which should have conducted me to happiness; and they displayed before me a brilliant vision; alas! I find that I have been deceived, and have only followed after an empty phantom. They told me of the pleasures of refinement, and gave me a relish for enjoyments which I now find that I must never hope to obtain. I find myself deceived by my expectations, and bitterly disappointed in all my hopes. Mankind are not what I had imagined, and I cannot mingle with them. I thought I had loved them as I wished to love my fellow-creatures: I find that I was only enamoured of the productions of my own deceived imagination. I am indeed a lonely, solitary being, belonging to no condition of society. My heart pants and sickens for the joys of mutual confidence, and unrestrained communication, but its longings are in vain. When I see others afflicted, I feel gratified that I can sympathise with their distress; for my heart, though a companionless thing, is yet a human heart; but when I see mirth and revelry, my gloomy melancholy increases and grows upon me to such a degree, that it drives me away to indulge its wailing pensiveness, unrestrained, amidst the solitude and darkness of night. I cannot join in the scenes of gladness around me, and I wish for some retirement, where I might pass my life apart from the world, which has so grievously disappointed me, and be-

hold its pursuits and its follies no more.

No! 'tis in vain! it may not be!

I cannot join the sportive throng;

The mazy dance delights not me,

Nor yet the gay and sprightly song; —

Even when the jest floats light along,

And all is gaiety and gladness,

I droop these brilliant scenes among,

In lonely, melancholy sadness.

Paint not to me the scenes of joy,

In all their flaunting hues of light,

That bid the bosom flutter high,

With wild and feverish delight:

Their fascinating splendours bright,

That gleaming, dazzling, flash before me,

Soon vanish, and a gloomier night

Sinks deeply, darkly lowering o'er me.

These giddy pleasures fast decay;

They but excite, then mock the mind;

They melt, like struggling dreams, away,

Leaving a weariness behind:

None ever found, none e'er will find

The radiance of their charms enduring,

Bright they may shine, 'tis but to blind,

From peace and bliss the heart alluring.

Oh! sweeter far, at fall of even,

With wandering steps to roam alone,

While deeply-glowing tints of heaven

Bright o'er the purpled skies are thrown,

To listen to the plaintive moan,

Breath'd by the zephyr softly stealing;

To bid soft music's melting tone

Awake each spring of tenderest feeling.

Then, give me, Fate! to dwell apart

Far from life's pleasures, vain as fair;

Blest with one kind congenial heart,

My griefs to soothe, my joys to share!

No sick regrets could find me there,

No vain ambitious longings wound me;

My chief delight, my only care,

To spread true happiness around me!

Excuse my verses, if you cannot approve them; their subject is the same with my prose. Indeed it cannot be otherwise, both being the genuine sentiments of my heart. I might continue my unavailing complaints to any length, but I conceive you have by this time had quite enough of them; and if you are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the cause of my enduring melancholy, the fault must lie in my manner of explaining it. It would be of no avail to attempt to convince me that my loneliness is wrong, and may be hurt-

ful. I cannot help it. My previous habits of thinking have rendered me no fit associate for the greater part of those in the rank of society to which I am confined; and as I may not be received in any other, my fate is to drag through a lonely, friendless existence, in some respects connected with both, but acknowledged or regarded by neither—a condition not to be envied. That I may not fill this long letter wholly with complaints, I will mention a few of my enjoyments, leaving you to form your own opinion, whether they balance my afflictions. Duty and necessity oblige me to be up every morning almost with the sun; this, however, if you exclude the idea of compulsion, is a positive advantage, as it is beneficial to health, and gives me an opportunity of contemplating the ever-varying, but ever-beautiful splendours of morn, while the east blushes and brightens at the approach of the refulgent lord of day. My daily occupation prevents languor and ennui from seizing upon me; and no one can taste the sweets of rest, but he who has purchased them by lengthened toil. Even the wealthy are compelled to have recourse to labour, though they disguise it under the name of exercise. And when evening comes—mild, sweet, calmly-pensive evening—I cannot describe the gentle delight which it sheds upon my heart. One hour to ramble in some secluded, but lonely scene, listening to the sweet melody of the wild-wood warblers, the soothing murmurs of the “babbling brook,” and the light rustling of the leaves, stirred by the evening gale, and gazing upon the glowing hues of the west, changing gradually from the most intense brilliancy to the faint and darkening grey; yes, one such hour easily dispels all the cares and annoyances which had been gathered round the heart. One thing alone is wanting to complete the pleasures of such an hour—unrestrained communion with some human being who might enter into my emotions with kindred sympathy, and think and feel as I thought and felt. This I perhaps never must enjoy; and the thoughts of my fated loneliness dwelling ever in my heart embitters every pleasure, and casts a

darkening cloud over all the transient glimpses of hope, that fitfully brighten my weary path. I thought to have concluded my letter in a more cheerful manner, but I find myself relapsing into my accustomed strain of sadness. Let me endeavour not to tire you with any more of it at present. Though I have no companion of kindred feelings to join me in my wanderings, yet I have the felicity of comparing what my own eyes behold, to the descriptions of evening, morning, nay of Nature, in all her different charms by my favourite authors; thus conversing with our greatest poets, even in the moments of their brightest and strongest inspiration. And what can excel an evening's walk, in company with Thomson, Young, Dryden, Milton, and Shakespeare! When such are my companions, is it to be wondered at that I can find no pleasure in the sports, or rude remarks of the noisy, senseless rabble? Let them laugh at me with my books; my lonely pleasures far transcend their empty, soulless amusements. I long for a companion, but not for such as they. And can I say that I have not a friend? Every pulsation of my heart denies the supposition. Every word of this letter proves that there is one, though distant, to whom I can venture to pour forth every inmost thought with unreserved confidence. My heart is sad and sick for many an hour, yet I know where it may depend upon finding complete sympathy: my feelings may be checked and confined within my own breast, but I am assured of one vent where they may be uttered without restraint. I will therefore repress my complainings, and endeavour to make myself as happy as my condition will allow. Happy! What has my situation to do with happiness? But I mean, endeavour to avoid misery as much as possible. My enjoyments must be but few; my wisest plan will be to bring my mind to be contented with them. The bright hopes which enlivened my youth are darkened; their splendour was that of a dazzling, but fleeting vision, and now I know it. They have enticed my steps into a path which I cannot now retrace—a path encircled at its entrance with all the flowery beauties scat-

tered by Fancy's fairy fingers, but suddenly, by the breaking of the spell, changed into a wild and a cheerless wilderness. At times, however, Fancy again resumes her potent wand; and youth, and all its buoyant hopes and beautiful delusions for one bright hour are mine. All that I have delighted to be returns, and all I could wish to be is within my power; could these visionary joys but last, I would wish for nothing more. I own they are unsubstantial, but they are so pure, so exquisite, that I would scarce exchange them for all the hopes which I can venture reasonably to entertain, certainly not for all the pleasures which I in reality enjoy. I am resolved, therefore, to continue, as far as lies in my power, to cultivate my relish for intellectual enjoyments, even though I can scarcely deny that by so doing I am in all probability only rendering myself more obnoxious to the darts of affliction, and preparing a poison for the wounds which I may receive.

In order to fill the remainder of *this* sheet, since my letter has extended to more than one, I think I cannot do better than transcribe another of Mr D—'s ballads. I am sorry that it is not complete; but he tells me that he never heard it entire, though he once could have repeated several more verses. I make choice of it at present, chiefly because it is but short, as I could not have got room for one of any great length.

Ellen of Egremont*.

“WHERE came ye from, old man, so late?

Or where have ye wandering been?
And what was the newest tale ye heard,
Or the newest sight ye have seen?”

“I came from the shore where the rent cliff's hang

O'er the toiling waves below;
And I heard a tale, and I saw a sight,
That wrung my heart with woe.

“Swift rush'd the hurrying, broken clouds
Across the threatening sky;
And the slumbering seas awoke in wrath
As the howling winds swept by.

“When bounding along on the tossing waves
A gallant bark drew near,
And many a bold man stood aghast
At the sight, and shook with fear.

“A shriek and a shivering crash was heard,
As she burst on the rocky shore:—
That stately bark, and her gallant crew,
Shall brave the storm no more.

“One struggling youth awhile was seen,
But the waters o'er him past;
And far on the beach, by the rolling wave,
His mangled form was cast.

“From the tangling weed, with tender care,
They rais'd his drooping head;
The stamp of death was upon his brow,
But life was scarcely fled.

“One groan his shatter'd bosom heav'd,
With faint and gasping breath;
‘Oh! tell my Mary,’ low he sigh'd,
‘My heart was true in death!’

“‘Twas he!’ she cried, with a dying scream;
Then wildly to the skies
Toss'd her fair hands, and to the ground
Sunk, never more to rise.

“When the skies wax dark, and the wild winds rave,
And the gathering tempests wail,
The timid maids, with pitying heart,
Oft tell this mournful tale.”

Forgive me, if you please, for this melancholy letter, and believe me it has already lightened my heart, and done me much good; for while I have been writing my unrestrained feelings to you, I have felt once more within the sympathy of my fellow-mortals. Let me hope that you will not delay in sending me a large packet, the larger and the sooner the more agreeable. Be so good as remember me to—

I am, &c.

M.

* The Castle of Egremont is a fine old ruin, on an eminence near the village of Egremont, in Cumberland, a few miles south from the promontory of St. Bee's Head. The coast in the neighbourhood is bounded by a range of abrupt rocks.

SMITH'S PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE COMPOSITION AND APPLICATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. EDINBURGH; OLIVER AND BOYD, 1824.

WHOEVER is ambitious of literary distinction may, in the present age, arrive at the attainment of his object by numerous ways unknown to his predecessors. He can be furnished with a key to open every door that bars the entrance to the abodes of knowledge; or he may scale the lofty walls by means of an intellectual ladder, and, when fairly over, may thread the most intricate windings under the sure conduct of a Practical Guide. It is highly commendable for men of genius thus to abridge the labour and increase the power of the learner; and no successful attempt of this description should be allowed to pass away without receiving its meed of public approbation.

Horace somewhere remarks, that many a hero and heroine had sunk irrecoverably in the waters of oblivion, for want of a poet to rescue them from the jaws of that devouring element; and it may, with equal justice, be affirmed, that many a precious tome, which its author fondly hoped would one day enlighten the world, and diffuse its splendour around himself, has been subjected to the same dismal fate, from the inability of critics to discover its intrinsic merits, or, from their indolence, to recommend them to the notice of the public. It shall, therefore, be the object of the following remarks, to prevent the invaluable literary performance of Mr Smith from being condemned to the humiliating service of the grocer or tobacconist. But if, notwithstanding all our efforts, it should slumber on the shelf, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," or be devoted, leaf by leaf, to the most degrading of all operations, the learned author will take the will for the deed, and regard us with feelings of gratitude for our very sincere attempt to immortalize his name.

It has been said that the essence of genius is condensation. Now, where can we find so notable an instance of this quality as in the volume before us? Here is grammar for the ungrammatical—criticism for the critical—and practical logic for those who

can understand it, and put it in practice. Here the Scots may drink deep in the streams of unadulterated English, and cooks may learn the metaphysical distinction between gravy and sauce. Here are to be seen instructions for addressing every lord and lady in the land—hosts of abbreviations stretched out at their full length—and many a Latin idea stript of its outlandish dress, and presented to the view in an English costume. Every thing upon the subject, from the simplicity of the alphabet, to the perplexing intricacies of logic, has been brought together into one massy heap; general principles, formerly unknown, or almost forgotten, have been inserted; rules, dark as Erebus, have been made as bright as Elysium; and even nonsense itself has been explained and illustrated, till it has been metamorphosed into sense, and rendered as convincing as a mathematical axiom, and as plain as that PS. stand equally for postscript or Peter Smith.

All these directions and auxiliaries for composition are richly diversified and enlivened with delicate touches of the most refined, yet poignant satire; with numerous extracts, both in prose and verse, from our most celebrated writers; and last, though not least, with one accidental, masterly, beautiful, and simple specimen of the author's own powers in poetical composition. To this may be added, that the reader is sometimes regaled with short dramatic sketches in the Scottish dialect, in which a conspicuous place is held by a little varlet, called Jack, a ravenous devourer of plum-pudding, but who was nearly compelled to eat it without sauce, for having accidentally fallen into the mud.

Now, all these copious materials, and all these wonderful effects, have been, by some means or other, compressed into the narrow compass of a small foolscap octavo; and the rich and overflowing effusions of Mr Smith's prolific genius may thus be purchased for the very paltry sum of one half guinea.

To convince our readers that the praises we have bestowed are not exaggerated, we need only produce one instance out of many in which the author has given the most decisive proofs of originality of genius. It is a new rule of syntax, the discovery of which forms a grand era in the science of grammar; and the manner in which its truth is established displays one of the boldest efforts of human reason. An *interrogative* pronoun, we are told, is always *nominative* to the *verb* employed in asking a question, either in the singular or plural number; as, "*What are you doing?*" This is a doctrine for which we were not prepared; and if Mr Smith had not assured us of the contrary, we would have thought that this illustration decidedly proves that there is at least one exception to his rule; but the cool confidence with which he states his opinion has passed, with all the energy of conviction, from his judgment to our own. We shall, however, give the author's own words, to show that we have not changed our opinion without a sufficient reason. "*What,*" he remarks, with the sagacity of a Socrates, "*is nominative to the verb are, in the second person singular, if the question is asked at one person, or in the second person plural, if it is asked at two or more.*" After this satisfactory example of Mr Smith's extraordinary powers in illuminating the obscure, it would be unnecessary to produce any more passages of a similar kind. If the reader is not convinced by what he has seen, we have only to say, that we pity the unusual dulness of his apprehension, and would send him to the work itself, to study practical logic, and to brighten his brains.

Though we have established the author's claims to distinction as a man of talent and literature, upon the sure basis of philosophy, we cannot altogether exempt him from the eccentricities of genius. "*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*" Some of his observations are so far beyond the log-line of a common understanding, that they seem never to have flowed from the pen of the philosophical Peter Smith. We have some-

times conjectured that they were inserted by the malicious waggery of the printer's devil; but as this is only a conjecture, we must act upon the supposition, that the passages in question are the genuine production of the author whose name they bear. Adopting, therefore, this view of the subject, we shall endeavour, to the best of our ability, to account for this melancholy abbreviation of human intellect.

There are three things which frequently produce a temporary derangement in our mental faculties, viz. wine, love, and poetry; but to which of these causes to ascribe the phenomenon in question would puzzle the ingenuity of an Œdipus with certainty to decide. Considering, however, the character of the author, as a teacher of youth, we would shudder to suppose that the nonsense he has written was produced under the influence of Bacchus. It would be more philosophical to trace it to the rogueries of Cupid, especially as the work itself bears ample testimony to the truth of this supposition. When, for example, the author is enumerating the causes of human prejudice, he quaintly designates them with the appellation of "*idols*;" a term so far-fetched and uncommon*, that it never would have occurred to him, had he not been thinking, at the same time, of the idol of his affections. Besides, were he not more than usually susceptible of the tender emotions, he could not have depicted, with so much truth and pathos, the situation of one who was pining away, in silent sorrow, "*with a green and yellow melancholy.*" A description at once so just and accurate evidently shows that the writer has tasted all the sweet bitters and the bitter sweets of love,—that he has watered, with many a silent tear, a secret attachment for some fair dulcinea,—and written sonnets on her killing eyes, which had so cruelly slain his peace.

We are not, however, completely satisfied with this mode of removing the difficulty, but think that the true solution is to be found in a different quarter. The Muses must cut the inextricable knot. We cannot but

* The philosophical Peter must not suppose that we are altogether unread in Bacon.

suspect that the author is sometimes violently attacked with a poetical diarrhoea; and that, in such cases, the pure Castalian lymph flows from him in copious streams, without his perceiving it. What gives probability to this conjecture is, that his ideas roll spontaneously into poetic numbers, as soon as they escape from his fluent quill. His very notes are poetical; and yet he himself is ignorant of this their excellence. We shall quote a genuine anapaestic, which has every appearance of having been the effect of chance. It is unfinished, and written in the form of prose; yet it is easy to perceive the limbs of the poet even in this embryo state. We shall take the liberty of completing the stanza, and of giving it the artificial arrangement into lines which the metre requires:

"If a person be drown'd,
And his body not found,
He then may be said to be lost."

If a person fall down,
And thus crack his crown,
He'd as well in a blanket be tost.

This is true nature—genuine inspiration—the quintessence of simplicity. Should the second edition be more liberally sprinkled with such effusions, they will be read with unbounded pleasure by a tasteful and discerning public.

At one time, we intended to be somewhat more copious in our quotations; but mature reflection has convinced us that silence, in this respect, will be much more advantageous to the author. We are fully aware that many passages lose much of their beauty when detached from their kindred mass, and have therefore only in two instances particularly directed the attention of the reader to the excellency of the present work. But if we have been sparing in producing examples of its beauties, we have been still more so in pointing out its defects. Excellencies and defects should go hand in hand; as, by this means, what is good will neutralize the impression produced by what is bad. We may now rest assured, that the learned author will see the propriety of our conduct in not marshalling before him a whole host of errata; and we might have here concluded our re-

marks, had we not thought it necessary, previously, to make a few observations of a desultory nature.

In the first place, then, we must express our surprise to find, by our perusal of the chapter on Scotticisms, that our high opinion respecting the civilization of Edinburgh has been completely without foundation. We had thought that the genteel part of its inhabitants were far more zealous in the acquisition of English than the English themselves,—that the simple suavities of their native tongue had long since ceased to be relished,—and that every youth who had any pretensions to the refinements of taste regarded it as much more fashionable to embellish his conversation with the elegancies of the dandy slang, than to pollute his lips with the genuine Doric of the North. We find, however, that we have been mistaken. The Scotticisms in the work before us are evidently intended for the young ladies and gentlemen of the northern metropolis; and we cannot suppose that an author of so much discernment as Mr Smith would ever have published them, if they had not been absolutely necessary. We must, however, applaud his intrepidity in declaring war against so powerful a prejudice, as an attachment to one's native tongue. We wish him every success in banishing from genteel society what, to our English ears, is so horridly vulgar. But should he fail in the attempt, we hope that the disappointment will not break his spirits. Let him remember the elegant maxim of Horace: "*Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere nefas*;" which is still more elegant in his own poetical translation,

What cannot be cured
Must be endured.

We must now request Mr Smith, that, as there are some parts in his invaluable performance which, to our limited capacity, are somewhat obscure, he would, in a future edition, condescend to illuminate them with the radiations of his genius. We verily believe, that, like many a hard nut, they contain something very delicious; but we have laboured so ineffectually to crack the shell, that we shall probably give up

the task in despair, unless he can furnish us with some easier mode of extracting the kernel. We shall live in hope till the second edition appear, when, should he fail to supply us with some useful hints, we shall be under the necessity, either of remaining in ignorance, or of having recourse to some chemical process. We have, indeed, been thinking of one which may perhaps answer the end; that is, to tear out the obscure passages—pound them well in a mortar—and then swallow them, when made up into pills. This will prove an easy and expeditious method of replenishing the vacuities of the brain with their proper furniture; as the intellectual particles will, during the process of digestion, easily escape from those of a grosser nature, and, mounting with buoyant energy, will occupy their proper situations in the upper region.

The last remark we shall make is one of considerable importance, as it is intimately connected with the success of Mr Smith's literary work. We have to inform him, that it is possessed of a quality which it would have been the greatest injustice in us to have passed over in silence, especially as we ourselves have derived from it the most delightful and salubrious effects. We mean, that it acts, not only as a wise instructor, but also as a powerful soporific. Whether, like the mother of Achilles, the author dipt his new-born offspring deep in Lethæ, to render it immortal, or sent it into the world under the influence of some powerful

spell, he himself is best able to explain; but of this we can assure him, that soon it will be found arranged, with other opiates, on the apothecary's shelves; and every physician, instead of ordering to his wakeful and restless patient the usual prescription of laudanum, will recommend to him, as a much more effectual soothing remedy, the careful perusal of Mr Smith's *Practical Guide*. Should the author take out a patent for it, as a new species of medicine, the novelty of the circumstance would command an immediate and rapid sale; and the intrinsic merits of the work would ensure the continuance of its reputation. Its name, however, must be changed. A *Practical Guide* is not an inviting term to one who is disposed, not for travelling, but for rest. Instead, therefore, of retaining its present title, he might adopt the following, which, to us at least, seems extremely appropriate, "*Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmysleep.*" The greatest advantages will then redound to his fame and his purse. The name of Peter Smith will be classed with those of Harvey, Gregory, and Munro. Every house will have a copy of his work. Cargoes will be sent to foreign countries. The nurse will sing it as a lullaby—the Dutch will smoke in the shape of segars—and the Turk will chew it instead of opium. Its fame will far surpass that of the celebrated Balm of Gilead: A golden shower will ring around the author's ears. He will be as rich as Croesus, and as happy as a king*.

* The preceding good-humoured article, recommendatory of Mr Smith's unique performance, was sent us anonymously; but if we might venture to form an opinion from the handwriting, and certain other internal marks familiar to our eye, we should say that it is the production of one of Mr Smith's publishers—a very ingenious gentleman!—who, to his credit be it spoken, has fallen upon this cunning device of making us art and part in the *puff collusive*, and of at once consulting his own interest and Mr Smith's fame. Dexterous fellow of a publicist! To gull nincompoops is nothing—it is what any body may do; but to take in knowing ones—to bait the hook so cunningly that even old fish will bite—"aye, there's the rub,"—"there's the respect that makes the simple men hold up their hands and wonder!" *Euge, Bibliopola!* The moment this Review sees the light, two heavy editions of the "*Practical Guide*" are as good as sold. Does the greenhorn reader ask how this will happen? Supposing *him* to put the question, *we* will answer it. First, there will be a great deal of sly chuckling and half-whispered whispers to the different members of "*The Trade*," whose attention will be quietly directed to that invaluable work, the *Edinburgh Magazine*, so justly celebrated for the impartiality with which it awards due praise to "*works of real talent.*" In the second place, it will

Conrad and Ada.

ON the green bank of Arno's silver stream
 There is a rural, solitary grave ;—
 No flow'rs are on it, but the long thick grass
 Waves to the breeze in wild luxuriance ;
 One lonely yew with drooping foliage stands
 Close by its side, and screens it from the glare
 Of scorching noon-tide, and the curious gaze
 Of idle traveller passing listless by.
 Oh ! what a sacred stillness breathes around
 This hallow'd spot, for here the ashes rest
 Of her whose heart was broken in her youth !

Far in the distance Pisa's stately tow'rs,
 And costly domes, and splendid palaces,
 Rise in the summer's sun ; and song and mirth
 Revel triumphant in her echoing halls.
 It is the Grand Duke's birth-day, and the shouts
 Float up to Heav'n, and rend the azure skies !
 But there is one, who, with dejected brow,
 Steals slowly from that noisy festive scene,
 And seeks in silent grief this lonely grave.
 'Tis the young Conrad, who, in former days,
 Had been the worshipp'd star of Ada's heart ;
 But he had sigh'd for glory, and had left
 His native land, and long in foreign climes
 Had fought, and gain'd the fame he coveted ;
 But when he came, proud in the buoyant hope
 To make the lovely Ada his for ever,
 He found that she had died, and all the dreams
 Of happiness long cherish'd in his youth
 Had disappear'd. One only prayer was his—
 To view the grave of her whom he had lov'd,
 Pour out the sorrows of his bosom there,
 Then die a victim to his hopeless woe !
 Now he has reach'd that fatal spot, and see !
 Upon the grassy mound he throws him down,
 Breathes a short pray'r, then lifts his eyes to Heav'n,
 Wild rolling in the frenzy of despair,
 And dies, as disappointed lovers should,
 A martyr at the shrine of blighted love !

J. C. B.

be pretty broadly insinuated, that, considering the Editor's private prejudices, (which are something of the most untractable and obstinate,) the unquestionable merit of the "Guide" could alone have prevailed with such a rugged monster to admit even a *puff collusive*—praise by implication, or the rule of contraries. Lastly, there will anon appear in all the newspapers, (not excepting the "Weekly Chronicle,") a conspicuous advertisement of the "Guide," with excerpts curiously culled from our review tagged to its nether extremity, and headed, "The Reviewers express their opinion of this work in the following terms :—" and these excerpts will have, this advantage, that they will, in all likelihood, be fragments (*disiecta membra*) of a review in *esse*, not in *posse*, as sometimes happens ! "*Quam parvâ sapientiâ gullitur mundus*," said old crabbed Oxenstiern ; but the cynical diplomatist, though up to a thing or two in his own way, could not foresee the skill and tact necessary to persons thoroughly initiated in the esoteric mysteries of "The Trade."—Ed.

STRICTURES ON A LATE ARTICLE "ON PUNCTUATION."

SIR,

IN the Essay on Punctuation in your Number for October, there is a theory of the points laid down, which appears to be at variance with the practice of our best writers, and the doctrine of our best philologists. This theory is, that "the purpose of points, or stops, in writing, is not to mark periods of graceful pause, but to distinguish sentences, the members of sentences, and the intersections of those members;" and it seems objectionable, both because it does not exhaust the system of punctuation which is universally adopted, and because that system is, in some respects, diametrically opposite to it.

The fact is, that the point which we ought to use depends, except at the end of a sentence, very much on the pause which a correct reader would make at that place, and very little upon the grammatical construction. Thus, when we address a person familiarly, the pause following his name, or the word of ceremony used for it, is short, and by general practice, the comma is taken to represent it. But when the name or epithet of the person whom we address consists of more than two or three words, and is placed in the beginning of the sentence, then, after the invocation, we make a pause of some length, which is represented by a semicolon. If, however, the invocation be a little way on in the sentence, and therefore the pause which a correct reader would make after it be slight, this pause, as in the first case, is represented by a comma. Yet in all these cases the grammatical construction of the sentence is the same: the difference among them is in the rhetorical arrangement of the words; to which, according to the theory under review, the points have no relation.

In the sentence, "Brutus, I do observe you now of late," &c. the speaker addresses his equal, and that without any indication that he considers him to be other than his equal. The pause, therefore, is short, and is denoted by a comma.

When Othello addresses the Senate, his pause, after invoking them, is distinct and reverential:

"Most potent, grave, and reverend Signors,

My very noble and approved good masters;
That I have ta'en away," &c.

Here the short pause would be unsuitable, and therefore we have the semicolon.

But when Belial, in his speech to the Infernal Council, commences abruptly, and throws in the invocation parenthetically, it is followed by a comma:

"I should be much for open war,
O Peers,
As not behind in hate, &c."

The pause here is necessarily short.

This principle is followed in the punctuation of the Collects, which, indeed, afford the most copious illustration of it. There, when the invocation is in the middle of the sentence, it is almost uniformly followed by a comma; when in the beginning, by a semicolon.

That correct pronunciation demands different pauses in these cases will appear evident to any person who will endeavour to make either of them suit the other. Let him make the pause of a comma after the word *earth*, in the daily Collect for the King, and it has the appearance of indecent familiarity with the being addressed: let him make the pause of the semicolon after the word *eternal*, in the celebrated versicle in the burial office, next before the act of interment, and the pathetic and tremulous fervency which has been so much admired in that prayer has quite disappeared.

These, and analogous sentences in Latin, are pointed, on the continent at least, according to the same rules—a circumstance not without weight, because it shows the general acceptance of the system.

We thus see, that, to a certain extent, the choice of the points depends upon the rhetorical pause. The construction of these sentences is the same, whether they admit the comma or the semicolon. But, according to the theory under review, if the construction be similar, so ought the punctuation to be. The rules of correct pronunciation, however, de-

mand different pauses, and the grammatical order gives way to elocution.

But besides their use in denoting the duration of pauses, and the intersections of sentences, (for I by no means deny their utility in this latter respect,) the points regulate, to a certain extent, the inflections of the voice. These inflections often occur, and are marked by points, where the pauses and intersections are too trivial to require such aid. Thus, in the sentence quoted in the Essay, "He reprobated, also, the odious, because unsatisfactory, task, of every day urging the redress of injuries." Here, although the commas before *also* and *task* represent scarcely even the slightest pause, they represent a very distinct modulation of the voice.

Intonation, indeed, is denoted, not only by the points generally, but one of them, the mark of interrogation, seems intended to represent little else. Were this point intended to represent the length of a pause, or to show the grammatical relation between the various members of a sentence, it would be altogether useless, seeing that grammarians unanimously lay it down, that in neither of these respects does it give any accurate information. Its place, so far as they are concerned, may always be supplied by some one of the other points. Defective, however, or rather totally unfit as this mark is for denoting the grammatical order or the pause, it is of use in marking the inflection of the voice which ought to precede it. If it be objected that there could have been no great need to introduce a point; solely to distinguish one particular modulation of the voice from others, I shall not think myself obliged to defend its introduction very strenuously; but still, on the received theory, it *has* a use, however trivial, while on the other it has *no* use whatever. Could we divert it from its present application, to relieve the comma of a part of its burden, it would no doubt be a good exchange. But the practice of the language is fixed, and we are happy in the want of an *Academy*.

That our points represent very imperfectly the pauses and tones of voice I readily admit; but do they represent more correctly the syntactical intersections? Their number is

so small, and the intersections, pauses, and intonations, are so various, that the one cannot be adequately represented by the other. In this respect, the grammatical order is not a whit more fortunate than the rhetorical. No person actually does point his sentences according to their grammatical currency. It would be intolerable. In the end of the second paragraph of the Essay, there is an example of such punctuation in the sentence already quoted, the effect of which is so unpleasant, that the author, in a note following it, finds it necessary to caution his readers against pointing with too great minuteness, even according to his own theory. But this sentence is a *favourable* specimen of the system of pointing after the natural or grammatical order. To shew this, I shall point the following period, first, according to the received notions, and then according to the new theory.

In the usual way, it runs thus: "For, as if any of those had then been condemned, you would not now have transgressed; so, if you should now be condemned, others will not hereafter transgress." This is not the natural order of the sentence, because here the inference precedes the proposition whence it is deduced. But we may throw the sentence into its grammatical order, without altering a single word; and this makes it a fit example for our present purpose, because we may distribute the points through it, as if the natural order had been observed by the author. In doing so, the full point must be placed where the period ends grammatically, and the semicolon after the last word of the first member. This then will be the punctuation: "For, as if, any of those had then been condemned; you would not now have transgressed, so if you should, now be condemned, others will not hereafter transgress."

There is something repulsive in the very look of so mangled a sentence.

But how, except on the generally-received theory, are adverbs and adverbial phrases sometimes pointed off, and sometimes not,—how are commas sometimes inserted between the nominative and the verb, and sometimes not, or rather, how are they *ever* so placed,—in one word,

how do the length and the number of members continually affect the punctuation? On the principle that grammar alone ought to regulate the points, these questions cannot be answered, except by saying that the universal practice of our language is erroneous.

As spoken is earlier than written language, so it is evident must the situation of the rhetorical pauses be, to the nice discrimination of grammatical intersection. It is extremely probable, however, that in the most cultivated times of ancient literature, points were not used to designate either the one or the other. The various kinds of marks which we find in antique inscriptions are evidently placed without much regard either to the grammar or the pause. The sculptors seem to have had no general rule for placing them, except (which is perhaps the true case) they used them for the same purpose which is served in Hebrew by the elongation of certain final letters, to fill up spaces which would otherwise have been blank. Traces of grammatical or rhetorical punctuation in MSS. have not, I believe, been hitherto discovered. The dots with which we find some MSS. to abound are placed at the end of every word, and are obviously designed, not to mark the grammar or the elocution, but to separate words from each other; a practice very useful before the present mode of leaving spaces between them was introduced. Yet this practice, indispensable as it may appear to us, was but very imperfectly followed, even for some time after the invention of printing. In the great majority of ancient MSS. the words run on in a continued strain, from the beginning to the end of the book, the termination of periods, or paragraphs, being no ways distinguished. It is so in that venerable MS. the Alexandrian, which is as old as the Council of Nice*. In old books, printed even after some fixed notions of punctuation began to be conceived, the points are rare and irregular. Many marks, it is true, may be found in the pages especially of the Latin authors; but the slightest inspection shows that

these are either marks of orthographical apocope or syncope, or are analogous to the *Literarum Nexus* of the Greeks. Thus the last and penult letters of the enclitical *que* are almost invariably represented by the mark which we now call semicolon. A dash drawn above a word denotes the omission of some of its medial letters, as *Jachs* for *Jacobus*, *ecolia* for *ecclesia*. This kind of syncope was very usual in the middle ages. The admirers of Petrarch know that it is on the determination of a word so spelled that the character of Laura, and the innocence or the guilt of his affection for her, are not a little founded. The termination of the dative and ablative plural of the three last Latin declensions is often marked by a figure resembling our ninth Arabic numeral. These marks, however, have for a long time been pretty generally discarded, and our modern system of punctuation has been superinduced.

These observations on the points in general being premised, I must now claim your indulgence for a few remarks upon that one which was introduced the last, the misapplication of which, if not so great, are at least much more numerous than those of the others,—I mean the note of admiration.

In the opinion laid down in the Essay, that this mark is too frequently used, I entirely concur; but I would feel inclined to compress its application within still narrower limits than your correspondent has fixed. Its only proper situations seem to be after exclamations and suspensive reflections or recollections, the usual, though not the indispensable, signs of which are the interjections. As for invocations, the comma, or the semicolon, as already remarked, ought to follow them. No sentence seems to be entitled to this point, unless it not only require an earnest modulation of the voice, but also be of an elliptical construction. To make this clear by an example, when we write "Oh for the swords of former time!" &c., we correctly use the note of admiration: we express an ardent wish in exclamatory and elliptical phrase. But when we

* See Woide's Fac-simile.

write, "I wish I were where Helen lies," &c., we do not use this mark, because, though the wish here is as strong as in the other instance, yet the expression of that wish is full.

It contains no ellipsis—no exclamation: it is a logical proposition.

The reason why invocations have this mark so often is perhaps the not adverting to the difference between Oh, the interjection, and O, the sign of the vocative.

Those beautiful phrases with which some persons so liberally garnish their speech being sometimes as dubious in their construction as in their meaning, may perhaps have increased the prevalence of the error. These expressions ought to be followed by the note of admiration only when they are used as powerful interjections. Thus Mr Campbell rightly points his heroine's words,

"And I beheld, oh God! oh God!
His life's blood oozing through the sod."

The frequency with which this point is now used is extremely unpleasant. When a writer has made an acute observation, or rounded off a sounding period, he marks it out for the attention of his readers with one—sometimes, indeed, two notes of admiration. Even were the principle correct, the practice would, in nine cases out of ten, be indefensible, since the point is so frequently affixed to sentences which have little in them to command the reader's admiration. Thus in Roger's lines, as quoted in the Essay:

"He grows in wisdom and in stature too!
And as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
Thinks nothing done, while ought remains to do!"

What possible cause of admiration is there here? Was this the only boy who grew bigger and more knowing as he got older, or who, by degrees, began to look to higher scenes than his nursery afforded him? Had it been the other way—had the urchin grown less in size, and more infantine in mind, and had his connection with the nursery-maid become closer as he approached to majority, then indeed we might perhaps have passed without much censure the marking out to our notice of a period which contained intelligence so very re-

markable. But all here goes on in the usual course of things. Should we proceed thus, a few years will completely change our punctuation. The profound remarks which emanate from Exeter 'Change, on the natural history of the *brute creation*—the announcements of auctions and cheap sales—and the sign-boards of Joanna Southcot's chapels, may have as many such marks as the individuals interested may choose to affix,—but let scholars avoid the indecent profusion.

All suspensive reflections require this point, because they ought to be pronounced with an exclamatory tone more or less subdued, and because their grammatical construction is highly elliptical. This suspended construction is often, in poetry at least, continued through several sentences. I observe, that, in practice, a difference has taken place between the punctuation of such sentences when the interjection is repeated, and when it is only understood. In the former case, the point of admiration is continued throughout; as in the song already quoted—"Oh for the swords of former time!" &c., while, in the latter, it is used much more sparingly. Thus, "Oh the joys of an evening Posada!" though elliptical throughout, has only the recurring quatrain marked with the note of admiration. I say, though elliptical throughout, because, although some verses in it may be considered logical prepositions, yet they seem much more poetical when viewed as suspensive reflections.

When only a part of a sentence is to be marked with this point, the simple rule is to place it where the sentence ceases to be suspensive, and assumes a regular form. Thus Young, in his first Satire on Women:

"But oh! the nymph that mounts above
the skies,
And gratis clears religion's mysteries,
Resolv'd the Church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure!
The theme divine, at cards, she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at picquet;
In these licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good."

Here the exclamatory part of the sentence stops after *sinecure*. The point of admiration is therefore to be placed there. What follows is a plain and unelevated assertion: what precedes is elliptical and suspensive. We may conceive adjectives comprehensive enough to include the several qualities assigned to the nymph; but this ceases in the fifth line; there we must have a verb: in other words, a logical preposition is there enunciated, and to it the point of admiration cannot be applied.

Sometimes it is difficult to say whether the note of admiration or of interrogation ought to be used. In cases where strong exclamatory surprise is accompanied with interrogation, either the one or the other may be adopted, as the author intends the feeling of surprise or the wish for information to predominate. Thus Young:

The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found

(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd:

"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes you weep?"

"Ah, barbargus man," she sobs, "how could you sleep?"

Here the point after *weep* may be

either the note of admiration or interrogation,—but that after *sleep* must be the latter.

In closing these desultory remarks on a subject which may perhaps be deemed not worth so much room, I may be permitted to observe, that he who would acquire a practical knowledge of punctuation ought to read our best, and especially our old classics, with an audible voice, and a scrupulous attention to the system of their style. I do not say that he must study their punctuation, but that if he reads aloud, his ear will contract a familiarity with the genuine unfrenchified melody of our admirable language, and he will thus be directed more easily and accurately in the choice and situation of the points, than by any system of rules, however elaborate. The benefits of such a course of reading are not only the acquisition of a correct punctuation, but also a familiarity with the pure English style of our better days. He who seriously studies our Hookers and our Bacons, our Raleighs and our Spensers, will not only acquire a correct and measured phraseology, but, what is of more consequence, he will improve his mind, increase his knowledge, and learn why he ought to be proud of the name of Englishman. G. H.

Dream.

METHOUGHT I died, and to the silent grave

My friends did bear me. Still and motionless

I lay, yet not without the power to have Full knowledge of my utter helplessness,

In that my dreadful grim hour of distress;

My thought remain'd, and feeling, actively

As they were wont, nor was sensation less

Active; but my pulse beat not, and mine eye

Seem'd death-like fix'd, and glaz'd, to those standing by.

They wrapt me in my white funereal shroud,

And clos'd my useless eyes, then gently drew

The death-robcs o'er them, like a fleecy cloud;

My mother kiss'd me, and my sisters too,

Then my thoughts like the wind-swept ocean grew,

And horror was my own: a fire flash'd red,

And gleam'd, as through my scorched brain it flew,

And wildly o'er mine eyes its lightning sped,

When my dream changed, and darkness came instead.

I heard them talk, and heard my mother's wail,

I heard the sobbings of my father's breast,

And struggled—but in vain; and nail by nail

Was driven; then my tortured heart was prest,

As with a crushing weight, which
straightway pass'd,

And then I felt them carry me away
From all my kindred, weeping and dis-
trest.

Oh, how I inward shudder'd at decay,
And pray'd in anguish for the blessed
light of day!

I heard the measur'd march, and sullen
tread,

And, now and then, a murmur pass
along.

Hollow and deep, as best befits the dead
To be spoke of, although men say no
wrong:

They went the graves and sepulchres
among,

And all, in still and solemn silence,
stood

To let the coffin down; the earth they
flung

Upon me, and I heard them beat the
sod—

I rav'd, and in my madness did blas-
pheme my God!

But that too pass'd away, and I could
think,

And feel, and know my dismal, help-
less state;

My body knew corruption; I did shrink
To feel the icy worm—my only mate,
For thousands crawl'd upon me, all
elate

At their new prey, and o'er my rotting
face

They blindly crept and revel'd, after
that

They did their noisome, vile, dark pass-
age trace,

To make my burning brain their loath-
some resting-place.

Then, eager to renew their feast, would
press

My skull and eyeless sockets, passing
through,

And intertwining, till they grew a mass
Within my mouth, when my soul froze
anew,

And shudder'd,—'twas in vain: alas! I
knew

I was a victim to corruption's pow'r.

My horrid dream was o'er—but the
cold dew

Was on my forehead, like the glistening
show'r

That falls, from church-yard cypress at
the midnight hour.

DELTA.

CLASSICAL CRITICISM.

SIR,

THE "Classical Reveries" in your highly respectable Miscellany have, for some months past, given me, at leisure hours, much pleasure and curious information. Although I have not always been able to acquiesce in the conclusions at which the learned critic arrives, I have been uniformly pleased with the liberal manner, and good-humoured style, with which his discussions have been marked. As it is only through the "*loci deplorati*," the shoals and quicksands of classical literature, that he professes to steer his course, it can scarcely be expected that he should always reach the harbour with safety and success. Without any intention, however, to throw down the gauntlet to your classical correspondent, and produce discord among the peaceful haunts of Parnassus, I will, with your permission, offer a few

observations on some of the passages in which his attempts, in my opinion at least, have not been attended with their usual success.

In your Number for September he selected the 6th Stanza of the 35th Ode of the 1st Book of Horace, upon which he might display his ingenuity and critical acumen.

"Te, Spes, et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno; nec comitem abnegat,
Utique mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquit."

The following is an exact transcript of his interpretation of the passage, "Thee, Hope, and Faith, rarely to be found clothed in white*, attend,—nor does Faith refuse to accompany thee, even when you change your character and your dress, and desert the houses of the great." This is, I believe, the explanation which is ge-

* The learned critic certainly, as Dacier says of Horace, "*dit le contraire de ce qu'il veut dire*." The poet does not represent Faith as more rarely clothed in white than in black or brown, or any other colour; but Faith clothed in white, who is seldom to be met with, or who has few worshippers on earth.

nerally given of the stanza, and yet I suspect it conveys, if carefully examined, the very reverse of the author's meaning. To suppose that the poet had represented to himself Fortune as a twofold goddess, and that, in the commencement of the stanza, "Te, Spes, et alba rara Fides colit velata panno," he meant the goddess of Prosperity, and that in the very next line, "nec comitem abnegat," without at all apprising his readers, he meant the goddess of Adversity, would be to accuse Horace of a confusion of ideas, and a mixture of metaphors unworthy of the Roman Lyrist. The rock upon which all the commentators seem to have split is concealed, I imagine, under the expression "nec comitem abnegat," which has been uniformly explained, "Nor does Fidelity refuse to accompany thee (Fortune) whenever thou (Fortune) leavest the houses of the rich," &c.

Now, if Hope and Fidelity abandon the houses of the rich along with the goddess Fortune, then, certainly, they are both equally deserving of the appellation of *summer friends*, as the faithless, vulgar, and perjured courtesan. It was this view of the subject that caused the slashing Bentley to unsheath his two-edged sword, and to cut the Gordian knot, instead of loosing it. It is not a little wonderful that the whole tribe of grave and learned critics should have taken it for granted that it was necessary, after *abnegat*, to understand *se*. This, in my opinion, has been the whole cause of their wandering. That *verbs* are sometimes used in this middle sense, with *se* understood after them, is a fact which none acquainted with the language will deny. But the practice is rare, and certainly not in the case before us. I would then understand *abnegare* as used to signify *to abandon*, or *to refuse to accompany*; and *comes* to signify *a friend*. If this view of the passage be correct, the stanza may be thus translated: "Hope attends upon thee, (Fortune,) and Fidelity arrayed in white robes, seldom to be met with in this degenerate age; nor does Fidelity abandon her friend, even when thou (Fortune) has changed thy gay robes for mourning, and in sullen anger

leavest the houses of the powerful." It is evident from the adversative conjunction *at*, that this stanza is meant to be contrasted with the following; and when this interpretation is put upon it, there is no necessity of accusing Horace of saying the contrary of what he intends.

Agricola of Tacitus.—Chap. VI.

Hinc ad capessendos magistratus in urbem digressus, Domitiam Decidianam, splendidis natalibus ortam, sibi junxit: idque matrimonium ad majora nitenti decus ac robur fuit: *vixeruntque mirâ concordiâ, per mutuam caritatem et invicem se anteponendo; nisi quod in bonâ uxore tantô major laus quanto in malâ plus culpæ est.*

This passage is a striking example of the elliptical manner of Tacitus's style, and affords ample proof, that, in reading his works, we must frequently guess at, rather than hope to ascertain his meaning. In the former part of the sentence, he informs us that Agricola and Decidia lived in wonderful harmony with each other, and ascribes that domestic comfort to their reciprocal deference; and thus bestows equal praise upon both the husband and wife. But in the latter clause he loses sight, as it were, for a moment, of the subject in hand, and qualifying the expression which represents both as equally meritorious, throws in a general remark, that in every case of this kind the wife is vested with more power than the husband, either of promoting the peace and happiness of a family, or of producing its discord and misery; in short, that in the home department the wife may be considered as commander-in-chief. Whether this sentiment of Tacitus, philosophically considered, be rigidly accurate or not, is not, I conceive, the subject with which we have at present to do; but, since this is the uniform reading of the manuscripts, let us endeavour to find out the just interpretation of the words, as they have come down to us. Believing, then, that these are the words which came from the pen of Tacitus, and that the sentiment conveyed by them is worthy of that philosophic writer, I would translate the passage thus:

"Agricola and Decidiana lived in wonderful harmony with each other, in consequence of their mutual affection and mutual deference; it may be said, however, (that when both the husband and wife are good,) her merit is as much superior to that of the husband, as (when both are bad) her demerit is greater than his.

As these are two passages of which I am not aware that any satisfactory solution has hitherto been given, I have hesitated to give my opinion.

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

H.

The Bride of Parma.

SHE wreath'd her favourite flow'rs among
her hair;
She hung around her bosom a rich store
Of brilliant gems; she deck'd in snowy
white
Her virgin limbs. It was her bridal morn.
Her heart beat quickly, and a maiden
blush
Suffus'd her burning cheek. Alas! that
heart
Beats not to joy, and the fix'd hectic
glow
On that fair cheek denotes not happiness.
A tear has lent its lustre to her eye;
And 'neath those jewels sadness sits en-
shrin'd
Within a broken heart. Yet she to-day
Must wear a mask of smiles, for she has
pledged
Her hand to Parma's Duke; and see! he
comes,
To claim the promis'd gift. Yet the time
was
When Julian sued in vain, and not the
wealth
Of Venice would have won Bianca's love.
Her every thought was Florio's; every
hope
Of future love and bliss was link'd with
him;
And he deserv'd the heart that he had
gain'd.
But ere he wed, his ardent spirit long'd
To gather laurels on the field of fame.
He fought in foreign lands;—he fought,
and fell,
For years roll'd on, and Florio came not
home.
Let me not dwell upon Bianca's woe;
Her's was the silent grief that seeks no
vent
In idle words—the canker-worm that
prey'd
Unseen within the flow'r. Then Julian
came,
And with his pow'r and gold allur'd her
friends,
Placing before them hopes, till then en-
joy'd
Only in dreams. Bianca little cared
What fate might now be her's. They
sold their child,

And in the passive sorrow of despair
She listen'd to her doom.

It is the bridal morn, and mirth resounds
Through Parma's ducal halls, and light
beats dance

In buoyant merriment, and festive steps
Are hurrying to and fro, and music floats
Softly upon the air, and from the tow'rs
Wave princely banners in the summer
breeze!

Hark! 'tis the tread of horses; open
wide

The willing gates; ring out your loudest
peal!

On his triumphal car the bridegroom
comes,

And *she* is by his side—his own for ever.
Mark you the flash of pride in his dark
eye?

'Tis pride love-kindled, for a fairer maid
Smiles not beneath the skies of Italy.

Again! again! send up to Heav'n again
Those peals of gladness! Let the sun go
down

Deaf with the tones of Parma's revelry!
But with the day-god light shall not de-
part;

A thousand lamps are gleaming in each
bow'r,

And every statue, urn, and marble vase,
And calm, clear fountain, and remote cas-
cade,

Shine forth reveal'd in the unclouded
blaze;

And far above the gentle moon sails on
Through the blue firmament. It is a scene
That gives that spot of earth the air of
Heav'n!

Ask not if all is only what it *seems*.

That night a stranger flung him from his
horse,

And, though his armed mail might ill
besit

The festive scene, he enter'd with the
rest,

And wander'd in the crowd from bower
to bower.

But midst the multitude he stood alone.
No smile was in his eye, and though the
names

Of Julian and Bianca rent the air,

His lips pronounced them hot. The hours
roll'd on;
The jocund groups withdrew; and one
by one
The lamps went out; and fainter rose
the notes
Of mirth and music, till they died away,
And Night resum'd her silence and repose.
But the mysterious stranger linger'd still,
Lonely and desolate,—a ghost that told
Of pleasures now departed. Long he
roam'd
In gloom and sadness; but when morn-
ing broke
He stretch'd his wearied limbs along the
brink
Of a transparent fountain, where he
quench'd
His burning thirst, and cool'd his throbb-
ing brow.

At morn Bianca left her bridal bed,
And stole unseen into the summer woods.
She sat her down upon a flowery bank,
And as her raven tresses loosely flow'd
Unbraided o'er her neck, her bosom
heav'd
Convulsively, and short quick sobs gave
place
To floods of gushing tears. Hide, hide
thy woe,
Young bride! Thou art not yet alone.
Look up!
A stranger gazes on thee, and his lips
Pronounce one word—"Bianca!" Ha!
she starts,
Her eye meets his,—Oh Heav'n! that
scream! that scream!

'Tis Florio stands before her, and his
name,
Shriek'd from her soul, the distant hills
give back!
'Twas Nature's latest struggle. Her weak
frame
Refus'd to bear the shock;—pale, breath-
less, dead,
She sunk in Florio's arms. Oh! who
can tell
His anguish, as he gaz'd in speechless woe
Upon her whitening cheek, and still gaz'd
on,
Until his eye grew dim, and not a sense
Of individual being linger'd round
His breaking heart! Just then Count
Julian came;
Ha! rage and madness! does another
clasp
Bianca to his bosom,—her he wed
But yester-night? Revenge! revenge!
His sword
Has left the scabbard,—for a moment
flash'd
In the pure sun-light,—and the next is
red
With that young warrior's blood!—he
looks, he smiles,
He dies.

They lie together in an ancient tomb
Shut in by yew and cypress, and fair
girls,
Each with her lover, still frequent the
spot
To tell the mournful tale, and pledge
eternal faith.

H. G. B.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT THOMAS, A RIGID DISSENTER, AND A KIRKMAN,
AFTER THE ORDINATION OF A DISSENTING MINISTER, AND TO WHOSE
ORDINATION-DINNER, AT THE INN, THE MINISTER OF THE PARISH,
WITH A NUMBER OF GENTLEMEN BELONGING TO HIS CONGREGATION,
WERE INVITED

The text was taken from Isaiah xlix. 5, 6.

"And now, saith the Lord, that formed me from the womb to be his SERVANT, to bring Jacob again to him, Though ISRAEL be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my GOD shall be my strength.

"And he said, It is a light thing that THOU shouldest be my servant, to raise up the tribes of JACOB, and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to the GENTILES, that THOU mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth"

Thomas.—Gude day, John; you're setting hame, I see. Weel, how did ye like the *wark* the day? Did ye ever see sic a fu' house as yon?

John.—Mony a time, Thomas; but no in yon place

Thomas.—We'll ding you a' down now. After this your kirk will be as *tum* as a whistle.

"We'll be up, and you'll be down, Bath in kinttra and in town."

John.—Clavers—"What we want we wish at ony rate." *Curiosity*, Thomas, led me, and mony mae, to fill your house the day; but for sic in a sermon as yon, I wou'dna gang the length o' my tae for a thousand

o't. It's the cuckoo sang o' a dissenting ordination-sermon.

Thomas.—That may be your opinion, but it's no mine. I never heard a better sermon in my life.

John.—Aye, aye, *Thomas*, "your geese are a swans." But, blaw awa', blaw awa', and brag on.

Thomas.—Inwardly, you think as I do,—I ken you weel,—your aye taking us down, when'er ye ha'e an opportunity. But, layin' aside a banter, I put it again to you, gif ye ever heard a better? Odd, my verra heart danced wi' joy when he tauld us, frae the text, that our minister was "formed" frae the womb to be his servant among us; that he was to "restore" the "OUTCASTS" o' Israel in this place, because they cou'dna join wi' a corrupted kirk; that he was to "gather" them together in one house—which has been lang deserted, and "restore" unto us the GENTILES, wha are a' to be gi'en to him for their "salvation."

John.—Nae wunner ye war overjoyed, *Thomas*, when you understood the sermon in that sense, and applied it a' to your future aggrandizement.

Thomas.—What ither sense cou'd I understand it in? It was as clear to me as a pike-staff; I saw frae it, at ae glance o' my e'e, that the hail parish, in a wee, wou'd be ours, and that ye wou'd ha'e naething but a tum kirk and bare wa's.

John.—Just sae, *Thomas*; "As the fool thinks the bell clinks;" and sae it has been wi' you. I viewed the sermon, which was a verra ordinary aye, and verra indifferently delivered, in a verra different light. I understood it as describing the triumphs of the Messiah,—this bringing Jacob again to him,—raising up and restoring the TRIBES o' Israel, and gathering them again into aye,—and, as an extension o' his services and his reward, giving HIM for a light to the Gentiles, that "Hx might be their salvation unto the end o' the earth." This, *Thomas*, was, I think, the scope and design o' the sermon; and gif you had attended to it, without itching ears, to find PARTY in it, ye wou'd just ha'e understood it as I did. Wi' your way o't, ye wou'd mak' your minister speak something little short o' blasphemy, man.

Thomas.—Blasphemy here, blasphemy there, I understood him as I ha'e said. It may be, he meant the triumphs o' the Messiah; but it appeared to me, and mae o' us, that he ettled plainly at our triumphs owre the kirk,—that our minister wou'd be glorious in the eyes o' the Lord,—that God wou'd be his strength,—and that he wou'd gie to him the Gentiles; and ye ken, *John*, gif we get them, our house, as weel as our minister, we'll "be glorious;" our seats will set high—our collections will be great—the debt on the house will soon be paid off, and we'll be able to support our minister as splendidly as yours.

John.—Bright visions, *Thomas*. But wha do you mean by the Gentiles? I'm doubtfu' gif ye binna perverting that word, as you ha'e done the sermon.

Thomas.—Mean! I mean the Gentiles. Wha else shou'd I mean? Iana that the verra word in the Bible? and can it mean ony thing but a' the weel-born, and weel-bred—a' the rich and the great in the parish? these are to fill our house.

John.—I thought ye had measured your members, no by their wealth, but their worth; and that the poorest members o' Christ were dearer to you than the ungodly, however rich in temporal gude things. But, *Thomas*, you're a' aff your eggs about the Gentiles in the text. The word there, man, means, no the weel-born and the weel-bred, but Heathens and Pagans.

Thomas.—Weel-a-weel, they're a' the liker to our Gentiles in that—for, except aye here, and aye there, the maist o' them live like Heathens; odd, you may ride a simmer day before ye get aye o' them that attends regularly the kirk, or keeps up family-worship in their houses; and gin I'm tauld true, there are some o' them sae graceless, and sae independent o' their Maker, that they winna' even thank Him, or ask a blessing on their meals.

John.—They're no so ill as a' that, *Thomas*—there's mony a worthy man amang them; and gif some o' them dinna say sic lang prayers and graces as you and some o' your folks, yet they're mair honourable in their words, truer to their promises, and up-

righter in their dealings, than mony o' you : gif they war as you say, they wud do little credit to your meeting-house ; for the glory o' a kirk is the purity o' her professors.

Thomas.—Granted ; and it's for this enl they are to be given, to us, that our minister may restore them to their pristine purity, and be their “salvation.”

John.—You're feeding yoursel', Thomas, wi' wind. Admitting ye were right in the meaning o' the word Gentiles, can ye really deceive yoursel' so far as to think that they wou'd attend you, or countenance or encourage your house ?

Thomas.—Gif the Bible say it, they'll be brought to do't. Whatever is written and prophesied therein maun come to pass—He can mak' them, as weel as ithers, “willing subjects i' the day o' his power.”

John.—Quite sound, Thomas ; gif our genteel people war the *Gentiles* mentioned in the text. But I've tauld you they're no them. Our Gentiles ha'e a strong worldly interest, to keep them awa' frae your meeting-house, or gi'en' you ony countenance whatever.

Thomas.—What's that interest, John ?

John.—Why, they ha'e the poor to maintain, which now, in our parish, is nae light burden ; their policy, therefore, is to attend the kirk, to keep up the respectability o' the minister, and to do a' things in their power to mak' him popular. By these means, the seats set better, and greater collections are made at the kirk-door ; which either keep aff an assessment a'thegither, or lighten the burden o't to them ; for the higher the seat-rents, and the mair the collections, they ha'e the less to pay out o' their lands.

Thomas.—I didna see that before, but see it now. Their interests, I clearly see, are a' against us ; yet folk dinna always act according to their interests. In a neighbouring parish, which shall be nameless, some o' the heritors, I am tauld, contributed heaps o' siller to enlarge the meeting-house, and ha'e seats in it, and gang there and gi'e them their collections. Mayna some o' ours do that too ?

John.—Our's ha'e mair rummal-gumshion gi'en them than to let

“THEIR MOUTH BITE AFF THEIR NOSE.” Thae folk didna see far afore them, or they wou'dna ha'e done that. But whan wrath's in, wit's out ; passion is a bad horse to ride, for, sooner or later, it throws the rider in the mire, and sae it wull be wi' them. Their minister, who is a tongue fallow, and has been ill, ill used amongst them, winna live always ; and whan he's gane, it winna be sae easy to bring them back to the kirk again as to tak' them awa'—and that they'll find to their cost, gif they dinna speedily mend their manners. They ha'e made themselves a laughing-stock to a' the kintra round.

Thomas.—Some o' our heritors are na owre well pleased wi' our ain minister either, on account o' his augmentation-business ; and aiblins, in order to chaw him, they may e'en come and sit wi' us—for, independent o' a' that, your minister, though popular, is but a poor preacher. He wants unction, animation, and fire. I winna say he has not “the form o' sound words,” but O but his doctrine is weak, and every day the weaker : between oursel's, John, he's but a poor thing, after a'. Gin he hadna been married to the co-heiress o' —, he wou'd ha'e been out o' the elbows langsyne, and been as little thought o' in the parish as his auld kirk, which is now in ruins—vow, man, what a falling off betwixt him and his predecessors ! he ne'er was fit to had a candle to auld St—nie, or Cr—f—d ; besides, he isna'—

John.—Stop, stop, I say ; speak as muckle gude o' your ain minister as ye like, but say nae ill o' mine. My wife, weans, and servants, a' depend on him for their spiritual instruction. Ony thing that wou'd lessen him in their and my esteem wou'd be a serious injury to us a'. How ye, that pretend to be better than others, can reconcile speaking ill o' your neighbours, wi' Christianity, is mair than I can fathom. The Apostle tells us to speak “evil o' no man.” Your creed is to speak ill o' the kirk and her miniaters, it wou'd seem.

Thomas.—I was saying nae ill o' him ; I was only speaking the truth, and that's nae sin.

John.—But the truth is not aye

to be tauld ; there are many *offensive* truths ; and we ought neither in word nor in deed to offend. It is, Thomas, ane o' the greatest faults I ha'e to you and a' dissenters, that ye winna let kirk ministers alane ; they are the constant objects o' your attack, in public and private ; and the mair I think on't, the mair I see the force o' the answer which Mr —— gaed to ane who jibbed him as they passed a dissenting kirk in his parish. "What house is that," said he ? "It has nae *lums* in't, I think ?" The question was repeated, when Mr —— replied, "It's a *BARN*, Sir." "A *BARN* ! It canna be that, it's like a meeting-house." "I tell you it's a *barn*, Sir, for *THRASHING* the Kirk o' Scotland in." And, *certainly*, Thomas, it seems to be as it were your meat and your drink to *pu'* down the kirk, and to haud her ministers up to derision and scorn.

Thomas.—Never war you farer wrang. Our presbytery has not only invited your minister to dine wi' them and our new minister this day, but also a number o' the respectable gentlemen in the parish, belonging to the kirk. Is this like scorning them ? Is't no proof positive o' the greatest "*liberality o' sentiment*," and "*brotherly love* ?" Answer me that.

John.—Fairly will I, gif you will answer me the following, candidly and honestly.

Thomas.—Ise do my best, if they're fair questions.

John.—What then, Thomas, wou'd you think o' that sheep-stealer, who shou'd come to an honest and simple shepherd, as he was watching his flock, wha were a' living in harmony wi' him, and shou'd invite him to come and dine wi' him at the verra moment he was planning to divide his fold, and wyle the half o' them to his ain fold ?

Thomas.—I wou'd think him an impudent and unprincipled fallow ; ane wha, as some author says,

Would smile, and smile,
And yet could be a villain.

John.—Weel ; what, on the other hand, would you think o' the shepherd, gif he knew the thief and his intentions, wha would yet, in the perfect knowledge of thae, not only

accept o' the invitation himsel', but would take the choicest and fattest o' his flock wi' him,—his bell-weather, whom a' the rest fallowed,—to introduce them to his acquaintance, whose interest it was to wheedle them owre to his ain fold, that he may feed daintily on them ?

Thomas.—I wou'd count him an unfaithfu' shepherd,—betraying the flock that was entrusted to him by his master, and being *art* and *part* wi' the thief in countenancing and encouraging sic division and loss. I've answered your questions fairly ; now answer me mine, and say, gif it was na liberal and brotherly for our Presbytery to invite your minister and his folk to dine wi' them in the change-house the day ?

John.—You have only to apply the questions I ha'e put to ken my opinion o' baith o' their conducts. The one in giving and the ither in receiving the invitation. It is a', in my een, naething but a piece o' vile jesuitical cunning and policy. What is the object o' your minister coming here but to sow division,—to divide the flock,—to persuade them to abandon the kirk and come owre to him, to remove the parishioners from their *legal pastor*, and to place themsel's under his guidance and ministrations, and thus to break in upon the *unity and harmony* o' the parish ? This, you maun admit, is the design. How, otherwise, cou'd your house be filled, and your minister paid and supported ? And what, on the other hand, is the duty o' the parish minister in the knowledge o' this ? For what end was he ordained ? Was it not, amang ither things, to prevent *schism*,—to keep his flock thegither,—to censure a' who follow divisive courses,—and "*vigorously*" to use all suitable means for reclaiming all sic misled people ? and gif he does na do this, and try every mean for preventing the growth of schism, the Presbytery and Synod are strictly enjoined to take "*particular notice*" o' him, for winking at schismatical courses, and to censure him according to the demerit of his fault, even to deposition, if necessary. Such, unquestionably, Thomas, is his duty, which he engages to perform under the solemn sanctions ; and truly I ha'e nae notion o' that "*li-*

berality o' sentiment," which, for a moment's popularity, makes a man forget his duty, and the interests o' his church, and the harmony and unity o' his parish? I'm no sae well skilled, Thomas, i' the laws and the practice o' your kirk. But didna you lift up an act and testimony agst us, our kirk as corrupt and cironcous? In that act and testimony didna you declare that ye cou'd haud nae communion wi' her or her members? Many a time, I am sure, I ha'e heard your ministers, in a' the seeming fervour o' sincerity and detestation, paint our Kirk o' Scotland in the blackest colours, as gif salvation wasna to be found in her, and then they would cry, with tears often, "Oh! Come out o' her, come out o' her, and be ye separate, and touch not the *unclean* thing, and we will receive you." Nay, in eloquence and tone, and *smile* and gesture, peculiarly their ain, they didna rest satisfied wi' this, but proceeded to describe her as a "habitation for devils," "a cage for every unclean bird," and her ministers nae mair fit to be ministers o' Christ than a sow to be cook in a king's kitchen. The poor Kirk o' Scotland was held up just as a puddle well and her clergy as twa three black clocks (insects) summing (swimming) on the top o't, in order to clear't, but a' they could do was vain, for it was a *pond*, and would aye be a puddle till reformation cam, and they would cry again, "Come out o' her, my people, that ye be na partakers o' her sins, and that ye receive not o' her plagues." From these facts, you will be able to judge how your ministers and ours can agree and associate the day as brothers. Their principles and practices forbid unity and harmony—they are *antipodes* to ane anither in their duties to their respective kirks, in their views and feelings. They cannot, consistently with the obligations imposed upon them by their respective kirks, go hand in hand together. The dissenting presbytery lift up their act and testimony against the kirk, and the kirk forbids her ministers to countenance or to encourage schismatics, which seceders are. Yet, in the face of then act and testimony, the associate presbytery invite the parish minister, and in the

face o' the laws against schism and schismatics, the parish minister accepts o' the invitation, and thus, instead of vigorously using all suitable means to reclaim them, encourages and countenances them. Admirable consistency in baith! After this, will the parish minister ever say a word about schism, or the seceding one ever lift his lip, and cry, "Come out from among them, my people, and be ye separate?" No, naething but liberality and brotherly love maun henceforth prevail, and holy joy and peace grow up in — But then where will the dissenters be? There will be nae Absalom to steal the hearts o' the people.

Thomas — An he dinna do that, he may dight his *neb* and flee up when-e'er he likes; and the sooner the better. How is his stipend to be paid, and the house kept up, if he dinna bring folk to fill it? And whar are they to come frae, gin they dinna come frae the kirk?

John — But how can he do that wi' ony consistency, after a' this feasting, and healthing, and exclaiming, "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Thomas — Do' nae fear o' them. Their smirking, and smiling, and bowing, and scraping, and shaking o' hands, and good-fellowship between them the day, pat me in mind o' a story which the auld laird o' — ance tauld me. He had a plea in the Court o' Session ance, he said, and sae he gaed awa' in to Edinbrogh to hear the pleadings. Whan the cause cam' on, the twa Advocates, he said, barked bitterly, and before they haud done were like to thapple ane anither. In a wee time after they had gaen awa', he dauner'd into the big ha' whar' the Advocates walk, and, to his confoundment, wha did he see but the twa Advocates as thick and pack as dog-heads, laughing and gaffawing awa' at the hits they had giv'n ane anither. "I was real mad," quoth he, "sae disgusted at what I heard, that I settled, that night, the plea; and they ha'e ne'er got me since syne, into any plea, and never sall,—to ha'e my pouches *toomed*, and laucht at forbye, was what I could na thole." Mony a time I ha'e thought on this story. Lawyers may do any thing; but I ne'er expected, John, in

sober sadness, to see the day when our ministers wud sit wi' yours, and feast and fuu wi' them. My heart is wae at it, and sae are mony ma'e. It does not augur well; *luxury* and *latitudinarianism* are the signs and fore-runners o' corruption. What a falling off has there been amang us since the days o' Ebenezer! Ae thing has followed on the heels o' another, corruption after corruption. Our fathers considered gowns, and bands, and the dignity o' Doctor, as a' belonging to the Papistical kirk; but now we ha'e got them a' in amang us, wi' hymns, and light tunes to them, that just mind me o' "Up and war them a', Willie—up and war them a'," or "Bonnie Maggie Lauder." Oh John, there's been a fearfu' delusion amang us. We're getting far aboon you. Our meeting-houses are far brawer than your kirks, and they want naething but an organ in them to mak' them as grand as an English chapel. Corinthian pillars, nae less; velvet cushions, and silk gowns. Oh! what wou'd Ralph, and Wilson, and Moncrieff, ha'e said to this!

John.—A' thae I consider improvements. Religion does not consist "in meats and drinks;" in wearing, or not wearing, a gown and bands, or lawn sleeves, but "in righteousness, and peace, and joy." You omitted to mention, in your enumeration, the greatest of all your improvements, and one of the most marked of increasing "liberality;" that is, the late union o' the twa great dissenting bodies. From that step I augur weel, and hope to see the day when you'll lay down the last weapon o' your *rebellion*, and join again the mother church, frae whom ye ha'e been sae lang separated.

Thomas.—Never; no, never, John; though there war nae ither thing to prevent that but the assumed power o' the civil magistrate, which your church allows in his confession o' faith, and that o' patronage. These would keep us separate.

John.—These, if rightly understood by you, Thomas, would be nae bar in the way. Our confession o' faith grants naething to the civil magistrate but what ony magistrate ought to ha'e; and gin he has not, he ought to ha'e. The Scripture unites

the chief magistrate wi' religion; "kings are to be nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers," to the church. Ecclesiastical power, when opposed to the violence of unruly men, is feeble and unarmed, without the aid of human authority; and, connected as religion is, and ever must be, in every civilized country, as the bond of society, it cannot surely be wrong in the civil magistrate to protect the ministers o' religion in the preaching o' the word, and celebration of ordinances; and to call "synods of ministers, and other *fit* persons, to consult and advise with about matters of religion." As to the chief magistrate either having or claiming any power over the sacred rights of conscience, in what way men shall worship God, there is no such thing in Britain. The chief magistrate interferes in no shape wi' the consciences o' the people. The religious opinions o' those who live *inoffensively* are never by him inquired after; every dissenter and every human being he permits to worship God after his own manner, and as his conscience dictates to him. The Independents secured this right at the glorious Revolution, when it was reprobated by every other sect in the nation. The legislature adopted it then; and through the steady operation of law, and the progress of science, and the enlightenment o' the human mind, as ample liberty o' conscience is enjoyed by all ranks as can be desired. Every pain and penalty, formerly incurred for worshipping God according to conscience, is now completely removed, and every sect and party, with all their places o' worship, are under the protection o' law; sae that nae individual, be he who he may, is subjected to the slightest restraint on conscience, in consequence o' his religious opinions, while those opinions are not hurtfu' to the essential interests o' society, and disturb not the public peace, or outrage decency and piety. If a man, however, was to plead conscience for propagating Atheism,—for speaking blasphemy,—for being permitted to be a mocker and reproacher o' religion,—a profaner o' the Lord's-day,—uttering impious things against the being and attributes o' God,—scoffing at or railing against devotion—were a man to plead

conscience for committing these, the civil magistrate would unquestionably interfere; but not as interfering with the *rights* o' conscience, but as vindicating the rights, the outraged rights, of civil society and good order. In punishing the early Anabaptists, who ran through Germany naked, lashing their bodices wi' small cords, and herding thegither, in that state, like the beasts o' the field; the magistrate punished this behaviour, disregarding their religious plea of conscience for it; because it was an outrage upon public decency and decorum,—a species o' open lewdness so gross and scandalous as to be punishable at common law. But, whilst the magistrate is entitled to punish these offences against religion and morality, as offences against the *police* and *good order* o' the community, he intermeddles not wi' religious sentiments, nor persecutes any one on account of his faith or practice, when these are innoxious, and do not interfere wi' the civil interests o' the State.

Thomas.—What say ye, John, to the *Test Act*, and the disabilities o' the Catholics? Are thae nae interference wi' the rights o' conscience? Has na the community a right to a' the talents o' a' the citizens? and is na it injurious to the public, and to individuals, to exclude from civil offices any on account o' his religious opinions, which he conscientiously holds? Is a *sacramental* test for a civil office no a prostitution and profanation of sacred things, in which conscience is deeply concerned? Answer thae questions, John, gin ye can; I think they'll fash ye sair, while they confute your positions and assertions.

John.—Still fu' o' self, Thomas; ye might, by this time, ha'e remembered the wise saying, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putteth it off." The disabilities o' Papists or Catholics are na in consequence o' their *religious* tenets; they ha'e the rights o' conscience, in this respect, as much as any heart among them could wish. They may worship God as often as they please,—they may say prayers and perform mass every hour if they please,—the sacraments they are at equal liberty to take,—nay, to pro-

strate themselves before the Virgin, and to seek the aid o' a' the saints. There is not a thing connected wi' their religion that they have not full toleration and freedom to perform. There is not the least restraint upon them, in that respect, more than if they were living in Rome. Nay, they have civil privileges granted to them, which, *by law*, are na even given to the Established Church o' Scotland, or Presbyterians in England. Every Catholic has a right, in Ireland, to vote for a Member o' Parliament, who has either rents, or cultivates a farm, of £.20 a-year, in addition to his freehold, or who shall be in possession of a freehold of £.20 *per annum*; while he can enter into the army and navy, and hold there his rank, without being called upon to comply with the *Test Act*, but merely on their taking the oath of *allegiance* to Government.

Thomas.—What would they be at, when they ha'e a' this?

John.—They want to be Members o' Parliament,—to sit in the King's Cabinet,—to have a right to fill every civil office in the State,—to be Judges, Lord Chancellor, Commander-in-Chief, and Commissioners o' the Admiralty, and Chancellor and Treasurer of the Exchequer. Along wi' this, they want to get rid o' the tithes, and the Church o' Ireland, and to have Popery substituted in its place.

Thomas.—My faith, they're no blate. But I see they verify the auld proverb: "Let the de'il get in his wee finger, and he'll soon ha'e in his hail hand." Gi'e them thae, and they'll soon hac in Popery atthegither. They want naething but the power. They ha'e the will. But gi'e them power, and my certie they'll no be lang till we ha'e the *Inquisition* back, and be led back to the Church o' Rome wi' faggot and fire. The auld spirit is in them, and gif yon fallow O'Connell had his will, if we can judge by his words, o' his hatred against Orangemen, no ane o' them is there that he wou'dna mak' his head leap frae its hause in a twinkling. God keep us frae Papists and their rule! I would rather forego a' the ills o' the *Test Act*, than gi'e them power; our toleration would then be gone, for Popery knows o' no toleration. It counts us a' *heretics*, and

their law condemns a' heretics to the dungeon, the faggot, or the block. Yes! gi'e them power—let them into Parliament, and we shou'd soon be delivered over to the secular arm, if we wou'd not submit peaceably. The bloody contests o' our fathers wou'd ha'e to be renewed, and a civil war carried on in a manner mair savage than that o' barbarians. Whan I think, John, o' the Church o' Rome,—whan I rin owre her history,—whan I view her at the Reformation, operating on St. Bartholomew's-day, massacring in Ireland, and in our ain kintra,—the iniquitous judgments she pronounced on those she suspected to differ from her tenets—the loss o' their estates—their confinement in dungeons—their torture on the rack—their consuming them in the flames wi' the solemnity o' a sacrifice, and wi' a' the cruelty and torments which the ingenuity of the most refined, but *diabolical* malice, could devise;—whan I think on a' thae, my verrie flesh creeps—my hair stands on end—and if our King, and his Ministry, and Parliament, be not firm, I tremble to look into futurity. We are on the brink o' a precipice, which naething but firmness, and keeping to our glorious Constitution, as settled at the Revolution in 1688, can save us.

John.—Weel, Thomas, whar's your exclamation about the Catholics now—and their disabilities, and their hardships, &c.?

Thomas.—I see we often speak without thinking, sometimes frae ignorance, and sometimes frae the sough frae ithers, and say as they say, ne'er thinking o' the consequences. It has been the fashion among us dissenters to plead for the Catholics, thinking, that if they got emancipation, we wou'd get free o' the *Test Act*, which excludes us, as dissenters, from a' offices o' State, as well as the Catholics. And surely, whan there's nae danger to the State, as there can be nane frae Protestants, the *Test Act* ought to be abolished—ought it no?

John.—It's o' no consequence, Thomas, whether it be abolished or not—nae aine is injured by it. The *Act o' Indemnity* frees a' frae its operation. The Kirk o' Scotland is as muckle affected by the *Test Act*,

though an *Established Kirk*, as either the dissenters in England or Scotland. But the fact is, though at first baith they and we had reason to complain, we ha'e nane now. The *Bill o' Indemnity*, which passes yearly, mak's it a dead letter on the *Statute Book*, from which no Presbyterian or Protestant dissenter suffer the least prejudice. The truth is, Thomas, few are capable o' judging these nice questions. There is a wide difference, however, you maun see, betwixt *penal statutes* inflicting punishments on individuals for *nonconformity* to the *Established Church*, or the religion o' the State, and that of a *Test* touching *civil* offices; the *one* is persecution intolerant and unjust—the *other* is merely a question of State policy or expediency, not of *justice* or *right*. Men enter into society for some defined and specific gude. A nation, as well as a family, may enact peculiar laws, which bind its members; each giving up something o' their *natural* liberty for some *general* advantage; or the *minority* may comply with or be bound by the will o' the *majority*. Every nation, therefore, has its own laws, consonant to, and founded on its habits, customs, and localities, &c. &c. The great end o' their union is the *security* o' their *property* and *lives*. For the preservation o' these, they ha'e a right to say what the *criterion* shall be by which offices o' the State are to be held. They have a right to say whether it shall be *wealth*, or *age*, or *civil* or *religious* opinions—whether the Government shall be democracy, oligarchy, or despotism; and whether their King, Generals, Judges, and Members o' Parliament, shall be Presbyterians, Independents, Episcopalians, or Catholics. This is a matter purely discretionary at the settling o' the Constitution. In 1688 our fathers did this;—while they left every man, except the Catholics, to the full enjoyment o' their *perfect rights*, they determined that, from the King on the throne, to the meanest officer in the State, all should be Protestants—to the entire exclusion of Papists, who then, as now, were considered the enemies o' Protestantism, and consequently of civil and religious liberty, and who, by their-

plots and intrigues, had rendered themselves incapable of holding any civil office consistent with the security o' the State and the Protestant Religion. This is the exact state o' matters. They were excluded on the footing of *expeduncy*, on the idea of *danger* to Protestantism and *civil* and religious liberty, and the whigs, and every one who has been so loud in praising and extolling, deservedly, the excellency o' our Constitution, must retract their eulogiums, if, for the sake o' the Catholics and the security of Protestantism, they destroy that Constitution under which Great Britain has flourished, and taken her stand, conspicuously, among the nations o' the earth, for her superior intelligence, liberty, and laws—for every thing that can adorn man, and add to the comforts and elegancies of refined life.

Thomas.—Weel, a' this is new light to me. Till this hour, I did na ken but that the *Test* laws were operating against us, as dissenters, in a their force, and that we had a *natural* right, and a *constitutional* right, to ha'e them ta'en off. But since the Bill o' Indemnity prevents ony damage, and allows a' Protestants to enjoy civil offices o' a' kinds, unmolested, I see na what cause we ha'e to complain, or mak' sic a wark and noise about a thing that hurts us not, "gif it binna for down-right party-diveltry." If ye satisfy me as weel about the power o' patronage, as ye ha'e done about the power o' the magistrate owre our consciences, which I see is a' BROTHERS, I'll count you *cleverer*, John, than e'er I thought you, and will be your convert.

John.—As to that, Thomas, you may do as you like. It is o' little consequence to me whether you think me clever or no. Ye ha'e sometimes praised me for *shrewdness* when I didna deserve't, and ca'd me a *fool* when the event showed I was *wise*.

Thomas.—A' true, John, but ye ken we maun just speak as we "think." Like a' the rest o' the world, I am ever ready to measure others by mysel'. But tell me your real mind about PATRONAGE, for that, in truth, is the great wa' or partition that divides me frae the kirk.

John.—You'll no thank me for't, whan ye ha'e heard it. Though I bring a' things hame to yoursel', you'll be faithless and unbelieving, Thomas, the auld *seceder-root* will still remain wi' thee, and though obliged to own facts, thou'll just continue the auld man as muckle as ever.

Thomas.—Na'; I winna do that, John. Though I'm a seceder frae reason, and not frae pique, I frankly confess to you, that *patronage* is my great stumbling-block. In a' ither things, I see nae difference betwixt us and the kirk ava. In doctrine, worship, discipline, we're a' ane: though, to say the truth, we are farther frae the Confession o' Faith and the *pure* auld standards o' the church, than you are.

John.—Patronage is ane o' the most difficult problems to solve that I ever attempted. In the hail range o' political economy, nane has puzzled me sae muckle. The question is, what is the system o' patronage—for patronage maun be in some hands—which combines the greatest gude, and promotes maist the religious interests o' the parish? For these objects, Thomas, several systems are in use. There are yours and ours, while some are for patronage confined to the heads o' families, and others are for universal suffrage! The rule I lay down is, that whatever system will best promote the *unity* and *harmony* o' a parish, prevent party-heats, animosities, ill-will among friends and parishioners, and tend to cement the parish wi' the minister in brotherly-love and good-fellowship, is the best. Now, to this test bring the above system. Universal suffrage would set the hail parish into a flame. It would be a stage for mountebanks; and as the irreligious, and indifferent about all religion, are the majority, those who could *feed* them best, and *bribe* them highest, would be sure to carry the day. The consequence would be, that in *nine cases* out o' *ten* the most worthless would get the kirk. Were it confined to heads o' families, and communicants in fellowship wi' the kirk, the same thing nearly would go on, though not to the same extent. Candidates, perhaps half-a-dozen, or a dozen, might be put upon

the leet, and a' the evils o' election, and a' the *vile* arts accompanying it—the secret detraction—the malignant whisper—the false accusation—wi' every means o' *detraction* and *abuse* that could be raked up against the characters and talents o' the several candidates, would be collected and thrown in their face. In this state o' things, whoever gets the church would get it wi' tarnished fame and a diminished reputation—which, though his friends would not remember, his opponents will; while they find, too, the operation of their own calumny, like the *poison* in the head o' the serpent, ever ready to distil and to destroy all that is vital and energetic in his ministration; while a secret distrust lingers in the mind, that their conduct, by the minister whom they see keenly opposed and reviled, is not forgotten by him, and though his prudence allows it to sleep, yet, when the proper season arrives that he can make it bear upon them or their family effectually, he will, and that severely. This is the reason, Thomas, why I think your system so exceptionable. It produces, on every election, those heats, animosities, and heart-burnings, which often never subside, but which occasionally rise to such an effervescence, as to make a part boil over, and run down, and form a party by itself. On these occasions I have sometimes seen *three* distinct patrons lording it owre the poor congregation, *1st*, the *managers*, *2d*, the *elders*, and *3d*, the persons who had money lent on the house. I ha'e seen a' these set against the *general* mind o' the congregation, and though a handfu' in opposition to the hundreds o' that congregation, yet protesting against the election, chusing a man for themselves, and by carrying their protest to the Presbytery and Synod, actually getting owre the belly o' the congregation the man they had chosen! There is thus a *new* element introduced into your patronage, which is not found in any o' the other schemes—and that element is the Presbytery and Synod—giving to you *two* patrons instead o' *ane*. This element rules you as it willet. Its power extends not only over the congregation, but the preachers. Should you choose

a preacher, they may deprive you o' him, and send him to anither congregation. Should the preacher prefer you, he cannot gratify his inclination; he must go where the Presbytery appoints him! This tyranny is cruel and excessive, and such as is not known in the church. Both preacher and people are thus under the patronage o' the clergy, than which I know none more exceptionable, more tyrannical, and often more unjust and cruel. This arbitrary conduct has disgusted many young men of talents among them, and made them leave their society, long before the case o' *Dunfermline* and Mr *White* was heard of. This, Thomas, is my serious conviction respecting *your* system o' patronage, which, I have no hesitation in saying, after having looked narrowly into its *practical working* for these twenty years, is next to universal suffrage, the *verra worst* that could be devised.

Thomas.—And is this, John, your real conviction and belief?

John.—It is, and ye needna gang far frae hame to be convinced o' its truth. How was that respectable congregation treated, in K—nock, after that good man's death, the Rev. Mr J—ff—y? Didna a handfu' o' the rich get their ain man, though opposed by hundreds o' the congregation? Did the Presbytery or Synod take their part? Yes, Thomas; they sided wi' the rich. And after they spent great sums, and muckle trouble, in ganging frae Presbytery to Synod, and frae Synod to Presbytery, and the courts o' law, they could na, after a', get their choice,—at least they could na get the man they wanted, and that's the same thing.

Thomas.—But, if they did na get *him*, they would get some ither choice. For, wi' a' the ills o' our patronage, we aye get our ain choice at the last.

John.—Yes, Thomas; as Jacob got Rachel, who was ta'en frae him for *seven* years. I ha'e often heard you say that you liked Nanse, your wife, aboon a' the women in the world; and she is well worthy o' a' your affection, for she is a douce, soney, well-conditioned woman, as is in a' the parish; but how wouldst

thou ha'e felt, gif the Presbytery, or Synod, had said, 'Thou shalt not ha'e Nanse; but thou may'st mak' choice o' anither?' Well, thou doest sae, thy heart still being wi' Nanse; and when thou makest this *second* choice, Oh! quoith the Presbytery, we canna gi'e her. There is anither powerfu' rival in the way, and sae they gi'e her to him! Again they bid thee look out for a *third*, &c. How wouldst thou like that treatment?

Thomas.—It would put me mad.

John.—Weel, that is sometimes the way seceding congregations ha'e been treated, and is, I repeat it, a patronage mair arbitrary and cruel than any in the kirk; for the kirk has nae power owre her preachers, to send them to congregations and places they dinna like. The patronage o' the kirk, Thomas, wi' a' its sins and infirmities, *properly exercised*, is the verra best that can be. It is placed, in general, in the hands o' a man who has large property in the parish, and who, in consequence of it, must be deeply interested in its temporal and spiritual welfare. Attached to his tenantry, it is natural for him to seek a minister to please them. Let him then, acting on this principle, lay aside being influenced by any other consideration, and let him carefully and diligently seek out a young man whose talents and voice, and manners and activity, and prudence and discretion, suit the parish; and let him gi'e the presentation to such a one, and he will confer a lasting obligation upon his parish. By this means, all heats, and animosities, and heart-burnings, are avoided,—party is crushed,—the character o' the presentee *saved* from the strife o' party-interested tongues,—calumny is silent, because it has nothing to feed upon,—the parish is knit in the bonds o' affection,—its peace has not been broken in upon,—harmony reigns,—and the young man, highly recommended, sits down among the people without the consciousness of having an enemy. And what is the result? They listen to his instructions without prejudice. In going about doing good, a tender friendship is formed; a word spoken in season proves good; and his ministry, thus owned, in a *singular* manner, and *free* from all the effects

of a heated and contested election, is, through a holy mixture of *prudence* and *zeal*, rendered effectual for the *conversion* and *salvation* of multitudes.

Thomas.—You ha'e delighted me, John; I never saw clearer any thing in my life than the advantage which your mode o' patronage has owre ours: gif your patrons would thus exercise their rights, I see its *superiority* for making brethren dwell together in unity, harmony, and love. Get patrons to act this way, and nane will leave the kirk, except it be *renegades*, who canna get privileges because o' their misdeeds.

John.—But there's ae thing connected wi' your system, Thomas, that is, in my mind, still as painfu' to think upon as patronage; and that is, the *dependent* situation in which your ministers are placed. Some o' them are men I think highly of, on account o' their learning, piety, and worth, but who, in consequence o' depending on the good will of those they minister to, are laid under strong temptations to flatter the prejudices and inflame the passions o' their people, and to tak' undue and unfair means to get proselytes; in one word, who, in consequence of the terror of themselves and their families being reduced to distress, are liable to yield to the caprice o' their hearers, and to preach to please their congregation; "whereas the fixed provision for the clergy of our kirk, while it delivers them from the humiliating condition which embitters the lives and impairs the usefulness o' many dissenting ministers in England and Scotland, renders them completely independent o' the opinions and maxims o' the world, and leaves them at perfect liberty, in fulfilment of their sacred obligations, to declare the truth as it is in Jesus, and to oppose their influence and energies to prevailing vices."

Thomas.—And this our ministers are now as able to do as yours, in consequence o' the late decision o' Lord Gilhes, in the case o' *Kirkcaldy*. By that decision, their stipends are perfectly secured. If their congregation fall off, and gang awa' to ither meeting-houses, or even to the kirk itsel', the dissenting minister can pursue them for his stipend, and

will get it; see this objection is now done awa' wi',—and our ministers can be as faithfu' as yours, for they are independent

John.—I am glad to hear o' that, Thomas. But I was talking to a friend about it, wha tauld me, that, in consequence o' the *terror* that this decision had spread among your congregations, and the almost certainty of driving them awa' frae you, your Piesbytery and Synod permitted *entrants* to gie a *BACK BOND* to the congregation, that they will not act on that decision. Is this true?

Thomas.—I really canna say.

John.—If sae, it is the warst kind o' *simony* that ever entered into the kirk, and proves the doubts that ony thinking man may entertain, viz. that your ministers maun act sae as to please their people, or good-by wi' ye, they are aff in a twinkling. If men o' firm, enlightened, and virtuous minds, will submit to act against that decision, sae admirably calculated to render them independent, what will they not do in ither things, whar their interests are sae deeply concerned? Will they no retain their livings at a' hazards, by gratifying the caprices o' the multitude, and flattering the prejudices o' the wealthy, in their respective congregations? I leave this for your serious consideration, Thomas. How muckle do you and your family gie a-year to support this admirable independent system.

Thomas.—Ise warrand, that what wi' ae thing and what wi' anither, as seat-rents, ordinary and extraordinary collections, marks o' grace to ministers, as lodging *young* preachers wha come among us, gie'n a *kebbuck* now and then, wi' a pun' o' butter, and twa-thre dozen eggs,—whan a' thae things are counted up, Ise warrand it will cost me as gude as *twal'* or *thirteen* pounds a-year.

John.—What a fool are ye, Thomas! ye might have saved ilka *bawbee* o' this had ye gaen to the kirk wi' your neighbours, wha, Thomas, let me say it, are just as gude, they and their barns, and as weel doing, as you and yours. Thirty years a dissenter! There is, at twall pounds a-year, gude saff us! nae less than *three hundred and sixty pounds*, and

would hae been mair than *tuue* that had you laid it out, like your ither siller, at interest. And a' this ye ha'e gie'n awa', Thomas, for what? For naething but a fancy. For ye ha'e owned yoursel', that there is nae difference in doctrine, worship, and discipline, between the twa kirks,—that there is nae foundation for your prejudices about the power o' the *civil* magistrate respecting conscience,—that your system o' *patronage* is waur than our ain, for, instead o' ha'ing ac patron ye ha'e affen *thre*,—the managers, the elders, and those that ha'e siller on the house, forbv and above a' the patronage o' the Presbytery and Synod, while your ministers, by gie'n a *baul-bond* no to act on LORD GILLIL'S decision, are placed still in that dependent and painfu' situation, which exposes the best and the firmest o' them to great temptations, to be a' things to a men, and to study by a' means to please. Under such a system, I leave you; and wish you, Thomas, muckle gude o't, and only beg in future, that you'll gie owre your *vaunting* about *secession*, and permit me in peace to attend my ain minister, who, *unawed* by the frowns, or allured by the smiles o' the rich or the poor, discharges his duty conscientiously, and wi' becoming diligence, and entire fidelity.

Thomas.—When we were on patronage, I forgot to mention, that mony wis, and gude, and great men, in your ain kirk, think on that subject as the dissenters do, for I read in the papers, the ither day, of a *Society* proposed to be formed, the plan of which is to buy up a' the patronages, or get parishes themselves to purchase their ain patronage, that sae they may ha'e their choice o' a godly minister. It is proposed, in that scheme, when the parish is vacant, to gie *sax* candidates, wha are to be chosen by a' the *male heads* o' families in the parish in communion wi' the kirk, and the society is to use their influence wi' a' the patrons wha winna sell, to put into their kirks pious young men.

John.—I wish I could ca' that scheme by the name o' a "*devout imagination*", but no, it is the offspring of *party*, begat by *folly*. It is a bold stroke to ha'e the kirk, and

rule the kirk. In a word, Thomas, it is the *minority* in the General Assembly wishing to get aboon the *majority*. Like the opposition in Parliament, they are restless and reckless to get *uppermost*.

Thomas.—Say na sae, John; they are holy men, well-wishers to the cause, wha ha'e the gude o' souls at heart, wha are urging the necessity o' sic a *reform*.

John.—I wish some o' them wou'd set about reforming themsel's; they ha'e muckle need o't, before beginning to reform the kirk. It's an auld, but gude maxim, Begin at hame;—"Mak' the tree gude, and the fruit will be gude:" Purify the fountain, and the stream will be clear. Let Presbyteries do their duty, and license nane but pious and devout young men, well skilled in the *original* languages, and philosophy, and literature o' the times; at once divines, gentlemen, and scholars, and I care na', Thomas, wha be patrons!

Thomas.—Tut, tut, John; that winna do—ye wudna surely like that Infidels or Roman Catholics were patrons, wou'd ye?

John.—We ha'e few o' the latter, but plenty o' the former, who laugh at a religion, and wha tell us, by their lives, that *they* reckon it a' a *jest*; yet some o' these put in just as gude ministers into their kirks as the most pious o' our gentry. I ha'e tauld you before, that nae patron can present ony body to a kirk, but ane that has the *stamp* o' the kirk already upon him; and gif the kirk will put the stamp upon a wrang man, are patrons to be blamed for that? I say, and say it again, Thomas, that if there be ill qualified ministers in the kirk, it is the Presbytery's fault, no the patron's. The sin's a' on *their* heads; and this being the case, let these clergymen wha are concerned wi' this *gouk* scheme do what's in their power: First, let them do their duty in their presbyteries, and then they need na care wha are, or wha are not patrons; for, in that case, nane but gude, and godly, and well-qualified men, will get into the kirk; and gif the people get these, what mair wou'd they be at? Why put a poor parish to the *enormous* expence o' buying the patronage, when by this way they cou'd and wou'd get gude

men for *naething*? The plan is destitute o' wisdom. Twa classes o' men seem at the bottom o't: 1st, *Poor* patrons, who wish to make gain o' what the STATE committed to them as a *sacred trust*, for the gude o' their parishes: and, 2d, *Ambitious* clergymen, who wish to get a' the kirk influence and patronage into their ain hands, that they may lord it owre their bretheren. In this view o' the matter, the account current stands thus: the patrons enriched, *versus* the parishioners impoverished:—the clergy patrons *versus* the parish, under *clerical* rule, which has ever been found the most despotic and tyrannical, as you in the secession ha'e experienced it in ma'e cases than ane. Next, the patronage in the hands o' the parish *versus* *sic* candidates, and a' the heads o' families in communion wi' the kirk at loggerheads and daggers-drawing, to get in their *ain* favourite candidate; while the clergy, honest men, o' the Presbytery, and frae a' quarters, are busy to have one o' their ain *kidney* elected. What a delightful result from this scheme! what harmony and unity!

Thomas.—Ye perfectly confound me. Wou'd sic gude folks as the Rev. Dr Andrew Thomson, the Rev. Dr Dickson, wha, wi' ither, are at the head o't, encourage such a scheme gif sic were to be the consequences? Na na, John; never, never, never; they're owre gude for that.

John.—Dr Thomson is really a clever, worthy man—a great man—a man of truth, veracity, and integrity, wha wou'dna equivocate, to serve his party or himsel', for the whole world. But then he and his party, who join in this, know, that if they could persuade parishes to enrich patrons, or prevail upon *rich* folks, wha ha'e mair *piety* than *sense*, to gi'e them funds to buy patronages, in either case they wou'd direct the election of young men to these parishes, and thus recruit their ranks in the kirk, and carry the day in the General Assembly on a' questions. He maun be blind wha does na see that this wou'd be the consequence.

Thomas.—I should like, *seceder* as I am, to see sic consequences. A gospel ministry is a great blessing. As for your moral preachers, I canna

awa' wi' them; they are idle babblers, fleecing, not feeding the flock.

John.—All cant, Thomas; there can be nae fleecing o' the flock in the kirk o' Scotland. St. Paul, were he among them, wou'd get nae mair than his stipend. The flock pays none o't; 'tis the State, man.

Thomas.—Weel, they wou'd wale us pious, godly, and devout pastors, wha wou'dna leave us for filthy lucre.

John.—Cant again, Thomas:—which o' a' the popular preachers ye ever kent refused a gude big salary, or wou'd stay in an obscure country parish or burgh, gif he cou'd get to Edinburgh?

Thomas.—Whan they change, it's aye for the gude o' the kirk: "It's a call frae aboon."

John.—A call frae aboon! Wou'd ony in Edinburgh ha'e heard a call to gang to Perth, or Kilmarnock, or Glasgow, or Inverary? I am afraid, Thomas, that, in sic a case, like the sons of 'Eli, or the father of Sampson, they wou'd not know it was a voice frae aboon at a', and it might ha'e called and called again and again, ere they wou'd hear, or obey its voice. In a' my experience, Thomas, I ne'er kent a minister gang frae a large stipend to a sma' ane, though I ha'e kent mony a ane gang frae a wee stipend to a big ane—leaving behind eight or nine thousand souls, who mourned their departure, while the place they gaed to had only a handfu'; while ithers, again, the idols o' the people, ha'e left the teaching o' thousands o' men, to become teachers o' boys, in languages or logic, &c. &c. Now, Thomas, answer me candidly these questions:—Is it mair a duty, mair dignified, and mair honourable, to save souls than to teach boys? And, if we are to go upon the principle of utility, and of doing the greatest gude to society, whether should a clergyman stay by his thousands attached to him, and hanging on his lips wi' fond and enthusiastic delight, or go to a small congregation, where his learning and talents cannot ha'e the same scope? Wou'd na ye imagine that the call was to remain where maist gude was to be done?

Thomas.—I shou'd think sae; but I canna argue upon these points.

Clergymen, though gude men, often do strange things; but gif you believe themselves, they never want a gude and solid reason for their acting, however absurd, and however contradictory of their former declarations. Oh! but we're weak, erring creatures, at the best! The less ye ken o' some clergymen the better: for my part, I confine my acquaintance wi' them to the kirk. They are best there. But that's only my opinion.

John.—I differ wi' you, Thomas, in this, as in a' ither things. What your popular ministers may be, and are, I pretend not to know; my acquaintance wi' them is but sma'; but as to the moderate anes, a pleasanter, better-informed class o' men are not to be found;—they are the delight of every company that can appreciate sound remark, shrewd observation, and extensive learning, while they join dignity wi' affability, and candour wi' liberality.

Thomas.—Nobody doubts that; but that's some o' their faults, o' which mony complain. They are men o' the world, better acquainted wi' politeness and gude manners than wi' preaching, and oftener found in the drawing and dining-rooms o' great folks than in their studies, or at the beds of the sick and the dying. The scheme proposed will correct this, and fill the country wi' Chalmerses, Thomsons, Gordons, &c., and gi'e to their people the advantages of private as well as public duty.

John.—I trust I shall never see the day when such a scheme shall succeed. If ever it shall, it will fill our kirks wi' *roavers*, and *ranter*s, and *methodists*. The poorer and ignorant classes may resort to them, but the learned and respectable o' a' ranks will desert the kirk, and go over to Episcopacy. Gif the Kirk o' Scotland is ever to be upheld, it must be upheld by such as were our Campbells, our Macknights, our Findlays, our Blairs, and our Robertsons; men whose piety was equal to their learning, and whose suavity of manners, versatility of talent, and profound research, made them beloved and venerated wherever they appeared.

Thomas.—Keep your human learn

ing to yoursel'. It has done mair ill in the kirk than any thing else. It has been the source o' a' the *heresies* and *errors* that ha'e rent her. Gi'e me a man that kens weel his Bible, and can interpret it, and I will gie up to you a' their deep research, with a' their flashes o' oratory and brilliancy o' style, without remorse. I want naething but the pure word preached, which *alone* can mak' me wise unto salvation.

John.—What's a' this now, Thomas? This moment were na ye praising Chalmers, Thomson, Gordon, &c.? And yet these are the very men that seem to labour most, and study effect—wha, by strength o' reasoning, and show o' learning, dazzle to convince. I will not, for I cannot, say that their divinity is deep, or their learning extensive; but this I will say, especially of Dr Chalmers, who fills most o' the public eye, that his declamation is vehement, his enthusiasm is tense, and his transitions so rapid and forcible, that they surprise as much by their novelty as they delight by their brilliancy, and the splendour of intellectual glory which he throws around them. Matter and mind, chemistry and philosophy, geology and astronomy, are all pressed into the service, and hurry us along in the description he is giving, or the picture he is drawing, or the duty he is enforcing, till, what with the vehemence of his action, his singular, uncouth, and monotonous tones, and the violence of his whole manner, we are lost in the torrent and whirlwind of his passion, and resign oursel's entirely to his guidance. But when all is over, we endeavour, in vain, to recal the picture, to contemplate its proportions, its harmony, and colouring. The illusion is gone, the spell is broken, the enchantment has vanished like a splendid vision of the night. In vain we trace the steps of his reasoning, collect his arguments, compare his promises with his conclusions, or analyze the grounds of that pleasure which thrilled us with a delight bordering upon rapture. A vague idea of something excellent and beautiful runs through the mind; of something massive, and great, and overwhelming, like the splendid co-

lumnæ and temples of ancient Rome; but, like these, fallen and decayed; nothing of the picture is left but splendid remains, lying in bright and scattered profusion around us. The only vivid impressions that abide are the tones of his voice and the vehemence of his action; and, on recollecting them, a feeling of regret steals upon the mind, that he had not substituted, in their place, that dignity, and grace, and profound solemnity, and deep humility and reverence, which so much becomes the minister of Heaven, speaking to sinful men, and which so eminently characterized and adorned Robertson, Hunter, and Blair, men whose memories you hold so cheap.

Thomas.—I tell you again, I prefer *orthodoxy* to philosophy, and sound sense to fine-turned periods. As to transient flashes, and brilliancy o' style, and a' the rest o't, I ken naething about, and care less. They do not suit my taste. It is gospel doctrine I want, in whatever way they clothe it; and that's the doctrine they preach, I am told.

John.—Did you ever see the Astronomical Discourses which laid the foundation of Doctor Chalmers's fame?

Thomas.—Astronomical Discourses! No; what has astronomy to do in the pulpit? It is out o' its place there; I wou'd gie them to the Professor o' Astronomy in the College. Naething but Christ, and him crucified, should be in the pulpit. Did any Christians attend them?

John.—Crowds, wha praised them to the skies: and yet, Thomas, I'll venture twa boddles, that if our minister was to gang up and read them, believing them his ain composition, the kirk wou'd soon be empty. I ha'e just a remark or twa mair to mak' on the plan you tell me is proposed, and I ha'e done, as we're near hame. The plan appears to me as bold as presumptuous, upon other grounds than those stated above. It is libelling the patrons o' this country. It is telling the world that they are men *unfaithful* to their trust, and that the gude o' their country, in so far as religion is concerned, is not worth the toss o' a bawbee. Now, Thomas, I put it to yoursel' if this be the character o' our Scotch

patrons in general; gif they are not interested in the welfare o' their country, wha will? Ha'e na they a deep stake in her tranquillity and peace? Are they ignorant that religion and morals are the *two* great bulwarks o' a' gude order and gude government; and is it possible to believe, that a nobleman, with ten thousand acres o' land, will be less disposed to promote his country's weal, than a clergyman wha has naething but his stipend? In the next place, Thomas, I think it mair becoming clergymen to preach from this text, "My son, fear thou the *Lord* and the *King*, and meddle not with them that are given to change," than to engage in any such visionary schemes. Changes ha'e in a' ages been generally sought by *two* classes o' men, infidels and fanatics,—classes antipodes to each other, yet ever found in close union. These ha'e been the great *innovators* in the world. *Enthusiasm* has often been as successful as *infidelity*. Enthusiasm sticks at nothing to carry its point. It sports with detraction, delights in slander, and, reckless of its means, calms the rebukes of conscience wi' this thought, that it is doing God service; whilst a' the time it has naething in view, in its *innovations*, but to leap into the seat o' power, and seize the reins o' government. Infidels lay hold on religion in the gross, and fanatics on those who oppose their dogmas; till, through their mutual and joint efforts, the altar and the throne tumble at their feet.

Thomas.—What views and notions, John, ye tak' o' things! I saw naething but gude in the scheme; and my heart jumped wi' joy at the thought o' ilka parish ha'eing a godly minister. But ye ha'e in this, as in ither things, cleared my een. I see now, at ance, that nae gude can come out o't. If we put siller into the hands o' this Society, we make it patrons o' a' the kirks it buys, and name but its ain partizans will get ane o' them. I warrand ye they'll do as a' ither do, just keep their ain fish-guts to their ain sea-maws; and then what will become o' poor lads, who, through the father's interest wi' their lairds, could get their deserving son into a kirk? And what, too, wou'd become o' their lairds' and pa-

trons' interest in the country? The Society wou'd engross a'; while in the Society itsel' there wou'd be, when a particular kirk or kirks were to be disposed of, as muckle intrigue and management among its leading members as there is within the *conclave* o' CARDINALS, when a vacancy occurs in the *papal* chair. Accept o' my thanks for the *new* light you let in upon me, especially as to the fact, that, gif there be any silly, gude-for-naething body in the kirk, it's no the patron's, but the clergy's fault. Vow, man! that tak's aff a heavy load frae some o' the patrons' backs; and I see it, I see it clear as the light, that the *clergy* are to blame in their Presbyteries, for a' the ill done to the kirk, by their giving license to preachers who are not qualified to preach, and whom Providence never designed should fill a pulpit, but follow a plough-tail; and, finally, John, accept o' my sincere thanks, for pointing out *my folly* in supporting secession, and gi'eing awa' my siller to support a minister, when I can get as gude preaching in my ain parish kirk, and keep my siller in my *pouch* to the bargain, and live, besides, in gude fellowship wi' a' my neighbours. Gif the *scheme* o' parishes buying their ain patronage be a gude ane, we hae't in ours. It cost us a braw penny; and, at the last election, it wasna only likely to set us a' by the ears, but to bring us into a court o' law, like Cadder, and Monkland, and other parishes, wha enjoy the alleged gude which this Society is pretending it will gi'e.—Vain scheme! My *auld* master, wha, ye ken, was an excellent engineer, aye said, it was easy to mak' a fine model; but mony a fine model, when applied, wou'd na work, and was o' nae use: and so, I am sure, wou'd be the fate o' this fine model o' parishes buying their patronage.

John.—The simile was just, as it has been found fatally and experimentally true. There are only about six or seven parishes in Scotland who purchased their right to the patronage in early times, and the result has been, that at almost every new election o' a minister, such has been the heat o' parties, that this right has cost them *thousands* on *thousands* before the election was settled; while a' the

time the Christian *chartlies* and *kindly feelings* in the parish were torn to pieces. Experience, it is said, teaches fools; but there is a kind o' that class

which, goaded on by a restless party-spirit, and the love of power, no experience can teach, or discipline tame.

Isabelle, or the Shryne of Saincte Johne.

ONNE Holie Johne's translation daie,
Toe Beverley the pylgrimmes thronge;
Helpe from hys blessedde bones to prafe,
Or paie theyr vows now promisedde longe.

And whenne atte noone the masse was
sayd,
Yee myghte have seene thatte Abbaie
floore
Wyth dame and knyghte, and youthe
and mayd,
Alle lowlie kneelinge, coveredde o'er.

A thousand orisons werr raysedde,
And manie a golden gift was broughte;
And as the patronne Saincte theie
praisedde,
Faine, welthe, heires, loveres, helthe
theie soughte.

But atte the house of evyn-songe,
Thatte crowde had meltedde alle
awaie,
Save where, before the altar stone,
A hoplesse warriour fetteredde laie.

Hys lipps werr pale, hys cheik was
wanne,
Hys eies wyth fierie madnesse glowe,
And wyldlie laughedde the wretchedde
manne,
Though payne seemmede gravenne onne
hys browe.

And lyche a mother o'er her chylde,
A weepinge damzell o'er hym beat;
A lovelie mayd, though wetherre wylde
And travelle hadde her beautie shent.

And stille shee knelt, and stille shee
praiedde
To Godde and to the goode Saincte
Johne;
Butt, ah! noe succour reachedde the
mayd,
And the crazedde myghte laughedde
wyldlie onne!

And whenne thatte evyn-songe was sunge,
The Abbott askedde thatte ladye fayre
To shewe the fatal cause whych wrunge
The witts of hym laie fetteredde there.

"Of Greystock's nobill lyne," quod shee,
"Mie hapless love, Syrr Henrie, came,
A knyghte confessed bie foes to bea,
Staynlesse, withoutten fair or blame.

"I was, alace! hys destynedde wyfe,
And fondlie hopedde thatte I shoulde
bee
The humbill solace of hys lyfe,
And hee ytts lodestarr untoc mee.

"The daie was neere, the garments
made,
And I, a young dellyghtedde bryde,
Satte undernethe the hazel shade,
Wyth hym who lovedde mee atte mie
syde.

"There fell strange slumberr onne the
knyghte;
I satte and gazedde uponne hys face,
And wyth a stille and calme dellyghte,
Beganne eche lineamente to trace.

"Whenne, lo! upponne hys browe there
broke
The wrinkledde sygne of bitter payne;
And wyth a crie mie love awoke,
And shriekedde aloude, 'Mie braine,
mie braine!'

"And stille, hee sayde, a ladye fayre
Had splitte(alace!) hys skull asunder,
And ta'en hys witts awaie, and bare
Hymselfe to all mens dreade and wonder.

"Inne vaine theie broghte hym leech and
preeste,
Noe prayers noe skille myghte aughte
availe;
Hee ravedde, and inne hys wrathe be-
ganne
Alle thatte werr neere hym to assaile.

"Theie layde hym inne a dismalle celle;
Theie sayde hys witts woulde neere re-
turne;
Theie bad mee take another feere,
Nor longer for Syrr Henrie mourne.

"But, holie father, woman's love,
Whenne purelie, deeplie, trulie givenne,
Inne earthe belows, or Heaven above,
Maie never from her breste bee rivenne.

"I drewe hym from hys lonelie lair,
Ledde hym bie woode and flowerie
feeld,
Hopefull blue skies and freshninge airc
Somme solace to hys braine myghte
yeelde.

"I ledde hym to éche holle shryne,
To everie holie manne renownede;
Prayedde Godde and everie saint divyne,
Butt, ah ! noe succour have I founde.

"Inne vaine to forren shores I sailedde,
To Italie, to France, to Spaine;
Alle prayers, alle intercessions fauledde,
And preestes—naie, popes, have bless-
edde inne vaine !

"Six yearis have perishedde since I herde
The sound of thatte melodious voice,
Those gentill tones, whose lyghteste
worde

Werr wont to make mie herte rejoyce.

"And, bitterer farr, hee knowes mee not,
Mee ! whome hee knews and lovedde
soe well ;

Oh, Marie ! Mother ! whatte a lôtte
Hath fallen onne lockless Isabelle !"

* * * * *

The moone shynes through the wyndowe
nowe,

Wyth saincte and martyr bryghtlie
staynedde ;

And stille before the altar, lo !

The warrior and the mayd re-
maynedde ;

Tille slowlie, as the winde decaies,
Thatte loude, unerthlie laughe grewe
low ;

Lesse restlesse grewe the vacant gaze,
And slumber settledde onne his browe.

Butt sleeplisse stillo, poore Isabelle
Before the altar weepinge knelt ;

Whanne, lo ! a cold, thatte lyche a spelle,
Ranne numbing everie vaine shee felt ;

And now behold besyde her stooode,
With cowl, and frocke, and girdle onne ;
And inne hys hand the holie roode,
The image of the goode Saincte Johne.

"Rejoyce," he said ; "inne Heaven above,
Though prayers of menne and saintes
have fayledde ;

This pure and sile undieing love,
Oh, happie mayden, hath prevayledde !

"The deepe devociions of thie herte,
Thie travelle, toils, are not tinne vaine,
For Heaven atte lengthe hathe ta'en thie
parte
And givonne hym to thie armes agayne :

"The feinde thatte hathe pursuedde soe
longe

Your loves wyth unrelentyng hate,
Noe more shalle doc the warrior wronge,
Butt leave yee to your bleessfull fate."

Thenne wyth the roode hee crossedde hys
browe,

Somme namelesse worde of power hee
spak ;

And ere the mayd myghte marvelle howe
The Saincte was gonne, the youthe
awake !

He gazed uponne her as hee laie,
Butt wyth a mylde and altered looke,
Tille shee, who woe for manie a daie
Hadde borne, noe more coulde silence
brooke.

"Dost knowe mee, Henrie—lorde, love,
lyfe ?"

"Knowe thee !" cried hee, "I knowe
thee well,

Art nott mie lovehe bryde ? mie wyfe ?
My joye of joyes ? mie Isabelle ?

* * * * *

Whatte needeth more ? hys father's halle,
Hys lands hee gamedde wythoutten
strife ;

And whatte was more thanne worthe
theme alle,

A lovyng and devotedde wyfe !

And whenne theie searchedde the land
arounde,

(Soe manie a laye and legends tell,)

The braveste knyghte was Henrie founde,
The happiest wyfe younge Isabelle !

G. B.

THE STEAM-YACHT.

No. II.

"On looking over the concluding words of my remarks on "The Doctor's story," I find that I have, in all probability, prepared for my readers a disappointment similar to that which I myself experienced when the benevolent physician quitted the Steam-yacht at Scarborough, where he was detained by an old friend, whom he unexpectedly encountered on the beach, and whom, as he informed

me, he had not seen for many years. We parted with some reluctance on his side, and much regret on mine, for in his conversation and society I found a charm of peculiar interest ; but we were ultimately bound for the same port, and exchanged sincere promises to renew our friendship. Here, also, the invalid in whose indisposition that pleasing incident had originated, left the yacht, not

being able longer to endure its monotonous and fatiguing motion in the water. I assisted her husband in their disembarkation, and was assailed by earnest entreaties, both from him and from the Doctor, to remain with them at this scene of gaiety ; but although my inclination pleaded more strongly than either, I resisted ; and not willing to expose my resolution to a long trial, from a conviction of its weakness, I bade them a hasty adieu, quitted the hotel, and ran without stopping to the sea-side, jumped into the boat, and in a few minutes was on the deck of the vessel, endeavouring to drown my sensations of regret in the beauties of " *Childe Harold*."

Among the most prominent of the feelings of vexation with which I saw myself thus deprived of a companion, who I had fancied would have rendered the whole passage to me a time of pleasure and instruction, to be looked back on as a red-letter day in the book of life, was the recollection how improbable it seemed that I should attain the sequel of a tale which had so forcibly interested me. But how little can we foresee the chances of futurity, and, in our ignorance, how easily is the remembrance of past blessings and enjoyments, that came upon us like the bright gleams of the sun in winter, most valuable, because unexpected, effaced when the slightest impediment is thrown in the way, even of our slightest wishes ! I will own, that the ill-humour with which I threw myself on one of the benches, and exclaimed, "'Tis very provoking," discovered that the disappointment should be complete ; but it was not thus to be. A fortunate, and most unlooked-for train of circumstances, brought me to the knowledge of all I so much wished to hear, and, after a few words " of mine own self," they shall be communicated to my readers.

On my return, I became for many weeks the plodding lawyer, immersed in parchments many years older than the eyes that decyphered them. I spent days in considering causes in which my mind refused to take any interest, and read page after page of information, that could serve no other purpose but to display the deceit and

knavery of men towards their fellow-creatures, and of which gentlemen of our profession are so happy to take advantage. But it will be said, to what purpose was I allowing myself to take these views of a profession on which I had voluntarily entered ? Alas ! in my younger days I had looked only on the brighter side of the picture. I had read the works of Blackstone with intense and enthusiastic interest ; I had even stolen a visit to Oxford, (a place detested by my father, from a prejudiced account given him of the levity of manners permitted there,) merely to gaze on the statue of that great lawyer in New College, and viewed it with the same feelings that an artist would experience on beholding the *Apollo Belvidere*. In the brilliant eloquence which our courts sometimes display, I had drank still deeper draughts of that ambition to become an ornament and support to the legislation of my country ; and, in short, on all the well-earned fame, and the honourable distinction to be acquired at the bar, I had dwelt till I could form no other hope or plan for futurity than the single one of being a lawyer. My father had anxiously desired that his only son should be a teacher of the religion he so fondly, so truly revered. My dear mother's wishes were ever in unison with his, and often did she hold up to me the piety and the unaffected simplicity of that shepherd of an admiring flock, our village-pastor. But my mind, or rather my fancy, had received a bias which nothing but experience could remove. I own, however, that impression was removed sooner even than I willingly allowed in my own mind ; but, for some years, the pride of abiding by my choice dazzled me, and I fancied the dirty drudgery of the commencement of my profession would soon be conquered, and I should regain that admiration of my prospects which had once cheered and enlivened me. Ere this feeling had entirely subsided, Custom began to assert her influence ; I had formed several estimable and highly-prized acquaintances, in whose studies and advancement I became warmly interested, while they repaid me with equal kindness. My parents had

gone down to the grave, reconciled, and indeed rejoicing, in the choice I had made. My profits, too, began to increase, and having no other earthly tie than one beloved and adoring sister, and a maiden aunt, I have given up all thoughts of changing my course of life; and though not necessary to my independence, my profession forms a comfortable addition to the fortune left me by my father. When tired of my dusky, dirty chambers, I mount my horse and gallop to Woodside cottage, where I am hailed with the welcome of cordial kindness by my worthy aunt, and with affectionate delight by my sweet playful Caroline, who is to me as the oasis of verdure and beauty in the desert of life. A misplaced, but I can proudly say, not indulged affection, for one who has committed her faults to the judgment of an Almighty tribunal, prevents my ever forming a wish to call another by the endearing name of wife; and therefore do I prize, with a miser's care, the innocent beauty, the sportive guilelessness of my sister Caroline. With unbounded cheerfulness, she combines that quick sensibility which, at a word of seriousness from me, a recalling thought of the parents she has lost, or the perusal of a melancholy truth, will make her laughing blue eye glisten with a tear as bright and as transient as the dew-drop on the blade, which shines a moment, and is drunk by the sun's beam in the next; but my sister is yet sufficiently unfashionable not to weep at fictitious sorrows, save where the resemblance to real life induces the belief, that, although embellished by the author's taste, the incidents are "things that have been and shall be again." This is the sweetening drop of the cup which makes all the bitter to be forgotten in its delicious power,—this the gem that shines like the diamond amidst the rubbish of the mine. And now, at my return from her beloved Scotland, the land on which her mind so often dwelt with the charming enthusiasm of inexperienced imagination, I was obliged to forego her society for another month, and seclude myself in my chambers amidst dust and law-books. But the month flew by like all its predecessors. The con-

cluding day was Saturday. Bright, soft, and blue, was the tint of the autumnal sky that shone over my head, as I drew my breath, with thankful pleasure, on "quitting the crowded streets of that leviathan, "London," and found myself again in the country. Well may it be called the region of poetry, and well might that genius (whose meteor light gleamed on us for a moment, and is now forever quenched) look back to the years when he roamed over the mountain and the flood, when his cap was the bonnet, his cloak was the plaid, as to scenes and times when he drew his first inspirations. But I believe all these, and many more wise reflections, with which I could amuse my readers, are the offspring of after reflection, and were unnoticed in this afternoon's hasty ride, or superseded by the dear expectation within. Never did the way seem so long; but it had an end, and as I alighted from my horse, at the door of my own home, I felt an encircling arm, and turning, saw my sister all smiles and tears at my side.

The pleasure of seeing her engrossed me so entirely, that when she led me into the library to my good aunt, I did not, till after receiving an affectionate salute from the latter, perceive that they were not alone, and that a young lady had risen from the piano, and was now modestly leaving the room. "Well, if you will go," said my sister to her, "I cannot help it; but although my brother has yet neither eyes nor ears for any one but aunt Frances and his happy Caroline, he will be all politeness by and by." I was going to apologise, but had not time, for shaking her head at the saucy girl, and with a deep blush, the stranger retired. "And pray, my dear aunt, who is this?" said I, as I drew a chair close to her's, and my sister sat down on an ottoman at my feet, caressing my favourite dog. "A new acquaintance of my darling's," she answered; "her name is Templeton, and she is near being married to our rector, Mr Townsend." "Templeton!" I eagerly repeated. "Are her parents living?" "No, she has none, dear Charles," said my sister, and a tear stole down her cheek; "her father she has never

known, and her mother died many years ago, when Mary was almost an infant." "How singular!" I exclaimed. "Does she know Dr B. of London?" "Very well," was the answer of my aunt, with a tone of surprise; "why do you ask?" "Because, my dear aunt, an accident introduced him to me on my passage homewards, and one of the principal subjects of our conversation was the history of this young lady, or rather of her mother. We parted unexpectedly, and I heard not what I had anxiously hoped to learn from him; but if Mrs Templeton's child be an inmate of this house, perhaps my curiosity may be gratified." "No, not from that source," said my aunt; "Mary is a girl of deep feeling, and avoids all hints and allusions to her mother's story, with peculiar care. It is from our good friend Mr Townsend (to whom she is in a few weeks to be united) that we have learnt all the little we know. But I have yet a hope for you. With your consent, I have agreed that Caroline shall be her bridesmaid, and accompany her to 'The Elms,' (the seat of her earliest and best friends, Mr and Mrs Weston,) where she is to be married. Mr Weston is at this time on a visit to Mr Townsend, and will, of course, be introduced to you. He is extremely partial to that dear child at your feet, and she has said so much of you to him, that he is very anxious to see you. In short, what I mean by all this is, that you will probably attend the girls to 'The Elms,' and from Mrs Weston can learn all you wish to know." "Very well settled, my good aunt; and now, Caroline, let us join your young friend in the shrubbery."

I found Mary Templeton a pleasing and intelligent companion; her mind was well stored with useful information, and with no small share of the ornamental; but she would sometimes trifle away her reasoning powers upon subjects beneath her attention, and was not exempt from many of the little weaknesses and vanities which, in her more serious moments, when she exerted her naturally powerful abilities, would have seemed inadmissible to the consideration of one so fitted to soar above them. Mary Templeton, with all her uncommon

endowments, was yet too frequently the mere woman. A quickness of temper, perhaps natural, had been fostered by the partially indulgent kindness of her early friends, and induced a slight shade of the positive into her composition; but her heart was too affectionate not to be deeply sensible of her error, when, by any warmth or hastiness, she had wounded one she loved. She was not pretty, but her features were animated and expressive, and Mr Townsend seemed to consider her as quite perfect. Nor could even I blame him, although more alive to the shades of the portrait; for that affection of heart which I have before named was so strongly and gratefully returned for any kindnesses he received, that, though I have frequently reprov'd the pleasure with which she would speak of a piece of dress, or the performance of a page of music, as excelling those of any of her female companions, my vexation melted in a moment before the humility and gratitude of her eye-beam, as she acknowledged her folly, and thanked me for my advice. She was evidently much attached to Mr Townsend, though at times a trembling apprehension seemed to cross her mind, and send a cloud of melancholy sadness over her brow; but at his approach it vanished, and I fancied her determining to hope that her fears were vain. She seemed much astonished, if, by any inadvertency, I alluded to her mother, and never encouraged any conversation on the subject. To Mr Weston (with whom I was at home immediately) she shewed the fondest respect and attention, and repaid the admiring affection of my sister with equal warmth and interest.

As my aunt had predicted, I found myself obliged to join the wedding party, from the pressing invitation of Mr Weston; and after a pleasant three week's enjoyment of the beauties of Woodside, we set off for 'The Elms.' Dr B. had so fully prepared me by his description, that I could scarcely fancy the scene new to me, and returned the kind shake of the hand, with which Mrs Weston welcomed us, as if I had known her for years. Yet it occurs to me that the mansion itself has been only slightly mentioned in the physician's narrative,

and therefore, perhaps, a more detailed account of it may not displease my readers, as I had full time to enjoy and observe its many interesting attractions, during a stay which (as will be seen) was protracted beyond my first intention. Although it has been called one of Elizabeth's reign, it was in reality founded in that of her father; but the imperfect style of architecture, then common in England, could produce no structure that is worthy of being called the foundation of this beautiful edifice. Little of its original design was, therefore, permitted to remain by those improvers of English taste, Webb and Inigo Jones, by whose direction it underwent a great, nay, almost complete alteration. The elegant taste of a late proprietor, whose scientific memory retained all the most beautiful models of Italy, observed during his travels in that school of the arts, and on his return assisted him to embellish this ancient seat of his family, has produced some modern improvements seldom equalled in classical taste. Much fine tapestry, and many valuable paintings, adorn the rooms; and the perfection to which Mrs Weston has herself attained in that delightful art of painting, has enriched the apartments with copies from the most celebrated masters of antiquity, scarcely to be distinguished from the originals. Among the objects that recal past ages to the mind, in this interesting place, is a large saloon, which was built in honour of that tyrannical court of Charles I., the name of which it still retains—The Star Chamber. The wainscot of the room is divided into small pannels, (originally of azure blue, but now of white,) in each of which is a small gold star, and, when well lighted, it has a brilliant effect. There is also a small but exquisitely beautiful chapel. The stalls are of rich old oak of the highest polish, and finely carved. The pavement in the higher part beneath the altar is of coloured marbles and mosaic, and the stained glass of the windows (which is of extraordinary beauty) sheds a mellow, obscure light on the whole, irresistibly inclining the soul to devotion and awe. Within this chapel is enclosed a smaller recess, which contains, perhaps, the finest monument existing.

It is very large, and entirely of the purest Parian marble. On it is the figure of an ancestor of the Weston family, in his robes as Speaker of the House of Commons; and it is scarcely in the power of language to convey an adequate idea of the matchless workmanship with which the figure, as well as pillow and mat are executed. The sculptor was Banks, and the design from a picture painted by Vandyck, still in the mansion. The pattern of the lace which adorns the frill and ruffles is traced by the chisel with the exactness of the loom. The pillow swells in all that downy softness that would almost persuade you to try if it will yield to the pressure of the touch, and the hand, with its blue veins, and almost moving fingers, is stretched out as if inviting your grasp.

I, who am naturally romantic, could have lingered the whole day in a place so full of interest, and, notwithstanding all my venerating love of our own pure religion, I could not avoid fancying the pomp and splendour with which the worship of the Catholic Church would have adorned this sweet sanctuary. In imagination, I saw the train of priests, the incense, the scattered flowers,—heard the choral voices of the nuns responding to the swells of the organ,—and at last ran out of the chapel, laughing at my own folly, and joined my sister and Mary in the drawing-room, of which the splendid hangings, of rich crimson, white and gold damask, brought back my wandering thoughts to modern times. The grounds are not very extensive, but they are so profusely ornamented with those beauties of Nature—the oak that has stood for centuries, the beech nearly a rival, and every description of trees in their fullest perfection and luxuriance—that nothing seems wanting. A pretty piece of water emerges from a beautiful wood on one side, and crossing the lawn immediately in front of the house, is formed into a reservoir at the other. The gardens are good, though not spacious, and watered by a branch of the same stream; and near them stands a building, called, indeed, a Pigeon-house, but forming a principal beauty in the prospect, from the elegance of its design, and its singularity. In short,

whether in the interior splendour or the exterior simplicity, 'The Elms' is one of those ornaments to England which are rarely met with, and therefore deserving of a description which might otherwise appear tedious and uninteresting.

Before the marriage, all parties were so occupied, that I could find no time to speak on the subject I most wished, nor was it even alluded to, excepting once that I had (as I usually did every morning,) strolled into the picture-gallery, and was dwelling with admiration on the portrait of a nun, or rather of a beautiful young creature, the daughter of a noble ancestor, who, for a frolic, was painted in that habit, as of the order of St. Catherine. The painter and the painted had both in vain attempted to assimilate the archness of the eye, and the dimpling smiles of the mouth, to the solemnity of the vestments; yet the endeavour to be grave had thrown a pensive softness over the whole, and made it inexpressibly beautiful. The longer I looked at it, the more I thought I perceived a faint, but-highly flattering resemblance to Miss Templeton, and appealed to Mrs Weston, who was near me, whether the idea were original. "You flatter Mary very much by the supposition," she replied; "yet it is highly probable, as that picture is an exact resemblance of her mother, who was very lovely." She sighed, and we were joined at this moment by Mary and Caroline, so the conversation dropped.

On the morning of that-day-week, when we had first arrived at "The Elms," Miss Templeton gave her hand to Mr Townsend, at the village church. When I took my seat in the carriage between her and Mrs Weston, I found her pale as death, and sobbing convulsively: "A poor compliment you will think this to her intended husband," said Mrs W. in a trembling voice; "but poor Mary has some causes of anxiety seldom known to those so young;" and as Miss Templeton leaned her head from the window, as if to support her from fainting, she added, in a low murmur, "She will kneel to-day at the altar not ten paces from a mother's grave, and the clergyman who performs the ceremony attended that

mother in her last sacrament." I was silent, and Mary understood my silence, and putting her hand into mine, whispered, "God bless you!" On entering the small neat church, her eye fell on that part of the aisle immediately below the reading-desk, and she trembled; but observing Mr Townsend's before-happy countenance mournfully watching her, she smiled sweetly on him, and, with renewed composure, took her seat at the altar. The pious and amiable village-curate gazed on her with fond interest, and, after the ceremony, was the first to imprint a kiss on her varying cheek. From the church-door the young couple set off for a tour on the Continent, which was to occupy three months, after which we were to be near neighbours, much to the satisfaction of all parties. It had been my intention to have returned with them to London, but they pleaded with so earnest and affectionate a warmth for Caroline's society during their trip, and the gipsy was herself so anxious to see something of a foreign country, that her eagerness, combined with the knowledge of the improvement she would derive in the society of an intelligent and accomplished woman, prevailed over my reluctance to part with her, and, with a full heart, I bade her farewell. Her tears also flowed abundantly as she entered the carriage; but I laughed at them for their folly, and had the pleasure of seeing the rainbow of a smile disperse the clouds on their faces ere the carriage drove off.

Mrs Weston now kindly urged my remaining at least a few days with them, and I cheerfully consented. "You will find 'The Elms' dull after the departure of our young friends," she observed, as we re-entered the gate; "but the society of some fair ladies is always at my command, and we will endeavour to make our old house as lively as possible." "Believe me, madam," I answered, "in accepting your kind invitation, my principal wish is to enjoy your society; nor will you wonder at my prizing it highly, when I tell you that a fortunate incident led to my introduction to Dr B., from whom I have heard the account of the death of your Mary's mother. He

promised me her former history, but I was unexpectedly disappointed." "It is a melancholy tale, my dear Sir," said she, sighing; "but you have shown so kind an interest for our dear child, that I can have no hesitation in confiding it to you. I could not, however, trust my own feelings with repeating it, but I will give you a small MS. which I penned on Mary's account, and which you are, if you please, at liberty to copy. This shall be your's when you leave us, but, in the mean time, excuse me if I request that Mrs Templeton be not a subject of conversation between us. You will think little of my strength of mind, but I can scarcely bear an allusion to her." I acceded, of course, to what she required, with gratitude and respect; and the few days I passed in the society of this inestimable woman imprinted on my mind so vivid a sense of her excellencies, that to secure her friendship for my sister was the first wish of my heart. I am aware, that, were I to describe all that Mrs Weston truly is, a sceptical world, accustomed to the gloss of fashionable exaggeration, would turn with the sneer of incredulity from the portrait; but to those who, like myself, have the happiness of being acquainted with her, the impossibility of doing justice to her many perfections will be fully evident. With repeated charges not to permit Mrs Townsend to visit 'The Elms' unaccompanied by my sister, and positive injunctions from Mr Weston to return in the winter, and join his hunting-parties, (an amusement of which he is passionately fond,) I at last reluctantly quitted their hospitable roof, and went to enliven a little of the solitude of my good aunt Frances. I found her losing all regret for the departure of her favourite, partly in the rearing a fine brood of partridges which the gardener had brought her, and partly in the pleasure of a letter she had received from Caroline, which spoke in terms of rapturous delight of the novelty and fascinations of her trip. We therefore resolved to be happy in her happiness, and followed on the map the route of our darling traveller. In the evening, instead of reading to the good old lady as usual, I amused her with

the Doctor's story, and this, of course made her very anxious for the sequel, and therefore, on the following evening, as she seated herself at her work-table, and commenced her knitting, I took Mrs Weston's MS. from my pocket, and read as follows:

Mrs Templeton's History.

The mother of Mrs Templeton was early distinguished among her companions by her extreme beauty, for when surrounded, even by those who were otherwise called handsome, Constance Stapleton still was as pre-eminently lovely as the rose among the flowers of the garden. Her parents, who were in a respectable and opulent trade, fondly hoped that one fitted to place this rose in an exalted station would sue for her hand; nor were they disappointed. Disparity of fortune seemed forgotten. Rank, wealth, and dignity, courted the acceptance of Constance; but all were disregarded, all refused; for a young man, then only preparing to enter the comparatively-humble station of a merchant, had gained her affection; but her dread of her father prevented her disclosing the secret of her heart. Mr Stapleton was angry at his daughter's apparent insensibility to the advantages offered to her, and determined to find out the cause; and, by the jealousy of an elder sister, (who had at first imagined herself the object of Henry Murray's attentions,) he was made acquainted with their passion. Nothing could equal his rage at the disclosure. He threatened his daughter with all the consequences of his eternal displeasure, if she persisted in her attachment,—insulted Henry in the grossest manner,—and prevailed on his master to send him to London, that he might have no chance of meeting with Constance. But he knew not the strength of her affection, and how fatal had been his former indulgence to her. High-spirited and passionate, she had never been used to control. From infancy she had been the declared darling of her father, and her love, on which her whole heart dwelt with all the fervour and all the purity of a maiden tenderness, was the first subject on which she had encountered opposition. But of this she thought not. She had become ac-

quainted with a young lady who resided with her aunt in Essex, and to her she contrived to convey an account of the disclosure of her attachment, and her father's anger, at the same time entrusting her with a letter to Henry. Miss Selwyn, with all

the fervour of female romance, pitied and assisted her; and ere many weeks elapsed, Constance Stapleton quitted her father's house, found her sympathizing friend, and was united by special licence to her lover.

Nov. 23. 1824.

L. A.

(*To be continued.*)

Stanzas.

(*From the Arabic.*)

MY soul thrice left its little bark
In quest of happiness,
But, like the dove, back to its ark
It came, and found no bliss;
But when it fondly perch'd on thee
It rested on the olive tree.
And there it wove its shelter'd nest,
Amid the foliage fair,
And still it warm'd its happy breast,
Reclining blissful there:

For from abode so bright and gay
It ne'er could dream to fly away.

And there it nestles day and night,
In an eternal spring;
No other home hath charms so bright,
To lure its faithful wing;
For ever in that lovely tree
Its sweet abiding place shall be.

DELTA.

LIZARS' SYSTEM OF ANATOMICAL PLATES.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may prevail as to the certainty and importance of the science of Medicine, there can be none, we should suppose, in regard to that of Surgery, which is founded on observation and experiment. By his prescriptions, the Physician has it almost always in his power to mitigate acute pain, and he may sometimes succeed in arresting the progress of disease, even when seated in organs which the hand of an operator cannot reach; but as he has often no other guide than a sort of conjectural reasoning on manifestations or symptoms, susceptible of every variety of modification from the operation of latent causes, his practice must be liable to great uncertainty, and must often depend for its success rather on the natural sagacity of the practitioner, than on any fixed rules of general application. Fortunately for society, the Surgeon is not thus condemned to grope in the dark. *His* practice is, or at least ought to be, grounded on the most accurate and minute knowledge of the structure of the human body, and the functions of its different organs, both in the healthy and diseased state; he is seldom or never reduced to the necessity of trusting

to vague and doubtful conclusions, deduced from variable and uncertain data; the rules by which he is to be guided in repairing the accidental injuries to which different parts of the body are liable, and extirpating portions which have become the seats of incurable disease, rest on the most secure basis—that of demonstration: and hence, with the *Vis medicatrix Naturæ* as his great auxiliary, and with a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of that wonderful machine, which it is his object to restore to health and vigour, the knife of the Surgeon becomes the instrument by which we are relieved from some of the most dreadful diseases “which flesh is heir to.”

But we have assumed, that successful practice depends upon accurate science, which, again, is only attainable by means of frequent dissections and demonstrations. But how can dissections be prosecuted, or demonstrations given, without subjects? And how can subjects, in sufficient number for the purposes of anatomical instruction, be procured, when the Judges, the Magistrates, and the people of this country, seem confederated in one grand conspiracy against the study of anatomy? It is

perfectly undeniable that this is the fact; nay, more, that the rude but natural prejudices of the mob have been adopted and acted upon by those who should have endeavoured to restrain them; that the public journals, ever ready to re-echo the predominant feeling, be it good or evil, have pandered to the vulgar appetite for the horrible, by dragging forth the secrets of the dissecting-room; and that the teachers of anatomy have been held up to execration for countenancing a practice, branded as a crime by some ancient and barbarous laws, and rendered necessary solely by the shameful neglect of the civil authorities to provide the means for prosecuting a branch of study in which the whole community is deeply interested. This inattention, conjoined with the disproportionate severity exercised towards those who are from time to time detected in supplying the dissecting-room with subjects in the only way in which it can at present be supplied, has already been productive of consequences which, we should imagine, must speedily call for some interposition on the part of those who have the power, if they had the inclination, to remedy the evil. To say nothing of the danger to the community at large, which must ultimately arise from ignorant or ill-qualified persons being suffered to practise as Surgeons, it is notorious to all the world, that the Medical School of Edinburgh, not long since the first in the world, has fallen from its high and palmy state; that many young men, after enrolling themselves as students, and discovering, that, notwithstanding the well-earned celebrity of the teachers, they were precluded from acquiring any real practical knowledge of anatomy, have abandoned this once famous school, and repaired to Dublin or Paris; that several teachers have been compelled to discontinue their lectures for want of subjects; while others have been so inadequately supplied, that though they contrived to get through their course, it was with no satisfaction to themselves, and little benefit to their pupils. We wonder that a feeling of national pride does not stir up the sluggish spirits of those who are either too prejudiced,

too ignorant, or too narrow-minded, to be moved by any considerations of public utility, or love for science. We wonder that the vital interests of a great and hitherto-renowned institution do not attract a ~~few~~ ^{large} proportion of attention from its otherwise liberal patrons. We wonder that mere pecuniary benefit does not come in aid or instead of motives of a higher and more enlightened character. Hitherto, we may almost venture to assert, that the English, Irish, and French Schools of Anatomy, have produced nothing in the aggregate to rival the works of Monro, Innes, John Bell, Charles Bell, Burns, Barclay, Thomson, Wardrope, &c. &c.; and is the fame of these men to be sacrificed to the Gothic prejudices of the rabble, fostered, as they have unhappily been, by those who should have known better, and shown themselves superior to such degrading influence? Are our lives and limbs to be placed at the mercy of mere carvers of living human flesh, because certain big-wigs, learned in the laws of a comparatively barbarous age, but centuries behind the science and information of their own, occasionally discourse, in good set terms, of the *crimen violati sepulchri*—a crime (since that must be the word) which the law itself has created, and rendered necessary? We mean no insult to the unsophisticated feelings of human nature; we respect these feelings as much as we despise the bigotry and prejudice so frequently engrafted upon them; and it is precisely because we entertain such sentiments, that we think some interference on the part of the Legislature absolutely indispensable, to save the country from the evils with which it is at present threatened, and to prevent the Anatomical Schools of this country from being utterly deserted.

In the actual state of the science, the splendid work of Mr Lizars has most opportunely appeared, and, unquestionably, as far as Art can supply the place of Nature, the profession, particularly the younger branches of it, are greatly indebted to the author, and we think they have done themselves infinite honour by the flattering reception they have given to the work. It is published in Numbers; each containing from

eight to ten plates, folio size, accompanied by a clear, succinct, and accurate description, in octavo, for the extremely moderate price of half-a-guinea. The plates are engraved from drawings taken from dissections made for purpose, and combine the most painful and elaborate fidelity with great beauty and elegance of execution. The importance of such a work is self-evident, while its cheapness brings it within the reach of every one. To the student it must prove an invaluable treasure; to the country practitioner, called upon to perform an operation, an useful remembrancer and guide. *Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.*

We have been favoured with a view of the plates of the brain, (not yet published), and we can safely say, that, highly as we think of the specimens already in the hands of

the public, we consider these as greatly superior, if not in accuracy, at least in the delicacy, beauty, and general style of the execution, and that, as mere engravings, independently of all merit in a scientific point of view, they reflect credit on the state of the arts in Scotland, and do infinite honour to the ingenious artist by whom they are executed.

In a word, if we may, without presumption, venture to recommend a work, whose character has already, in some measure, been stamped by the reception it has met with on the part of the profession in general, and from none more cordially than some of its brightest ornaments, we would say, that it is a work which every medical man ought to possess, and which, on examination, will be found to warrant all that we have now said in its favour.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ORIGIN, DESIGN, AND PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

THE origin of Music, it is probable, is coeval with that of man. The first parent of the human race, we are to presume, was created with all his organs and faculties in a state of the greatest perfection of which his nature was capable; and although it is impossible now to ascertain the language spoken by Adam, we may conclude that he did not converse with Eve in dumb-show. It is, at the same time, very natural to conceive, that the first use to which he would apply the organs of sound wherewith he was endowed would be in expressions of gratitude to that Omnipotent and Beneficent Being by whom that gift was bestowed, and from whose hands he received all the various delights and beauties of Nature with which he was surrounded, and of which he found himself possessed.

When we are under the immediate influence of any powerful emotion, whether it be joy or grief, exultation, or depression, the human voice involuntarily assumes certain degrees of modulation, very different from its natural tones in common conversation. Our first parent, doubtless, devoted a large portion of his time to the exercise of praise and prayer to his Maker; and it were not surpris-

ing, if, at those seasons, the tones of his voice should, to his own perception, assume certain cadences and vibrations, more approximate to melody, and more pleasing to his own ear than usual, without his defining, or perhaps adverting to the cause. The aptitude of receiving pleasing impressions from melodious sounds is inherent in man. Could Adam, then, in blissful Eden, without one discordant thought in his pure bosom, his whole soul attuned to harmony and love, fail to receive such impressions from the mellifluous and varied warblings of the feathered songsters around him, undisturbed and unviolated by any jarring sound? In the stillness of evening, too, when the choristers of the wood had ceased, the gentle airs of Heaven breathing through the grove in wild and soothing undulations, might seem to him as if the trees of the forest were taking up the song of praise to Him at whose word they rose into being.

Man is, by nature, an imitative animal; it is, therefore, not unreasonable to suppose that Adam might, with his voice, attempt an imitation of some of those sounds, from which he must, no doubt, have derived so much delight; and, pleased with the success of his endeavours, with a

mind so constituted as we may imagine his to have been, and so pregnant with devout thoughts, might it not, with equal probability, have occurred to him to adapt some of the crude melodies, which his fancy may have conceived, to the words of his orisons, and thus, in the overflowings of his pious heart, breathe them forth as a more acceptable offering to the Deity?

I have thus submitted an hypothesis on the *original conception* and *design* of simple melody, which, deducing the argument from the immutable relation between cause and effect, would appear to be not inconsistent with reason.

We may be pretty well assured, that it was not till a long lapse of years after this era that any *artificial* means were thought of being resorted to, for producing music or melody, and much longer before mankind discovered the pleasing effect of certain *combinations* of simple sounds, distinguished afterwards by the name of *harmony*. For although it might so happen, that, where several voices were singing together, two different but *concordant* notes should have been accidentally struck together, which, by analogy, we may conceive might affect the ear in a singular and agreeable manner; yet it would, in all probability, pass altogether unheeded, or at least without any attempt being made to investigate the *cause* of this effect, much less to improve upon it. Besides, when several persons were assembled together, for the purpose of singing praises to God, or on any other occasion, it is more natural to conclude, in this stage of Art's infancy, that each would be previously instructed to join *in unison*.

In process of time, however, after the lapse of a few centuries, we find music making some progress as an art. It is in the Mosaic writings that we must look for the earliest records that are extant on the subject. We there find that the use of instruments of music had their origin with *Jubal*, who was in the eighth degree of descent from Adam, and who lived about five hundred years before the Flood; for he is said to be "the father of such as handle the harp and organ." We are not thence to infer,

literally, that this was confined to his own immediate descendants, but that he was the *father of the art*, or, in other words, the original inventor of such instruments. These were, at first, unquestionably, very crude and imperfect, and of the most simple construction; the *harp*, in all probability, nothing more than a few strings, composed of the same materials as those they would have occasion to use in constructing their tents, their only habitations; probably the intestines and cartilaginous parts of animals, or even their skins cut into shreds, twisted and prepared for the purpose, and fixed with different degrees of tension, on a wooden frame no less simple; for, though Tubal Cain, Jubal's half-brother, "was an instructor of artificers in brass and iron," it is scarcely to be supposed he had arrived at the art of drawing these metals into *wire*; while the *organ* might consist of a series of *tibia*, or reeds, of unequal lengths, fastened together, having some resemblance to the pipe of Pan, now used occasionally; for such an idea might have suggested itself to Jubal by the most natural and obvious analogy, on observing the sound caused by the wind blowing diagonally on the open end of a tube.

I have supposed the first attempts at music, or melody, to have had their birth in a spirit of devotion, and consequently that the earliest design and application of it were directed exclusively to that exalted object. In after ages, however, when men began to forget their origin, and give their hearts and minds more to sublunary objects and the pleasures of sense, the *design* of music became, by degrees, subservient to this change, and the music itself, in consequence, more varied and complicated in its character and style. In the days of the Jewish monarchs, and a thousand years before the Christian era, it seems to have been used in the celebration of victories, in dances, and on all occasions of mirth and rejoicing; and not, improbably, also, on those of grief and lamentation: even centuries earlier, on the memorable and final overthrow of the Egyptians at the Red Sea, we are told that "Miriam the Pro-

phetess, the sister of Aaron took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with *harp*s," &c. And at a period so remote as seventeen centuries before Christ, Laban reproving Jacob for stealing away from him in a clandestine manner, says, "Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with *mirth* and with *songs*, and with *tabret*, and with *harp*?" On the occasion of David's conquest of Goliath, it is related that "The women came out of all the cities of Israel, *singing* and *dancing*, to meet King Saul, with *tabrets* and with *joy*, and with *instruments of music*." And some years afterwards, on the recovery of the Ark of the Covenant by the Israelites, to them a cause of the utmost rejoicing, "King David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord, on all manner of *instruments, made of fir-wood*, even on *harp*s, and on *psalteries*, and on *timbrels*, and on *cornets*, and on *cymbals*." The powerful and salutary influence of music on the human mind appears to have been discovered at a very early period. A striking example of this is recorded of Saul: in the perturbed and wretched state of his mind, after it was communicated to him, by divine mission, that his kingdom would depart from him, it was recommended to that restless and vacillating Prince "to seek out a man that was a cunning player on the *harp*." David, then a youth, was chosen for this charitable office; and we are told, that, "when the evil spirit was upon Saul, David took a *harp* and played with his hand, and Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

That music among the Jews of old, and no doubt also among other Eastern nations, formed a material appendage to their feasts and revels, is evident, from an observation of Isaiah, who was cotemporary with Hezekiah King of Juda, seven hundred years before the time of our Saviour: in exclaiming against the idolatries of the people of Jerusalem, he says, "The *harp*, and the *viol*, and the *tabret*, and the *pipe*, and

wine, are in their *feasts*; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operations of his hands." And there can be little doubt that this custom has continued to prevail, more or less, throughout all succeeding generations, and in all communities, down to the present time.

It is probable, that, during the reign of David, by his encouragement and example, music, and the construction of musical instruments, were brought to a comparative state of improvement*, in which they possibly remained, or at least beyond which they made few advances for many successive ages; and this appears to have been in a degree by no means contemptible; for he, more than once, makes mention of "*instruments of ten strings*," which constitute a scale susceptible of an almost infinite variety of modulations and inflections, and within the compass of which are comprehended most of our finest church melodies.

The pursuits of war must always be extremely adverse to the culture of the fine arts. How much, soever, music may have been found a useful auxiliary or stimulus in the field, at such times it could not be supposed then to make rapid advances in *improvement*. In the iron ages, when a certain savage ferocity of character was held, in some degree, an accomplishment—when the sole, or at least the primary object of man's ambition was to excel in martial exploits, the nurture of music was not to be looked for; it was in the bosom of peace that this delightful art would find a genial soil; there, and there only, would it expand and bloom in glowing luxuriance. For this reason, it may have continued in the same uniform state of disregard and neglect, from the time of the psalmist down to the subversion of the Roman empire; at least if any attempts were made towards its practical improvement as an art, as society became more polished and enlightened, it is not probable that any ideas were entertained of its being reducible to a *science*, till long after the period I have mentioned.

It must, however, be admitted,

* See 1 Chronicles, xv. and 16.

that the warlike states of Greece and Rome exhibited an exception to the axiom above stated; they seem to have acted upon a more enlarged and enlightened principle; their wars were not, in general, those of extermination, nor prosecuted for fighting's sake; and in the zenith of their power, they aimed less at conquest than they did at securing from foreign inroad what they had already acquired. Hence, though a nation of soldiers, they were not unmindful of the arts of peace. They directed their attention in an especial manner to agriculture, which they considered not only useful, but honourable; some of the fine arts too were cultivated, nay, brought to the highest state of perfection, by these warlike nations—those of painting, and particularly sculpture. This may be partly ascribed to the enthusiastic degree of veneration in which they held the many and multifarious deities in their mythology, who, as they vainly imagined, ruled their destinies, and could propitiate or frustrate all their schemes and enterprises; to these, therefore, they naturally paid the highest honours: they accordingly erected and dedicated to their gods magnificent temples, which they spared neither pains nor cost to adorn with paintings and statuary, symbolical of their respective functions, in the execution of which their best artists would no doubt emulate each other in their endeavours to represent their divinities to the greatest perfection, clothed in all those external attributes of beauty, grace, and symmetry of form, wherewith their glowing imaginations had endowed them. But the art of music had not the same powerful stimulant to its encouragement, and for this reason it remained comparatively much in the shade, though it does not appear to have been altogether neglected. In the Greek and Roman historians and poets, we find occasional mention made of the flute (*tibia*) and violin; but the practical use of these instruments would seem, in those days, to have been considered somewhat ignoble, and was probably confined to persons of subordinate rank, or perhaps to those among the plebeians who sought a livelihood by that means. We find

that Alcibiades would not submit to be instructed on the flute, assigning as a reason that it was a mean pastime, and altogether unbecoming the character of a gentleman. Themistocles, also, another of the Athenian Generals, appears to have held this branch of education in the same degree of contempt; and Philip of Macedon thought it a ground of reproach to his son Alexander that he could sing a good song. At a subsequent period, however, when Roman glory began to totter to its fall, and austerity began to give place to a taste for luxury, the practice of music seems to have found its way into the higher circles; for the Emperor Nero is mentioned as having devoted much of his time to it, more, indeed, than was thought consistent with his regal station.

All this time, it is more than probable that the charms of melody, and the pure elementary principles of musical composition, were unfolding themselves, and ripening by gradual and sure, though unobtrusive steps, in the quiet of rural retirement; and it will perhaps be found that it is there alone we are to look for their genuine and unadulterated source.

The people of every country with which we are at all acquainted have a style of music peculiar to themselves, and this bears a character of nationality, or departure from it, exactly proportionate to their aboriginal purity, (if the expression may be permitted,) or to their intermixture with foreigners. Hence, the native music of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, is purely national, or peculiar to these countries respectively; and the different style and character of each, though having a considerable similitude, is easily distinguishable to the musical ear. With the Turks and Moors, also, the music has its very distinct national feature. The same remark may apply to that of Spain and Poland, though in a very inferior degree, the former being blended with the Moreaco, and latter with the Italian. France has its national music, but it partakes much of that frivolity of character peculiar to the people whose motto is "*Vive la bagatelle*." The Negroes of Africa, too, and all the tribes

of man in the savage state, of whom we have acquired any knowledge or information, have their native music, (if it may be so called,) all of which have a sort of instinctive affinity, as consisting only of a very limited scale of notes, most inharmoniously arranged, and very far removed from melody, with a constant and unvaried repetition of the same wild and uncouth strain. The English have no *native* music; and it is obvious, upon the grounds already stated, that they *can* have none, having at so early a period of their authenticated history become incorporated, and at length so entirely amalgamated with the people of other nations.

It may be observable of native melodies, generally, that their character partakes, not only of the genius of the people, but of the nature of the soil from which, perhaps, that genius partly takes its tone. In those countries whose features are much diversified by hill and dale, the music seems, in some measure, to be graduated by, and to vibrate in concord with the different affections of the mind, which such scenes are calculated to create. In the sequestered recesses and deep solitude of a gloomy and romantic dell, and on the summit of a lofty mountain, the human mind is affected with very different and opposite emotions. The former has a tendency to generate and foster a plaintive and melancholy cast of thought; and even here, objects present themselves which must operate very differently on the feelings. The gentle murmur of the brook, as it glides rippling along, over its pebbled bed, now soothes, calms, and composes; a few paces further, and the contrast is great and sudden; there the noise of the precipitous waterfall bursts upon the ear, and, by its deafening din, surprises, agitates, and distracts. On the summit of the hill, the mind, on the other hand, becomes elastic, and the thoughts cheerful, elevated, and sublime,—raised, as it were, above sublunary things. Let us suppose an untaught shepherd reposing in one or other of these spots, and that he is beguiling the hours in whistling or singing; it is more than probable that the selection of his strains will instinctively be characterized, in a greater or less

degree, by the nature of the scene before him.

The native music of all countries will be found to have a relative connection with local *circumstance* as well as scenery, and its character will, accordingly, be influenced by the incidents and feelings from whence it springs, and with them will vary. To exemplify this, there is scarce a river, stream, or brook, in Scotland, that is not celebrated in the old national melodies of that country, as being the favourite early haunts of their authors in the gay and happy spring-time of life. When the scene has changed, and the design is to recal to remembrance those beloved spots now left behind, the airs are of a melancholy, plaintive cast, and the *minor* key prevails, as being best adapted to the subject and character of the song. For this reason, also, many, if not most of those pastoral strains expressive of unfortunate or ill-requited love, are composed on the same keys, while, on the other hand, sonnets, the production of a fortunate and favoured lover, in praise of his mistress, or of which the object of his wishes, or his own happiness, is the *burden*, are uniformly of a gay and cheerful strain, and are always on the key *major*.

The name of *Italian* music has been given very indiscriminately, and not less erroneously, to all the elaborate works of the more modern foreign composers; and an idea hence prevails, except with persons of real, or I should rather say, *cultivated* taste, that the music of Italy is too abstruse, and difficult to be understood. The fact is, that the genuine native music of that country, taken abstractedly, is, in itself, simple in the melody, and modulated agreeably to the purest rules of musical composition. It is, indeed, more refined, and has, it is true, more varied shades of expression than that of Scotland, and its sister kingdoms, or of any other country; but this naturally arises from the genius and temperament of the people. The Italians have strong and violent passions, and their climate is enervating; which circumstances could scarcely fail to communicate to their music a certain peculiarity of character, alternately diversified by a languid softness, and

that strongly marked and emphatic pathos, by both of which it is, in a particular manner, distinguished. There is another cause, to which also may be ascribed the peculiarity of style in the Italian music: they were much in the habit of singing, as they term it, *improvisatore*; in other words, extempore, on such subjects as spontaneously occurred, either in bad rhyme, or in prose; if to the latter, they called it *recitativo*; and which is, in effect, the same with what we denominate *chanting*, in the cathedral service of our Episcopal Church. This kind of music is still much in use in Italian song; and the entire action of the Italian opera is carried on in alternative recitative and air.

Music has always been, and still continues to be, resorted to, on certain occasions, in each variety of style of which it is susceptible, for the purpose of influencing the passions, either as a stimulant, or as a sedative. When it is to rouse into action, it is bold, spirited, impetuous; to sooth into peace—soft, tender, plaintive. In lamenting the death of heroes, it is slow, solemn, mournful; in exulting for victory—lively, elevated, grand. Of the first of these classes, may be given, as an example, the pibrochs, or bagpipe war-songs of the Scottish Highlanders. All the varied degrees of character and expression in music, which we meet with, may be ascribed to these and other causes which have been already mentioned, and from which they naturally spring; and they constitute, indeed, the basis on which are founded all those compound and elaborate compositions performed at our concerts, and distinguished by the names of overture, symphony, concerto, &c., each of which consisting always of two or three of these varieties of strain, commencing with what is called a first, or *grand movement*, followed generally by one of a more simple and measured style, called by the Italians *andante*; next the *minuetto*, somewhat more animated; then *adagio*, very slow; and concluding with *presto*, a quick, or *prestissimo*, a very rapid movement. This arrangement, however, is not uniformly the same, but varies according to the taste or fancy of the composer; and a different disposition is often made

in it, for the sake of *contrast*, which is a constituent beauty in these compositions. If, for example, instead of the *adagio* and *largetto* movement, a degree less grave be introduced, as is often the case, then it is usually succeeded by *presto*; whereas the *very slow* movement is more frequently followed by the *prestissimo*, that the *effect* may be more striking. It is, at the same time, proper here to observe, that, in many of our more modern compositions of this kind, the effect originally intended is almost, if not altogether lost, and overwhelmed by a complicated arrangement, and multiplied sub-division of notes, for the purpose either of shewing the chromatic skill of the composer, or of displaying the powers of rapid execution in the performer; but by which means, the flow of harmony is, in a great measure, rendered obscure, or at least straining and painful to the ear to follow. This undoubtedly betrays a false or vitiated taste.

It is now no time to take some notice of German composition. I do not pretend to determine whether it is to that country, or to Italy, that we are indebted for the *first discovery* of the rich and fine effect produced by two or more voices or instruments singing or playing *in concert*, but shall leave that question to be decided by those of more laborious and minute research, who have better access to the means of prosecuting it; to one or the other, however, it is certainly to be ascribed. The Germans have a *national music* of a character quite peculiar to itself, and particularly distinguished from, and strongly contrasted with, that of Italy, by a certain grave and measured style, entirely its own. On this style are constructed some of the finest, most harmonious, and most scientific productions of the best old composers, Handel, Correlli, Gemeniani, and others; it has been also the elementary groundwork of the more modern and no less scientific Haydn and Mozart; and there can be little doubt, that if the Germans had not the honour of originally discovering the great refinement in the musical art above mentioned, they have been the principal promoters of it; and,

by observing the infinite combinations of which it is susceptible, laid the foundation of its present pre-eminence as a *science*, which has now its Professors at most of the principal Universities in Europe.

I consider music as a gift sent us from on high, for wise and good purposes; and it is to be regretted that the culture and practice of it were not more generally recommended and encouraged in private circles, under a conviction that much moral good would result from it, were it to become, more than it is, a favourite and *fashionable* source of evening recreation. The present system of musical education, however, is, I fear, something defective, as conducing to that end. On this subject, some remarks shall be submitted in the sequel.

Of the individuals which compose the generality of evening parties, all, and perhaps the major part, have not a relish for literary and refined, or instructive conversation; and among those whose minds and dispositions, or even acquirements, are favourable to it, there are, comparatively, few who are gifted with the *talent* of supporting it. That of a lighter and more playful cast, though it may, if not instructive, be perfectly harmless, yet, when long continued, become vapid, and, with *some* minds, requires a sprinkling of higher seasoning to make it palatable, and is thus apt to degenerate from that kindly good humour and easy politeness—that *suaviter in modo*—which is the cement of society, into personal allusion or unseasonable raillery, perhaps, now and then, to trench on the confines of ribaldry. This, at least, would be avoided in an evening spent in music.

I pity the man who dislikes, or affects to dislike, music, for the mental resources of that man are, I would suspect, generally of a very mechanical cast, and very limited. When he is among companions suited to the standard of his own taste, he thinks himself extremely happy, because his ideas of happiness come within the compass of a nut-shell,—spends the evening over his bottle,—perhaps closes the night in riot,—and awakes in the morning with his head aching, and his mind deteriorated or remorseful. He goes into company of ano-

ther class, as he occasionally must;—the habits of the house are sober and rational;—its guests intelligent,—perhaps refined;—in conversation with them he is out of his element;—they do not play cards;—music is proposed and resorted to;—he is constrained to express, or look a pleased acquiescence, which he is far, very far from feeling; and sits for a time, in bad humour and self-inflicted torment, merely because he has long been in the habit of trying to convince himself that it is impossible *he* can derive any pleasure from music.

That there are many persons who are very little affected with “the concord of sweet sounds,” and on whose mind and feelings it excites little or no emotion, is a fact which, I believe, will not be disputed. But that any man lives, to whom it is not only positively disagreeable, but who has an absolute and decided aversion to it, I firmly believe and aver to be a solecism in nature, though I have heard the assertion from more than one. I am inclined to think, that the remark of Shakespeare, so often cited, goes too far; and that there are men who, without “music in their souls,” are yet *not* “fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;” and I believe, moreover, that there have been many, who, although feelingly alive to its charms, have, nevertheless, proved themselves very unworthy and unprincipled characters. Of the man who professes an *abhorrence* for it, (for I have heard the expression,) I would say, as the best apology I can make for him, that it is because he is ashamed to let it be *known to others* that he possesses a share of the best feelings of his nature, in common with the rest of his species. But if, (and I would hope, for the honour of human nature, the thing is impossible,) if it is that he fears to acknowledge it *to himself*, I would then proclaim upon the house-tops, “*Let no such man be trusted.*” Among those who care little about it, there are many who profess, or pretend to dislike music, for no other reason, if the truth were known, than that they could occupy the time they would be thus engaged in a way more congenial to their own taste; this dislike, therefore, is, at best, of a *negative* character. I knew a gentleman, a good many years ago,

who professed to be one of those *music-haters*. He had a great deal of the milk of human kindness in his nature, but much of that characteristic bluntness peculiar to his vocation (the Navy). He chanced to be in London at the time of the annual commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, long since discontinued, and went, as he said, out of *curiosity*, to hear that great harmonic feast. Meeting with him soon afterwards, he was asked by a friend, "Can it be possible, Captain M——, that *you* paid your half-guinea to hear the commemoration concert?" "Yes, I was *fool* enough to do so." "Well, and what did you think of it?" "Think! why I could not think at all, for by ——, (his usual expletive,) *I fell asleep*." Now, I would submit, that if this gentleman really *felt* the *extreme aversion* to music that he pretended to feel, the effect would have been very different. It was more natural to suppose, that when the astounding crash from seven or eight hundred voices and instruments burst upon his ear, the first impulse would have been to endeavour to get away from the annoyance; and that, when he found this was impracticable, from the pressure of the crowded audience, he would bounce, fume, and fret, that he could not make his escape; for my friend was of a very irascible temper. But, instead of this, how did it affect him? In a way diametrically opposite,—for it *soothed him to sleep*! The music operated upon him as a *sedative*, and, therefore, its effects must, it is obvious, have been more pleasing than painful to him, although he would not allow himself to be conscious of it. I have no doubt that many parallel instances might be adduced to prove that it is not in man's nature actually to dislike music, notwithstanding what some may pretend, from no other motive, probably, than a desire to appear singular. I am also very confident, that there are many who have, from childhood, been persuading themselves into a firm belief that music has no part in their composition, who, nevertheless, are not without latent seeds of it, which, by opportunity and culture, would be matured into a fair harvest; and among such I have been often taken by surprise at the unex-

pected appearance of an embryo blossom of good taste, now and then, by the effect produced on them by certain particular strains, that it was supposed they could neither relish nor understand. It is not a little singular, but, I believe, no less true, that those who seem to have neither ear, taste, nor fondness for music,—in short, to know nothing at all about it, can yet generally tell, with some degree of accuracy, if it be well or ill *performed*, whether it be a symphony of Haydn's, "or push about the *forum*." This has come within my own observation in repeated instances. The foregoing suggestions must be understood to relate, simply, rather to a relish or liking for music, as it affects the ear generally, than as having a reference to the taste or judgment; for an extreme *fondness* for music, and a fine *taste* for it, are by no means always united. But this distinction may be analogous to that which subsists between the *apicure* and the *gourmand*; the latter eagerly takes what is set before him, without so much regarding the quality or cookery, so as he has *enough*; whereas the former is much more fastidious in his choice, both as to the cookery and *quality* of his dish, and also of the manner in which it is *served up* to him. And, indeed, I would be inclined to suspect, that there are fewer persons of pure and correct musical taste than the world has the credit of producing.

I have said that the present system of musical education seems inimical to its encouragement, as a useful source of evening recreation. The generality of teachers do not, I believe, begin by adopting the best means of discovering any *latent seeds of musical taste*, which their pupils may possess, nor of developing them, when discovered, by exercising them, first in the *most simple*, and afterwards in the *more compound* and varied combinations of sound; in short, in the *harmonies*, which I conceive to be the foundation, the great corner-stone of all music, and from whence proceeds its powerful influences, notwithstanding what Jean Jacques Rousseau has asserted to the contrary; and this is what alone will *engraft* a relish for it, if it is to be done at all. For there are many ears which are very little, if at all

affected by any arrangement of *simple melody*, but, I believe, none that do not derive a certain degree of pleasure from a protracted swell of fine *harmony*; and, for this reason, I should presume to think, that the *organ* is better adapted than any other instrument for bringing forward pupils of *this description*, or rather for leading them to imbibe a *liking* for it; the first dawns of which should be eagerly laid hold of, and carefully watched and cherished; and in doing so, there can be no better assistant than some of Handel's simplest harmonies, or the more select of our church psalmody. In these remarks, I allude merely to those who, to use the common phrase, are *not musical*. For where Nature has given an *ear*, a *taste*, and a *fondness* for it, the work of the teacher is half done. But, with the former, it is rather to be feared he is too apt to form hasty and premature conclusions, in regard to their musical *capacity*, without having fairly tried the most efficacious means, or taken due pains to call it forth should it exist. This, I am aware, requires much patience and perseverance, and no small share of discernment; but the teacher should not be without these qualifications, and it is his duty to exercise them. It too often happens, however, that if the pupil does not early discover the aptitude to be wished, or betrays the germs of false taste, the teacher that he may at least obtain some credit, goes at once to work *mechanically*; and instead of using his best endeavours to *correct that taste*, and give to it its legitimate direction, (which I am persuaded may be done in many cases by the rules before suggested,) gives up the contest ere it is well begun,—yields to it the bridle-rein,—and satisfies himself with sending the young lady forth to delight her partial friends, and annoy others, with a copious collection of reels, strathspeys, and waltzes, as if set in the barrel of an organ, and which she performs just as mechanically, and often in such a manner as to outrage all harmony, the accompanying bass appearing to be considered as no further necessary than to be used as a drum, to increase the *noise*. The young lady, thus ready prepared and wound-up, emerges from her *finishing school* to dazzle the world,

by playing off her evanescent accomplishments *before they fade from her memory*. On making her *debut*, she is, of course, requested to sit down to the *piano*, a favour, however, which is not granted till after the due proportion of solicitation and entreaty; though Miss would have been in the pouts, and gnawed her gloves in pieces, had it not been proposed. The evil which follows is still greater. When once the lady is *seated* at the instrument, she seems to consider that it is expected she will go through her whole collection, and goes on without interval, until the mechanism is run down; and even then, the young debutante seems to forget that she is not fastened to her seat, but continues to blunder through fragments that she has never practised, (whether or not to the delight of her auditors I leave them to answer,) until, perhaps, a hint is given that she is not the only performer in the company. To ask this young lady to play any thing *at sight*, or, indeed, out of any *book* except *her own*, how simple soever it may be, is out of the question. My gentle and fair young reader, (if such thou art,) look not indignant, nor cloud thy lovely features with a frown; the fault is not *thy own*; it is extrinsic, and originates in a want, either of skill or of pains, perhaps of both,—certainly in want of *candour*,—in *thy instructor*.

It is impossible that one thus taught can ever join in the *delightful socialities* of playing *in concert*, because no pains, at least certainly not sufficient pains, have been taken to give her a relish for it, in the first place, and qualify her for it in the second. Here, surely, is great room for amendment; and it is no less certain that it is not beyond the reach of it.

Let it be well understood, that the foregoing strictures are by no means intended to apply to teachers universally, for I am well assured, that this lax and superficial system of musical education is not practised by those who are high in the profession. Among the many modern discoveries in Natural Philosophy, it seems to have been adopted as an established principle in the animal economy, that the organs of music are equally and universally diffused

throughout the female part of the rational creation, by an inverse ratio, the premises are to be inferred from the conclusion; for it would appear now to be considered as an indispensable branch of female tuition, from the young lady of rank down to the huckster's daughter. Hence it naturally follows, that there must be a great increase in the number of labourers, where the harvest is so abundant. (By the way, I would suggest, that a certain class of these pupils be consigned over to the care of the journeymen *pianoforte makers*, to be taught to set the stops agoing, as coming more immediately within their mechanical department.) Among this mass of teachers, there must be comparatively few who will, or indeed can be expected to exert much extra labour, unless where the pupil shews a decided genius; and seems to derive pleasure from it; and the more especially where, perhaps in nine cases out of ten, there is little risk of either the teacher's defects, or the pupil's want of capacity, being detected by her relatives.

The professor of established emi-

nence, I am aware, has often an invidious and disagreeable duty to perform, when he discovers in his pupil (which he will very soon do,) that the soil is all barren; he will naturally shrink from the ungracious task of communicating this to the young lady's parents or friends, and representing to them that it is a fruitless expenditure of their money and of her time, both which might be more profitably employed on other branches of instruction. And indeed were he to do so, he will not always receive the thanks to which his candour surely would justly entitle him. Rather than encounter this, it were not to be wondered at, if he should persevere for a time, with much trouble and little complacency; and the reading and fingering being surmounted, he may, by mechanical rules, (for he can do it in no other way,) possibly make her, in a tolerable degree, mistress of a certain collection of fashionable airs, to be exhibited as occasion may occur. The former of these two alternatives, however, has, I believe, been conscientiously and honourably adopted in many instances. J. S.

TRANSLATION OF THE LA PARTENZA OF METASTASIO.

THE hour is come, replete with woes,

Nicé, my love, adieu,

No ray of bless the future shows,

'Tis darkness to my view.

Can I enjoy the balm of rest,

If distant far from thee?

What boding fears alarm my breast

Thou wilt not think of me!

Though peace is banish'd from my mind,

And hope's gay joys are flown;

Still would my thoughts these phantoms find,

Where thou art found alone:

Ah! let them stray, by fancy led,

In vision's paths with thee;

But yet, alas! how much I dread

Thou wilt not think of me!

The sea's lone shore my grief shall know,

I'll mourn like widow'd dove,

I'll ask the rocks, with ceaseless woe,

Ah! tell me where's my love?

Each morning's beams my voice shall hear,

That voice which calls on thee;

But yet, alas! how much I fear

Thou wilt not think of me!

I'll visit oft each flowery vale,

Each scene to me once dear,

Where joy was breath'd by every gale,

When thou, my love, wast near;

Remembrance sad, in every part,

My torment now must be;

What fears, alas! distract my heart

Thou wilt not think of me!

This stream, I'll say, with crystal wave,

Was witness to my pain

To see her frown; but then she gave

Her hand in peace again;

'Twas here I oft have seen the smile,

'Twas here I sigh'd for thee;

But will e'er hope again beguile?

Say, wilt thou think of me?

How many swains, with love sincere,

And hearts to thee most true—

How many scenes of hope and fear

Thy new abode will view!

While each fond breast its homage shows,

And pours its griefs to thee,

Who knows, my love, alas! who knows

If thou wilt think of me?

Remember oft, when once we part,*

My deep, yet pleasing wound,

Remember oft, Phileno's heart

Was ever constant found:

Remember oft this sad farewell

Which now I give to thee,

Oh! think, my love—but who can tell

If thou wilt think of me?

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

La Belle Assemblée, or Court and Fashionable Magazine, commences a New Series this month, with Lady Belgrave's Portrait, by Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A.; and promises to form, progressively, a Picture-gallery of the Female Nobility of Great Britain.

In the press, the sixth volume of Baron Humboldt's work on Colombia, entitled, "Personal Narrative of Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent." Translated by Helen Maria Williams, under the immediate inspection of the author.

The Annual Biography and Obituary. Among the memoirs that will be read with interest, are those of Lord Erskine; Mr Belzoni; Joseph Marryatt, Esq.; Admiral Russell; Rev. Thomas Maurice; Thomas Edward Bowdich, Esq.; Lord Byron; the Marquis of Litchfield; Charles Grant, Esq.; Sir Edward Buller, &c. &c.

Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, sister of King Charles I.; with Contemporary Sketches of Society in Holland and Germany, including Biographies of some Distinguished Personages during the seventeenth century. By Miss Benger.

Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish Philosopher; including the celebrated Correspondence between him and J. C. Lavater, on the Christian Religion.

Delineations of Gloucestershire; being Views of the Principal Seats of Nobility and Gentry, and other objects of prominent interest in that country; with historical and descriptive notices. The drawings to be made, and the plates engraved, by Messrs Storers; the historical notes by J. N. Brewer, Esq.; and dedicated, by permission, to His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

No. I., for January, of the Inquirer; containing Mathematical and Philosophical Essays, and a considerable Mathematical Correspondence; conducted by Mr W. Marrot.

The second volume of Mr Wiffen's Translation of Tasso, which was destroyed at the late fire at Mr Moyes's, is again at press, and will make its appearance, in the same style of embellishment as the first volume, in about three months.

Thoughts on the Police of England; with observations on the Prevention of Crime, and the Disposal of Criminals.

Richard Baynes' General Cheap Catalogue of Old Books; including many rare

and curious articles, and the most popular works in the various classes of literature; with a large collection of Divinity and Sermons, English and foreign. 8vo.

On the Advancement of Society in Science, Civilization, and Religion. By James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers.

The Prosodian Alphabetical Directory; or, Ready Guide to the Quantity of every Syllable of the Latin Language. By William Morsley, LL.D.

Also, a Greek Directory on the same plan; and Greek Exercises on the plan of the Eton Latin Minora.

Mr Aaron Arrowsmith will publish in a few days, Outlines of the World, exemplified in Forty-five Engravings of the various Countries; on which their Post-roads and Statistical Divisions, as well as their Physical Features, will be clearly described. Size of the plates, twelve inches by nine.

Travels in Greece, with Critical and Archæological Researches; and Maps and Engravings of Ancient Monuments recently discovered; by Dr P. O. Brondsted, Agent of H. M. the King of Denmark at the Court of Rome, in Eight Parts, royal 4to., are announced for publication.

Mr Boaden's Life of J. P. Kemble, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

"Conversations on the Evidences of Christianity," are announced for publication.

Fasciculus Poeticus; or a New Classic Guide to Latin Heroic Verse. One vol. 12mo.

Captain Lyon announces a Brief Narrative of an unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay, through the Welcome, in H. M. S. Griper, in 1824.

The History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, drawn from Authentic Sources; with Private and Original Correspondence, from 1743 to 1754; by William Coxe, F.R.S. F.A.S., Archdeacon of Wilts, &c., will shortly be published in 2 vols. 4to.

Dr Uwins is about to publish "A Compendium of Medical Theory and Practice," founded on Dr Cullen's Nosology, in one vol. 12mo.

The Plays of Shirey, now first collected and chronologically arranged, with Notes and a Critical Essay, by William Gifford, in 6 vols., are nearly ready.

An elegant topographical work, entitled "Delineations of Gloucestershire," is announced for publication.

Dr Lyall announces for publication, early in the month, *Nyvels in Russia, the Crimea, the Caucasus and Georgia*, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and the Works of Virgil, elegantly and correctly printed, and faithfully rendered into English Prose, with the scanning and copious Notes, by I. W. C. Edwards, M.A. is in the press.

Tales of Ardennes, by H. Derwent Conway, are in the press.

The second volume of Mr Southey's *History of the late War in Spain and Portugal*, 4to., is in the press.

The *Gil Blas* of the Revolution, from the French of M. Picard, will shortly be published.

Sydney Papers; consisting of an unpublished *Journal* of the Earl of Leicester, and Original Letters of Algernon Sydney, edited by R. W. Blencowe, M.A., are preparing for publication.

The *Memoirs of Pierre du Terrail*, the Chevalier de Bayard, the Knight sans peur et sans reproche, 2 vols., post 8vo., will shortly be ready.

Captain A. Gordon Laing has in the press, *Travels through Timanee, Kooranko, and Soolima Countries, to the Sources of Rokella and Niger*, in 1822, with a map and plates, 8vo.

Mrs Taylor, of Ongar, will shortly publish *The Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness*; addressed to those who are performing the same Journey.

The sixth edition of *Pharmacologia*, corrected, extended, and continued, by John Ayrton Paris, will soon be ready.

Dr Paris is likewise printing the *Ele-*

ments of Medical Chemistry; embracing only those branches of Chemical Science which are calculated to illustrate or explain the different Objects of Medicine; and to furnish a Chemical Grammar to the Author's Pharmacologia.

Gaeties and Gravities in Prose and Verse, by one of the Authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, are in the press.

Signs before Death, and *Authenticated Apparitions*, in one hundred Narratives, with a fine Engraving after Hogarth, will be published on the 4th inst.

A valuable and scientific work, translated from the original of Dr Cappadoce of Amsterdam, a converted Jew, will shortly appear, which combats, with great vigour, the generally-received doctrine of Vaccination.

EDINBURGH.

Speedily will be published, by subscription, handsomely printed in one vol. 8vo., with a Portrait from an Original Painting, price 10s. 6d. in boards, *Sermons* by the late Rev. John Johnstone, Minister of Crossmichael. To which will be prefixed, a Biographical Sketch of the Author.

A Treatise on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Bank Notes, &c. By Robert Thomson, Esq. Advocate. In one volume 8vo.

Anecdotes and Opinions of Lord Byron, from authentic sources, interspersed with observations on his life and character, and illustrative of his connection with the principal Literary Characters of the present day. In one vol. 18mo.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANNUAL WORKS.

The *Literary Souvenir*, or Cabinet of Poetry; a Romance. Edited by A. A. Watts. 15s.

Dewhurst's *Farmer's and Grazier's Annual Account-book*, folio. 12s.

L'Annuaire Historique, from 1823. 8vo. 18s.

ARCHITECTURE.

Stuart's *Dictionary of Architecture*, No. I. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of Books, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers; containing the alterations from 1822 to 1824. 2s. 6d.

Cole's *Bibliographical Tour from Scarborough to the Library of a Philobiblist*. 8vo. 8s.; large paper, 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The *Cambrian Plutarch*, or *Memoirs of Eminent Welshmen*. By J. H. Parry, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Mounteney's *Inquiry relative to the Emperor Napoleon*. 8vo. 16s.

CLASSICS.

Alcestes of Euripides, from the Text of Monk; with the Scanning Ordo, and a very literal Translation, by T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. Also, by the same Author, the *Orestes*, *Medea*, *Hecuba*, and *Phœnissæ* of Euripides; from the Text of Porson. Likewise, the *Prometheus Chained*, of Æschylus; from the Text of Blomfield. And the *Antigone* of Sophocles; from the Text of Brunck. Price, each play, 8s.

DRAMA.

Ravenna, or Italian Love; a Tragedy. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Bond, a Dramatic Poem. By Mrs Charles Gore. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY & USEFUL ARTS.

The Housekeeper's Ledger. By William Kitchener, M.D. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The Art of Brewing, on Scientific Principles; adapted to the use of Brewers and Private Families. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Houghton's Wine-cellar Check-Book, on an experienced plan. 7s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Judices Attici; or, a Guide to the Quantity of the Greek Penultima. 5s.

My Children's Diary; or, Moral of the Passing Hour. 6s. 6d.

A New and Compendious Grammar of the Greek Tongue. By W. Bell. Seventh edition. 4s. 6d.

The Youth's Best Friend; or, Reading no longer a Task; adapted to Children of the Meanest Capacity. By a Member of the Royal Society. 1s. 3d.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—Charles the Tenth opened the First Session of the French Chambers on Wednesday the 22d December, with the following speech:

"GENTLEMEN,—The first want of my heart is to speak to you of my grief and of your own; we have lost a King, wise and good, tenderly beloved by his family, venerated by his people, honour-

ed and respected by all foreign governments.

"The glory of his reign will never be effaced. Not only did he re-establish the throne of my ancestors, but he consolidated it by institutions, which, bringing together and uniting the past with the present, have restored to France repose and happiness.

"The touching affliction which the

whole nation felt at the last moments of the King my brother, was to me the sweetest of all consolations ; and I can say with truth, it was to this cause that I owe the power of fully enjoying the confidence with which my accession to the throne has been received.

" This confidence shall not be deceived. Gentlemen, I know all the duties which Royalty imposes on me ; but, strong in my love for the people, I hope, with the aid of God, to have the courage and firmness necessary for their due fulfilment.

" I announce to you with pleasure, that the dispositions of foreign governments have experienced no change, and leave me no doubt respecting the maintenance of those friendly relations which subsist between them and myself. The spirit of conciliation and prudence which animates them gives to the nations the strongest guarantee which they have ever had against the return of those troubles by which they were for so long a time desolated.

" I shall neglect nothing to maintain that happy agreement which is its fruit. With this object it was that I consented to prolong still further the stay in Spain of a part of the troops which my son had left there after a campaign, which, both as a Frenchman and a father, I may call glorious. A recent Convention has regulated the conditions of this temporary measure in such manner as to conciliate the interests of the two monarchies.

" The just security which our foreign relations give us will favour the development of our internal prosperity. I will second this salutary movement, Gentlemen, by causing to be successively proposed to you the melioration required by the sacred interests of religion, and by the most important parts of our Legislation.

" The King my brother found a great consolation in preparing the means of closing the last wounds of the Revolution. The moment has arrived to execute the wise designs which he had conceived. The situation of our finances will permit the accomplishment of this great act of justice and of policy without augmenting the imposts, without injuring public credit, without retrenching any part of the funds destined to the different branches of the public service.

" These results, perhaps beyond expectation, Gentlemen, are due to the order established with your concurrence in the fortune of the State, and to the peace which we enjoy. I entertain a firm confidence that you will enter into my views, and that this restorative order will be completed by a perfect harmony of will between you and myself.

" I have resolved that the ceremony of my Coronation shall terminate the First Session of my reign. You will assist, Gentlemen, at that august solemnity. There, prostrated at the foot of the same altar where Clovis received the Sacred Unction, and in presence of Him who judges nations and Kings, I will renew the oath to maintain, and cause to be observed, the laws of the State, and the institutions granted by the King, my brother ; I will thank Divine Providence for having deigned to make use of me in order to repair the last misfortunes of my people ; and I will beseech the Almighty to continue to protect that beauteous France, which I am proud of governing."

The proceedings of the Chambers were commenced in the 23d by the election of five candidates for the Presidency of the Deputies, and the appointment of Bureaux, or Committees, to prepare the Address in the Peers. The candidates named for the Presidency were M. Ravez. M. Chilhaud de la Rigaudie, the Prince de Montmorency, M. de Longueve, and the Marquis de Bailly. Of these the King nominated the first mentioned, M. Ravez. M. Martignac was made choice of for the Vice-Presidency. On the occasion of nominating the Members of the Bureaux, and the Commission for the Address, the Opposition were left in a decided minority, having only 50 votes in one instance, and 61 in the next, whilst there were 91 and 107 for the Ministry. M. de Chateaubriand voted in the minority.

The Addresses of both the Chambers, in reply to the King's Speech, though, to a certain extent, they may be called echoes to that which they answer, are not without interest. Both the Peers and the Deputies speak with the most unqualified approbation of the plan for indemnifying the sufferers by the Revolution. They consider the measures to be worthy of France, and worthy of a new reign. The Address in the Chamber of Peers was carried almost unanimously ; the numbers in favour of it being 148, upon a total of 151. All the preparatory forms having been gone through, business was begun on Monday, 3d of January, when three projects of law were presented to the Chamber of Deputies. The first of these concerns the Civil List and the appanage to the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family, by which it is proposed to fix the former at 25 millions of francs annually for the King's lifetime, and the latter at seven millions. The second relates to the long-expected indemnity to the emigrants, which is estimated at thirty millions of rentes, to be inscribed in five years, at the rate of six millions yearly—the in-

scriptions to take place on the 22d June of each year, beginning with the present year. The third project proposes to provide the means by which the plan of indemnity is to be carried into effect, without the necessity of imposing new burdens on the nation. By one of the provisions, the Sinking Fund is to be resorted to for a certain number of years; and the other is the old scheme for converting the rentes, with this difference, however, that it is to be optional on the part of the holders of the present French rentes; they are to be allowed to convert them into 3 per cents, at 75; that is to say, for every 100 of 5 per cents, 133f. 33c. 3 per cents, or 4½ per cents at par, with security against being paid till 1835.

SPAIN.—A Convention agreed upon between the Governments of Spain and France, for the continued occupation of Spain by French troops, has been published in the *Madrid Official Gazette*. The terms appear to be those originally stated. The French Army of Occupation is reduced to 22,000 men, who are to occupy Cadiz, the Isla, Barcelona, St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, Urgel, Jaca, and Figueras. They are to be clothed, fed, and provided in every respect by Spain. The expense is fixed by this Convention at 900,000 francs per month. There is no time fixed for the departure of the troops, and they are only to be withdrawn as "soon as the parties interested shall judge it necessary." There is one thing in this Convention which proves the wretched state to which the King of Spain is reduced. It would be too odious to surround his person with French troops, and he dares not trust his safety to Spaniards. In this predicament an expedient has been adopted. Independently of the 22,000 French troops occupying the fortresses, two regiments of Swiss are to remain at Madrid to attend the King's person, jointly with Spanish troops.

The King of Spain has refused, or at least postponed giving, his assent to the re-establishment of the Inquisition. He has also signed an order, permitting, after the 5th inst., the importation into Spain of British-manufactured goods, in British ships, at an *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent., and in Spanish ships at a duty of 20 per cent.

As the French troops begin to move towards the frontiers of Spain, the violence of the more furious Royalists displays itself with the less restraint. According to accounts from Madrid, the police there, being entirely occupied in the pursuit of political offenders, that is to say, of all who were not persecutors themselves, opposed no check to the practices

and atrocities of common robbers and assassins, and whilst it was impossible to appear in the streets after dark, without the risk of property and life, the environs of the city were infested with banditti, who plundered and murdered in the face of the day. In the neighbouring provinces, those excesses assumed something more of a political character. The banditti rose into guerillas, and selected their victims amongst the class from whom the bitterest hostility to the Constitution had flowed, that is to say, from amongst the clergy, whose houses they pillaged, and whose persons they treated with great indignity. The priests, on the other hand, whose distinguishing characteristic in Spain is not patient endurance of injuries, had raised a force among the peasantry, which they paid liberally, and which, under the guidance of its militant pastors, had in some instances succeeded in driving away the ravaging bands. At the head of this clerical army the Curate Merino is said to have been placed, and a sort of partisan warfare to be carried on with great spirit on both sides.

One expedient of the Council of Castille to furnish supplies for the Royal Treasury deserves to be noticed. It is proposed to confiscate the property of all those who, to ensure their personal safety, have lately emigrated from Spain, unless they return and deliver themselves up to their persecutors. The impoverishment of the kingdom by the sums withdrawn by these absentees is the argument for the measure.

PORTUGAL.—One of the French papers contains the heads of the decree of the King of Portugal, for the organization of the three estates of that kingdom. It gives the Nobility, and Deputies from towns and cities, merely a right to deliberate (without legislative power,) and to be consulted and heard by the King. The Chambers are to be assembled and dissolved when the King thinks fit. A private letter denies any the remotest intention on the part of the Portuguese Government to recognise the absolute independence of the Brazils. A sort of qualified independence has been offered—allowing a domestic and Constitutional Government, of which the Prince should be head as Emperor-Regent—but still under the sovereignty of Portugal; and after the Prince's accession to the throne of Portugal, Brazil to be then governed by a Viceroy. The Brazilian Emperor, it is stated, relishes this offer. This proposition, already on its way to the Brazils, was shewn to the European Governments. No good result is expected from it. It is not pleasing to the Holy Allies, and there is no

probability of its finding partizans among the Brazilians.

RUSSIA.—Flood at St. Petersburg.—

Letters from St. Petersburg present us with a dreadful account of the calamities produced there by an inundation of the Neva, which took place on the 19th of November. In some parts of the town the waters rose to such a height, and with so great rapidity, that the inhabitants had not time to save themselves, but men, women, and children, indiscriminately perished. A storm accompanied this visitation of the waters, so violent, as to roll up the sheet iron which covered the roofs of many houses, as if it had been paper; broke in doors and windows everywhere, and combining its force with that of the current, swept away some of the lighter habitations. The stores of raw-sugar near the custom-house, and the Herring-magazine, containing upwards of 50,000 barrels of that article of food, were irretrievably ruined. The water was half a yard deep in the rooms of the Imperial Palace; several prisoners were drowned in the prison; and the regiment of Carabineers, who had got for safety on the roof of the barracks, were all carried away. The burial-grounds have been torn up, and dead bodies, with human bones, &c., were floated about the streets. The streets of Petersburg were covered the following day with bodies of animals which had been drowned—with fire-wood, the stores of which had been broken up, and drifted away in all directions—with ships, which had burst from their moorings—with the contents of ravaged shops, and the materials of which wind and water had overturned. Whole villages in the neighbourhood of the Russian capital were, it is said, swept away. No food could be had in any quarter for days after the deluge had subsided, and business was entirely put a stop to. The inundation appears to have subsided almost as suddenly as it came on, the 19th being the day on which it began and ended. At Stockholm, on the 18th, the storm, though not equally violent, was productive of extensive mischief. The wind in both instances was from the north-west. At Cronstadt the sea rising over the great battery, laid the whole town under water, and the inhabitants were forced to take refuge in the second stories. Many merchantmen have perished, and a ship of the line of 100 guns stands in the great square. Above a hundred persons perished at that place.

The three bridges over the Neva are all carried away. The loss of property is immense, particularly coffee and sugar.

The damage done to the hemp is also great. The talk, of course, has sustained no injury. The whole is estimated at 150 millions of roubles. The schools and theatres were closed. By order of the Governor, 400 soldiers were employed in burying the dead. It is said that the cavalry of the guard have lost many thousand horses. Five hundred oxen were drowned in the slaughter-house near the Kalinka bridge, and those that are left alive are in a very exhausted state.

This calamitous event was occasioned by high winds, which seem to have raised the waters of the Gulf of Finland, like those of the Red Sea, into a heap. Fortunately the visitation was as temporary as it was violent, or its consequences, bad as they are, must have been worse. It continued only twenty-four hours, and yet the subsiding waters are said to have left behind them 8000 corpses. The terror of the scene was augmented by the darkness of the night in which it commenced, which prevented the inhabitants from using the means they would otherwise have tried to save themselves. It is supposed that about 10,800,000 lbs. of sugar have been damaged, and more than the one-half of it melted away. Many houses have been levelled to the ground, and several villages in the vicinity are no longer to be found. In consequence, the greatest distress has been felt by the inhabitants. More than ten thousand were without shelter till the public buildings were thrown open for their accommodation. In addition to the loss of their houses, they have to endure the sufferings of famine, in consequence of the destruction of the necessities of life. In order to alleviate this, the Government attempted to fix a *maximum* for provisions, at the usual prices; and the Emperor has subscribed 1,000,000 rubles, about £40,000, to be divided among the sufferers. Several of the nobles have followed his example in contributing liberally to their relief, and Count Miloradowitsch immediately sent expresses to Riga, Liebau, &c., to order supplies of provisions of all kinds.

GREECE.—The last intelligence from Constantinople, in the French and German papers, leaves little doubt as to the disastrous issue to the Turks of the naval campaign between them and the Greeks. The shattered condition of the remaining vessels of the Captain Pacha's fleet, and the wretched appearance of their crews, sufficiently indicate the sufferings they have undergone. The Sultan, however, has judged it prudent, in the case of the Captain Pacha, to depart

from the savage policy of the Sublime Porte, with respect. 'Fortunate Commanders by sea or land. The Turkish Admiral was received with the customary salutations and compliments of success. This is, in the history of the Ottoman Empire, the first instance of the Sultan permitting a defeated servant to appear again in the Imperial presence, with the honours of his station. The pride of the Crescent seems to be sinking with the decline of its power. The usual resource of barbarous and impoverished governments is said to be in contemplation by the Divan. The public wants are to be supplied by means of a depreciated currency. The Grand Seignior, it is said, has ordered the formation of a new army of reserve, composed entirely of Asiatic troops, and orders have been sent to the Pachas to send their troops without delay. Some members of the Divan had advised conciliatory measures; but the majority, with true Ottoman pride, declared that new efforts must be made during the winter, to prepare a great naval force by the spring. Nothing had been decided, on account of the penury of the treasury.

In the meantime, the fortress of Patras is closely invested on the land side by 5000 Greeks, under the command of Constantine Bozzaris and Caliopoli. The Egyptian fleet which had taken refuge under the batteries of the Island of Candia was attacked and defeated by two Greek divisions on the 12th of November. Twenty transports full of troops are said to have fallen into the hands of the conquerors. A proclamation, which, though merely an act of strict neutrality, may still be regarded as in some degree a public acknowledgment on the part of the Ionian Government, that the Greeks, by their successes, have placed themselves in the condition of an independent nation, has been issued by the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. It announces the regular blockade of Patras and Lepanto, according to the law of nations, by the Greek maritime forces, and commands all vessels sailing under the Ionian flag to respect it. The Greek Government, notwithstanding its struggle with the Turks, does not neglect the education of the people. A commission of five of the most enlightened Members of the Legislature has been appointed to superintend the progress of public instruction. Elementary schools have been established in all the principal places, and a University is about to be founded at Missolonghi, towards which one patriotic individual, Varvaki, has given a sum equal to about £40,000.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.—Narratives of a series of military operations at and in advance of Rangoon are contained in the *Calcutta Government Gazette* of the 29th of July, which has been received in this country. These all ended in a manner the most successful to the British arms. On the 1st of July, the Burmese were the assailants. The Burmese General, by positive orders of the King of Ava, drew out 12,000 men, with the avowed purpose of driving the English into the sea. They attacked the right of Sir A. Campbell's position, and penetrated at one time between our picquets, but were shortly afterwards repelled and put to flight. The force employed to drive them back consisted of only three companies of native infantry, supported by two pieces of artillery. The enemy left 100 dead upon the field and some prisoners, while Gen. Campbell had not a man hurt. On the following morning, a numerous party of the enemy entered the town of Dallah before daylight, and fired on the British post from it. Captain Isaack, of the 8th Madras Native Infantry, who commanded there, pushed forward with a few men, and was unfortunately killed, and the dastardly enemy mutilated his body while it was in their possession. The town had been spared, although the inhabitants had left it; but in consequence of this use of it by the enemy, it was razed to the ground. On the 8th the British troops assumed the offensive, making an attack by water under Sir A. Campbell, who carried three stockades after a slight resistance, and destroyed considerable numbers of the enemy. On the same day a land attack took place under Brigadier-General McCreagh, who had under him a force of above 1200 Europeans, and 300 native infantry. The object of this enterprize was to turn, and if possible surround, the enemy; but though it appears that the conduct both of officers and men was distinguished by skill and courage, and though seven strong stockades were stormed with very trifling loss, the results of the day are described to be only the flight and dispersion of the enemy, of whom near 1000 were left dead on the field. The body of their army, estimated at 14,000 men, escaped into the interior. The British had not more in the whole than from 70 to 80 killed and wounded. The Burmese are said to have fought bravely, but had not fire-arms for a fourth of their men.

An epidemic fever raged in Calcutta, and had attacked three-fourths of the population. It was not very fatal.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—The Congress met on the 7th of December. The Message of President Monroe is very satisfactory. Alluding to the effects jointly made by Great Britain and the United States, for the more effectual suppression of the Slave Trade, it is mentioned as a cause of serious regret, that no arrangement had yet been finally concluded between the two Governments. It appears, that although a Convention was concluded, and signed in London on the 13th of November, declaring the traffic in Slaves a piratical offence, certain obstacles had risen, which, not being entirely removed, the President had deemed it expedient to suspend the ratification till the definitive sentiments of Congress upon the subject had been ascertained. It is gratifying, however, to find, that the "differences had been reduced to a point, not of sufficient magnitude, as is presumed, to be permitted to defeat an object so near to the heart of both nations, and so desirable to the friends of humanity throughout the world." The discussions between the Cabinets of Washington and St. Petersburg, respecting the North-west Coast of America, are announced as having been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. A Charge d'Affairs, it is stated, has been received from the Independent Government of Brazil; and it is announced, that Ministers Plenipotentiary from the United States are accredited to the Republics of Colombia and Chili, while Ministers of the same rank have arrived at Washington from Colombia, Guatimala, Buenos Ayres, and Mexico. "Our commercial relation," says the President, "with all those States, are mutually beneficial and increasing." A Treaty of Commerce, similar to the one concluded with Colombia, would have been commenced with Buenos Ayres, had it not been prevented by the indisposition and lamented decease of Mr Rodney, the American Minister at that Government. With respect to General Fayette, Mr Monroe recommends to Congress, that a "provision may be made and tendered to him, which shall correspond with the sentiments, and be worthy the character of the American people." The latter part of the Message is occupied with a view, and a most satisfactory one it is represented to be, of the internal resources of the United States; the situation of which, the President states as most prosperous and happy in every point of view; and to ensure the continuance of this happiness and prosperity, he strongly urges the augmentation of their navy, and the extension of maritime fortifications. The conclu-

ding paragraph adverts to Mr Monroe's retirement from office, and to the present address being the last of the kind which he shall have to make. The allusion is conveyed in language which is the more expressive, because it is neither affected nor ostentatious. His successor, as appears by the return of votes hitherto given, is likely to be Mr Adams.

SOUTH AMERICA.—An official communication has been made by the British Government to all the European States, of its intention to form treaties of commerce with the trans-Atlantic States, severed from Spain and Portugal. Without such a declaration, we might have been charged with stealing a march in advance upon our commercial rivals; though in any case it is clear that we were at liberty to act towards the new American Republics as we pleased, being bound by no treaty to the contrary, and being no participants in the Holy Alliance. It is said also, that the only recognition of the sovereignty of the States in question, which Great Britain will make, will be her treaties of commerce with them. This recognition it is proposed at present to extend only to Mexico and Colombia. Mr Warde will proceed immediately to Mexico, with full powers to himself and to Mr Mojica, who is already there, to conclude a treaty with that Government. Colonel Campbell, in like manner, will return to Colombia, and, in conjunction with Colonel Hamilton, who is still at Bogota, will proceed to negotiate with the Colombian Government in a similar treaty of commerce. The recognition of Buenos Ayres, which has long possessed a settled government, is expected soon to follow; but some farther information, respecting its extent and external relations, is wished for before recognizing this state. No report from Chili, has yet been received.

PERU.—The narrative of affairs in Peru, after the engagement at Junin, is thus continued by a dispatch of Bolivar's secretary, dated Head quarters, Huanta, August 27, 1824:—"After the events of the 6th at Junin, the enemy continued to retreat. At the present time they have lost six provinces, and more than half their forces; so that, according to all accounts, the enemy's army is reduced to 2500 or 3000 men, broken, and without any moral force. In proportion as our advanced corps approach the enemy, they retreat, so that it is impossible to follow with the precipitation with which they fly. We have already taken large quantities of military stores, and hope hereafter to take more. The Liberating Army is daily augmented by deserters from the enemy. The Viceroy has formed a junc-

tion with Canterac in Annabunlas, having only his guard of 1000 soldiers. General Valdez is nearer Potosi, observing, with 2 or 3000 men, General Olaneta, who is in Tupiza with 4000. By the proclamation of the former, we have recent information that General Olaneta has declared for the cause of independence, and that he is operating in combination with the main riots of Salta. [And this while the King of Spain has been decreeing honours to him for his support of the Royalist cause!] One of our corps marching from Huancavelica to Huamango took 472 new English muskets, and a considerable quantity of munitions of war coming from Ica. Our van-guard entered Huamango five days ago, and some of its corps are observing and pursuing the enemy closely."

Upon the authority of commercial letters from Quito, of date the 21st September, it is stated, that though Callao at that period still remained garrisoned by the Royalist troops under General Rodil, he had expressed to Captain Maling, of his Britannic Majesty's Ship the Cambridge, his inability long to hold out against the Patriot forces, and solicited the aid of the British ship's company to protect British property during the reign of anarchy,

which of necessity must precede the restoration of the Independent Government. Accordingly, one hundred marines were landed from the Cambridge, and marched to Lima, for the purpose of guarding British interests, during what may be termed the inter-regnum. Mr Rowcroft entered the city at their head, when the extraordinary circumstance occurred of the occupation of the capital of Peru, by the forces of his Britannic Majesty. This event is considered only the precursor of the entire pacification of Peru; for the latest advices from the head-quarters of General Bolivar, dated August 27, communicate intelligence that negotiations had again commenced between General Bolivar and the Spanish Generals La Serna, Valdez, and Canterac, the issue of which, not a doubt was entertained, would either be the junction of these officers in the cause of Peruvian independence, or the return to Europe of the Spanish leaders. Bolivar's army was in a high state of spirits, and in the best order and discipline. It amounted to 15,000 men, to which a reinforcement of 5000 more was daily expected to arrive from Panama. Admiral Guise, with the Peruvian squadron, had resumed the blockade of Callao.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER.

Sale of a Vessel.—The First Division of the Court of Session, on the 12th instant, in the case of Calder and Company against Miller and others, ruled, in effect, that no agreement, by letters or otherwise, for the sale of a vessel, can be valid, so as to afford ground of action, either for transfer of property or for damages by reason of breach of contract, until perfected in terms of the registry acts. Therefore, parties should be careful, in these matters, not to rest upon any bargain entered into merely by an ordinary correspondence.

29.—Sufferers by the late Fires.—Yesterday a meeting of the general Committee for disposing of the funds subscribed for relief of sufferers by the recent calamitous fires, was held in the Council Chamber, Edinburgh, Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart. in the chair. Mr Bonar reported, that upwards of £7000 had already been received by him; that Mrs Coutts had ordered £100 to be remitted from Brighton, authorising, at the same time, the purchase and distribution of 100 pairs of blankets. Other sums had

also been remitted from London, and an offer made of taking charge of a subscription there, if deemed necessary. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mrs Coutts and the other English contributors; and the offer was accepted, chiefly in consequence of what was recommended by the Lord Justice Clerk, that some provisions should be made, by way of annuity, for those who had been maimed, and for the families of those who had been killed, while employed in extinguishing the flames. There was some discussion afterwards on various points, and especially as to whether persons, not maimed or wounded, who had exerted themselves in striving to arrest the progress of the conflagration, could be paid for their services out of the subscribed money. It was agreed, that such payment ought to be made; the general opinion—supported by Sir John Hay—being, that services of the description alluded to ought to be liberally paid, the parties having suffered—by loss of time and exposure to danger—from the very best of motives. Their claim to handsome and primary remuneration was considered

good. A sub-committee, embracing the members of the Destitute Sick and Suppression of Begging Societies, was then named; and that committee, which met on Tuesday, divided themselves into a variety of smaller committees, each of whom had specific duties assigned to them.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—Yesterday, George Brown was placed at the bar, charged with the crimes of murder and culpable homicide, alleged to have been committed on James Kent, in the High Street of Musselburgh, about ten o'clock on the night of the 23d of June. The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. It appeared by the evidence that the death of Kent was occasioned in a scuffle; but there was nothing proved against the accused, whom the Lord Justice Clerk said, should never have been brought into Court. The Jury unanimously acquitted him.

Forgery.—*Mr Henry Fauntleroy.*—In the end of September last, a discovery was made, which excited an extraordinary degree of interest throughout the country. Mr Fauntleroy, the acting partner in the banking concern of Messrs Marsh, Stracey, & Co. Berner's-Street, London, it was found, had possessed himself of immense sums of money belonging to various individuals, by means of forging powers of attorney for the sale of Government Stock, of which he had the charge, and had drawn the dividends. Some of these forgeries were committed ten or twelve years before, and Mr Fauntleroy having regularly paid the dividends, the persons receiving them still considered themselves possessed of the principal stock, which Mr F. had sold out and appropriated to himself. The amount of the forgeries for which Mr Fauntleroy was committed for trial was £95,300, upon which he was in the habit of paying about £16,000 yearly of interest. The trial took place at the Old Bailey on the 30th of October, when, in addition to other proofs, the following extraordinary list of the forgeries committed by Mr F. drawn up by himself, which had been found in one of his private drawers, was produced:

Delaplace, . .	£11,140 5 4	Consols.
E. W. Young, . .	5,000	Consols.
General Young, . .	6,000	Consols.
Frances Young, . .	5,000	Consols.
Jedediah Kerry, . .	6,000	Consols.
Lady Nelson, . .	11,596	Consols.
Mrs Pelham, . .	20,000	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cts.
Earl of Ossory, . .	7,000	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cts.
J. Bower, . . .	9,500	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cts.
M. C. Purkins, . .	4,000	Consols.

Lord Aboyne, . . .	61,000	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cts.
Elizabeth Faunt, . .	3,550	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cts.
W. Reader } . . .	7,000	
H. Fauntleroy } . . .		
Peter More and } . . .	21,500	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cts.
John Marsh } . . .		

The whole of this document was in the hand-writing of the prisoner, as also the following memorandum: "I did to keep up the credit of our . . . I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums, without the knowledge of any one of my partners—7th May 1816. Henry Fauntleroy." A little below was added—"I have regularly placed the dividends to all their accounts respectively, but I have never posted them.—P. S. The Bank began first to refuse our acceptances, and thereby to destroy our credit. They shall therefore smart for it. H. F."

There could be no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and the jury found accordingly, when sentence of death was pronounced. A point of law which was argued by his counsel was reserved for the consideration of the Privy Council, namely, whether a power of attorney could be considered as a bill or deed, according to the words of the act, anent forgery. This point, after being gravely considered, was decided against the unfortunate culprit, and most numerous petitions for mercy to the King were equally unsuccessful. Mr Fauntleroy, in consequence, suffered the last sentence of the law on the morning of the 29th November. He had been previously resigned to his fate, the award of the Privy Council having dissipated the last glimmering of hope, and he met it with great fortitude. The crowd of all ranks, which assembled to witness the execution was, beyond all precedent numerous.

DECEMBER.

3.—*Great Railway.*—This day a respectable meeting of the subscribers to the projected railway from the east to the west seas of Scotland, by Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Paisley, was held in Walker's Hotel, Glasgow, at two o'clock. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon was in the chair. Lord Archibald Hamilton, Lord Belhaven and Stenton, Sir James Stewart, and a number of leading Gentlemen, were present. A deputation from the Edinburgh subscribers also attended. It was resolved that the proposed scheme would materially advance the agricultural, mercantile, and manufacturing interests of Scotland, and that a survey should be made of the most practicable and useful lines. A Committee in Glasgow was nominated to

co-operate with the one already appointed in Edinburgh, and it was agreed for the present to limit the capital stock to £300,000.

9.—*Erection of a Professorship of Conveyancing, and Appointment of Matthew Napier, Esq. to the Chair.*—The Town Council, in virtue of their Royal Charter, constituting them Patrons of the University of Edinburgh, have, we understand, resolved to comply with a petition lately presented to them by the Society of Writers to his Majesty's Signet, praying that the Lectureship of Conveyancing, founded by that body, should be erected into a Professorship in the University, and that Mr. Matthew Napier, the present Lecturer, should be appointed the first Professor. This important measure has been very deliberately discussed by the Council, and carried by a majority of twenty-five to four voices. The plan as to filling up future vacancies, proposed by the Writers to the Signet, who have agreed to pay the Professor's salary in all time coming, has been also adopted by a majority of sixteen to thirteen voices. According to this plan, the choice, when any vacancy occurs, is to be made by two members of the Town Council, two Writers to the Signet, chosen by the body as electors, and the Deputy-Keeper of the Signet for the time.

Edinburgh Musical Festival.—The Treasurer of the late Festival presented a report of his intrusions to a meeting of the Directors, on Friday last, from which it appears that the Receipts were £4940.4.10.—Expences £4397.19.11.—Surplus £542.5.11. As there are still some trifling claims against the Festival, a small sum has been retained to satisfy them, and the sum of £530 has been placed at the disposal of the public functionaries, for distribution, according as they may direct, among the public charities of the city.

13.—*Devil's Bridge.*—The upper arch of the celebrated Devil's Bridge, near Hafod, Cardiganshire, is broken down, and impassable by heavy vehicles. A safe and temporary platform has been placed for travellers; the coach from Llanidloes proceeds no farther than the end of the bridge, where passengers alight, and proceed in another coach, stationed on the other side of the chasm. The lower arch, and indeed the foundation of this picturesque and extraordinary structure, (which

is supposed to have been built nearly seven centuries ago, by the Monks of Strata Florida Abbey,) is still secure. The second arch, which overspans the other, was erected in 1753, at the expence of the county; and in the year 1814, the patriotic Mr. Johnes, of Hafod, removed the low parapets of crumbling stonework, and placed in their stead iron hand-rails and ornaments.

*Important Discovery.**—We have recently received information, from unquestionable authority, that there is now in Edinburgh a gentleman of high respectability, who has discovered a complete cure for that distressing malady, with which many are more or less afflicted, a *sluttering or stammering in their speech*, and whose utterance is not only painful to themselves, but distressing to their auditors. Among numerous others, we are enabled from authority to mention two very recent instances. A personage of the highest rank and quality in Scotland, who from infancy laboured under this distressing complaint, having heard of this gentleman, applied to him; in a short time he effected the promised cure, and since that period, now some months, speaks without the smallest impediment. The second instance is that of a Gentleman of the first connections and respectability, and a partner in one of the banking-houses in London, who having also from infancy laboured under the same affliction, on receiving information of the cures effected in Edinburgh, came there in November last. The gentlemen were introduced to each other, and dined in the house of a friend with a large party, all of whom, commiserating the distress and difficulty of utterance of the London Gentleman, were of opinion that his deficiency was incurable. This Gentleman and his preceptor had a meeting on the forenoon of the following Monday, and in a few hours the friend of the former received a note, stating that he was *completely cured*. A Gentleman of this town, one of those who concurred in the opinion of the company that any cure was hopeless, read the note communicating his perfect recovery on the Monday: on Thursday following, he was an hour in the stranger's company, and during the whole of the conversation he could not perceive the smallest deficiency, or embarrassment of utterance. As the facts which we have stated are beyond doubt authentic, we must add, that the Gentleman who made the discovery,

* We have copied the above from a Provincial Journal. The Gentleman who performed the cures described in the paragraph is, we understand, Mr BROSTER, of Brooke Lodge, Chester, now residing in Edinburgh.

and performs such cures, is alike entitled to liberality in professional remuneration, and to the thanks of society at large.—*Dumfries Journal*, Dec. 7, 1824

Montrose.—In consequence of the decayed state of the wooden bridge over the river South Esk, which forms the entrance to Montrose by the south-west, it is considered necessary to have a new one erected. A stone bridge was in contemplation; but at the suggestion of an eminent engineer, a chain one now seems to be more favourably received. We have seen two plans of a chain bridge, and, to complete either of them, it will require about £.13,000. If the measure is really to be carried into execution, a considerable sum must be borrowed by the Bridge Commissioners, perhaps something of consequence might be obtained by public subscription; and, if application were made to the Treasury, probably 3 or 4 000 might be obtained from Government, as it is doubtless of great public utility.—*Montrose Chronicle*.

A curious pony, which has been lately presented by a Gentleman to his Majesty, was brought from Carlton Palace, on Friday last, to Cumberland Lodge: it is of a mouse, or rather a dun colour; its coat, or hair, very rough; is four years old, and stands thirty-two inches high, beautifully formed. It was brought from Norway, and is so docile, that it would follow the groom who has the care of him up and down stairs like a dog, and lay down on the hearth-rug before the fire; it has never yet been shod, will eat bread and potatoes as well as corn and hay, and drink beer. It was yesterday brought to the Royal Lodge, in a neatly-fitted, fancy-coloured covering, bound by a garth, for his Majesty's inspection; and was led by the groom to his Majesty's apartment, who admired him as much on account of his diminutive size as for his docility.

Court of King's Bench.—Dec. 21.—

Footo v. Hayne.—This celebrated action came on this morning. Miss Footo, of Covent-Garden Theatre, against Joseph Hayne, Esq. of Burdop Park, for a breach of promise of marriage. The Court was crowded to excess, in consequence of the almost unexampled interest which this case had excited in the public mind. The Attorney-General stated the case on the part of the plaintiff, and adduced evidence to prove, that, with a full knowledge of Miss Footo's having been under the protection of Colonel Berkeley, borne children to him, &c. the defendant promised her marriage. Mr Scarlett, on behalf of Mr Hayne, spoke at great length, and expressed a hope that the Jury would

consider this case as any other in which a woman appeared before them whose character had been tarnished, and whose honour had been betrayed by her father and mother, and such a case as did not demand damages at the hands of any Jury. The Attorney-General having replied, and the Lord Chief Justice summed up, the Jury retired for about minutes. On their return into the court they pronounced a verdict for the plaintiff, damages *Three Thousand Pounds*. The trial lasted eleven hours, and the damages were laid at £ 10,000. Miss Footo is twenty-six years of age, and Mr Hayne twenty-three.

29.—Floods.—Considerable damage has been sustained, within these few days, by the overflowing of rivers, in various quarters of the country, in consequence of the excessive rains. On the 25th, the Clyde, at Glasgow, rose to such a height as to overflow almost the whole of Bridgegate, and the foot of Stockwell and Saltmarket-Street, with the adjoining closes, were filled with water. On Sunday the public authorities sent a cart round with provisions, for the supply of those persons who were pent up in their houses by the water. A number of families in the closes, men, women, and children, having taken refuge in the front houses, crowded to the windows, while some of them let down baskets, with ropes, to the cart, for bread. A number of persons thankfully paid for what they got, while the poor received the bread with grateful feelings. During the time Mr Cleland and Mr Roger were distributing bread in the morning, the wind was so strong, that waves in the Bridgegate-Street were as high as they were ever recollected to have been seen at the Broomielaw.

Much damage was sustained in the neighbourhood of Hamilton by the flood. A large mass of banking, belonging to Mr Hamilton of Dalziel, has been wholly swept away, and all the level ground in the vicinity laid under water. Mr Mack of Cuningar has also been a considerable sufferer. The lower part of his premises were wholly inundated; his orchard, which is one of the most fruitful on the banks of the Clyde, was completely saturated, and he and his family were obliged to seek shelter in an upper flat.

On Monday a very heavy rain, which continued all the early part of the day, swelled the different waters leading into Loch Leven higher than has been seen these many years. The bridge to the south of Kinross was not able to contain the one-half of the water, and serious apprehensions were at one time entertained that it would give way, from the immense

pressure of the water above it; but after rising nearly five feet, it got access across the great north road at the south end of the bridge. Towards evening the water had subsided considerably, and foot-passengers were again able to travel along the road without any risk of being swept down with the current. We hear from various parts on the River Leven that a flood has not been seen these twenty years.

In common with all other places situated in the vicinity of rivers, Dumfries was overflowed by the Nith on Saturday and Sunday. The river entered many houses in the low part of the town. In some, the water remained from four or five o'clock in the afternoon, till after midnight. It is said, that, bursting through the temporary barriers erected against it at the door of an Inn in Nith-street, it rushed, an unbidden guest, into a room where a Christmas-party were just about to sit down to dinner, overset the table, and swallowed up the whole banquet at one gulp!

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—Dec. 18.—This day, James Campbell was placed at the bar, charged with assaulting Mr John Horner, in Nicolson-Street, on the 17th of August, in broad day, and then and there robbing him of a gold watch-chain, two seals, and watch-key. The prisoner pleaded Guilty of the robbery, but that he was unconscious of having struck Mr Horner. He was warned not to expect any alleviation of punishment on account of the confession of the crime, but declined altering his plea. He was sentenced to be hanged on the 19th January, but has since been reprieved.

William Lockhart, accused of robbery and theft, aggravated by being habit and reputed a thief, pleaded Guilty to the theft under the aggravation, but not of the robbery, and was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

Mary Thomson, or Wallace, was then placed at the bar, charged with assaulting, stabbing, and wounding, James Buchanan, butcher, in the Middle Market, Edinburgh, to the effusion of his blood, and danger of his life—to which the prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. The prisoner was a cadie, and attending a person who was purchasing meat on the day on which the act was committed, from a stall near that of which Buchanan was in charge. He desired her to step aside, as she stood in a position to prevent customers from seeing the meat on his stall. This she refused to do; he lifted his hand to her basket, and gave her a push, at which being irritated, she seized a but-

cher's knife, and stabbed him in the back. Buchanan was confined by the wound fifteen or twenty days. The Jury returned the verdict—"Guilty of stabbing and wounding to the effusion of blood, as libelled," omitting "to the danger of life," and the prisoner was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

20.—Robert Nomora, or Robert Robertson, or Robert, a negro, was placed at the bar, charged with entering the house of Major-General John Dalrymple, at North Berwick, (in whose service he had formerly been,) on the 31st of March, and stealing thereout a number of articles of linen and wearing apparel, the property of the General and his servants; to which he pleaded Guilty. The Lord Advocate restricted the libel, and the prisoner was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

Fairly Lindsay was next placed at the bar, charged with no less than nine acts of theft in dwelling-houses, to three of which he pleaded Guilty. The Public Prosecutor restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment, and he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

21.—At the meeting of the Court today, his Majesty's letter appointing Joshua Henry Mackenzie, Esq., Lord Mackenzie, one of the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, in the room of Lord Succoth, resigned, was read; after which his Lordship took the usual oaths and his seat on the bench.

James M'Dowal, accused of the murder of his wife, was put to the bar, but the Solicitor-General deserted the diet, and moved the Court to re-commit the pannel on a new warrant. The reason assigned by the Learned Gentleman for this procedure was, that he wished for farther investigation into the circumstance of the case, before the pannel was brought to trial, as M'Dowal had given in a defence, stating, that if he struck the deceased, he must have done so at a time when he was not conscious of what he did, being subject to temporary fits of derangement, in consequence of wounds received abroad. M'Dowal was accordingly re-committed, and it is probable he will be tried at the next Glasgow circuit.

22.—Margaret Ling, or Mather, a young woman, was brought to the bar, accused of various acts of theft committed in houses where she had resided as a lodger. The poor woman appeared overwhelmed with distress at the disgraceful situation to which she had brought herself, and while the Clerk was reading the indictment, she fainted away, and was conveyed out of Court.

Two young lads of fifteen or sixteen,

named John Moncur and Peter Lees, were then brought forward, charged with theft and housebreaking, committed in the premises of Messrs Sims and Rankin, ship-builders, Leith, in October last, and with being habit and reputed thieves. They pleaded Guilty to these charges, and as neither of them could write, their confessions were signed by Mr Neaves, their Counsel. They were sentenced to transportation for life.

The female pannel was again brought to the bar, somewhat recovered, but still in such a state of affliction, that she was allowed to sit during the reading of her indictment. It contained four different charges of theft, to two of which she pleaded Guilty, and the jury found a verdict accordingly.

The Court, in consideration of her contrition, and her previous good character, sentenced her to only twelve months confinement in Bridewell.

23.—Hugh Hosey was put to the bar, accused of theft, with the aggravation of being habit and reputed a common thief. The prisoner pleaded Guilty. The public prosecutor restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment, and the Jury having found the prisoner guilty, he was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

Alexander Mackay was next put to the bar, on a charge of theft by means of housebreaking, aggravated by his being habit and reputed a thief; in so far as he did, on the 26th day of October last, forcibly break into the shop of Mr Thomas Picken, watchmaker, Grassmarket, and steal from thence two timepieces, besides a great number of steel and gilt chains, seals, &c. There were also eight convictions in the Police Court narrated in the indictment. The pannel pleaded Not Guilty. He was convicted on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to be executed on the 26th of January. [We understand it has been since discovered that one of the Jury who sat in the above trial is a minor. The convict will in consequence escape punishment.]

JANUARY.

Ireland.—Mr O'Connell, the great Catholic leader, was arrested in Dublin on the 14th ult., on a charge of uttering seditious words at one of the late meetings of the Catholic Association, and was called upon to enter into his own recognisance to appear at the next Sessions, to answer for that alleged offence. The seditious expressions used were said to be the following, which appeared in Saunderson's *News-Letter*; but other papers state that they are a misrepresentation of

his actual language. The words are these:—"Nation, have," he remarked, "been driven mad by oppression,—he hoped that Ireland would never be driven to resort to the system pursued by the Greeks and South Americans, to obtain their rights,—he trusted in God they would never be so driven. He hoped Ireland would be restored to her rights, but, if that day should arrive—if she were driven mad by persecution—he wished that a new Bolivar may be found—may arise—that the spirit of the Greeks, and of the South Americans, may animate the people of Ireland."

The Commission-Court sat in Dublin on the first instant, when the bill of indictment against Mr O'Connell was laid before the Grand Jury. The witnesses summoned were the reporters of the various Dublin Newspapers. Two of them, when called on, did not appear, and were amerced in fines of £100 each. The Grand Jury, after being inclosed several hours, returned into Court with the bill ignored; a finding which appears to have given great satisfaction in Ireland.

3.—*New-Year's-Day.*—The new year was ushered in in Edinburgh, on Saturday morning, with the usual mirth on our streets. Several riotous proceedings which had recently taken place, in which the lower classes of the Irish were made the objects of attack by a licentious mob, led the civil authorities to the belief, that on a night on which so much licence is given to drunken squabbling and noisy parade, a renewal of these proceedings might take place, and accordingly every precaution to preserve the peace of the city was taken. The Royal Dragoons in Piershill Barracks, and the military in the Castle, were in readiness at a moment's notice, and a strong body of the Royal Mid-Lothian Yeomanry were stationed at Bullock's stables, in the New Town. The police establishment, under the able superintendence of Captain Robison, in addition to the ordinary officers, about 250, had upwards of 300 auxiliaries mustered, and in readiness to act. The High Constables assembled in the Royal Exchange about nine o'clock, to the number of nearly 200, with upwards of 100 extra constables, who were sworn in during the day. A strong force was kept in the Calton, the West Port, and Grassmarket; and every precaution which prudence could suggest, was adopted by the vigilance of the Magistrates, to secure the peace of the city. There were fewer people, however, on the streets, and those less noisy and quarrelsome, than we have known for many years; nor was there in any instance an attempt to create a riot.

- 45 F. Ensign Estrout, Lieut. 9 Dec.
 46 Lieut. Graham, from h. p. 23 F. Lieut.
 vice Hutchinson, 76 F. 11 Nov.
 Ensign Gleason, Lieut. vice Skelton,
 dead 23 April
 47 F. Ingram, Ensign 25 Nov.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Donoghue, Maj. vice
 Warren, dead 19 March
 Lieut. Clarke, Capt. do.
 Ensign Snow, Lieut. do.
 48 H. H. F. Clarke, Ensign 25 Nov.
 Assist. Surg. French, from 67 F. Surg.
 vice Mac Lachlan, dead 9 Dec.
 49 Lieut. Evanson, Capt. vice Coote, dead
 24 May
 Ensign Kelly, Lieut. vice Dowdall, dead
 13 Dec. 1822.
 ——— Pattoun, Lieut. vice Holt, dead
 10 Aug. 1823.
 ——— Fenton, Lieut. vice Evanson
 24 May 1824.
 G. Holt, Ensign 10 Aug. 1823.
 J. F. Dodd, Ensign 24 May 1824.
 Lieut. Clark, Adj. vice Dowdall, dead
 13 Dec. 1822.
 57 Lieut. Owens, from 20 F. Lieut. vice
 Douglas, h. p. 9 F. 16 Dec. 1824.
 58 R. A. Mackenzie, Ensign vice Wilson,
 6 F. 20 do.
 60 Paymast. MacLaurin, from 77 F. Pay-
 mast. vice Read, h. p. 11 Nov.
 Ensign Liddeell, Adj. vice Wulff, res.
 only 19 Aug.
 Lieut. Spong, Capt. by purch. vice De
 Dainis, ret. 16 Nov.
 2d Lieut. Robinson, Lieut. do.
 I. T. Evans, 2d Lieut. do.
 I. S. Wilford, Lieut. vice L. B. Wilford,
 ret. 19 do.
 Lieut. Campbell, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut.
 vice Altonstein, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 9 Dec.
 W. B. Neynse, 2d Lieut. vice Smith,
 6 F. 29 do.
 F. Marlton, Lieut. vice Kelly, 6 F. do.
 62 Lieut. Maur, from 47 F. Lieut. vice
 Stewart, h. p. 47 F. 11 Nov.
 Lieut. and Adj. Parker, Capt. vice
 Hartley, Afr. Col. Corps 18 do.
 Serp. Maj. Buchanan, from 71 F. Adj. and
 Ensign vice Parker 9 Dec.
 76 Lieut. Hutchinson, from 46 F. Lieut.
 vice Wood, h. p. 25 F. 11 Nov.
 77 Capt. Gilling, from h. p. 5 F. Paymast.
 vice MacLaurin, 60 F. 25 do.
 Ensign Clark, Lieut. vice Clark, 6 F.
 19 do.
 Gent. Cadet, H. Fenwick, from R. Mil.
 Coll. Ensign do.
 81 Ensign Hamilton, Lieut. vice Marsh,
 dead 16 do.
 ——— Hope, from 45 F. Ensign do.
 57 Lieut. Kerr, from h. p. Glengarry Fenc.
 Lieut. vice Mildmay, cancelled 2 do.
 83 Lieut. Bell, Capt. vice Sheehy, dead
 15 Nov.
 90 Bt. Maj. Dixon, Maj. vice Wright, dead
 20 Sept.
 Lieut. Cox, Capt. do.
 Lieut. Popham, Lieut. do.
 R. Norman, Ensign 25 Nov.
 92 R. H. J. B. McCumming, Ensign by
 purch. vice Wilson, removed from
 the service 16 Dec.
 93 Lieut. Gunn, from h. p. Bourbon R.
 Quart. Mast. vice Dallas, h. p.
 18 Nov.
 97 Capt. Orr, from h. p. W. L. R. Pay-
 mast. 9 Dec.
 98 Ensign Eyre, from h. p. 75 F. Ensign
 vice Graham, Afr. Col. Corps 10 do.
 H. Vernon, Ensign vice Nicolls, #
 W. I. R. 11 do.
 Assist. Surg. Teddie, from 1 Dr. Surg.
 vice Vassall, h. p. 9 do.
 99 Ensign Last, Lieut. by purch. vice
 Beauclerk, prom. 20 do.
 J. Nicholson, Ensign do.
 R. Gibbons, Ensign by purch. vice
 Ramabottom, 4 Dr. 18 Nov.
 Rifle Brig. 2d Lieut. Falconer, Adj. vice Webb,
 res. Adj. only 16 Dec.
- 2 W. I. R. Capt. Workman, from 3 W. I. R. Capt.
 vice Bt. Maj. Jack, h. p. 3 W. I. R.
 29 Nov.
 Lieut. Stewart, from h. p. 6 W. L. R.
 Lieut. vice Campbell, 60 F. 9 Dec.
 Ensign Manby, from 39 F. Ensign vice
 Henry, dead 10 do.
 Nicolls, from 98 F. Ensign 11 do.
 Capt. Anderson, from h. p. 28 F. Capt.
 vice Findlay, Afr. Col. Corps 16 do.
 Staff Assist. Surg. MacLachlan, Surg. v.
 O Burne, dead 1 do.
 Ceylon R. 2d Lieut. Warburton, 1st Lieut.
 Malcom, prom. 1 do.
 F. N. Toole, 2d Lieut.
 2d Lieut. Stewart, 1st Lieut. vice War-
 burton, cancelled do.
 R.A. Col. C. G. A. Nott, Paymast. 24 Oct.
 Capt. Hartley, from 62 F. Maj. vice
 Chisholm, prom. 18 Nov.
 Ensign Graham, from 98 F. Lieut. vice
 Cartwright, dead 10 Dec.
 Capt. Findlay, from 2 W. L. R. (Capt.
 vice Dowson, h. p. 28 F. 16 do.
 1 R. Vt. Bn. Ensign Elliott, from h. p. 30 F. En-
 sign vice Tait, 51 F. 30 do.
 2 Lieut. E. Griffiths, from h. p. R. Art.
 Driv. Lieut. vice Grzesbach, h. p.
 11 Nov.
 3 Lieut. Skidley, from h. p. 8 F. Lieut.
 (repaying duty) vice Bowen, 39 F.
 18 do.
 1 Vet. Com. Lieut. Warner, from h. p. York Light
 Inf. Vol. Lieut. vice Pike, ret. 1st
 do.
- Unattached.*
 Lieut. Beauclerk, from 99 F. Capt. of a Comp. by
 purch. vice W. Payne, R. Eng. ret.
 20 Dec. 1824.
 * *Garrisons.*
 Lieut. Schwartz, h. p. Nova Scotia Fenc. Town
 Adj. at Cape Breton, vice Weeks, dead
 25 June 1824.
- Ordnance Department—Royal Engineers.*
 Capt. Dixon, from h. p. Capt. vice Payne, ret.
 20 Nov. 1824.
 Lieut. Col. Sir H. Elphinstone, Bt. Col. vice M.
 Gen. Rowley, dead 2 Dec.
 Bt. Maj. By, Lieut. Col. do.
 Capt. Cheyne, from h. p. Capt. do.
 1st Lieut. Fenwick, 2d Capt. do.
 ——— Wulff, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
 2d Lieut. Gordon, 1st Lieut. do.
- Medical Department.*
 Assist. Surg. Gen. and Dep. Insp. Roberts, from
 h. p. Surg. Gen. and Insp. vice Jameson, ret.
 full pay 17 Nov. 1824.
- Staff.*
 Maj. Read, Perm. Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. Quart.
 Mast. Gen. in East Indies, with rank of Lieut.
 Col. vice Marlay, dead 2 Dec. 1824.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Forrest, from h. p. 34 F. Perm.
 Assist. Quart. Mast. Gen. vice Read do.
- Hospital Staff.*
 Surg. Maj. Nixon, of Gren. Gds. to have the rank
 of Insp. of Hospitals, without additional pay
 10 Nov. 1824.
 Dep. Insp. Gunning, from h. p. Dep. Insp. of
 Hospitals 17 do.
 ——— Gunning, Insp. of Hospitals for the
 Service of the West Indies only 18 do.
 Bt. Dep. Insp. Inglis, from h. p. Surg. 1 Dec.
 ——— Sir A. West, on h. p. Dep. Insp. of
 Hospitals 19 Nov.
 ——— Inglis, Dep. Insp. vice Schetty, 2 Dec.
 Assist. Surg. Pilkington, from h. p. 73 F. Assist.
 Surg. vice Maxwell, superseded 18 Nov.
 ——— Wahab, from h. p. 88 F. Assist. Surg.
 vice Murray, 2 W. I. R. 25 do.
 ——— Mitchell, from h. p. 48 F. Assist.
 Surg. 9 Dec.
 ——— M'Donogh, from h. p. 44 F. Assist.
 Surg. vice Pargeter, res. 18 Nov.

Hosp. Assist. Kinnis, *Asst. Surg.* vice M'Lachlan, prom. 14 Dec.
 Hosp. Mate, J. Portell, *Asst. Surg.* 2 do.
 H. J. Wilson, *Hosp. Assist.* vice Kinnis 11 do.

Exchanges.

Major Gordon, 10 F. with Brev. Lieut. Col. King, h. p. 98 F.
 Capt. Serjeantson, from Coldst. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. W. T. Graves, h. p. Kirkman, from 91 F. with Capt. Kirwan, h. p. 6 F.
 Ramus, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Harvey, h. p. 60 F.
 Macdonald, from 39 F. with Lieut. Leslie, 97 F.
 White, from 41. Col. Corps with Lieut. Lave, h. p. York Chas.
 Ensign Keily, from 46 F. with Ensign Johnston, 69 F.
 Wolff, from 60 F. with Ensign Wilford, h. p. 11 F.
 Quart. Mast. Campbell, from 73 F. with Ensign Hickson, h. p. 12 F.
 Surg. Callow, from 31 F. with Surg. White, 84 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Spooner 2 Dr.
 Capt. Sir L. Dukinfield, Bt. Gren. Gds.
 Kersteman, 43 F.
 De Damas, 60 F.
 Payne, R. Eng.
 Lieut. Bayard, 15 Dr.
 Hatton, 5 F.
 2d Lieut. L. B. Wilford, 60 F.
 Cornet H. Wellesley, R. Horse Gds.
 Visc. Kirkwall, 9 Dr.
 Staff Assist. Surg. J. R. Palmer.
 Hosp. Assist. Thornton.
 M'Christie.
 Pargeter.

Appointments cancelled.

Lieut. Mildmay, 87 F.
 Lieut. Warburton, Ceylon Reg.
 Staff Assist. Surg. Clifford.

Superseded.

Staff Assist. Surg. Macleod.

Removed from the Service.

Ensign Wilton, 29 F.

Deaths.

Gen. Hon. J. Leslie Cuning, late of Gren. Gds. Edinburgh 22 Nov. 1824.
 Lieut. Gen. Williams, late of Royal Marines 18 Jan.
 Major-Gen. Rowley, R. Eng. Dep. Inspec. Gen. of Fortifications, Essex 1 Dec.
 Thomas, East India Comp. Serv.
 Col. Desbarres, late of 60 F.
 Lieut. Col. Enes, 5 F. Dominica
 Deschambault, h. p. 109 F. Montreal, Canada 24 July
 Scott, East India Comp. Serv.
 Kern, do.
 Macmorine, do.
 Mackintosh, do.
 Frith, do.
 Paton, do.
 Major Fletcher, 5 F. Barbadoes 24 Oct.
 Champion, 21 F. shot by a sentinel of the regt. at Fort Charlotte, St. Vincent 13 do.
 Pierce, R. Ar. Jamaica 23 Sept.
 Guildford, late of Royal Marines 14 Feb.
 Adlam, h. p. do. April
 Fynmore, do.
 Butter, East-India Comp. Serv.
 Owen, do.
 Ferris, do.

Capt. Barlow, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 30 June
 Sale, 4 Dr. do. 25 do.
 Duhigg, 27 F. lost at sea on passage from Gibraltar Nov.
 Lett, h. p. 26 F. Canada 6 July
 Chapman, Inval. Art. 11 Dec. 1825.
 J. Grant, h. p. R. Art. Jersey, 1 April 1824.
 Defferd, Royal Marines do.
 Reding, h. p. do.
 Pring, Adjut. 2d Warwickshire Local Militia 19 Nov.
 Lieut. Hamilton, 77 F. Hamilton, N. B. 20 Dec.
 Marsh, 51 F.
 Durand, h. p. 95 F. Islington, Middlesex Sept.
 Watson, Ceylon Regt. Kandy, Ceylon 17 June
 Murray, h. p. 101 F. Norham, Durham 15 May
 Foster, h. p. 1 Gar. En. 6 Nov.
 Fiske, late Art. Driv. 6 Sept.
 D'Autonne, h. p. Foreign Art. 27 March
 Pollock, Royal Marines, drowned June
 J. James, do. Art. 8 April
 Lewis, do. 11 Nov.
 Paxton, h. p. do.
 W. Thompson, do. 15 Jan.
 Blagrove, do.
 D. Robertson, do. 25 Oct. 1825
 2d Lieut. Wilson, Inv. Art. 12 July 1824.
 Mitchell, Royal Marines 10 Sept.
 Getty, h. p. do. Nov. 1825
 R. Smith, do. 9 May 1824
 Woore, do. 24 April
 Ensign Heurmann, h. p. Rifle Brigade, Minden, Prussia 2 Aug. 1825
 Parker, So. Lincoln Mil. 6 Dec.
 Beaby, Dublin Co. Mil.
 Adjutant Lieut. Wall, of late 3 Vet. Bn. Jersey 11 Nov. 1824
 Lieut. Loy, h. p. Rec. Dist. 8 Jan.
 Quart. Mast. Kingsley, 30 F.
 Dukes, h. p. Royal Horse Gds. 25 Feb.
 Tranter, h. p. 16 Dr. Ipswich 24 Oct.
 Allan, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 20 June 1824.
 Walsh, late 10 Vet. Bn. Chelsea 7 Dec.
 Henery, h. p. 15 Dr. Cork 10 Oct.
 Whetley, h. p. 28 Dr. 27 Nov.
 Veterinary Surg. Bird, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 12 July

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Com. Gen. Thomson, h. p. 25 Jan.
 Freeman, h. p. 5 Sept. 1825.
 M'Kenzie, h. p. 14 Nov. 1824.
 Assist. Com. Gen. Bowie, h. p. 26 Jan.
 Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Hodley
 Thornton, h. p.

Medical Department.

Dr Schetky, Dep. Inspec. of Hosp. on passage from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast Castle 5 Sept. 1824
 Dr Haigh, h. p. Physic. 16 Oct.
 Surg. Dr Harrison, 6 F. Cape of Good Hope 28 Sept.
 Dent, 21 F. lost on passage from West Indies March
 M'Lachlan, 49 F. Cape of Good Hope 11 Sept.
 O'Beirne, 2 W. I. R. 8 Dec.
 Staff Surg. Bach, h. p. Wurtemberg
 Surg. Wynne, h. p. 57 F. formerly of Royal Wag. Train
 Edwards, h. p. 96 F. 5 Feb.
 Dunn, Hereford Militia
 Staff Assist. Surg. Dr Sibbald, Aacca, Gold Coast 7 Sept.
 Hosp. Assist. Mawry, Kandy, Ceylon 7 June

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1824-5.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck	1824-5.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.		s. d.			
Dec. 15	1253	28 0 35 0	31 0	29 0 32 6	15 0 19 0	15 0 19 0	9½	8	Dec. 14	542	1 4	82	✓
22	551	29 0 34 6	32 6	28 0 32 6	15 0 20 0	16 0 20 0	9½	8	21	456	1 4	82	✓
29	888	28 0 35 0	32 7	28 0 32 0	16 0 20 0	17 0 19 6	9½	8	28	379	1 3		
Jan. 5	1424	27 0 37 0	35 6	28 0 33 0	16 0 20 6	16 0 20 0	10	8	Jan. 4	448	1 3		
12	1621	27 0 36 6	32 10	28 0 33 0	16 0 20 0	16 0 20 0	10	8	11	464	1 3	67	✓

Glasgow.

1824-5.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 284 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pae.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour 280 lbs
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.			
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.			
Dec. 16	—	—	31 0 35 6	19 0 20 0	—	—	32 0 35 0	20 0 25 0	18 8 20 0	54 55
23	—	—	30 0 31 0	18 0 20 0	—	—	50 0 31 0	20 0 24 0	18 0 18 6	54 55
30	—	—	32 0 36 0	18 6 22 6	—	—	51 0 33 0	21 0 24 0	18 0 18 6	54 55
Jan. 6	—	—	32 0 36 0	18 6 23 0	—	—	51 0 34 0	21 0 24 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
13	—	—	32 0 36 0	18 0 22 0	—	—	30 0 35 0	21 0 24 0	18 0 20 0	54 55

Haddington.

1824-5.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1824-5.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck	
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	
Dec. 17	606	27 0 32 6	30 7	23 0 29 0	15 0 20 6	16 20 0	16 0 20 0	Dec. 13	16 0	17 3	1 1½
24	709	27 0 32 0	30 5	24 0 30 0	15 0 20 6	15 19 0	15 0 19 0	20	16 2	17 3	1 1½
31	704	27 0 34 0	31 10	24 0 31 0	15 0 21 0	16 20 0	16 0 20 0	27	16 0	17 0	1 2
Jan. 7	793	28 0 36 0	32 11	24 0 32 0	15 0 21 0	15 19 0	15 0 19 0	Jan. 3	16 6	17 6	1 2
14	720	28 0 34 6	31 11	24 0 30 0	15 0 21 0	16 20 0	16 0 20 0	10	16 9	17 6	1 2

Dukeith.

London.

1824-5.	Wheat.		Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.				Quar. Loaf.
	per qr.				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Bolling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.			
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	d.
Dec. 13	50 72	34 38	34 50	20 28	24 35	40 54	32 45	60 62	38 40	60 65	50 60	60 65	50 60	10	10
20	50 74	34 38	34 48	20 27	24 32	40 54	38 50	52 56	38 39	60 65	50 60	60 65	50 60	10	10
27	52 78	36 40	35 49	21 28	25 35	42 56	55 46	54 58	38 39	65 70	55 65	65 70	55 65	10½	10½
Jan. 3	52 78	36 40	35 49	21 28	25 33	42 56	35 46	54 58	38 39	65 70	55 65	65 70	55 65	10½	10½
10	50 78	36 40	34 48	21 28	25 35	42 56	35 46	52 55	38 39	65 70	55 65	65 70	55 65	10½	10½

Liverpool.

1824-5.	Wheat.		Oats.	Barley.	Rye.	Beans.	Pease.	Flour.		Oatmeal.	
	70 lb.	45 lb.						Eng. 240 lb.	Amer. 196 lb.	Engl.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Dec. 14	4 6 10 0	2 6 5 10	5 2 6 9	55 38	46 52	35 56	48 50	46 51	18 25	32 35	30 33
21	5 0 10 0	2 6 3 9	5 0 6 8	55 38	42 50	35 56	48 51	46 51	18 25	32 35	30 33
28	4 6 10 9	5 6 4 0	5 4 6 9	55 38	44 39	38 58	48 55	46 53	20 25	32 36	30 34
Jan. 5	4 6 10 9	5 6 4 0	5 4 6 9	55 38	44 52	38 58	48 55	46 54	20 25	32 36	30 34
11	4 6 10 9	5 4 5 10	5 0 6 6	55 38	43 52	38 58	48 55	46 55	20 26	32 36	30 34

England & Wales.

1824-5.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Dec. 4	86 9	4 6	41 11	23 6	42 2	40 7	—
11	87 4	39 8	43 8	24 1	43 0	48 10	—
18	65 11	42 8	42 5	24 0	49 7	48 9	—
25	64 9	40 9	40 9	23 4	40 4	50 7	—
Jan. 1	63 6	38 4	40 3	23 4	40 7	47 7	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
1. N.22	28.830	M.35			Dec. 17	M.31	29.574	M.38		
2. A. 29	.818 A. 33		NW.	Frosty, snow on ground.		A. 36	.823 A. 37		Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
3. M.23	.991 M.37				18	M.27	.564 M.37			Dull, with shwrs. rain.
4. A. 32	.994 A. 33		NW.	Ditto, with sunshine.		A. 37	.573 A. 39		Cble.	Dull, slight rain at night.
5. M.21	29.998 M.32				19	M.28	.575 M.48		W.	Snow foren. dull aftern.
6. A. 28	.564 A. 33		W.	Ditto.		A. 49	.134 A. 45			
7. M.25	.518 M.32				20	M.21	28.901 M.40		Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
8. A. 30	.818 A. 33		NW.	Keen frost, dull.		A. 35	.975 A. 38			Heavy rain and sleet.
9. M.15	.392 M.28				21	M.26	.805 M.37		W.	Keen frost, with squash.
10. A. 25	.485 A. 34		Cble.	Ditto.		A. 54	.805 A. 38		SW.	Fresh, sunsh. sn. on hills.
11. M.30	28.866 M.39				22	M.28	.668 M.36			Heavy rain and sleet.
12. A. 42	.866 A. 36		Cble.	Heavy rain and sleet.		A. 54	.868 A. 35		E.	Keen frost, with squash.
13. M.29	.882 M.36				23	M.22	29.542 M.34		W.	Fresh, sunsh. sn. on hills.
14. A. 34	29.231 A. 36		NW.	Keen frost, snow on grd.		A. 28	.225 A. 36			Heavy rain and sleet.
15. M.30	.273 M.36				24	M.25	28.965 M.37		W.	Snow, with sunshine.
16. A. 37	.234 A. 39		Cble.	Shrs. of rain and sleet.		A. 37	29.192 A. 39			Rain, sleet, during day.
17. M.30	.144 M.36				25	M.32	28.655 M.43		SW.	Fair, sunsh. cold.
18. A. 31	.367 A. 34		SW.	Warm, ditto, day fair.		A. 50	.822 A. 40			Frost, snow on hills.
19. M.29	.575 M.34				26	M.28	.930 M.37		W.	Cold, with showers hail.
20. A. 34	.560 A. 37		Cble.	Keen frost, snow on hills.		A. 54	29.544 A. 38			Fresh, with showers hail.
21. M.36	.585 M.42				27	M.28	28.850 M.42		W.	
22. A. 44	.690 A. 43		W.	Ran morn. and even.		A. 46	.909 A. 40			
23. M.41	.725 M.46				28	M.54	29.244 M.40		SW.	
24. A. 46	.769 A. 49		NW.	Sunsh. foren. aftern. dull.		A. 37	.535 A. 38			
25. M.41	.769 M.49				29	M.29	.633 M.38		SW.	
26. A. 49	.104 A. 47		W.	Fair, but dull.		A. 55	.365 A. 40			
27. M.40	.925 M.47				30	M.33	.503 M.38		SW.	
28. A. 47	.872 A. 48		W.	Morn. rain, day fair.		A. 36	.596 A. 40			
29. M.42	.530 M.48				31	M.32	.150 M.45		W.	
30. A. 48	.330 A. 44		W.	Dull, slight showers rain.		A. 49	.384 A. 45			
31. M.39	.305 M.39									
32. A. 36	.503 A. 39		W.	Fair, dull and cold.						

Average of rain 2.736 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the middle till the end of December, loud winds, sleet, and rain, were frequent. The new year commenced with rain. Since the 3d, the weather has become more settled; frosts have been frequent, but never severe, or of long continuance. Farm labour is in a considerable state of forwardness. Winter fallows are all broke up, and a good breadth of clover-ley has been ploughed for oats. Young wheat looks fresh. Turnips have acquired no additional bulk since November. A great breadth has been cleared off, and those remaining in the field are in a growing state, and will soon begin to run. Corn markets were dull about the middle of December; since then, they have been more brisk; but last accounts from Mark-Lane announce a decline in prices, which always tells in our markets. That a brisk demand for wheat will continue throughout the season is more than probable. The immense quantities of rain that fell in England, in autumn, must have very much deteriorated that species of grain; and what fell in the subsequent months must have prevented the usual breadth from being laid under wheat. The annual mean temperature, by a register kept at Annat Garden, Perthshire, for the past year, was 47° 4'. The depth of rain amounted only to 23.37 inches, about twelve inches less than last year, and four inches less than falls on an average of seasons. While we have to record this deficiency, it is something remarkable in the annals of Meteorology, that in Glamorganshire the extraordinary depth of 53 inches and 8 decimal parts fell in the same time; about double the quantity that falls in the Carse of Gowrie on an average of years.

Fat cattle are now plenty, and prices rather look down; for lean stock there is no demand.

Perthshire, January 14, 1825.

Course of Exchange, London, Jan. 14.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 12 : 0. Altona, 37 : 1. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 15. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankl. on-the-Maine, 151. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 44½. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 48. Dublin, 9¼—Cork, 9¼ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3.17.9.—New Doubloons. £3.17.0.—New Dollars, 4s.10½d.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s.10½d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork & Lin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Home 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 60 00.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from December 15, 1824, to January 12, 1825.

	Dec. 15.	Dec. 22.	Dec. 29.	Jan. 5.	Jan. 12.
Bank Stock.....	230½	230	—	—	229½
3 ¾ cent. reduced.....	94½	94½	94½	94½	94½
3 ¾ cent. consols.....	—	—	—	—	93½
3½ ¾ cent. do.....	101½	—	101	101½	—
4 ¾ cent. do.....	—	—	—	—	105½
Ditto New do.....	—	—	—	—	—
India Stock.....	—	—	—	—	281½
— Bonds.....	—	92 80	97	100	100
Exchequer bills.....	53	53 48	54 56	61	60
Consols for account.....	95½	96	95½	95½	95½
French 5 ¾ cents.....	102fr.—c.	102fr.—c.	102fr.25c.	102fr.75c.	103fr.—c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of Nov. and the 20th of Dec. 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.

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| <p>Adams, J. Moorfields, cabinet-maker.
 Antrobus, J. Manchester, provision dealer.
 Archer, J. Gun street, Spitalfields, factor.
 Arrowsmith, S. Salford, Lancaster, inn-keeper.
 Aubrey, H. H. Praed-street, Edgeware-road, wine-merchant.
 Badham, J. Clifton, Gloucester, cabinet-maker.
 Ball, P. Mevagissey, Cornwall, merchant.
 Ball, T. St Stephen in Bramwell, Cornwall, dealer.
 Banks, J. and W. Garrod, of Beccles, Suffolk, linen-drappers.
 Biggs, H. and J. Blandford Forum, mercers.
 Bond, C. Gravesend, victualler.
 Brown, J. Exeter, coachmaker.
 Burslem, T. Abchurch-lane, wine-merchant.
 Chambers, L. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, spirit-merchant.
 Clarke, R. Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, coal-merchant.
 Cooke, G. Manchester, grocer.
 Coppard, J. sen. of Lower Mitcham, drug grinder.
 Coughman, S. Throgmorton-street, printer.
 Cradlock, A. Albany-road, carpenter.
 Crossley, J. Holborn bridge, cheese-monger.
 Daniel, J. Bedminster, carpenter.
 Davenport, H. Heywood, Lancaster, grocer.
 Dimsdale, G. Richmond, Yorkshire, grocer.
 Dousbury, R. Bell-lane, mustard-manufacturer.
 Erwood, W. and R. Crofts, Distaff-lane, paper-stainers.
 Farcloth, W. and W. Turk, Great Tower-street, wine merchants.
 Flaherty, T. Bath, tailor.
 Frampton, W. Wych-street, victualler.
 France, T. (rompton, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.
 Freeman, J. Reading, coach-proprietor.
 Fuller, J. Bedford-place, Commercial-road, slater.
 Garner, W. Margate, bookseller.
 Giblett, J. Frome, beilwood, clothier.
 Gledhill, J. Halifax, merchant.
 Good, W. sen. and W. Good, jun. Hythe, Southampton, ship-builders.
 Grayburn, W. Nottingham, draper.</p> | <p>Grimble, J. Norwich, tailor.
 Grimwood, R. Rochester, draper.
 Gritton, P. R. Doncaster, dealer.
 Gwynne, W. Benton, Sussex, dealer.
 Hart, A. Manchester, dealer.
 Houghton, J. and S. P. Skinner-street, leather-sellers.
 Howell, J. Piccadilly, linen-draper.
 Hudson, T. Whitehaven, mercer.
 Hufsam, C. Garford-street, Lamehouse, ship-chandler.
 Hulme, J. Lancaster, victualler.
 Jackson, C. Barbican, hatter.
 Jackson, H. W. and W. W. Beaumont, Great Eastcheap, cutlers.
 James, H. J. Cannon-street, stationer.
 Jenkins, W. Christchurch, Southampton, plumber.
 Johnson, W. Bedfordbury, draper.
 Kite, J. and B. Best, Maclesfield-wharf, Shore-ditch, coal-merchants.
 Lamb, G. Blackwall, merchant.
 Lawson, J. Nottingham, hosier.
 Lee, J. Bocking, innkeeper.
 Levy, J. Goodman's-fields, feather merchant.
 Lewis, R. Mansell-street, coal-merchant.
 Longford, T. Sloane street, draper.
 Lomas, G. Burslem, Stafford, pawnbroker.
 Lunn, E. and G. Halifax, Yorkshire, chemists.
 Mason, G. Northampton, carpenter.
 Metts, S. Southampton-street, Strand, bill-broker.
 Morris, T. Oswestry, mercer.
 O'Hare, J. Chepstow, Mommouth, grocer.
 Parker, W. Hamstead road, builder.
 Phene, W. jun. Fleet-street, confectioner.
 Phillips, J. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, money-scrivener.
 Pickman, J. Shoreditch, grocer.
 Pocock, W. Layton, Essex, cabinet-maker.
 Powell, W. Upper North-place, Gray's-inn-lane road, plumber.
 Radford, S. Chiswell-street, victualler.
 Rice, C. Bennett, Circus, tailor.
 Richards, J. Wolverhampton, miller.
 Richards, S. Bristol, boot and shoemaker.</p> |
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Rimmer, J. and J. Liverpool, flour and provision-
dealers.
Roberts, J. High Holborn, dealer.
Riley, W. G. Fincham, solicitor, broker.
Seward, J. G. Blueford, Dum, Dorset, cooper.
Shaw, T. Southampton, wine-merchant.
Sudford, G. sen. Bath, linen draper.
Sims, C. Crown court, Broad street, merchant.
Smith, T. Henton Norris, Lancashire, and J.
Yates, New Mills, Derby, brass and non-
founders.
W. Lower road, Deptford, butcher.
Alphington and Heavitree, Devon,
W. R. Sowerby, York, wine-merchant.
Thomas, J. Liverpool, merchant.

Thomas, J. Piccadilly, draper.
Thompson, G. F. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-
manufacturers.
Townsend, J. R. Minories, hat manufacturer.
Wagstaff, T. Bristol, wharfinger.
Walker, J. Bishopsgate street, hardwareman.
Weaver, T. Abingdon, Berks, linen dr per.
Welch, J. Prince's-street, Lambeth, leather-seller.
Williams, J. Kentish town, coachmaker.
Wills, W. Sol's-row, Hampstead road, rectifier.
Wilson, P. Gibson street, Lambeth Marsh, car-
penter.
Woods, G. E. Walton, Surrey, chemist.
Wragg, T. Islington, brewer.
Wynne, G. Stafford, shoe manufacturer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced December 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SQUESTRATIONS.

Clyne, John, merchant in Leith,
Gregg, James, junior, writer, printer, and pub-
lisher in Ayr.
Hart, Thomas William, draper and merchant in
Greenock.
Lowe, John & James, merchants in Greenock.
Macgill, Francis, merchant & manufacturer in
Glasgow.
McKenzie, John, cattle dealer, Ledbeg, Suther-
landshire.
MacLachlan, Dugald, ship-owner, &c. at Corrihan,
near Fort William.
Marshall, Peter, & Co. merchants in Glasgow.
Milne, James, merchant in Glasgow.
Robertson, Samuel, spirit-merchant in Leith.
Rowe, Benjamin, coalmaster at Howalton, and
grocer and spirit dealer at Irvine.

Steel, James, coal agent at Glasgow.
Stewart, David, junior, oil and colourman, and
spirit merchant in Edinburgh.
Taylor, James, bleacher at High Arthury.

DIVIDENDS.

Carsewell, William and James, wrights and build-
ers in Glasgow, by William Rodgers there.
McCaal, James, & Co. masons and builders in
Ayr; by George Douglas, merchant in Glas-
gow.
Macnath, Donald, merchant in Inverary; by C.
Campbell there.
Rae, John, candlemaker in Edinburgh, by W.
Sanderson, merchant there.
Robertson, John, & Co. merchants in Glasgow;
by James Watson, accountant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1824. Sept. 15. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, the
Lady of Major William Stewart, 91st regiment, a son.
Nov. 26. At Balgowrie, Mrs Forbes, a daughter.
— At Little Bookham Rectory, Surrey, the
Lady of the Rev. George Boileau Hollen, a son.
— At Trinity House, Miss Scot, of Trinity, a
daughter.
27. Mrs Hunter of Thurston, a daughter.
— At 32, Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, Mrs
Charles Fawse, a daughter.
29. At Glasgow, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Ed-
ward Wildman, of Arabineers, a daughter.
30. At Montpelier Park, Burrowmanhead,
Edinburgh, the wife of R. Scott, Esq, a son.
— In Bryanstone square, London, the Lady of
Lieut. General Sir Thomas Hialop, Bart. G.C.B.
a daughter.
Dec. 1. At 118, Prince's-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs
Young, a son and daughter.
2. Mrs Robertson, 13, Great King Street, Edin-
burgh, a son.
— At 37, George Street, Edinburgh, the Lady
of Dr Adolphus Ross, M.D. a son.
3. At Greenock, the Lady of George Noble, Esq.
R. N. a son.
5. At Greenhead, the Lady of William Stavert,
Esq, a son.
6. At Abbotrule, Mrs Henderson, a daughter.
7. At Walker Street, Coates Crescent, Edin-
burgh, the Lady of George Govan, Esq. M.D.
Bengal establishment, a daughter.
— At Rotterdam, the Lady of James Henry
Turnig, Esq, a son.
8. At No. 10, Charlotte Street, Leith, Mrs
Combe, a son.
— At Northcliffe, the Lady of Captain McKo-
nochie, R. N. a daughter.
— At Poyntfield House, the Lady of Major
Munro, of Poyntfield, a daughter.
10. At Guernsey, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel
Kennedy, a son.
— At Paris, the Countess of Wicklow, a daugh-
ter.

Dec. 10. In Grosvenor Place, London, the Lady
of Sir Robert Graham, Bart. a daughter.
11. At Great Malvern, near Worcester, the
Lady of Kenneth Bruce Stuart, Esq of Annat,
Perthshire, a daughter.
— In Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs
Graham, a son.
12. At Edinburgh, Mrs R. Clerk Rattray, a
daughter.
13. At No. 8, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, the
Hon. Mrs Ramsay, a son.
14. At his house in Bryanstone Square, London,
the wife of Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. a daughter.
15. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Warren Hast-
ings Anderson, Esq, a daughter.
— In South Frederick street, Edinburgh, the
Lady of Captain Wyndowe, royal dragoons, a
daughter.
— At Sundrum, Mrs Hamilton of Sundrum, a
daughter.
17. At River Bank, Mrs Anderson, a daughter.
18. At No. 10, Cochrane Street, Glasgow, Mrs
Burnside, a daughter.
21. At 38, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mrs
John Learmonth, a daughter.
— At Gosford, the Right Hon. Lady Elcho, a
daughter.
22. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Birtwhistle,
Esq, of Barharrow, a daughter.
23. In Grosvenor Square, London, Lady Petre,
a son.
24. At Spreull's Court, Glasgow, Mrs Macm-
thur, a son.
— At 36, George-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Po-
lock, a daughter.
27. Mrs Drysdale, No. 8, Royal Circus, Edin-
burgh, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1824. May 7. At Dmapore, George Paxton, Esq.
M.D. in the military service of the Hon. the East-
India Company, to Margaret Maria, second daugh-
ter of Wm. Spotswood, Esq. Claywhat, Perth-
shire.

May 12. At Agra, in Bengal, J. W. Boyd, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's medical service, to Miss Helen Merchande.

July 23. At Bombay, Capt. Alex. Macdonald, of the Bengal Establishment, and Political Agent in Bangoon and Kantli, to Miss Maria Elphinstone, daughter of John Elphinstone, Esq. of the civil service, and late Member of Council on the Presidency of Bombay.

Nov. 17. In Florence, at the Hotel of the British Ambassador, Captain David Wilson, of the Bombay army, to Miss J. L. Young, daughter of the late Professor Young, of Glasgow.

29. At North Bank, Mr Wm. Thomson, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr Malcolm Colquhoun.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. Colonel Douglas, of Greenroft, Dumfries shire, to Jane Wilhelmina, second daughter of the late Erskine Douglas, Esq. M. D.

30. At Greenock, James Maxwell, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs at the port of Campbelltown, to Mrs Jean Campbell, daughter of the late John Stevenson, Esq. merchant in Oban.

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, Mr William Russell, accountant, London Street, to Christian, second daughter of G. Young, Esq. accountant of Excise.

2. At Edinburgh, James Eckford, Esq., Captain 6th regiment of Bengal native infantry, to Mary, third daughter of James Alexander Haldane, Esq. George Street.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Pringle, merchant in Edinburgh, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr James Rutherford, merchant there.

4. At the British Ambassador's Chapel, in Paris, William Timothy Curtis, Esq. (now, by letters patent, Baron Aumont), nephew of Sir William Curtis, Baronet, to Mademoiselle Elizabeth Sophie Aumont, of Paris.

7. At Edinburgh, David Aytone Lindesay, Esq. son of the late Patrick Lindesay, Esq. of Wormiston, to John Emilia, daughter of the late John Aytone, Esq. of Kippo.

— Mr James Turnbull, accountant, Glasgow, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Thomas Falconer, jun. Esq. writer there.

— At Stockport, Cheshire, Alex. McGibbon, Esq. of Crawhill, Town Clerk of Queensferry, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Alex. Lang, Esq. Lunithgow.

8. At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, William Stiles Rae, Esq. Hull, to Mary Anne, only daughter of Jas. Brander, Esq. Park Street.

— In the parish church of Little Marlow, Sir Thomas Francis Freemantle, of Swanbourne, Bart. to Louisa Elizabeth Nugent, the eldest daughter of General Sir George Nugent, Bart. G.C.B. and Member for Buckingham.

10. At Edinburgh, Mr Grant Sinclair, merchant, Leith, to Miss Ann Grant, eldest daughter of Mr George Muir, chemist, Edinburgh.

13. At Great King Street, Edinburgh, John Swainston, Esq. Banden, Ireland, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Dr Wm. Swainston, of St. Kitts.

— At Clyde Buildings, Mr John Leadbetter, merchant, Glasgow, to Ann, eldest daughter of Robert Hutton, Esq. merchant.

14. At Walcot Church, Bath, Major Hogge, of his Majesty's 25th regiment, to Maria, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Cameron, of Nea House, Hants.

15. At Perth, the Rev. John Burns, minister of Auchtergavney, to Miss Elizabeth Stirling, second daughter of Henry Stirling, late farmer at Innerpaffray.

— At Clyde Bank, Bernard Albinus Watt, Esq. of Crevenot, near Dundee, to Miss Jane Cunningham, daughter of Colin Arrott, Esq. of Clyde Bank, near Glasgow.

16. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Pate, minister of Innerleithen, to Jean, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Potts, Jedburgh.

— At Mary-le-bone Church, London, the Hon. George Cathcart, of the 7th Hussars, the third son of the Earl Cathcart, to the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Greville, the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Robert F. Greville, and Louisa (in her own right) Countess of Mansfield, his wife.

— At Paris, in the Chapel of the British Embassy, Robert Buchanan, Esq. younger of Drumpeir, to Sarah Maria C. Hoare, eldest daughter of Sir Joseph Wallis Hoare, Bart.

Dec. 20. At Gosford, the Right Hon. Geo. Harry Lord Grey, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, to Lady Latharrie Charteris, third daughter of the Earl of Vennys and March.

— At Rhime, Alex. Macbarr, Esq. of St. Vincent, to Mary, eldest daughter of William Basilie Rose, Esq. of Rhime.

— At Ayr, Thomas Ranken, Esq. writer, to Jane Campbell Logan, daughter of the late John Logan, Esq. of Knockshinnoch.

— At Alloa, Mr Henry Thomson, to Janet Stewart, eldest daughter of John Dru Esq. Alloa.

— At Tradeston, Glasgow, Patrick Esq. of Comquhill, to Janet, youngest daughter of William Loudon, Esq.

21. At Spott House, William Copeland, Esq. to Elizabeth, second daughter of Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott.

— At Inverkeithing, Robert Hill, Esq. writer, Stirling, to Janet, second daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, Inverkeithing.

Lately. At Polstead, by the Rev. John Whitmore, Chamberlain Hinchliff, Esq. of London, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Woodbine Parish, Esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise.

— At Wessel, in Prussia, Sir William Congreve, Baronet, M. P., to Isabella, relict of Henry Nesbitt M'Evoy, Esq.

DEATHS.

1824. April 16. At Seringapatam, in the 30th year of his age, after an illness of three days, Lieutenant Peter Gordon, 11th regiment, N. I. Madras establishment, third son of James Gordon, Esq. of Littlecraigs.

June 24. At Bangalore, Capt. Henry Thomas Rudyard, son of Lieutenant-General Rudyard, royal engineers, a distinguished and highly esteemed officer of the Madras artillery, whose loss will be universally regretted by the Madras army.

26. At Poona, Lieutenant R. S. Gibson, second son of Mr George Gibson, merchant in Leith, of the 6th regiment, Bombay Native Infantry. The following extract from a letter of Colonel Lodwich, to a gentleman in Bombay, proves the estimation in which the deceased was held by his brother officers:—

"I shall miss him much, not only as an amiable man, but as one of the steadiest and most respectable young officers I have ever met with. He was beloved by every officer in the corps, and I am requested by them to see that a tomb is erected over his mortal remains, with an inscription expressive of their regret and esteem."

30. At Trichinopoly, John Malcolm, Assistant-surgeon in the Hon. East-India Company's service.

Aug. 2. At Mendoza, in South America, Daniel Weir, Esq. merchant, Buenos Ayres.

Sept. 8. At British Acra, West Africa, James Sibbald, M.D. Assistant Staff Surgeon, second son of John Sibbald, nonmonger, Edinburgh.

11. At Cape Castle, Cape of Good Hope, Alexander M'Lauchlan, Surgeon, 49th regiment.

16. On board the Emsbury transport, on her passage home from Cape Coast Castle, Maria M'Arra, wife of Charles Stewart Lizar, Ensign, royal African colonial corps.

Oct. 2. At Alvarado, Peter Martin, Esq.

7. At Aux Cayes, Hayti, John Aitken, Esq. merchant.

21. At King's House, Barbadoes, of inflammation of the lungs, after ten days of severe suffering, Major John Wynne Fletcher, Captain in the 4th (the King's own) regiment of foot, and Aide-de-Camp to the Commander of the Forces.

28. At Verulam, Mrs Grace Murray, widow of the late William Murray, Esq. of Polmaise.

29. At St. Thomas, Captain James Ure, son of Mr Walter Ure, of Glasgow, in the 26th year of his age.

Nov. 6. At Portsmouth, on his way home to Scotland, from the Mediterranean, Alex. Watson, M.D. R.N. in the 38th year of his age.

20. Elizabeth, Countess of Oxford, aged 51.

21. At Scraevendale, in Holland, after his arrival from Surinam, James Campbell, Esq.

22. At Springfield, General the Hon. John Leslie Cuning.

— At Comely Bank, Mrs Isabella Bonnet, relict of Archibald Hope, Esq. Collector of Excise.

— At Chisle, Mary, relict of the late Mr Francis Jollie, aged 77.

Nov. 23. At Melville Place, Stirling, Mrs Mary Dorothea Ross, relict of F. Ross, Esq. formerly treasurer and one of his Majesty's Council at New Providence.

— John Erskine, Esq. 65 of the 94th regiment.

24. At Throokley Fell, Ann Jamieson, aged 102. She resided at Barmbrugh 58 years, and was one of the greatest spinners of the north; and, what is remarkable, she has in the last twelve months spun upwards of forty yards of cloth for the use of her son, although she has been blind for three years; and it was with great difficulty she could be kept from her wheel on the day of her death.

— V. Cupar, the Rev. George Campbell, D.D. in the 78th year of his age, and the 51st of his ministry.

— Mr John White, journeyman compositor with Mr Neill, Old Fishmarket Close.—He may be said to have lost his life by the late fire, having been in good health on Monday the 16th, and, in consequence of his exertions during the two nights of the calamity, was seized with inflammation of the chest.

— At Bath, Lieut Colonel Newport

26. At Edinburgh, Thos. Scotland, Esq. W. S.

— In Pall Mall, Frederick John Fitzroy Somerset, youngest son of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, in the fourth year of his age.

27. At Dumfries, Robert Whettley, Esq. late of the Berwickshire militia.

28. At St. Andrew's, the Rev. John Cook, D.D. Professor of Divinity in St. Mary's College.

— At Musselburgh, Mr Stewart, surgeon there, aged 55.

— In Nicolson Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Brown, spouse of James Spittal, Esq. merchant, aged 52.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Allardice, aged 79.

— At his house in the Regent's Park, the Right Hon. Lord Hawke.

— At Jock's Lodge, Major Morrison, royal marines.

30. At Cyprus Grove, Templeogue, John Orr, Esq. of Dublin, who for many years was one of the Directors of the Bank of Ireland.

— At Edinburgh, J. G. C. Schetky, Esq. aged 85, for many years a professor of music in this city; and, at Cape Coast Castle, on the 5th of September, his son, John Alexander Schetky, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, and Member of Council at Sierra Leone.

Dec. 1. At Netherwood Mains, Mrs Janet Brown, relict of the deceased John Brown, Esq. of Netherwood, aged 28.

2. At Dominies, Lieut-Colonel Ernes, of the 5th foot.

— In Crichton Street, Jane, second daughter of the Rev. William Grierison, late minister of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire.

— At No. 12, Hart Street, Edinburgh, Dr Robert Groat, of Newhall.

— At the Manse of Gala, Mrs Margaret Lothian, wife of the Rev. Archibald Singers.

3. At Oban, Ann, daughter of the late Archibald Campbell, Esq. of Leris.

4. At Midmillis Cottage, Mrs Abigail Gillander, wife of Thomas Mackenzie Paterson, Esq. of Drumcuddin.

6. At Cupar, William Davidson, late convener of the trades there, aged 57. He was the oldest member of the Town Council, the oldest member of the Trades' Council, the oldest member of the Waulker Trade, and the oldest member of the Kirk Session. Till a short period before his decease he enjoyed good health, and full possession of all his faculties, and he died regretted by all his friends and acquaintances.

— At her house, 21, Castle Street, Edinburgh, Miss Cunningham, of Bonington.

— At Cross Hall, Berwickshire, James Marjoribanks, Esq.

— At Caversham, near Reading, Major-General Powlett.

— At Boydell, John Forbes, Esq. aged 66.

7. At 53, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Jane McNaughtan, wife of Mr Archibald Fullarton, bookseller, Edinburgh.

Dec. 10. At Edinburgh, Miss Christina Tytler, daughter of the late William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq.

12. At Clauhan of Tongland, John Wood, a native of the parish of Kirkcubright. His age is rather uncertain, but he has often been heard to say, that in the year 1745, when Prince Charles and his army passed through Dumfries, he was a man in his prime, and that in the year of the great wind (1748) he was a married man, and had several children. At the former of these periods, it is therefore supposed that he would not be under 22 or 25 years of age; so that at the time of his death his age could not be less than 100. He was endowed with great bodily strength, enjoyed the use of all his faculties, except hearing, and was never known to have even a headache, or any description of sickness or ailment, except ague, till his death, prior to which he was only confined a day or two.

— At No. 4, St. James's Square, Mrs Helen Richardson, wife of Alexander Kidd, Esq. aged 73.

— At Nairn, Mrs Grant, Polmcoo, aged 80.

— At Lanark, Miss Jean Young, in the 92d year of her age.

12. Alexander Gordon, Esq. of Newton, Aberdeenshire, aged 70.

13. At Kilmorye Castle, Sir Alexander Campbell, of Aberuchil, Bart.

— At Drumsheugh, Mrs Jane Duncombe, relict of Captain Duncombe, of the Hon. the East-India Company's service.

— At Whitelaw, in East Lothian, Mr Francis Walker, much and justly regretted by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. As a farmer, he ranked with the first in that profession. He was a kind and affectionate father—a warm and sincere friend to all his acquaintances. He was followed to his grave by a number of friends, and most of the eminent farmers in East Lothian.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Katherine Baird, relict of the late James Baird, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At his house, Torryburn, in the county of Fife, and in the 81st year of his age, Capt. James Primrose, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Drygrange House, Roxburghshire, Fina Mary, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Tod, Esq. of Drygrange.

15. Mrs Kinnaird, wife of the late Mr William Kinnaird, chemist, Edinburgh.

— At Harwich, near Bolton, Lancashire, Mr John G. Moffat, son of the late John Moffat, Esq. Prestonpans.

— At Dunfermline, Mrs Angus; and on the 17th, Mr Angus, of the Post Office, both after a short illness. They were interred in the same grave.

16. At Patrickholm, Mr William Stewart, in the 80th year of his age.

— At his house, 11, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, Frederick Fotheringham, Esq. late Commissioner of Excise for Scotland.

17. At St. Germans, Mrs Anderson, wife of David Anderson, Esq. of St. Germans.

— At Ruscombe House, Berks, aged 71, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Sherborne.

— At Grove House, near Edinburgh, in her 16th year, the Hon. Helen Anne Murray, daughter of the late Lord Elibank.

18. Mr Jas. Thomas, of Lochie Bank, aged 67.

— At Hermitage Cottage, Leith, Thos. Thomson, youngest son of Lieut. Charles Smith, R. N. Lately At the village of the Bridge of Dee, parish of Balmaghie, at the advanced age of 99, Samuel Shannon, a labouring man. He enjoyed the use of his faculties and bodily health to the last, and on the morning of his death he ordered breakfast to be ready, as he intended to have been called at for it, he was found a corpse in his bed.

— In Patric county, Virginia, John Camson, at the advanced age of 120 years.

— At St. Thomas's Mount, Madras, Lieutenant John G. Dalzell, of the Hon. East-India Company's artillery, fourth son of Allen Dalzell, Esq.

— At Vincatoporum, India, Lieut. James Lawson, eldest son of Captain Lawson, Errol.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

FEBRUARY 1825.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days.		Morn.		Even.		Days.		Morn.		Even.	
March 1825.		H.	M.	H.	M.	March 1825.		H.	M.	H.	M.
Tu.	1	11	33	—	—	Th.	17	0	56	1	13
W.	2	0	6	0	31	Fr.	18	1	27	1	43
Th.	3	0	57	1	23	Sa.	19	1	58	2	14
Fr.	4	1	46	2	8	Su.	20	2	29	2	44
Sa.	5	2	30	2	51	M.	21	2	59	3	12
Su.	6	3	12	3	33	Tu.	22	3	28	3	43
M.	7	3	51	4	12	W.	23	3	59	4	16
Tu.	8	4	32	4	53	Th.	24	4	33	4	51
W.	9	5	14	5	31	Fr.	25	5	11	5	32
Th.	10	5	57	6	22	Sa.	26	5	58	6	26
Fr.	11	6	50	7	19	Su.	27	6	58	7	37
Sa.	12	7	55	8	39	M.	28	8	17	9	4
Su.	13	9	28	10	13	Tu.	29	9	47	10	29
M.	14	10	52	11	25	W.	30	11	12	11	43
Tu.	15	11	52	—	—	Th.	31	—	—	0	2
W.	16	0	16	0	36						

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.			
	D.	M.	H.
Full Moon,...	Fr. 4.	20	past 9 aftern.
Last Quart,...	Fr. 11.	23	— 2 aftern.
New Moon,...	Sa. 19.	19	— 4 aftern.
First Quart,...	Su. 27.	3	— 3 morn.

TERMS, &c.

March	
11.	Court of Session rises.
20.	Day and Night equal.
27.	Palm Sunday.

Notice to Correspondents.

WE have been favoured with the following Epistle, which will speak for itself :

MR EDITOR,

IN your last Number of the Edinburgh Magazine, you have inserted a very *clumsy and awkward attack* upon an *old and valued Correspondent*, namely, the *Author of "Classical Reveries,"* who, I have reason to believe, is your *intimate acquaintance*. The criticism of any Contributor is no doubt fair game to any man, but *misrepresentation*, and a *silly attempt at wit*, at the *expense of truth*, are by no means to be allowed. You surely *had not looked* at the former Number containing the "*REV. DOCTOR'S*" *Reverie*, or you would at once have seen that *HE never wrote*, nor was capable of writing such *nonsense* as that upon which your *new critic pretends to be witty!* It is my opinion, however, you will hear *more* about the business from *St. A——*'s in a short time. My intention is merely to *point it out to your notice*, if it has not *already* attracted it.—I am, MR EDITOR,

Yours, &c.

OBSERVER.

We presume this refers to a communication signed H., which appeared in our preceding Number, and in which the author has *animadverted* on two passages, one from Horace, and the other from the *Agricola* of Tacitus, which had been the subjects of some ingenious speculations by the "*Classical Reveur.*" It is quite impossible that the *impertinent blockhead*, who has given himself the trouble of *adverting* the above remonstrance, could have read, or at least understood, the remarks of H., which, so far from being "*an attack on the 'Reveur,'*" are perfectly respectful, and free from any intentional "*misrepresentation*" or "*silly attempt at wit.*" The author of "*Classical Reveries*" knows us too well to believe for a moment that any consideration whatever would induce us to publish what could in any way prove offensive to his feelings; but he is too strong, too liberal, and too rich in resources, to *desire* that we should keep back any fair and temperate observations on the subjects he has discussed, and with regard to which there is always room for difference of opinion; especially when, as in the instance of H., the communication was accompanied with the real name of the writer. This would really be to pay him a sorry compliment—one, indeed, which we know he would heartily and justly despise.

We notice this wretched abortion merely because the author of it seems to know some circumstances connected with these papers, and because he distinctly accuses us of injustice to an old and dear friend, for otherwise his remonstrance is infinitely below contempt, and would have been consigned to the flames the instant it was received.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

FEBRUARY 1825.

THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND.*

So late as the middle of the last century, the feudal system, which had fairly died out in all the other countries of Europe, leaving the traces of its existence only in the uncouth jargon of law, or the barbarous technicalities of title-deeds, continued in full force and vigour in the Highlands of Scotland. Nor is it easy to conjecture how much longer this political anomaly might have been suffered to endure, had not the rebellion of Forty-Five, with the danger and alarm it produced, rendered it expedient to break up a system of patriarchal brotherhood, which fostered the martial spirit of the clans, and had gone far to establish on the throne of his ancestors the rightful heir to the crown. Of the means by which this subversion was effected, it is now hardly worth while to pronounce any opinion; it is sufficient to say, that they were such as might have been expected from a weak and jealous government, vindictive because it felt itself insecure, and unable to master its terrors even after the season of peril had passed; but still the events connected with that unfortunate but gallant attempt naturally directed the attention of the public to the history, institutions, manners, character, and language of a people, who, though distanced in the career of civilization by the other subjects of the kingdom, had given a splendid example of chivalrous loyalty, incorruptible fidelity, and self-sacrificing devotion, and had furnished matter for one of the most brilliant and attractive chapters in what may be called the romance of history.

But while to this cause, taken in conjunction with the natural desire of traversing a wild and wonderful region, where Nature has operated on her grandest scale, we are to ascribe the innumerable incursions into the Highlands by that class of persons who, as the negro shrewdly remarked, "take walk and make book," it is nevertheless matter of infinite regret, that those who have generously undertaken this office have, with perhaps one or two honourable exceptions, been most miserably qualified for the task. Acquainted with a state of society and manners as different from, and, in some respects, as opposite to that which they went to explore as the society and manners of Washington, Philadelphia, and New York differ from those in the prairies of the Illinois, or the back-woods of Kentucky,—brimful of all the prejudices, sensitively alive to all the comforts, and impregnated

* The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, containing Descriptions of their Scenery and Antiquities, with an account of the Political History and Ancient Manners, and of the Origin, Language, Agriculture, Economy, Music, Present Condition of the People, &c. &c. &c. Founded on a series of Annual Journeys between the years 1811 and 1821, and forming an Universal Guide to that Country, in Letters to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By John Macculloch, M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. London, 1824.

with not a few of the vices of more advanced civilization,—totally ignorant of the language of the people, and more deeply read in the volumes of men than in the great book of Nature, plodding antiquaries, crazy sentimentalists, silly view-hunters, cockney literati, and, worst of all, impudent “Stone Doctors,” armed with their hammers, have successively invaded the unconquered mountains of Caledonia, to share the hospitality of the simple-hearted, unsuspecting natives, and to export, for the edification of the crowd, dry descriptions of cairns, castles, vitrified forts, and parallel roads,—or the mawkish rhodomontade of drivelling delirium,—or paltry and pitiful views of scenery worthy of the inimitable pencil of Salvator himself,—or gossiping mendacious anecdotes of the cunning, selfishness, extortion, filth, indolence, and barbarism of a race who never closed their doors against the stranger till his treachery and ingratitude taught them to regard him with distrust and suspicion,—or, lastly, as in the case of the author before us, ship-loads of minerals, with entire bales of libellous misrepresentation, appropriately seasoned with strenuous and reiterated exhortation to the landlords to continue that system of improvement and expatriation which they have so happily commenced, and hitherto so successfully pursued. Verily these are great evils under the sun, or, to speak more correctly, under the moon; but we may as well pass in review a few of the worthies who have so obligingly told us all that they knew, and more, on the subject of Donald and his country.

And here it is really painful, and, in our view of the matter, not a little humiliating, to be compelled to state, that, with the exception of “Letters from a Gentleman in the North,” “Letters from an Officer of Engineers to his Friend in London,” and “Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,” we scarcely know any work on the subject of the Highlands, till we come down to the present time, which is deserving of the slightest attention. Pen-nant, it is true, in despite of all his foppery, and prejudice, and folly, has adhered pretty strictly to the truth in what he has set down respecting the manners and character of the people; and if he is often wrong, it is because he knew no better, or was occupied with pursuits more congenial to the particular bent of his mind, and his individual acquirements; but he is not, with all his blunders, an *intentional* distributor of misrepresentation, falsehood, and slander. Johnson came into Scotland foaming like a bear about Ossian, armed with a tremendous cudgel to chastise Macpherson, and predetermined to believe that the Scots were savages and their country uninhabitable; that trees, breeches, and good dinners, were luxuries which an Englishman could never expect to meet with north of the Tweed. The “great moralist,” too, as it was once the fashion to call this scrofulous literary despot, and as he has in fact been baptized by one of the devoted idolaters who daily performed the *Ko-too* in his presence, laboured under some disadvantages, in performing his much-talked-of tour, which have long disarmed the spirit of retaliation, and reduced his authority to its true value. He was necessitated to use the eyes of others, because he was blind himself; and as the road to his heart happened to lie through his stomach, which it was not always practicable, in the Highlands especially, to appease, nobody was unreasonable enough to expect that he could discover any vestiges of high and chivalrous feeling lingering among a people who were nearly utter strangers to roast-beef and plum-pudding. His book, accordingly, is just such a production as might *a priori* have been foretold and expected; full of grumbling, saucy, ill-natured observations, the spawn of a mind deeply imbued with hostile prejudices, and incomparably more enamoured of antithesis than truth, and delivered in that pompous domineering tone of insolent superiority, which, from long habit and slavish acquiescence, had become habitual and natural to him; but nevertheless, occasionally relieved by lucid intervals of better feeling, under the more benign ascendancy of which he writes with a freer and bolder hand, and gives forth passages of uncommon interest and power. Viewed as a whole, however, it is a very trashy, dull performance, unworthy of Johnson’s inordinate reputation; the poverty and insignificance of the

matter strangely contrasting with the cumberous, sounding phraseology with which it is almost always overlaid and smothered. Of Boswell, poor fellow, we cannot permit ourselves to speak unkindly, though we are at present in no very placid mood. Of a truth, he had a ravenous appetite "for anecdote and fame;" his greedy maw was never satisfied; but this amiable weakness, this excusable infirmity, he redeemed by the good-humour with which he retailed the one, and the undisguised vanity which mingled with, and gave a warmer hue to his aspirations after the other. Who now disputes that he was the king of gossips, ancient and modern,—that he has done more to perpetuate Johnson's fame than Johnson himself, and that he has placed his own securely on the same pedestal? It was, indeed, rather humiliating to think that he should have been tied as a cannister to Johnson's tail,—that he should have piloted the English bear on his grumbling expedition, and played the toad-eater to his shaggy majesty. But Jemmy was delighted with his office, and all the world knows there is no disputing about tastes. Besides, he was altogether such a capital fellow, so well pleased with every thing, and every body, particularly himself, that "the man is little to be envied" who can speak or write of "Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er his name," without dropping in a passing word of kindness, or inditing an expression of affectionate regard for his memory.

And as we have foisted into our summary the name of James Boswell, we may as well stop a moment to deplore the preposterous prudence or folly of a man who bore no slight resemblance to him in some points of his character; we mean John Home, the author of "Douglas." Nature never intended John for an historian; but he was of a different opinion, and chose as his subject the Rebellion of Forty-Five, in some of the principal scenes of which he had been partially concerned, as an actor of an obscure part. With the view of collecting materials for his intended work, he sojourned during part of several successive summers in the Highlands, where the reputation he had acquired, together with the general respectability of his character, and suavity of his manners, procured him a kind and hospitable reception. His object was known, and he got credit for courage, ability, and fidelity, which were yet only *in posse*. The Jacobite families, to whom the secret history of that unhappy movement was quite familiar, opened themselves to him with the most unreserved confidence, and he became possessed of a rich store of authentic and interesting anecdotes, illustrative of the spirit of the times, and of the peculiar features of the Highland character. But from some pitiful notions of prudence, and an absurd dread of giving offence to the Reigning Family, by the disclosure of the atrocious cruelties practised in the Highlands, or of circumstances creditable to the character and feelings of the unhappy sufferers, John published his bald, meagre, wretched history, containing a dry detail of facts universally known, and apparently collected from no higher source than the SCOT'S MAGAZINE; while he neglected, or concealed the invaluable information he had received, not a vestige or fragment of which was discovered by those who rummaged his repositories after his death. This act of sacrilege, which deserves the keener reprobation, that the loss it inflicted was irreparable, has, in our time, found a worthy counterpart in the conduct of those who, from affected feelings of delicacy to which, in other instances, they proved themselves strangers, consigned Lord Byron's Memoirs to the flames. Nor does the resemblance consist merely in the insane folly of the act, or the irretrievable nature of the injury. In both cases the consequence has been the same; namely, the publication of innumerable fabrications and lies, which, but for the reckless destruction of invaluable documents, would never have been heard of. With regard to poor Home, he made a double sacrifice; he disappointed the confidence reposed in him, and he inflicted an incurable wound on his literary reputation, for which the best apology that can be offered is that mentioned by Colonel Stewart, *Sketches*, I., 73, 2d edition. Still it is impossible, without some bitterness of feeling and asperity of language, to deplore proceedings by which a portion of truth is for ever lost to the world, by which the brave and the honourable are deprived of their

justification, and by which the field is left open to those base miscreants who find it profitable to traffic in misrepresentation and calumny, and to pander to the evil passions of the unthinking multitude.

But to return to the subject more immediately before us; and, that we may not seem altogether to neglect Horace's rule, let us pass over a whole array of authors of "Tours," "Journeys," "Dissertations," "Thoughts," and so forth, and let us come at once to Colonel Stewart's "Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlands of Scotland, with Details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments." This work, on which the public has already passed a verdict of unqualified approbation, we need scarcely say that we consider as in all respects incomparably the best which has yet appeared on the subject of which it treats. It is written in a plain, simple, unaffected style, which, nevertheless, becomes occasionally eloquent, and even rises to a quiet sort of natural sublimity, when the author, who has given his whole heart, and soul, and strength to the subject, either defends his countrymen from the unjust aspersions which have been so lavishly cast upon them—or pleads the cause of the oppressed and suffering people, against the unnatural monopolists, who would either drive them from the country, or reduce them to the lowest pitch of misery and wretchedness—or chronicles those brilliant military achievements, which have contributed to enhance the martial character of the country, and to increase the renown of the British arms. But the matter is of more importance than the style. It is no doubt true, that the gallant author lingers with fondness over the fast-disappearing vestiges of ancient manners, and is perhaps a little too much enamoured of the poetry of the Highland character, of the bravery, fidelity, and devotion which distinguished the clans under their feudal chiefs; and it is equally true that this generous bias may have even unconsciously influenced the opinions he has been led to form in regard to the present state of the country, and the changes of character and manners which have been produced by the displacement of the ancient tenantry, the proscription of the people by their natural superiors and protectors, and the importation of capital and fanaticism from the South: but still it is this part of his book which will be read with the greatest interest; first, because the gallant author is perhaps better acquainted with the character and capabilities of the people than any other man in existence; secondly, because he has studied the most scrupulous accuracy in the statements which he has brought forward, and which may, therefore, be received with implicit confidence; and, lastly, because we are fully convinced that the system presently in operation in the Highlands of Scotland, if much longer persevered in, will speedily engender, in that hitherto-peaceful country, much of the poverty, wretchedness, and crime, which have so long been the scourge of Ireland, and the disgrace of those by whom Ireland is governed. We are aware it has been objected to Colonel Stewart's deductions, that he is a bad political economist—nay, so deplorably ignorant of the principles of that fashionable science, as to prefer increasing the comforts and ameliorating the condition of the people, to improving the breed of sheep or of horned cattle; that he is rather a retailer of anecdotes and facts, than a reasoner or a theorist; and that in all his statements and conclusions, he betrays the bias of his profession, and is too ready to view the condition of his native glens, under the modern process of improvement, with the eye of a soldier, who thinks more of rearing a brave and hardy population, fit to serve their country with honour, and sustain the renown of its arms, than of the expediency of large sheep-farms and exorbitant rents. Now admitting, for the sake of courtesy, that these objections are, to a certain extent, well founded, we shall not quarrel very violently with the Colonel for his assumed ignorance, or rather his neglect of Political Economy, because we shall show in the sequel, that the principles of the science are totally inapplicable to the existing state of the Highlands, and that four-fifths of the poverty and misery which there obtrude themselves upon the view in every direction, have been directly engendered by carrying into practice doctrines plausible enough in theory, but deduced from the circumstances of countries different in soil, climate, position, cha-

racter, manners, and state of society. In the next place, we do aver, that the people, though of course unworthy of a moment's regard, when put in competition with the benefits resulting, or expected to result, from large sheep-farms and high rents, are, nevertheless, deserving of some consideration; seeing that even our political economists do not disdain occasionally to become the advocates of the negroes in the West-Indian Islands, whose situation, however, is, in almost every respect, more comfortable than that of the poor, despised, oppressed, and calumniated creatures, who inhabit the mountains and glens of "our dear native land." Nor is it a very deep reproach to the gallant Colonel, that he has considered a few well-authenticated facts as of more value on a subject of this sort, than the most curiously-concocted, neatly-trimmed theory, which the most expert political economist could manufacture. Facts were never more in request than at present, to correct the absurd and pernicious theories in vogue, and which, as Napoleon observed, would break down an empire constructed of granite, were they not fortunately opposed by the common sense and interests of mankind. And, finally, with regard to the charge of professional bias, a soldier who has so often shown the Highlander the eye of his country's enemy,—who knows his admirable military qualities, his steadiness, his good conduct, his capability of bearing hunger and fatigue, to say nothing of that daring courage which rises with the obstacles it is required to surmount, and which has never been called in question except by the libeller we have yet to discuss,—and, above all, who recollects what happened in Canada during the late contest with America, when Highlanders were for the first time found in arms against their native country;—a soldier, we say, with all this experience and knowledge, who sees a brave and hardy race daily degenerating under the malignant and pestiferous influence of what, with a cruel mockery, has been nicknamed improvement, may perhaps be pardoned for believing that a few thousand additional sheep, and five or ten per cent. increase in the rent of the landlords, offer but a miserable compensation for the brawny arms and gallant hearts which, under a different order of things, the country might have gathered round its standards at the hour of need. But laying all these considerations entirely out of view, the subject may at once be brought to this short issue: Has Colonel Stewart told the truth, or has he not? If he has, then the system presently pursued in the Highlands is a most pernicious system, destructive of the independence and comfort of the people, and, which will appear more fully by and by, as unproductive of profit, in a pecuniary sense, as it is of any result which a wise and enlightened patriotism can ever sanction or approve. If, on the contrary, he has been misled by his prejudices and feelings, so as to represent partial and temporary as general and permanent evils, it is incumbent on those who maintain the negative, to bring forward the proof necessary to convict him of error, and it is competent to us to sift the nature of that proof, when offered, as well as to endeavour to ascertain the credibility of those by whom it is adduced. And this brings us at once to Dr Macculloch, and his four wonderful tomes.

Now, certes, if the merit of a book were to be estimated by the arrogant pretensions of its author, the flourish of trumpets, with which it is sometimes ushered into the world, or the exertions made in its favour by those who are interested in giving currency, and obtaining credence to its statements, Dr Macculloch would, beyond all dispute, be the greatest writer that ever (to use his own elegant phrase) "got astride of a pen." But the public approbation is not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*. Notwithstanding the vain-glorious gaseonading of the author, respecting the superior "accuracy and extent" of his information, the confident anticipations of success entertained by those who participate his sentiments, and even the exertions of the Duchess of Atholl (who, by the way, detests the Highlanders) to procure subscribers, the book has fallen almost dead-born from the press; for it has now been many months before the public without attracting the attention of any periodical; nor, assuredly, should we have interfered to stop its natural progress to the trunk-maker and the tobacconist, had it not

been for the following three good and sufficient reasons: In the first place, it contains, scattered over various parts, such a defence of the recent conduct of the Highland proprietors, in regard to the aboriginal inhabitants, as a strenuous abettor of the demoralizing process now in operation has been able to offer for them. Secondly, the author's reputation as a scientific mineralogist seemed to entitle even his bad wit, bad writing, bad stories, and bad spirit, to some sort of notice and review. Lastly, the book being cast in the shape of letters, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, (whether with or without his permission, is of no consequence at present,) it is thus presented to the world in some measure under the sanction of that illustrious name, which, though blazoned only, as it were, on the pannels, can hardly fail to entice many who would otherwise have passed it over with neglect or indifference, to take a peep at the miserable and libellous trash deposited within. It is incumbent upon us to add, that the majority of his statements, anecdotes, and dissertations, is obviously intended to serve as an answer to, and, as far as the author's authority may extend, to counteract the effect produced by, Colonel Stewart's work; though, as far as we recollect, he has, in no instance, had the manliness and candour to avow that this was the principal part of his design. Indeed we should almost be inclined to believe that the book has been got up solely with this view, and at the suggestion of a certain noble Duke, who usually entertains the Doctor for six months in the year, and who is so much influenced by his opinions, that he has, at this moment, *twenty-five farms in his own hands*; the former occupants being ruined and *rouped out*, and no new adventurers being foolhardy enough to risk the same fate!

In his "introductory letter," the Doctor says, "he will not deny that his prejudices are in favour of this people;" that he has "laboured hard to reconcile his wishes to his conviction;" and that "he would *vain* imagine he had only one object—TRUTH." The bare-faced impudence of these allegations will be demonstrated, in the clearest manner, by our subsequent examinations. But in the meantime let us inquire of him, how he expects it to be believed, that "his prejudices are in favour of a people" whom he represents as barbarous, incurably indolent, eaten up with beggarly pride, sneaking sycophants, unconscionable extortioners, filthy, dishonest, inhospitable, nay cowardly,—whom, upon every occasion, "he labours hard," in his clumsy, stony fashion, to hold up to ridicule, as the most wretched and contemptible of all God's creatures,—for whose miseries, the *real* source of which no man knows better than he does, he can spare no word of sympathy or commiseration, while he lets slip no opportunity of extolling, and playing the apologist for their cold-blooded, unnatural oppressors? "Call you this backing your friends," Doctor? Call you this being "prejudiced in favour of the people?" But the good man "laboured to reconcile his wishes to his conviction:" it was to no purpose, however; love's labour was lost: so he ended by doing the very opposite of that which he intended, or rather laboured, to do; namely, "reconciling his conviction to his wishes." And he tells us, or to speak more correctly, he tells Sir Walter Scott, (*credat Qualiterus!*) that "he would *vain* imagine he had only one object—TRUTH." "What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. We put the same question to the Doctor, and "pause for a reply." Is misrepresentation *truth*? Is slander *truth*? Is pure fiction *truth*? Is an assumed tone of insolent superiority *truth*? Is ingratitude *truth*? Are we to receive, and consider as *truth*, any unsubstantiated dictum the Doctor may chuse to utter *ex cathedra*, solely because it is *he* who delivers it? When he meets and quarrels with persons who exist only in his pages, are we to consider him as a *bonâ fide* expositor of his real and personal experience? We would pause a whole month, an entire lunation, as he would say, for a reply. But to come more closely still to the point: We do, without qualification, *swear*, that in every thing that regards the actual manners, character, and condition of the Highlanders, the Doctor is a *prejudiced* person, in the worst sense of the word; that one of the principal objects he had in view in manufacturing his book, and secondary only to his love of displaying his own *pro-*

digious erudition, was to white-wash the Highland landlords, and to justify the proceedings to which they have had recourse, by representing the native population on their estates as brutalized beyond all hope of regeneration; and that, therefore, all his statements, *connected with this subject*, are to be received with extreme *suspicion and distrust*. A few examples will show, that the language we have now used is not by any means stronger than the circumstances of the case fully warrant and authorize.

The first specimen we shall produce of the "extent and accuracy" of the author's information is one which the gallant officer we have already so often named has (see *Sketches, &c.* Vol. II. p. 443—44.) exposed to our hand. One of Dr Macculloch's favourite positions is, that the warlike spirit of the Highlanders is extinguished; (would it be surprising if the assertion were true?) that they manifest a dislike to the service; and that this is particularly the case with the Islanders, who, during the last war, were defended by the manufacturers of the Lowlands. And in prosecution of the subject, he farther states, that "if recruits should be raised in the Islands, they would be found in Islay, not in Skye, or in the Long Island." Now, on a full knowledge of all the circumstances, Colonel Stewart states, that during the twenty-one years he was attached to the 42d and 78th Regiments, these Corps received not twenty men from Islay, while, for the 78th alone, 732 men, all good and exemplary soldiers, were enlisted from one landlord's estate in the Long Island! nay, that from the Island of Lewes, one portion of Lord Seaforth's estate on the Long Island, 240 men, "as good soldiers as ever left the Highlands," were enlisted for his battalion. Certainly, if these men, and the many thousands of Highlanders who enlisted into the different other regiments, were averse to a military life, their conduct, as Colonel Stewart remarks, displayed an inconsistency not easy to be accounted for on any of the common principles which rule the actions of mankind; and it will not be denied, that, supposing them to cherish the dislike ascribed to them, they took a very novel and original method of betraying it.

But we must now, in prosecution of our purpose, take a ramble at large over these formidable tomes. The Doctor says he should have known much less than he actually does of the Highlanders, (and God wot, that is little enough,) "had he not made bosom-friends of the boatmen, acted King Pippin among the children, driven cattle with the drovers, listened to interminable stories about stots, and sheep, and farms,—partaken of a sneeshing with the beggar, drank whisky with the retired veteran, sat in the peat reek with the old crones, given ribbons to the lassies and pills to the wives, and fiddled to the balls in Rum." Now, it is really matter of regret that this boatmen-loving, Pippin-acting, cattle-driving, stot-story-listening, sneeshing-partaking, reek-dried, ribbon-giving, Rum-fiddling Doctor, did not, amidst all the good company into which he appears to have fallen, contrive to coax himself into good humour with the poor creatures whom he says he mingled with, but who we know were incessantly repelled from any approach to communicativeness, by his caustic, disagreeable, overbearing manners. He says, indeed, "he knows not what other and better proof he could give of his esteem for Donald and all his race," than by degrading himself to the level of drovers, and playing merryandrew to the children. Perhaps he does not; but it occurs to us, that, by speaking with ordinary civility and decency, of people who almost invariably gave him a kind and cordial reception, he would have proved his "esteem for Donald and all his race," and rather more respectably too, than by coining fictitious colloquies, and by invidious, unfounded remarks on the domestic economy and habits of the gentlemen at whose tables he made himself a guest. With regard to *fictitious colloquies*, the book abounds with them, and they merit this appellation *par excellence*, because they just are as unreal as those of Captain M'Turk in St Ronan's Well, with the additional disadvantage, that they are destitute of all verisimilitude, and give about as fair a representation of the broken jabber spoken by the lower Highlanders, as they do of the dialect of the cone-headed or dog-ribbed Indians. Take the following

sample, the first that has turned up. The Doctor meets a "snuffy-looking native" in Glen Lednach, "cutting hay with his *pocket-knife*," (a tedious enough operation, we should suppose), and he asks—

"How far is it to Killin?"—"It's a fine day."—"Aye, it's a fine day for your hay."—"Ah! there's no muckle hay; this is an unco cauld glen."—"I suppose this is the road to Killin?" (trying him on another tack).—"That's an unco fat beast of yours."—"Yes, she is much too fat; she is just from grass."—"Ah! it's a mere, I see; it's a gude beast to gang, Ise warn you."—"Yes, yes, it's a very good pony."—"I solded just sic another at Doune fair, five years by-past; I warn ye she's a Highland-bred beast?"—"I don't know; I bought her in Edinburgh."—"A weel, a weel, mony sic like gangs to the Edinburgh market frae the Highlands."—"Very likely; she seems to have Highland blood in her."—"Aye, aye; would you be selling her?"—"No, I don't want to sell her; do you want to buy her?"—"Na! I was na thinking of that; has she had na a foal?"—"Not that I know of."—"I had a gude colt out of ours when I solded her. Yere na ganging to Doune the year?"—"No, I am going to Killin, and want to know how far it is."—"Aye, ye'll be ganging to the sacraments there the morn?"—"No; I don't belong to your kirk."—"Ye'll be an Episcopalian than?"—"Or a Roman Catholic."—"Na, na; ye're nae Roman."—"And so it is twelve miles to Killin?" (putting a leading question).—"Na; it's na just that."—"It's ten then, I suppose?"—"Ye'll be for cattle then, for the Falkirk trust?"—"No; I know nothing about cattle."—"I thoct ye'd ha been just aye of thae English drovers. Ye have nae siccan hills as this in your country?"—"No; not so high."—"But ye'll ha'e bonny farms?"—"Yes, yes; very good lands."—"Ye'll nae ha'e better farms than my Lord's at Dunira?"—"No, no; Lord Melville has very fine farms."—"Now, there's a bonny bit land; there's na three days in the year there's na meat for beasts on it; and it's to let. Ye'll be for a farm hereawa?"—"No, I'm just looking at the country."—"And ye have nae business?"—"No."—"Weel, that's the easiest way."—"And this is the road to Killin?"—"Will ye tak' some nuts?" (producing a handful he had just gathered).—"No; I cannot crack them."—"I suppose your teeth are failing? Ha'e ye any snuff?"—"Yes, yes; here is a pinch for you."—"Na, na; I'm unco heavy on the pipe, ye see, but I like a hair of snuff; just a hair;" touching the snuff with the end of his little finger, apparently to prolong time, and save the answer about the road a little longer, as he seemed to fear there were no more questions to ask. The snuff, however, came just in time to allow him to recall his ideas, which the nuts were near dispersing. "And ye'll be from the low country?"—"Yes; you may know I am an Englishman, by my tongue."—"Na; our ain gentry speaks high English the now."—"Well, well, I am an Englishman, at any rate."—"And ye'll be staying in London?"—"Yes, yea."—"I was ance at Smithfield mysel' wi' some beasts: it's an unco place, London. And what's yere name? asking your pardon."—"The name was given. There's a hantel o' that name i' the north. Yere father 'll may be be a Highlander?"—"Yes; that is the reason why I like the Highlanders."—"Weel, (nearly thrown out,) it's a bonny country now, but it's sair cauld here in the winter."—"And so it is six miles to Killin?"—"Aye, they call it sax."—"Scotch miles, I suppose?"—"Aye, aye; auld miles."—"That is about twelve English?"—"Na, it 'll not be abune ten short miles, (here we got on so fast, that I began to think I should be dismissed at last); but I never seed them measured. And ye'll ha'e left your family at Comrie?"—"No; I am alone."—"They'll be in the south, may be?"—"No; I have no family."—"And are ye no married?"—"No."—"I'm thinking it's time."—"So am I."—"Weel, weel, ye'll have the less fash."—"Yes, much less than in finding the way to Killin."—"O, aye, ye'll excuse me; but we countra folk speers muckle questions."—"Pretty well, I think."—"Weel, weel, ye'll find it saft a bit in the hill, but ye maun had wast, and it's na abune tan mile. A gude day."

The drift of this, as we learn, is to prove that the Highlander combines the indirectness of the Lowland Scot with an inquisitive curiosity peculiar to himself. Nobody denies that the low Highlander is inquisitive, particularly if he chance to meet with a Sassenach *flat* inquiring the way to the moon; but even in that extreme case, he is *respectfully* so; and never accepts a stranger with the blunt, surly, bull-headed assurance of the Gaul *marra-hair*; and it is something too much for a writer, who cannot hit off a single characteristic phrase, to attempt a dramatic delineation of peculiarities which

he does not understand, and cannot appreciate. Indeed, were we to form a judgment of the Highlanders from this execrable lingo—worse, if possible, than their own broken English, which has generally infused into it all the raciness of the Celtic idiom—we should pronounce them the most arrant blockheads extant, excepting, perhaps, the peasantry of Old England, whose pre-eminent stupidity, and brutal indifference to all that passes around them, has never yet, we believe, been called in question. Yet the Doctor—who has a knack of contradicting every body, and by way, we presume, of establishing his exemplary impartiality, himself too—assures us, on another occasion, that “whoever thinks Donald a dull fellow, never made a greater mistake in his life.”

Like many other travellers, the Doctor has a wonderful fortune in falling in with adventures. He tells us, that in Jersey he was seized by a corporal and a file of men, and introduced to the main guard; that in Cornwall he was apprehended as a horse-stealer; that in the same sensible and discriminating county he was taken for the merryandrew of a quack-doctor; that in Plymouth he was carried by a *Frenchman* before the Port-Admiral; and that in Wales, a jackass, “*whom*” he met in the ruins of Lamphey, was the only “*person*” who seemed to take any interest in his fate—probably from the principle of natural sympathy which subsists among all animals of the same species. No such “moving accidents” appear to have occurred to him in the Highlands; but his adventures there, though less exclusively personal, are equally marvellous. In Glenlyon, for example,

A flock of little boys and girls happened to be coming from their school, and I called to the biggest of them, a creature of ten years old, to shew it him, and to ask him where his father obtained his lime for his farm. He not only described to me the quarry whence I knew it to come, but every known bed of limestone in the country, for many miles round; some of which I then knew to be truly indicated, and others which I was thus led to examine. But this was a philosopher in an egg-shell, in many more shapes. His school was one where English was taught, and where it was prohibited to speak Gaelic. *He explained to me the whole discipline, and spoke of the reputed policy of this measure, and of general education, as if he had been a reader of *Revue*!* I had a quantity of pence in my pocket, and as pence are shillings at this age, I gave them to him to divide among his followers, who seemed all to hold him in reverence, and were all silent whenever he spoke, or appeared about to speak. Unluckily there were fourteen children, and only thirteen pennies; and as he was about to retun the last for himself, he saw one little girl, who was so small that she had been overlooked. He immediately gave her his own, and seemed happier than the rest when he had done it. Such a hero as this might become a Rennel, or a Malthus, or a Bayard—but he will flourish and fade unseen, at the plough or the mattock, unless Lord Breadalbane or Colonel Stewart should discover in him the germ of a Simpson, a Ierguson, or a Burns.

This unfortunately affords the Doctor no opportunity of figuring as the hero of his own tale; so at Killin he meets with “a man of reputed education, and, by grace, a philosopher, and, as he doubtless flattered himself, a man of taste,” who accosts him at the inn-door—abuses Killin as the ugliest place he ever saw in his life—and applies to the Doctor, who “*he knew was a person of taste, and understood these things,*” to shew him what there was to look at. The Doctor, of course, is all pity and contempt for the nameless wight whom he introduces here, merely to hang a compliment to himself about the poor fellow’s neck, and that he may make an occasion to abuse “the people who travel and write tours.” “I dare say,” adds he, “he returned from his Highland tour as well informed on all points as he was on the subject of Killin.” But the Doctor is not yet done with the “man of reputed education, and, by grace, a philosopher:” he produced him once more at Lochearn, that he may have the pleasure of fairly hammering him to death. After some deplorable rant about “Geology, divine maid,” hammering, and so forth, he proceeds—

The philosopher whom I met at Killin seemed to think it (his hammer) an ornament and an honour; like a red ribband or a blue garter. By what innate property is it, that, when a man is a fool, he discovers it even before he speaks; nay, before he

is seen!! And, secondly, why does he take so much more trouble to display his folly, than a wise man to shew his knowledge? Is it the only gem worth wearing? is it the only quality of which we ought to be vain? While at breakfast, I received a message from a "gentleman with a hammer," as mine host announced him, requesting the honour of a conference, as he was in search of knowledge, and expected much illumination from so celebrated a personage; as well known through all the Highlands as Jack Pudding himself. The hammer was bright from the anvil; raw as the philosopher that bore it; but was displayed in great state, as if to gain consequence, as well in my eyes as in those of Mr Cameron, and of all the waiters and ostlers of Killin, and Tyndrum, and Loch Earn, and Callander. The folly and the hammer were equally visible: for he wore both on the outside of his coat: the more prudent conceal them in their pockets. When it was the fashion for gentlemen to be "angry," and to fight, every tailor carried his sword by his side. Now, every block-head who has cracked a stone at Salisbury Craig must display a hammer about the country, to the astonishment of innocent people and his own vast inconvenience. The world will never be the wiser for all their hammers. My philosopher requested to know what the opposite mountain was "made of." I answered, neglectingly, I know not what; but the word was not very long. *He looked as much confounded as if I had spoken in heathen Greek:* and thus, with one little word, not half an inch in length, *I fathomed the depth and bottom of his mineralogical understanding!* Yet he will write a book. And, what is worse, he will tell the world his name. It is not for me to *gibbet* him; every man has a right to perform this ceremony on his own person, if he pleases.

Now, seriously, this is too bad. The story, as told by the Doctor, proves that he is both a puppy and a brute, and that he ought to have been kicked for his insolence; but as we have a tolerable guess whom he points at, motives of delicacy alone prevent us from "gibbeting" the name of an accomplished and meritorious individual, and from calling down on the head of this impertinent, gasconading Anglo-Scot the indignation and contempt of every honourable mind. These examples were necessary to our purpose, as they sufficiently demonstrate his intolerable pedantry and conceit, and, what is of more importance at present, the spirit in which he writes. He is eternally aiming at wit, without being witty, labouring an antithesis, when he should be stating a fact; and fancying that he is extremely smart, *tranchant*, and sarcastic, when he is only heavy, malignant, and dull. But to proceed:

After various rambles, counter-rambles, and doublings, the Doctor finds himself at Blair-in-Athole, where he tells us "he must say something, or it would be *ingratitude* to a place of which he knows each dingle bush and alley green; *ingratitude* to its lovely scenes and to its *hospitable towers*; to the Noble Owner of which *this country owes a deep debt*, for the unwearied activity of his exertions and example, and of whom it is praise enough to say, that he is a pattern of a truly British Country Gentleman." In this instance, at least, we are not disposed to question the sincerity of the Doctor's gratitude to the "place," the "hospitable towers," and the "Noble Owner:" the *place* is beautiful, the towers are *hospitable*, and the Duke of Atholl is one of the very best men extant; but till we read the Doctor's puffery, we had not the slightest conception that his Grace was so great a public benefactor, that the "country" was so "deeply in his debt," or that "the unwearied activity of his exertions" had extended farther than *regenerating* his own tenantry, and maintaining his political ascendancy in the county. And verily he has had his reward. Has he not, at this present writing, *twenty-five farms* in his own hands,—and is not his portrait suspended in the County-Hall at Perth? What could his Grace, or his "shadow" the Doctor, wish for more? But how comes it that this grateful mineralogist is so curly with the "Noble Owner" of Taymouth, who, with only one exception, has done more in the way of *regenerating*, or *rouping out*, than any other proprietor in the Highlands, and who, therefore, on his own shewing, *must* be a public benefactor, "and a pattern of a truly Scotch Country Gentleman?" Is the Doctor's motto "no pudding, no praise?" Not a whisper of the "hospitable towers" of Taymouth, "of which he knows not that he can say aught which has not been said by others, and which was never said by any one worse than by BURNS, who, whenever he attempted to describe natural scenery

nery, unconnected with his own peculiar moral views and situations, SANK THE LOWEST OF THE LOW !” On the contrary, he rakes up the yet-unexpiated horrors of Glenco, to hurl them in the teeth of the Clan Campbell. “Let us remember,” says he, “that the really guilty were Breadalbane and Glenlyon.” Here, we are happy to say, we so far agree with him. “The principally guilty” were, to be sure, Breadalbane, aided and abetted by President Stair, and his son the Secretary, “who had imbibed the spirit of Lauderdale’s administration :” Glenlyon was the miserable instrument by which the chief of his name perpetrated his savage vengeance. But when he says that “the massacre of Glenco was not the act of William,” and that the stigma must attach, “not to the House of Nassau, but to that of Campbell,” we must demur to so broad a conclusion, and protest against the doctrine in morals which it seems to infer. Breadalbane’s atrocious guilt no sane person will dispute ; he was the *primum mobile* of the whole, and was already inured to massacre, by the execution of letters of fire and sword against the Earl of Caithness, whose estates he had formerly usurped. Nor is it denied that the fact of Macdonald of Glenco having made his submission to Government was carefully concealed from William. What, in these circumstances, was the conduct pursued by the King ? It was this : He signed, and, for the greater security of those who were to be concerned in this tragedy, *countersigned*, instructions to proceed to military execution against the men of Glenco ; he armed private hatred with the authority of government and law, on the testimony of persons, one of whom was notoriously disaffected ; and, as far as appears, without any farther inquiry, he issued orders for the extermination of a whole race. How, then, can it, with any truth, be said, that the massacre of Glenco “was not,” so far, at least, “the act of William ?” There were many circumstances which might have aroused his suspicion. Breadalbane was at feud with the Macdonalds ; his character was notoriously sanguinary ; and the warrant was, *contrary to all usage*, required to be *countersigned*. Is a Prince to be exonerated from all share in the guilt of a dreadful crime, because he *recklessly* issues the warrant for its commission,—because the perpetrators, having once tasted of blood, exceed the limits of their instructions, and revel in all the excesses of brutal and barbarian vengeance ? The law of no civilized country admits ignorance to be set forth as a plea of exculpation for the commission of crime : it says, “If you were ignorant, why did you not inquire ?” Negligence in such matters is as bad as intention ; to say nothing of entrusting to private hatred and malice the execution of a public sentence. The massacre of Glenco, therefore, *was*, and *will ever be* held, to a certain extent, “the act of William,” and the indelible stigma of the crime will attach, in nearly equal degrees, to the House of Nassau and that of Campbell.

From Glenco, the Doctor enters the Moor of Rannoch, a space of some 18 miles of black bogs and desolation, for the transit of which he hires a Highland pony, with a guide, for the exorbitant sum of two guineas. The “almost unknown spot” is passed, of course ; the Doctor, very much to his own satisfaction, escapes drowning in a peat-moss ; and the rascally Celt who attends him, Sandy Macdonald by name, demands first an extra guinea, “because it was harvest,” and, failing in that modest requisition, “aught shillings” for carrying the Doctor’s umbrella. But the Doctor is inflexible ; and Sandy objurates him in pure Erse and broken English, concluding by calling him “not a gentleman.” The Doctor acquiesces in the reproach ; “assures” Sandy that he is not a gentleman, but an *informant*, and that, “instead of paying him, he would lodge an information against him for letting horses on hire without a license.” This awful threat was enough : the rage of the mountaineer fell “to a moderate level :” Sandy got his money, and departed, “vowing revenge against the next Saxon who should fall into his clutches.” Hence, the Doctor concludes, “It is not very wonderful that travellers in the Highlands call the *people* extortioners.” It is not, undoubtedly ; provided it were true that the whole race of Gael were smitten with the insatiable cupidity of Sandy Macdonald, or that the said Sandy constituted “the people” in his proper worthless person. On another occasion, the

Doctor says, "I am well aware of the *folly* and difficulty of generalizing on national character;" yet, in the face of this avowed conviction of the "folly" of so "generalizing," he sets down the whole Highlanders as "extortioners," because *one* knave had the impudence to try how far his facility would go. Nay, at Pluscarden, he meets with a trait of character of a very opposite kind, —an instance of the most scrupulous and conscientious honesty; but lest any merit should therefrom redound to the hated sons of the Gael, he takes care to say that "Pluscarden is not in the Highlands," though he forgets to add, that the poor woman in question was a Highlander. A man who is so egregious a noodle as to agree to give two guineas where "aught shillings" would have been sufficient, and, what is more, would, as we can vouch from experience, have been thankfully received from any one who had the least tact or knowledge of the people with whom he had to deal, deserves all the objugation of all the Sandy Macdonalds extant, and to be thoroughly fleeced to boot, as a punishment for his folly and extravagance.

But if the Doctor believes in Highland "extortion," he more than atones for his fault, by his scepticism in regard to Highland fidelity—the "*incorrupta fides*" for which the people are pretty generally thought to have been distinguished, before the grand process of modern civilization commenced. Adverting to the concealment of Prince Charles after the battle of Culloden, he says, "unless Highlanders themselves had been *his* blood-hounds, (he means the blood-hounds of the government,) he could scarcely have been discovered in any one of the places where he took refuge. *English soldiers might have hunted him in vain till now,*" Vol. I., p. 456. These averments would startle any body who has not had the good fortune to read Dr Macculloch's book; because it is commonly by courtesy presumed, that a man has calmly meditated and weighed what he deliberately prints and gives forth to the world; but after perusing that work, it is impossible to wonder at any thing. We crave permission, with all due and becoming respect, to submit the following queries to the Doctor's consideration: 1. Were not Highlanders (Campbells) employed as well as English soldiers, in "hunting" the unhappy Prince? 2. Was not Charles, on one occasion, saved from falling into the hands of his pursuers, by the unparalleled devotion of a young gentleman of the name of Mackenzie, who strikingly resembled him in person, and cheerfully sacrificed his life to continue the "heroic deception" which that resemblance had produced? 3. When he was hemmed within the island of Skye, and every exit vigilantly guarded, what would have become of him but for the admirable contrivance and conduct of Flora Macdonald? 4. On these, and other occasions of a similar kind which might be mentioned, was not escape rendered utterly impracticable, had it not been for the superior address of the native Highlanders, whose vigilant fidelity never relaxed, and to whom the largest bribe ever offered for treachery held out no temptation? 5. Is it not a downright perversion of facts, to allege that the fidelity of the Highlanders was merely *negative*, when it is notorious that but for their active and unwearied assistance, the Prince could not have existed or concealed himself for one month, far less six? 6. Will Dr Macculloch have the kindness to match this never-to-be-forgotten example of chivalrous devotion, by producing a parallel instance from the history of any people with which he may happen to be acquainted? If he will answer these queries in a satisfactory manner, we promise to believe—almost any thing he may chuse to tell us; even that our worthy friend Donald Sinclair, inn-keeper at Kinloch Rannoch, bears the Christian name of *Shemus*, and with his immortal needle repaired some injuries "of time and travel" in the Doctor's inexpressibles; that the poems of old St Juan, the prototype of the illustrious Baron of Tully-veolan, are "a disgusting mixture of *profligacy* and *religion*;" and that the Doctor was perfectly satisfiable in telling his readers the colour of Mrs Pennycook's nose.

It was Buonaparte, we believe, who once said, that, from the sublime to the ridiculous, is but a step. The transition is as easy from a Prince to a Highland inn-keeper,—from Charles Edward Stuart, to Donald, *alias* Shemus Sinclair. A word in regard to the latter. The Doctor discovers that

Donald, *alias* Shemus, has a *library*, which, he says, "had one prime merit, at least in the eyes of the Roxburgh club, for it was very black;" and finding, in the said library, such books as Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Lempriere's *Dictionary*, Montaigne, Virgil, Grotius de *Veritate*, Clerk's *Ovid*, &c., he enters forthwith into some "amusing speculations on" "the libraries of these Highland inns." Now, in the present case, the whole mystery and marvel will, we hope, vanish, when we state, that Donald's son, a very promising youth, was educated for the Church, and that the books in question were *his*,—a fact which the Doctor might have easily learned, had facts been his object. But then the speculation about "the libraries of these Highland inns" would have been utterly lost; and who cares for facts, when he may have fine writing?

There is *more*, however, than fine writing, in the following most extraordinary statement: "I can venture to say, that *there is not a garden from Barra-Head to the Butt of the Lewis*, nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath. I can most truly assure you that *I never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind*. You might as well seek for a mangosteen as for an onion; a leek, a turnip, or even a cabbage. Whether the Gaelic language has names for such objects, I know not, but the *articles themselves* are UTTERLY UNKNOWN; AND I WILL PRODUCE YOU TEN THOUSAND HIGHLANDERS WHO NEVER SAW EITHER"... "I once supposed that the poor little people in the Highlands had never heard of gardens and vegetables, and that they might therefore be taught to mend their diet, and increase their comforts," Vol. II., p. 291. And again, at p. 293 of the same volume, he says, "I do not remember that I ever saw any other vegetable than potatoes at a *real Highland table*." He admits that there are some few exceptions; but he distinctly avers that these are to be found "on the borders of the Lowlands, or in the hands of low country tenants, or under some peculiar circumstances of accident, WITHOUT AFFECTING THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE." Now, let us examine a little, in detail, this admirable and unique piece of information. 1. "I can venture to say," quoth the Doctor, "that *there is not a garden from Barra-Head to the Butt of the Lewis*, nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath;" and he adds, "I can most truly assure you that *I never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind*." After this, we shall not be surprised at any thing he may "venture to say;" but when he gravely asserts, that, throughout the long track he defines, he "*never saw a garden, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind*," we must suppose, either that he is joking, or that, if he be not, he is as blind as one of his own hammers,—or, if neither of these solutions be admissible, that he is a person who will "venture to say" any thing. He was frequently at Broadford, in Skye; how happens it that he "never saw" the garden of Mr Mackinnon of Corry, which is in the immediate vicinity? He has favoured us with a long account of Portree; did he "never see" the garden of Mr Macpherson, which, like that of Mr Mackinnon, is well stocked with fruit-trees and bushes of all sorts, to say nothing of "culinary vegetables," which are produced in great abundance? Is there no garden at Armadale Castle, none at Dunvegan, (there are two,) none at Balmacara, none at Inverinet, on the banks of Lochduich? We ask him, if, at the head of Lochourn, one of the very wildest spots in the whole Highlands, (which he also visited,) he "never saw" the garden of Macdonald of Barrisdale, which would be esteemed a fine one even in some of the most cultivated parts of the Lowlands? Nay, we will thank him—nay more, defy him—to mention the name of a single Highland gentleman who has *not* a garden which produces all the "culinary vegetables" he has stated—and more. But we go much farther than this. Every respectable person who rents a portion of land cultivated as a garden for the use of his family, and rears all the vegetables he has descended on; nor, on the extensive estates of M'Leod of M'Leod, for example, is there, so far as we know, (and we have had occasion to know a little on the subject,) a single exception to this statement. The same thing applies to the barony of Glencelg, with which the Doctor ought to be acquainted, as he has blotted a great deal of paper on the subject; and we

may just mention, as one instance out of many which we could bring forward, the farm of Beolary, situated on the coast, to which there is attached a capital garden, tastefully laid out by a native Highlander, and stocked with apple, pear, and plum-trees, besides the grand desideratum of "culinary vegetables." It is true, that many of the common people have not "kale-yards," for the best of all possible reasons, because many of them have no ground; but such of them as have, (and this is still a very considerable number,) lay out little plats, adjoining their huts, in which they rear greens and potatoes; nor is it possible for any man, who has eyes in his head, and will believe the evidence of his senses, to dispute the fact. Yet Dr Macculloch says, that "*there is not a garden from Barra-Head to the Butt of the Lewis, nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath;*" that he can TRULY aver "he never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind!!" If we chose, we could refresh his memory by informing him where he himself ATE "culinary vegetables," the produce of that country where there are no gardens and no vegetables! 2. He asserts, that "you might as well seek for a mangosteen as for an onion, a leek, or a turnip;" that "the articles are utterly unknown;" and that "he will produce ten thousand Highlanders who never saw either." This, we believe, is the first time it was ever alleged that "onions" were "utterly unknown" to the Highlanders, who, for centuries past, have been twitted on account of their ravenous fondness for that pathetic root. The assertion, however, is false: the onion is as well known to the Highlander, as the leek to the Welshman, or cabbage to the carnivorous John Bull: and we hereby engage to pay him down the sum of One Pound Sterling per head for each Highlander he shall produce who "never saw" a turnip, a cabbage, a leek, or an onion. He affirms "he can produce ten thousand: so much the better for him, the worse for us: nothing is impossible to your modern Geologists: they build up and destroy worlds at their pleasure: and, therefore, no one who knows what they can do will doubt that it is quite as easy for Dr Macculloch to produce ten thousand Highlanders who have never seen an onion, as to put *Dùn Mac Sniochain* in his snuff-mull, or carry the island of *Rum* in his breeches' pocket.

Something too much of onions; by the sheer force of sympathy, our own eyes are in tears: so, as we happen to be hovering about Skye, we shall endeavour to relieve this dull prosing by one of the Doctor's inimitable "dramatic sketches"—a sketch, to wit, of mine hostess of the inn at Kyle-Rea. It seems he had just been reading St. Ronan's Well, and had a prodigious itching to fall in with a Highland Meg Dods; and, as our readers must have already perceived, the Doctor is never at a loss to discover what he goes in search of. "Why," says he, "should I be more afraid to tell the TRUTH than the author of St. Ronan's Well?" Certainly, Doctor, there is no reason in the world: "speak truth and shame the Devil," even if his infernal majesty were the author of St. Ronan's Well, and the natural father of Meg Dods. The reader will, upon no account whatever, skip the following extract.

It was early in the morning when Roger (the pony) and I arrived at the pass; and, winding down the long descent between the mountains of the Kyle Rich, found ourselves in front of the inn. "This is the ferry-house."—"Aye, aye, y'e'll be wanting the ferry, nae doot?"—"To be sure; and you can give me some breakfast."—"It's the Sabbath."—"I know that; but I suppose one may breakfast on the Sabbath?"—"Aye, I've warn ye—that's a bonny beast."—"It's my Lord's pony."—"Aye, I thought it was Roger; I thought I kenn'd his face. And where'll ye be gaun?"—"I am going to Eilan Reoch, and I want some breakfast."—"A weel, a weel, I dinna ken: Lassie! tak' the gentleman's horse." No sooner, however, had Mrs Nicholson taken possession of the gentleman and his horse, and his property also, securing thus the soul and body both of Don Pedro, than all this civility vanished on a sudden, small as it was before. I asked for the ferry-man, and the boat, and the tide—she kenn'd naething about the ferry.—"Why, I thought you said this was the ferry-house?"—"That was true; but the ferry-boat was half-a-mile off, and she had nothing to do with the ferry-man, and her husband was not at home, and the

ferry-boat would not take a horse, and Mrs Nicholson did not care what became of the horse, or of me, or of the tide."—"Would she not send?"—"Na—I might gang and speer myself if I hikit." Good Highland civility, this; particularly to your landlord's friend. But Mrs Nicholson said she cared not a baubee for my Lord nor his friends nether.

I was obliged to go and look after the ferry-boat myself. When I came there, there was a boat, it is true; but the ferry-man was at church, five miles off, on the other side of the water; he would probably be back by twelve o'clock, or two or three, or not at all. When I returned to Mrs Nicholson, the breakfast was not ready. "Where is my breakfast?"—"And dev ye want breakfast?"—"The deuce is in you."—"Ye manna swear on the Sabbath," said the puritannical hag, "but ye'll get your breakfast: aye, aye, ye's get gude tea and eggs." It was twelve o'clock before this breakfast came; and, instead of tea and eggs, there entered a dirty wooden bowl full of salt herrings and potatoes. This was the very diet with which her villainous ancestry fed the prisoners who were thrust into their dungeons to choke with thirst: and when I remonstrated, she told me that I was "ower fine, and a saut herring was a gude breakfast for ony gentleman, let alone the like o' me." It was impossible to eat salt herrings, after six hour's walking and riding in a hot summer's day; but that did not exempt me from paying two shillings. In the end, the ferry-boat was not forthcoming,—the man was not to be found,—he would not carry a horse if he was,—I was obliged to go without my breakfast,—and finding a man with a cockle-shell of a boat idling along the shore, I left Roger to the mercy of Mrs Nicholson, and rowed down the strait to Eilan Reoch.

On the next day I returned to claim my horse: and now I had the pleasure of seeing Mr and Mrs Nicholson united; a worthy pair. You have no Mr Dods in your establishment. Mr Nicholson immediately opened his battery, and asked me what business I had to leave my horse with him so long, "to eat up all people's grass:" he had a mind to let it go, as he supposed I should never pay for the keep. Now this was a hypothesis Mr Nicholson had no right to form. "I left my horse at his inn; what was his charge?"—"He could not make a charge; grass was very scarce, and he paid, God knows what, for his field." I could only presume that his business was to keep horses and to charge for them. In fact, poor Roger had been turned loose on the sea-shore, to pick up what he could; and Mr Nicholson, after much calculation, and grumbling and swearing, determined that, as a great favour to Lord Mac Donald's friend's, he would condescend to take six shillings for the night's starvation; a sum greater than the annual rent of all the grass which he possessed; muttering again, even when he felt the dulcifying touch of the silver, at "people bringing their horses to eat up all his grass." Thus ended my adventure, as far as Mr Nicholson's grass was concerned; but here Mrs Nicholson put in her oar, and supposed I had been "after some of Eilan Reoch's bonny dochters."—"What business had I so long at Eilan Reoch; the lassies were a hantle too bonny for the like o' me, and if she was Eilan Reoch, nae siccan traveller folk shud gang speiring after her dochters."—"She dare-said I kent naething o' My Lord, after a', and should na doot that I had stawn Roger." By this time, Roger seemed to think, as well as I, that he had listened long enough to Meg's eloquence. I saw that he was about to lose his patience and borrow an opprobrious epithet from the female collic, which seemed, by its grim visage, and muttering snarl, to be well grounded in the family feelings; so I gave him permission, and the triple objurgations of Meg, Sposo, and cur, pursued us till the sound expired in the whistling of the mountain breeze.

We have only one slight objection to this very amusing story, and that is—it is false in every part. Ewan Mackinnon has, for a series of years past, kept the inn at Kyle-Rea; and though he is not a person renowned for his energy or activity, he is blessed with a wife, whose tidiness, thrift, attention, modesty, and, above all, *civility to strangers*, are almost proverbial in the island, and perfectly well known to every gentleman who has visited it, to whom we confidently appeal for the truth of what we now state. In point of fact, a more bare-faced fabrication than the whole of the preceding story was never palmed upon the public; and we have almost Dr Macculloch's own authority for so describing it; for he says "he had actually drawn his pen through the whole, partly from PURE COWARDICE, and partly because he thought the tale INCREDIBLE." We regret that his "pure cowardice" did not prevent him from publishing what he was conscious nobody acquainted with the country would believe; and

that he did not reflect that, by representing, as an unmannerly savage, one of the worthiest and most respectful creatures in the Highlands or Islands of Scotland, who depends for her bread upon the character she bears as a civil, kind, attentive hostess, he was inflicting a civil injury which the law has proved itself, in similar instances, competent to redress. The reader will observe that he does not even know the *name* of the person he traduces. But we must not omit the sequel of the story.

As our boat glided along, I related this story to my boatmen. The honour of the Highlanders was pliqued, and they vowed that Mr and Mrs Nicholson were neither Gael nor Scot. "Had I any objection to allow them to make a seizure if they could?" They were sure that such a knave as Mr Nicholson dealt in smuggled whisky—"very possibly." "Then hurry, my boys," said the boatswain, "pull in shore." The boat was ashore in an instant, the men dashed into the house, and in a minute three of them re-appeared, each with a large cask of whisky on his shoulder, followed by Mrs Nicholson, wringing her hands, scolding and crying, all in regular set terms; and then by Mr Nicholson, threatening them with robbery and revenge. But the style and colour of our long boat told too probable a story; while the application of the talismanic chalk dazzled the eyes of both. "Ye're neither gentlemen nor excisemen," said Mr Nicholson. "Ye're rogues and thieves," cried the wife; when lo! the awful image of the cutter appeared, with the crown and anchor at the gaff end, gently drifting up the strait. "How do you do, Mr Nicholson?" said the boatswain; "I hope your grass is recovered."—"Good-evening to you, Mr Nicholson," said Niell; "I hope breakfast will be ready the next time I come."—"Sorrow gang wi' ye all," said Mrs Nicholson; "the de'il flee awa' with the gaugers,—I kent weel he was na a gentleman."

This "out-Herods Herod;" for, if we understand aright the drift of the story, the Doctor becomes *informers*, and heads the crew of a cutter's boat, in plundering Mrs Mackinnon of three ankers of whisky, out of revenge for her *incivility* to himself and his "dearly-beloved Roger;" in which case, he deserves to be broken in pieces with one of his own hammers, or, which would be a more appropriate death, smothered outright in a huge anker of usquebaugh. Part of the story, however, is undoubtedly false; we mean where he makes the boatmen call Ewan Mackinnon and his wife "Mr and Mrs Nicholson," and vow that they "were neither Scot nor Gael," (they are both natives of Skye); consequently the supposition most favourable to the Doctor would be, that the whole adventure is a mere coinage of his own brain. And we should have had no difficulty in coming at once to this conclusion, had we not found him (See Vol. IV. p. 367-69) marauding on the shores of Lismore, with a gang of excisemen at his heels, and crowing with delight over the demolition of a still, by the produce of which some poor wretches probably hoped to pay the exorbitant rents now almost every where exacted. But be this as it may, we humbly opine, that this profound geologist,—this hero of blood-stones, graywacke, and trap,—might, without the least injury either to the King's revenue or his own reputation, have left the capture of whisky and the destruction of stills to the persons whom the Government has appointed and paid for that purpose; and that, if there be any truth in the account he gives of his own "adventures" among the Islands, he, of all living men, should be the last to complain of *Highland incivility*, ("as to the want of civility, those who have met with this must have provoked it," Vol. I. p. 272;) but, on the contrary, should bless God every day he rises that he exported his carcase safe across the Highland barrier,—a phenomenon which speaks volumes for Donald's forbearance!

Having thus shown how our geologist treats Highland innkeepers, we shall next produce a specimen of the manner in which he talks of Highland Gentlemen. He visits Strathaird, at whose table, *we know*, he was hospitably entertained, and in whose *abominable* domicile he found it convenient to tarry for several days. Reader, mark his words.

The house had three stories, and was fair, and large, and new, and clean; that is, outside. Cuchullin, who emptied rain on it day and night, not by painful, but

rivers, took care of that part. The inside being just the reverse, there was thus a fair average for the whole. The entrance hall, or passage, remaining just as the masons had left it ten years before, was a pool; and a deal board served for a bridge to conduct to the parlour. The floor here had been fitted without being fixed; so that it remained unplanned, gaping at every cranny. A half-crown fell out of my pocket, and rolled away till it sank beneath the stage, like Don Juan. "Ah, never mind," said my worthy host, "there is a good deal of money there." The walls, too, remained as they had come from the mason's hands, unplastered; except that, instead of being white, they were black as jet. They kept in the smoke effectually; as did the chimney, for not a puff was ever seen to come out of it; but then, in return, they admitted all the rain. Hence the navigation of the passage; which, as I understood, extended, when it was Gala-day with the storm, to the parlour also. My good host was very much surprised and hurt that he had an asthma, and could not breathe, and that his eyes were always inflamed, so that he could not see; considering that Sky was of so pure and mild an air. I proposed to him to treat with the rain and the smoke, at once. "It was useless to try, for it had been so ever since the house had been built;" "ten years:" "the masonry was bad, and therefore he would not allow the house to be finished." "The exposed gable might be slated, or harled." "No, he was determined that nothing more should be done;" and, in the meantime, like Moliere's misanthrope, he had enjoyed the pleasure of abusing the mason every day for ten years. But the ten years of pleasure and patience were expired, and the very deal boards which I had traced hither were to remedy the evil, by building a new house. The existing one might have been rendered water-tight for ten pounds, and half as many shillings would have cured it of smoking. Tristram Shandy's door was a joke to this.

How the expedient turned out it remains for the postscript to say. Three years after, I found a new house, standing by the side of the original, like a calf by its cow; the same bare gable, exposed to the same never-ending rains, and all things else fitting. Whether it smoked and leaked also, no one knew; for he could not be "jushed" to leave the old one. WHEN I THINK OF SUCH ADVENTURES, I SOMETIMES RUB MY EYES, AND WONDER IF I HAVE NOT BEEN DREAMING.

Now, as usual, part of this statement is false. *Strathaird never had an asthma in his life*; so he could not well be "very much surprised and hurt" on account of a malady to which he is happily an utter stranger. The contemptible story of the half-crown, with the remark ascribed to Strathaird, is—Dr Macculloch's; who has, likewise, imagined the remainder of the colloquy. And with regard to the new house standing by the side of the original, like a calf by its cow, the Doctor has favoured us with no dates, so we cannot speak absolutely; but we know that, in 1819, this "new house" was completely and most comfortably furnished, and inhabited by Strathaird; that we never heard of his having occupied the one of three stories, washed outside by "Cuchullin;" and that even if he did occupy it, he submitted to the "fashery" of leaving it, which could hardly be unknown to our author, who tells us, elsewhere, that he was in the country in 1821. These are very unimportant matters, and we beg to apologize for introducing them; but they enable us to estimate the degree of credit due to our author's statements, in regard to others of more "pith and moment," which concern the welfare of the country, and the happiness of the people. Nor is this all. They enable us to estimate Dr Macculloch's notions of propriety and gentlemanly conduct. He goes to the house of a respectable gentleman; eats his mutton and drinks his wine; receives all the attention and kindness which are due to the character of a man of science; sees a stranger: in return for which he sets down in his note-book, and afterwards publishes to all the world, that his host is afflicted with a rheum in his eyes, which is true; and that he is "much surprised and hurt that he has an asthma," which is false; that a half-crown, which dropped by chance from his pocket, fell through the carpet and floor of the parlour, which is very extraordinary; that his host has a penchant for building, which was no affair of his; and that he most generously tendered his advice, which was very properly treated with contempt. Is it wonderful, if, after experiencing such unbecoming conduct, (we purposely avoid using a stronger term), the gentlemen of the Highlands should shut

their doors against Sassanachs, and that the people should regard them with suspicion, and even hatred? And, above all, is it for Englishmen, or Englishified Scotsmen like the Doctor, who omit no opportunity of insulting the prejudices, and outraging the manners and customs of strangers, to complain of this, or that nothing but an enormous bribe will induce the people among whom they sojourn to render them the smallest service*?

Sed paullo majora canamus; we have a *graver charge* to bring against the Doctor; and as there is really no end to his malignant abuse and misrepresentation, it shall conclude this part of our review.

When setting down some of his usual sort of stuff about Highland funerals, &c. he breaks out into several furious tirades against "the dark spirit of Calvinism," which he describes as having eradicated from the minds of the Highlanders "all respect for the remains of those they loved;" felicitates himself, that the antiquities of the country did not, "like the Catholic monuments, fall under the ban of the Knoxes and the Cants;" sneers at "this Calvinized country;" pours out the phials of his wrath on "the zealous iconoclasts of the Reformation;" and blasphemes about "the legitimate creaghs of the militant church of Knox." Of a surety, these be bitter words. But what, we would ask, does this "Stone Doctor," as he calls himself, know of "Calvinism"—except, perhaps, that a certain luminary of the English Episcopal Bench, the author of a life of his former pupil, consisting chiefly of clippings from the Parliamentary Debates, wrote a bad book to "refute" it, and was soundly drubbed for his ignorance and incapacity? Does he imagine, that, in order to be consistent, it is incumbent upon him, because he maligns the *inhabitants* of one part of the country, to insult the *religion* of Scotland at large? By his own shewing, he is an Episcopalian—a member of that church which has a CALVANISTIC creed, and an *Arminian* clergy; if he is pleased with such an order of things, well; no Scotsman will deride his belief, or ask "a reason of the hope that is in him." But reciprocal toleration and forbearance will not content him; he must be the aggressor; he must sneer at "this Calvinized country," grin at "the Knoxes and the Cants," abuse "the iconoclasts of the Reformation," and rave incoherent nonsense about "the creaghs of the militant church." For such language, contempt and scorn are not sufficient; the lash should be laid to the back of him who employs it, with a firm, decided hand; Mr Southey's "branding-iron" should be applied to his forehead. He scoffs at the creed we revere—at the great names which adorn the history of our church. Will he descend into the arena of controversy, gird up his loins for the combat, and fairly wrestle with the "dark spirit" that disturbs his repose? We pledge ourselves he has only to throw down the gauntlet of defiance, and he will find an antagonist—not an anonymous one, like the writer of this article, whose name, however will not be refused to any one who can give a good reason for asking it. What does the Geologist know of "the iconoclasts of the Reformation," of "the Knoxes and Cants?" We will answer—He has read the glaring misrepresentations of Hume, but has not had the honesty to read, or the capacity to appreciate, the sober and conclusive investigations of M'Crie. And who really were "the iconoclasts of the Reformation?" In almost every instance "the rascal multitude," the long-abused, deluded, and oppressed

* Englishmen, especially if they happen to be Knights of the Hammer, seem to think they may do whatever they like in the Highlands. The Spar Cave in Skye, which drew "tears of rapture" from the late amiable and accomplished Lord Kinrider, is on the property of Macallister of Strathaird. Formerly it was open to any one who chose to enter. But to such a shameful extent was the demolition of the stalactites, which cover the whole of the sides and the roof, carried on by the Southerners, that, to prevent the total destruction of the Cave, the proprietor was obliged to close up the entrance, putting on a strong door and a powerful lock, the key of which he keeps in his own possession, and now suffers none of the hammering gentry to enter it unaccompanied. For a fragment of red-granite, the same Goths, if they durst, would break in pieces the Egyptian obelisks in front of St Peter's.

people, bursting with indignation against the consecrated villains who had held them in spiritual bondage, and whose just fury Knox and his friends restrained. It is true, that stocks and stones, altars, fonts, with all the trumpery and *matériel* of idolatry, were swept away "with the besom of destruction." The Reformers did no more; they could not have done less. Generally speaking, however, the churches and religious houses were saved. They wanted places of worship; they were not frantic enough to destroy that of which they stood in the greatest need, nor prejudiced enough to refuse to teach truth under those roofs which had so long re-echoed to the rites and mummeries of that "STRONG DELUSION" which, during many ages of misery and darkness, lorded it over the blinded nations: in a word, although the Reformers did not consider the stone and mortar of a church as invested with any peculiar sanctity, or proper objects of superstitious veneration, they were sufficiently aware of the importance of possessing fit places where the people might assemble to worship that Almighty Being, "who is not confined to temples made with hands." Who, that is acquainted with the times and men of the Reformation, can for a moment doubt, that, if Knox had but "said the word," every Popish place of worship—every hive where dronish monks dreamed and dozed away their worthless existence—every prison where females wasted away in profligacy and in solitude, would have been levelled with the dust; not one stone would have been left upon another; perhaps (*horrescimus referentes*) not even a ruin, for the comfort of our modern sentimental antiquaries.

And in what, we would beg to know, consisted "the legitimate CREAGHS of the militant church of Knox?" Does the man really mean to say that the Church of Scotland was enriched by plunder? If she was, whither, in the name of wonder, have her riches flown? Was she not from the very first—is she not at the present hour the poorest church in the world—yes, the poorest, and, by necessary consequence, the purest? Granted, that there were "legitimate creaghs;" granted that the property of the Catholic Church was plundered and divided. But who were the "legitimate kearnachs"—the real spoilers? We answer, the Crown, in the first instance—powerfully aided by the ancestors of some of those "Noble Owners" of "hospitable towers," with the luxuries of whose tables, and the *rouping out* of whose tenantry, the Doctor is a great deal more familiar than with "the dark spirit of Calvinism," or the History of the Church of Scotland. That Church did not share in the spoils of the system upon the ruins of which she arose: these were barely sufficient to appease the ravenous cupidity of the arch-hypocrites and apostates, who ranged themselves on the side of the Reformation, gaping, like hungry vultures, to fatten on the carcase of the ancient Church. She has, consequently, remained in a state of honourable, apostolic poverty; forming a singular contrast to a certain overgrown Hierarchy, which costs the country that is blessed with it upwards of eight millions annually, being more than equal to the cost of all the other religious establishments in Europe! And for what does the said country pay so enormous a price? For what, with a thousand millions of debt hanging like a millstone about her neck, is she so lavish of her wealth? For an apostolic church, and a working clergy? Let the Doctor and the Dissenters, between them, answer that question.

In regard to the state of religion in the Highlands, our author informs us, that "he did think that, at this very day, the Highlanders were a religious people." but, "fearing that he is either an incompetent judge, or that his prejudices in FAVOUR of the moral and religious character of the people have influenced his judgment," he feels himself necessitated to acquiesce in the statements set forth in some "recent documents," which, he indulgently says, "must be considered official." He had no "fears" about his "incompetency to judge," when he talked of "the dark spirit of Calvinism," which he falsely accused of having eradicated, from the minds of the Highlanders, all respect for the remains of those they loved; when he stigmatized the Reformers as "holy barbarians," and poured contumely and insult on the illustrious name of Knox, the great founder of our civil and religious liberties. Nor

did he deem it necessary to examine the statements contained in the "recent documents, which must be considered *official*," or to inquire *who* were the persons by whom these reports were generally manufactured, and *what* were the purposes which they were intended to serve. We will supply this omission. The *persons* who thus abuse the public confidence are generally weak, well-meaning zealots, of what is called the Evangelical Party, who, receiving a commission from some Auxiliary Bible Society, straightway proceed to the Highlands, ramble about for a month or six week, spying "ferlies," preaching in barns to such of the poor people as they can assemble together "by beat of drum ecclesiastic," and invading the province of the regular clergy, whom they never fail to denounce as "slow bellies," "wolves in sheep's clothing," and shepherds who "feed themselves and not the flock;" and having executed their apostolic mission greatly to their own satisfaction, and, as they never fail to tell us, to the infinite edification of the poor benighted Highlanders, they return to report to their constituents on the state of religion in the Highlands. The *reports* themselves are worthy of the manufacturers. They are generally a repertory of miracles, and sometimes of discoveries. Sudden awakenings and conversions, attendant on the "words in season," spoken home to the conscience by these favoured apostles, form the staple commodity; seasoned, however, with long tirades against the laziness and inefficiency of the *parochial* clergy, and, occasionally, by the discovery that, in the districts traversed by these children of the light, the number of persons who cannot read exceeds, by a fourth, a third, or even a half, "the total of the whole" inhabitants. This information excites no surprise, because it was expected and wanted. It is, however, received with undisguised satisfaction, given to the world as "the words of *truth* and soberness," and not unfrequently laid before the Committees of the General Assembly. Grave measures are in consequence adopted. The petty functionaries who hold a monopoly in spiritual things are all bustle, activity, and benevolence. Sermons are preached, speeches delivered, reports spun from the womb of reports, each successive production being overlaid with a fresh garniture of pious exaggeration; and the tradesman and artisan are of new called upon for their penny a-week, to aid the further operations of those who are to convey "the glad tidings" of Christianity to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Now, the *purpose* which all this machinery is intended to accomplish cannot elude the dullest apprehension. Let the plain, simple truth be told, and—"Othello's occupation's gone."

Taken in the mass, the Highlanders are both a moral and a religious people. We do not deny, that the misery in which, from causes it is not necessary at present to specify, the people have been latterly plunged, has engendered vice, and that the actual standard of both is lower than it once was. But that we may be enabled to estimate the mischief which proceedings, analogous to those above-mentioned, have a tendency to produce, it may be proper to state distinctly the general characteristic of the religion of the Highlanders. And this may be done very briefly. Their religion is rather a sentiment than a conviction; rather a strong feeling of reverence for the Supreme Being and his laws, than a series of doctrinal dogmas, in favour of which they are prepared to wrangle and dispute. More imaginative than the Lowlander, Christianity is, in the eyes of the Highlander, invested with an awful majesty, before which he humbles himself with the profoundest devotion. Hence his belief originates in his heart rather than in his head: hence he requires no laboured demonstration of its truth, because he is a stranger to doubt, because all the feelings of his nature are marshalled on its side. In dealing with people of this temperament, it is obvious, we think, that the business of the teacher of religion is not to grapple with its unfathomable mysteries, and "find no end in wandering mazes lost," but to enforce, by the sanction of the divine word, the practical observance of its moral precepts—to impress upon the minds of his hearers, that the Great Author of our faith does not require of his creatures to torment themselves by seeking *evidences* of their acceptance with him in the evanescent visions

and vagaries of a heated fancy, but "in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly before him." This is the course which, we think, ought to be pursued, and which, we believe, is, with few exceptions, pursued by the parochial clergy, who know well the character of the people whom it is their duty to instruct in spiritual knowledge. Oh, but this is *moral* preaching; this is the very evil to be remedied,—the great cause of backsliding, which the children of the New Light feel themselves called upon to remove! If we are not greatly mistaken, Jesus Christ was a *moral* preacher; but this, of course, is no reason why our modern philanthropic divines should follow his example. So they send apostle after apostle into the Highlands, filled with all the holy mysteries which the wisdom of ages has not been able to unravel. Cherishing an habitual reverence for religion and its ministers, the people receive them with open arms, listen with enchained attention to the fervour of their honest and sincere mystifications, and give up the reins to an excited imagination. By and by, they see visions, dream dreams, revel in the wildest hallucinations, imbibe spiritual pride, and, after the ferment of contending passions has subsided, settle down into furious, intolerant fanatics. In his natural, unexcited state, the Highlander is an utter stranger to intolerance; the Catholic and the Protestant live quietly and harmoniously together, each worshipping his Maker according to his own form, without being considered by the other as a child of the Devil, with the mark of the Beast on his forehead, and predoomed to everlasting destruction. After he is thoroughly dosed with the New Light, he becomes quite a different man, unfurls the insignia of bigotry in his countenance, forswears the innocent amusements and enjoyments of life, takes a wonderful interest in the condition of his neighbour's soul, and as this state of things cannot last long, generally ends by exhibiting a rare compound of the hypocrite and the fanatic. It is known to every one conversant with the Highlands, that the recent degradation and misery of the people have predisposed their minds to imbibe these pestiferous delusions, to which they fly for consolation under their sufferings; and that fanaticism was unknown till, being deprived of all the comforts, and destitute of many of the necessities of existence, they found themselves condemned "to groan and sweat under a weary life." Fortunately, however, the evil is not yet irremediable. The enlightened spirit of the age, and, above all, the exertions of the parochial clergy, may impose a check on the circulation of this spiritual poison, noxious alike to sound morals, true religion, and real happiness.

But though we have thus freely and boldly animadverted on the practices of those, who, with more zeal than knowledge, and more knowledge than honesty, report the Highlanders as destitute of religion, and then labour, sometimes with but too great success, to inoculate them with the *virus* of fanaticism, we should consider what we have said incomplete, if we suffered some of the misrepresentations of Dr Macculloch, on one or two points connected with the subject, to pass uncontradicted. It is a common practice with him, when he admits any thing favourable to the Highlanders in one part of his book, to explain it away, or give it a flat denial in another. Thus he says, in several places, that the Highlanders are a *moral* and *religious* people; but he neutralizes all this, by insinuating very broadly, in the passage above referred to, that he believes all the *immorality* and *irreligion* with which they are charged, "in some documents which may be considered official." In the same spirit, after repeatedly stating that the Highlanders show the greatest reverence, not only for religion itself, but for every thing connected with it, he introduces the following particulars:

On parting company with the deal boards, I found myself in a valley which Nature certainly meant to be useful and beautiful both; but such cattle as happened to stray that way on a false hypothesis, were destined to find that fields were not invariably meant to contain corn, potatoes, nor grass. They were not, however, deprived of all the benefits of the Church, *since they slept in it*. I presume they give way to their betters on Sundays. I had heard of such neglect in Scotland, but did not believe. This, however, is not the first or second time that I have found a parish church in

the Highlands open to all the elements *as well as to the cattle*; nor, as in this very case, *is it unusual for the country people to dilapidate it themselves, and carry off the wood-work*. In England, this would be called sacrilege; but, by whatever name called, it would not happen. Where nothing is sacred, nothing is respected; and the Highlander treats his church, when he dares, just as he does his church-yard. I have been told that such things do not exist; I know very well that they do not occur in Edinburgh. I have been told that they are impossible; which I consider very fortunate. *Nor is this inconsistent with what I so lately remarked respecting the religious feelings of this people*. The church, quoad church, is only so much lime and stone: it is not, any more than the burying-ground, the metaphysical church. It is the church when the Minister is present, when it is the house of actual prayer. And, *unseemly and incongruous with the religious disposition of the Highlanders as it may appear, it is not unusual for them to break the windows, when intoxicated at the funerals*, the frequent irregularities of which I formerly noticed. Where the funeral is not a religious ceremony, the church is no more an object of respect than the ale-house. That such things, however, do not occur often, I know; but *it would be more agreeable to be able to say that they never happened*.

Now, we can "say" the "more agreeable" thing with the greatest confidence; we boldly aver, that there is not one word of truth in the whole of this statement. The church first alluded to is that of Strath; and we assert, upon authority, which we are prepared to produce if called upon, that "cattle never slept in it." How cattle could "sleep" among the pews of a church, Dr Macculloch will perhaps be able to explain, as well as to condescend upon the places where he found churches "open to all the elements *as well as the cattle*." "All the elements" are, in this case, we presume, to be understood of rain and snow merely, which commonly enter houses by flaws in the roof or broken panes of glass in the windows; but it is not usual, we believe, even for Highland cattle to enter houses by the roof or the windows. "Nor, *as in this case*," adds he, *is it unusual for the country people to dilapidate it (the church) themselves, and carry off the wood-work*." Now, putting aside our own private knowledge, we have made repeated inquiries of several gentlemen belonging to Skye, whether it had ever been consistent with their knowledge, that the people had been guilty of the sacrilegious spoliation here laid to their charge, and, in particular, whether the church of Strath had been "dilapidated," as Dr Macculloch describes, and "the wood-work carried off;" to all of which we received one uniform answer, that nothing of the kind was ever heard of, and that the charge is untrue, as is that of the people breaking the windows "when intoxicated at funerals." Dr Macculloch first says, that such things are "not unusual," by which, we presume, he means that they "are usual" and common; and in conclusion, he states, that "they do not occur often: by which, we presume, he means that they are "unusual" and rare: which of these two averments are we to consider as the true one, according to his notions of the truth? Truth, did we say? The whole passage is pregnant with falsehood, and betrays a malignant spirit, of which even Pinkerton, in the orgasm of his wrath against the name of Celt, cannot be accused, and would most undoubtedly have been ashamed. If the Highlanders were really such horrid miscreants, as to desecrate, dilapidate, and plunder their churches, we ourselves would be the first to preach a crusade against them, to urge the expediency of issuing letters of fire and sword, and of exterminating them to the last man. But they are not as this Geologist would represent them; nor is it *usual* for them to be guilty of sacrilege; the law itself would prevent that. At the same time, they scorn his poor apology, that "such conduct is not inconsistent with what he so lately remarked of the *religious feelings of this people*."

Enough, and more than enough, to enable the reader to appreciate the statements of our author, and the degree of faith to which they are entitled. The few remarks we have yet to make on the volumes before us will be directed, *firstly*, to the supposed incurable indolence, and unimprovable character of the natives; and, *secondly*, to the present state of Highland economy and population.

1. It has long been a practice among writers, who never look below the

surface of things, or who have undertaken the task of apologists for whatever is defective or vicious in the system upon which the affairs of a country are managed, to trace all the evils which force themselves on public observation to something in the general character of the people, which is continually opposing an insurmountable obstacle to all attempts for improving their condition, and increasing their happiness; and again, to refer to the character thus gratuitously attributed, as a sufficient justification of proceedings the most iniquitous and oppressive. If, for example, a long series of tyranny and misrule have, as in Ireland, debased the character of the people, plunged them in misery, and driven them to the commission of crime, the inevitable consequences of misgovernment are gravely adduced as a reason why it should be perpetuated. In like manner, if, as in the Highlands of Scotland, the natives are proscribed by the landlords, because they do not all at once, and, as it were, *per saltum*, adopt the improvements which have been gradually introduced into the Lowlands in the course of a century and a half, and because they manifest the natural repugnance to innovation, which more or less distinguishes the people of all countries in the earlier stage of their career; and if, when driven from their possessions, where they enjoyed comparative comfort and independence, reduced to the condition of day-labourers, where there is little capital or employment, and huddled together on a barren coast, upon miserable patches of soil, where they must earn their subsistence and pay their rent, by prosecuting a precarious branch of industry to which all their previous habits were alien;—if, in these circumstances, we say, they manifest symptoms of reluctance or apathy, they are straightway denounced as indolent and unimproveable; and that indolence and perversity of indisposition is reckoned a sufficient apology for all the measures which the modern regenerators have already adopted, or may in future pursue. This, accordingly, is the burden of Dr Macculloch's song. "They prefer lounging in the old way," he says, "to gaining *four shillings* by an *hour's* exertion," and "this is *common* EVERYWHERE," though in many places they are in such deplorable want of the means of subsistence, as to be obliged to exist on shell-fish gathered during the ebb of the tide. Again: "To *steady labour* they are particularly *averse*; and no dependence can therefore be placed on them, as they will leave their engagements to return to their usual tranquillity, the moment that it becomes displeasing to them; and he goes on to state, that "this was the case with the labourers on the Caledonian Canal," though one of the main objects of that project was to find employment for the Highlanders; and that, for the same reason, "it was found necessary to import quarrymen from the Lowlands into Skye and into Assynt, to work on (in) the marble and limestone quarries, as the Highlanders considered it too hard work, and would not persevere beyond a few days, even when induced to commence." But our author has such an admirable knack of neutralizing one statement, by another of an opposite kind, that is only necessary to place the one in juxtaposition with the other. In the very same paragraph he admits, that, "in the slate-quarries of Seil and Balahulish, and when employed in the *towns*, they are as *active workmen* as the Lowlanders." How they should refuse "to persevere beyond a few days in Skye and in Assynt," yet prove themselves "as *active workmen* as the Lowlanders" at Seil and Balahulish, the Doctor has not thought proper to explain, at least in a way that we can understand; for he asserts that indolence is confined to those "who have *not* yet received the contamination of Lowland improvement;" in other words, that the only portion of the Highlanders which is active and industrious is that which, generally speaking, has been thrown out of employment, and crowded together in the miserable hamlets upon the coast. But what, in the Doctor's estimation, places the indolence of the Highlanders beyond all question or doubt, is "the conduct of the Highland proprietors themselves, in preferring Low-Country labourers, tenants, and fishermen, and even in advertising for them as '*preferred*!'" Now this is the identical sophism to which we have but just adverted: "the Highland proprietors themselves" discourage native industry, by telling the

people as plainly as they can, that they will not receive them as labourers, tenants, or fishermen, if they can possibly help it; and when a patriotic soldier, like Colonel Stewart, remonstrates with them for their base, unfeeling ingratitude to a race famed for their affectionate and devoted attachment to their Chiefs and superiors, they turn round and exclaim, "Oh, you have no idea how indolent and lazy they are; we must contaminate them with the example of Lowland improvement; or if that won't do, send them to starve on the coast, or drive them across the Atlantic." In answer to such averments as this, the gallant Colonel contends that the natives are "indolent" and "lazy," because they are *discouraged*; that the Highlander, like every other human being, must be desirous to improve his condition, and susceptible of being swayed and influenced by ordinary motives; that with a little care and attention, any thing may be made of him; and that he is entitled to some indulgence from those to whom he cherishes an hereditary attachment. This, however, is a language which the regenerators, the "contaminators with Lowland improvement," either cannot or will not understand. They have the economists on their side, who flatter them with visions of high rents, chivalrously put themselves forward as the defenders and champions of reformation, by summary ejection and fire, and write learnedly on the miseries of a *redundant* population, and so forth: And what care they for the people? This is not mere hypothesis. A few years ago, a Highland proprietor had ejected, by the usual means, a large body of tenantry, who were thrown destitute on the wide world, and might truly say, that "the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but they had not where to lay their heads." Moved with their forlorn and melancholy condition, a respectable clergyman, now no more, waited upon this gentleman, and after stating a number of facts of which he was already sufficiently aware, and after imploring him to take into his most serious consideration the case of these poor people, begged to know what he proposed to do with them. "Do with them!" exclaimed this *Highland** philanthropist, in a passion; "*LOCHDUBH IS WIDE ENOUGH FOR THEM ALL!*" These words are universally known, and will never be forgotten. We could give the name of the miscreant who uttered them; but we shall spare him, not because he deserves to be spared, but because, in his hatred of the native population, he is by no means so singular as in the atrocious nonchalance with which he expressed it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Sonnet.—Youth.

O YOUTH! how wild and redolent of flowers
 Thy devious path! O age! how sad and cold
 Thy dreary way along the barren wold,
 Reft of the boasted charms of happier hours!
 Hear, then, my prayer, ye all pervading powers,
 From whose just fiat man received his birth!
 Before I stand alone upon the earth—
 Before the storm of desolation lowers—
 Before the memory of early years
 And long-lost bliss flings sadness o'er my heart—
 Before hope's rainbow colouring disappears,
 And all the extacies of life depart—
 Before—Oh! long before these joys have fled,
 Let me be numbered with the silent dead!

H. G. B.

* We do not mean to say, that the individual referred to is a *native* Highlander, though he happens to be a *Highland* proprietor: we introduce the above anecdote, solely because the sentiments he seems to entertain are unhappily not confined to naturalized *Glaswegians*, who had served an apprenticeship to improvement by driving negroes in the West Indies!

SCOTS NEW JUDICATURE BILL .

(Continued from Vol. XV., page 425.)

I. Of the Powers of the Scots Supreme Judges.

"Omnium civium bona quindecim hominum arbitrio sunt commissa, quibus et perpetua est potestas, et imperium plane tyrannicum, quippe quorum arbitria sola sunt pro legibus."

Buchan. Rer. Scot. Hist. lib. XIV.

"The Judges of Session may, in their inquiries into facts, direct things to be done, or steps to be taken, which neither are nor can be demanded as a point of right."

Erskine.

"It is to make a farce of all jurisprudence, and of all justice, to talk of equity as merely a deposit in the breast of a Judge. It is to advance Judges to despots. They are thus to be invested with a power which is above law, and above equity. Their feelings, their capacities, their frailties, and their passions, are made to come in the place of the principles and the impartialities of justice. This is in wild hostility to our constitution. It is a Turkish jurisdiction in a country of liberty."—*Stuart on the Public Law of Scotland.*

IN our Numbers for July and October last, we directed the attention of our readers to the consideration of several points proposed to be regulated by the New Judicature Bill; but there are still many interesting subjects of discussion connected with it, in which the people of Scotland, as well as of England and Ireland, are very materially interested.

The Bill contains a number of special regulations, the object of which is to regulate the FORMS AND PLEADINGS in the Courts of Law in Scotland, and thereby to save the time of the Judges and the Lord Chancellor, in the hearing and determination of causes. By the 50th section, it is proposed to delegate the powers of the Legislature to the Scots Judges, to "make such orders and regulations concerning the forms of process, both in ordinary and extraordinary causes, and for regulating the proceedings both of the Court of Session and of the Jury Court, as may most effectually carry into execution the purposes of this act, and remove any difficulties which may, in the details of practice, be found to arise in expediting the business before the said Courts respectively." This would obviously be giving them a power to regulate the forms of process now, and in all time to come.

Before the Legislature of Great Britain and Ireland shall delegate such powers to the Scots Supreme Judges, some inquiry, we humbly presume to think, should be made with respect to the powers which those Judges have hitherto exercised or assumed; and from the result of that inquiry, the Legislature, the Government, and the country, will be the better able to judge whether it be expedient, and for the benefit of the people, that such powers should be delegated by Parliament

* Observations relative to Trial by Jury in a separate Tribunal of Issues of Fact. By James Ferguson, Esq. Advocate. Edin. Bell & Bradfute, and James Duncan, London. 1824.

A short Review of the various Publications and Reports touching the Bill. London, C. Hunter; A. Constable & Co. Edin. 1824.

Letter to the Lord President of the Court of Session, respecting the Alterations contemplated in the Forms of that Court. Edin. Waugh & Innes. 1824.

Report of the Committee of the Faculty of Advocates. Edin. 1824.

Remarks on that Report. London, C. Hunter. 1824.

Report of the Committee of the Solicitors of Supreme Courts, Incorporated by Royal Charter. Edin. 1824.

Report of the Solicitors of the Commissary, Sheriff, and Inferior Courts. Edin. Shaw & Co. 1825.

Additional Report of the Committee of Writers to the Signet. Edin. 1824.

Remarks on the Administration of Criminal Justice in Scotland. Edin. W. Blackwood; T. Cadell, London. 1825.

to the Scots Judges. "In Scotland, as in England and elsewhere, the system of judicial procedure has been, in the main, *the work, not of Legislators, but of Judges*, manufactured chiefly in the form, not of real statutory law, but of jurisprudential law: *imaginary law*, consisting of general inferences deduced from particular decisions. By primeval indigence, and inexperience on the part of the Sovereign, Judges left without salaries, but left with power to pay themselves by fees. Hence, as will be seen, a constant opposition between the ends of justice and the ends (the original, and thence the rational ends) of judicature *."

The jurisdiction of the Lords of Council and Session is not of very great antiquity. Under the feudal system in Scotland, the nobility, in the first instance, exercised the present jurisdiction of the Supreme Judges. From the decision of the feudal Judges, an appeal was competent to the King's Court, or *Aula Regis*, the members of which were the officers of the Crown, who, in their separate capacities, were the great dispensers of public justice.

Upon the fall of the *Aula Regia*, the King founded the Board of *Privy Council*; and the *Chancellor*, in conjunction with a Committee of persons appointed by the Sovereign from the Estates of Parliament, who exercised jurisdiction in certain cases, obtained the name of "the Session." James IV. appointed another body of Judges, not chosen out of the Estates of Parliament, who had all the powers of the Session, and were called the "Lords of the Daily Council," (Parl. 1503, c. 58). But, adopting a model still more complete, James V. (Act Parl. 1527, c. 36, 69; 1540, c. 93.) instituted "the College of Justice," of which the Senators are still called "Lords of Council and Session," being fifteen in number. The powers of "the Session," and those of "the Daily Council," were vested in this Judicature.

In the *Aula Regia*, the officer most formidable was the Great Justicier, who surpassed in authority and splendour all the other officers of the Crown, and exercised an universal jurisdiction, both in civil and criminal matters, (*Itegiu Majest.* i. 1, 5, and ii. 16). This great officer, says Blackstone, (B. iii. c. 4.) "from the plenitude of his power, grew at length both obnoxious to the people and dangerous to the government which employed him." This was to happen also in other kingdoms. This officer has been compared to the Tribunes of Rome, and to the Ephori of Lacedemon; and it was necessary to have a check to his authority. In Scotland, the power of the Great Justicier, in civil matters, passed, it has been supposed, to the Court of Session; and the extravagance of his jurisdiction in rude times has distinguished this new tribunal. A supreme and boundless jurisdiction in law and equity—a *nobile officium*—carrying in its nature the unprincipled rudeness of a barbarous age, has been exercised, and is thought by some of the Judges to be lodged in it at this hour. It has sustained itself as competent in matters of rank and precedence which belong to the highest fountain of power. In so far as the Writers to the Signet are concerned, it has lately sustained a claim of corporate privileges, in a question with one of their members, and in a claim to particular seats in the Court, to the exclusion of the public, founded on Acts of Sederunt emanating from the Court itself, without any Charter from the Crown†. It has likewise determined in questions of the Peerage, which are known to belong to the House of Peers. It has exercised the powers of enacting Acts of Sederunt, since the union with England,—the baneful and pernicious effects of which we noticed in a former Number. Nay, more; it has, by a mere verbal order, as in the case of the Bill-Chamber, as shewn in our Number for October, disregarded and virtually rescinded recent Acts of Parlia-

* Bentham on Regulation of the Courts, and the Administrations of Justice in Scotland. Taylor & Co. London. 1807.

† The Society of Writers to the Signet out-rivals all other corporate bodies in their zeal to acquire new and exclusive privileges, in order to obtain to its members that distinction which should be obtained only from a knowledge of their profession; for

ment. Wherever there is a wrong, for which it is fancied there is no remedy, it assumes the power of inventing a rule or expedient to judge, and to give this judgment as a precedent to posterity. Moreover, it sometimes declares a statute in *desuetude*, although unrepealed by Parliament. Bentham says, "The Court of Session, the very carpet they tread upon, is made of shreds of laws, enacted, broken to shivers, lying one upon another, in heaps, *unabrogated, unremoved*:—a carpet, than which none was ever softer to the foot of a corrupt or partial Judge." This Court, therefore, has truly, IN EFFECT, AN AUTHORITY TO MAKE LAWS, AND IT THUS USURPS THE JUDICIAL POWERS OF THE LEGISLATURE. It can indeed look with indifference upon an Act of Parliament, and not only dispense with its powers, but condemn them; and a learned Judge, still on the bench, had, it is said, the honesty, some years ago, to avow this.

At this moment, it is notorious that the most violent fluctuations characterise the decisions of this Court. An alarming uncertainty prevails. A decree is pronounced, altered, or recalled upon a reclaiming

bill; and a new decree, in absolute contradiction of the first, issued. Foundations are thus laid for delays and for expense. Men of no virtue are encouraged to engage in litigations. Men of probity, and conscious of their rights, feel a painful uneasiness, and tremble to confide their property to capricious decision or dogmatical authority. In this state of uncertainty, appeals from Scotland have become so numerous, and the Lord Chancellor Eldon has been in the practice of altering so many of the decisions of the Scots Judges, that the subject has been forced upon the attention of the Legislature. The attempt to hurry through the Judicature Bill at the end of last Session has roused the people of Scotland, and every county and public body in Scotland have been deliberating upon the Bill. The Resolutions of all the counties which have been published, we believe, have censured some clauses of the Bill. We have pleasure in particularly noticing the resolutions of the county of Ross, although we slightly differ from some of them. They reflect honour upon the intelligence of that county, as well as the country at large*; and it is gratifying to us, that the

which about 400 of their members are noways eminently distinguished. They also have a due portion of vanity, presumption, and absurdity. Some time ago they claimed the honour of wearing gowns as one of their exclusive privileges. This alleged right they pretended they had obtained from the Scots Judges by some Act of Seiderunt. The Solicitors of the Supreme Courts incorporated by Charter from the Crown, who are the rivals of the Writers to the Signet, in the competition between them for obtaining the management of law-business in Scotland, aspired to the same harmless and ridiculous vanity, and applied to his present Majesty to grant them this distinction. After a full inquiry and a Report by Sir W. Rae, Lord Advocate, it was found that the right to grant the privilege is vested in the Crown by Act of Parliament, and not in the Scots Judges. Accordingly his Majesty granted to the Solicitors the privilege of wearing gowns. The grant is in the following terms:

GEORGE the FOURTH, &c. WHEREAS, WE, considering that the estates of the Parliament of Scotland, convened in the month of June 1609, deemed it necessary and expedient for the honour, credit, and reputation of that kingdom, that some grave, decent, comely, and orderly habit, and apparel, should be worn and used by the Advocates, Lawyers, and all others living by law and practice thereof, and did ordain that the selection of such habit and apparel should rest with us: and considering that the Incorporated Society of Solicitors practising before the Supreme Courts in Scotland have humbly prayed us that we should grant our Royal Licence, and warrant authorising the members of the said society to wear a robe or habit similar in form to those worn by the Procurators before the High Court of Admiralty, &c.—Therefore, &c. Given at our Court at Carlton House, and our Privy Seal of Scotland, at Edinburgh, the 1st day of April 1822, and sealed 11th April 1822.

This and the other instances sufficiently shew the disposition of the Scots Judges, to usurp powers to which they are not entitled by law or the British Constitution.

* The Resolutions of the county of Ross, at a meeting of the Freeholders, Com-

views which we submitted in our former Numbers have been in general sanctioned by these Resolutions. If the other public bodies in Scotland will act promptly, and with the same honesty, public spirit, and intelligence, there seems little doubt now, that whether the present Bill be with-

missioners of Supply, and Justices of Peace, held at Tain on the 13th September last (Sir James Wemyss Mackenzie of Scatwell, Baronet, M. P. Presea,) moved by Mr Mackenzie of Scotsburn, in terms of the Report of a Committee on the Scots Judicature Bill, and on the Bill for recovery of Small Debts in Scotland, and unanimously adopted, are as follow:—

RESOLVED—

1. That experience has shown, that the system of Administration of Justice in Scotland is so defective in point of form, and is attended by such DELAY, EXPENSE, AND UNCERTAINTY, THAT A THOROUGH REVISION OF IT IS HIGHLY EXPEDIENT.

2. That the Meeting, therefore, view with much satisfaction the objects and general principles proposed by the Legislature and Government, in the measures commenced for the purpose of ameliorating that system.

3. That this Meeting are of opinion, that these measures are likely to produce incalculable benefits to this part of the United Kingdom, where the general complaints against the present system of administering justice in every department of the Supreme and Inferior Courts call loudly for redress.

4. THAT IT IS HIGHLY INEXPEDIENT THAT THE POWER OF ENACTING RULES AND REGULATIONS SHOULD BE DELEGATED BY PARLIAMENT TO THE JUDGES; AND THAT ALL SUCH RULES AND REGULATIONS SHOULD BE FIXED BY Legislative enactments.

5. That this Meeting, in order more completely and effectually to incorporate Trial by Jury with the ancient Institutions of the country, would recommend to dissolve the present Jury Court as a separate jurisdiction, and that the Court of Session be divided into three Chambers, with three Ordinary and one presiding Judge sitting in each of the two Law Chambers, and four such and a presiding Judge in the Jury Chamber, the three Junior Judges continuing to be Lords Ordinary to their respective Chambers: That all questions cognizable by a Jury should originate and be determined in the Jury Chamber, where the law, the fact, and expenses, should be disposed of at one and the same time,—by which a great saving of time and expense would be obtained, and the present awkward machinery of remit from the Court of Session to the Jury Court done away: The Judges in this Jury Chamber to consist of the present Judges of the Jury Court, with two others to be selected by his Majesty; and that the benefit of the experience and abilities of the Lord Chief Commissioner might be obtained, that so much of the Act of Parliament, doing away extraordinary Lords of Session, might be repealed, as would enable his Majesty to name one extraordinary Lord of Session, being an Advocate or Barrister at Law, who shall always preside in the Jury Chamber.

6. That this Meeting recommend, in order to abbreviate the proceedings, and lessen the expense in the preparation of Jury cases, that a system be adopted somewhat analogous to the proceedings in the English Courts,—the effect of which would be, to save the whole previous discussion before the Lord Ordinary, and many of those delays, and much of the expense that is subsequently incurred, previous to causes being brought for decision before the Jury.

7. That the exchanging of Lists of Witnesses between the parties to a suit, previous to going to trial, is a measure highly expedient; providing that the respective agents be obliged to lodge with the lists an affidavit that all and each of the witnesses contained in the lists are material to the question at issue.

8. That this Meeting do not see the necessity of calling together, in every trifling cause, Jurymen entitled to sit as Special Jurymen; and that it would be expedient to summon a larger proportion of the tradesmen, and other respectable inhabitants of the different towns where the Jury Court may happen to sit.

9. That in intricate processes of compt and reckoning, this Meeting think it would be expedient to remit to a professional accountant, who shall report upon oath, and be subject to be examined by parties.

10. That in cases where the present mode of granting Commissions may be found absolutely essential to the ends of justice, the Commissioner and parties should be bound down by specific issues, prepared by the Judge who grants the commission at sight of the parties.

drawn or not, the Government will be imperiously called upon to bring under consideration of the Legislature and the country such other measures and regulations as will effectually embrace and remedy all the abuses which, it cannot be denied, exist in the administration of justice, not

11. That witnesses residing in any part of the United Kingdom, but forth of Scotland, be compelled to give evidence at or within miles of their place of residence for the time being, before any Commissioners appointed by the Supreme Court of Scotland to take such evidence, such persons being tendered a reasonable sum for their expenses.

12. That, in the opinion of this Meeting, a clause ought to be introduced into the present Bill, enacting, That a written notice from the Proprietor, or other person duly authorized by him, delivered to the tenant by a Notary, Messenger, or Sheriff's-officer, attested by either of them, and two credible witnesses, shall be deemed a sufficient warning in all cases of removing; and if recorded in the Sheriff-Court books of the shire wherein the property lies, forty days before Whiteunday, shall be deemed a sufficient authority for warrant of ejection—the fee for recording the notice to be limited to one shilling per sheet.

13. That the Meeting are convinced that considerable delay, and consequent expense, often take place, from the circumstance of Counsel being engaged in one Court at the time their services are required in another. That it appears expedient that this inconvenience should be obviated.

14. That it appears to this Meeting expedient, that, in all cases coming before the Supreme or Inferior Courts, legislative enactments should compel parties to state their averments in points of fact, at the earliest possible stage of the proceedings, and that these preparatory steps should be taken in time of vacation or recess, as well as during the sitting of the Court, and that parties should be foreclosed from any farther averments, after a certain stage of the proceedings, except in the case *res noviter veniens ad notitiam*.

15. That this Meeting do not think it expedient that this rule should apply to pleas of law, which, in their opinion, parties should not be compelled to state finally until the averments in point of fact have been finally adjusted.

16. That this Meeting think it expedient that no averments of fact, or plea in law, should be admitted in a Court of Review, which does not appear to have been stated and pled in the Court in which the cause originated, whether it first came before an Ordinary in the Outer House, either of the Chambers of the Inner House, or the Jury Court, if causes be there initiated.

17. That it is expedient that causes of Advocacion and Suspension should come into the Court *de plano*, without the intervention of the Bill Chamber; and that the Fee Fund in the Court of Session be abolished, and that the Clerks and the other officers of Court be paid out of the public purse.

18. That the present system of issuing and preparing Summonses, Advocacions, Suspensions, Hornings, Captions, and Signet Letters of every description, be better regulated.

19. That it appears to this Meeting, that the forms of proceedings in all descriptions of causes which come under the cognizance of the Court of Session, whether sitting in their ordinary capacities as a Court of Review, or in what is termed Extraordinary Causes, or, when sitting as a Court of Teinds, should be assimilated as far as practicable.

20. That the form of process in the Sheriff and Burgh Courts be assimilated to that recommended to be adopted in the Supreme Courts; and that the power of review by a Sheriff-Depute or Substitute, or Magistrate, in Burgh Courts of his own individual interlocutors, be done away; and that the interlocutor in each and every case shall be held as conclusive in each of these Courts—as this Meeting highly approves of the enactments in the Bill, precluding Judges in the Supreme Courts from a similar reconsideration of their own decisions.

21. That the fees chargeable in inferior Courts be regulated by some general enactments.

22. That this Meeting do not consider the circumstance of there being only 186 causes brought by suspension or advocacion before the Supreme Court, although 22,077 are annually decided in Sheriffs' Courts, as forming a certain criterion of the excellency of the present system, as it does not appear from any existing document, whether this has been owing to the inconsiderable amount of the questions at issue, to the inability of the parties to bear further expense, or to their want of confidence in the Supreme Courts.

only in Scotland, but in England and Ireland.

The slow progress of Scots Jurisprudence may be accounted for: Mr Forsyth, Advocate*, says, "Scotland is a mere province, out of the view of the leading men of the empire. Success at the Bar no longer introduces a practitioner into the Legislature. Hence, the place of Judge in Scotland is apt to be regarded, by men in power, merely as a post or place attended with a certain emolument. I think I have seen men placed on the Bench, who, though perfectly respectable as Gentlemen, would scarcely have accepted of the situation, if they had been liable to be sent instantly to Glasgow, to try a succession of causes in presence of the acute and discerning merchants of that city; and not only to charge Juries, but, with Bills of exception and motions for new trials over their heads, to decide difficult

points of law *de plano*, and to control an able and learned Bar. I conceive that, by compelling all the Judges of the Court of Session to try civil causes, Government might be constrained to become careful in the appointment of Judges."

The history of a Scots Judge for the last half century seems to be this: He commences at the Bar as Advocate. In this situation his emoluments depend upon his talents and legal acquirements. The Attornies of Court are a clear-sighted and discerning generation. No fictitious claims of birth, rank, or assumed pretensions, on the part of a Counsel, are regarded by them. Talents and legal acquirements only are respected and put in requisition. Without these recommendations, an Advocate seldom becomes eminent at the Bar. But it unfortunately has hitherto, in general, happened, that the Counsel who have been raised to eminence by the dis-

23. That Petitions to both Houses of Parliament be prepared, founded on the above principles, praying the Legislature to take the same into consideration, and to alter or amend the Bill under consideration, in the manner which their wisdom may dictate, in so far as the provisions of the Bill are inconsistent with the opinions herein expressed, and to enact such parts of it into a law as may be found consistent with these Resolutions, and adopting such alterations in the details of the Bill as they, in their wisdom, may deem meet.

24. That this Meeting consider those Members of Parliament who were instrumental in obtaining delay in the passing of the Judicatory Bill, during the last Session of Parliament, and especially Mr Elliot Lockhart, M.P. for Selkirkshire, for his particular exertions, entitled to the thanks of this County.

25. That the thanks of this County are due to Sir James Wemyss Mackenzie, their Member, for his exertions upon that occasion.

With reference to the second Bill referred to the Committee,—that to alter and amend the Small Debt Act,—the General Meeting, agreeably to the Committee's Report, unanimously

Resolved—

1. That the principle of the Bill under consideration has been recognised in Petitions presented by this County to both branches of the Legislature during the last Session of Parliament.

2. That in the opinion of this Meeting, the sum to which the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace in civil actions ought to be extended, should be fixed at £.12 sterling at least, as stated in their Petitions before alluded to.

3. That this Meeting, though they suggest £.12 sterling as the extent of the proposed Jurisdiction of the Justices of the Peace, would consider as a great boon conferred on the County, that such Jurisdiction should be extended to £86.8d. as recommended in the Ninth Report of the Commissioners upon Scots Courts of Justice.

4. That it appears desirable, that where a County has been divided into districts having regular Justice of Peace Courts established within them, defenders in actions, under this or former Acts of Parliament for recovery of Small Debts, should be held amenable to the District Court only within which his residence is fixed for the time.

5. That Petitions from this County be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying them to pass the said Bill into a Law.

6. That the Members connected with the County be requested to use all the means in their power to farther the passing of said Bill.

cernment and preference of the Attornies, have seldom been selected by the Government as Judges. Another class of Advocates generally recommend themselves to Government for those offices. When a young Advocate finds he cannot obtain the honourable employment of the Attornies acting for the country at large, he contrives to get introduced to the Lord-Advocate, and Solicitor-General of the day, and he is in due time appointed one of the deputies of the Lord-Advocate. From that moment he is in general laid upon the shelf, except when employed by Attornies who are mere political expectants, or of doubtful character. During this period he has time to study the privileges of the Bar, and his right to an entrance into Court by a private door, and a seat appropriated to such students by the favour of the Court. In due time he is appointed a Sheriff-depute. For a number of years afterwards, he continues to walk the boards of the Parliament House as a briefless barrister. At length, either the Lord-Advocate or the Solicitor-General of the day dies, or is raised to the Bench, and he succeeds to one of those offices. After some years farther of this routine, he is, in his turn, promoted to the Bench. He then can look with triumph upon the Counsel who have risen to distinction as barristers by their talents and learning, but who must either change their principles, or remain at the bar; and he never forgives the Attornies for their want of discernment in overlooking his own talents when at the bar. Hence the Bench seldom lose the opportunity of the undoubted privilege of their gown and senatorial chair (which only protects them on the Bench,) to stigmatize an Attorney, how respectable soever he may be, as little better or worse than an Israelite. The Bar, too, are sometimes treated with no great courtesy. The example of the English Judges, such as Judge Baile, &c., is lost upon too many of the Inner-house Judges. In this way, with some few recent exceptions, the fifteen Senators of the College of Justice, who are invested with such extraordinary powers, are appointed and composed. They in

general are satisfied with their situations. They think themselves perfectly qualified to be Legislators as well as Judges. They seldom, however, take enlarged views, or look to the more enlightened system of administering justice in England; and they are in general hostile to any assimilation of the Scots to the English practice. If the principle of the Acts of Sederunt of the Scots Judges, since the Union, be examined, it will be found that they have in general increased the fees of the Judges' Clerks and the Clerks of Court; that their chief design and object has been to save the Judges and their Clerks trouble; and that not a single Act of Sederunt can be selected, the principle and object of which has been the diminution of the enormous expenses of legal proceedings. The rich and productive classes of society have the greatest interest in diminishing those expenses. It is a mistake to imagine that the rich are in general disposed to oppress the poor by litigation. It is a luxury they can have no motive to indulge; for, although they are successful, they can recover nothing from a poor man. Besides, it generally happens, that the poor obtain the benefit of the poor's roll, by which they procure not only an exemption from paying dues of Court, but also the benefit of Counsel and Agents, and often the sympathy of the better feelings of the Judges. In this way, it sometimes happens that the higher classes of society have the greatest cause to complain of oppression from litigation. It is their interest, therefore, to promote a better and less-expensive system of the forms of administering justice. By increasing the fees of Court, the Judges perhaps thought they would put an end to all litigation. This experiment, however, has not succeeded. The grievances in the administration of justice, which have not been remedied under the system of legislation of the Scots Judges, by the authors of it, have at length forced their way to the throne and the Government; and the people at large now call almost with one voice for an immediate and radical remedy of those grievances, not by Acts of Sederunt, as proposed by the new

Bill, but by *legislative enactments*. It is now a curious fact, that the learned author from whom we have taken one of our mottoes predicted upwards of forty years ago, that, after suffering long in silence, the people would recover from astonishment to reflection; that they would mature in their understandings; that they would take courage from knowledge, from indignation, and from scorn; that they would "exclaim in one voice, that there is nothing so equivocal, so insolent, so loose, and so tyrannical, as the discretion of a Judge." "Perhaps," he adds, "I have taken advantage of the first moment, when it is not actually a *crime* to speak of it with freedom." This dread of the Judges in Scotland has since operated as a spell upon the Bar, the Attornies of Court, and the country. Many members of the Court have, however, ventured to think that the chief evils and grievances in the administration of justice may be traced to the Judges themselves*. If we are not mistaken, we have heard it laid down by the Judges in full conclave, that it was a high *contempt* of Court to write or say any thing, although perfectly true, which might have a tendency to shake the confidence of the people of Scotland in the King's Judges. Upon this principle, it is presumed, two imprudent, or alleged insane individuals, were, not long ago, imprisoned *by order of the Court, and without a trial by Jury*, with the view of operating as a public example to all disaffected persons. This severity, however, has not had the desired effect. The introduction of the present Bill, and the spirited opposition to it, has drawn from the Legislature, without consulting the Scots Judges, an invitation to the Scots people publicly to point out the defects in the Bill and in the administration of justice. The result, we confidently hope, will be, that the power of enacting Acts of Sederunt, and the functions of Legislators, for which, with every possible deference, we presume to think the Scots Judges are by no means qualified, will not, in future, be delegated by the Legislature to the Scots Judges; and that they will find it necessary to

confine their duties to the administration of justice only, and to second the enlightened and conciliatory views of the Government, by acting in accordance with public opinion and the spirit of the age.

Expenses of Process.

"The expenses *ordinary* of the suit fees to Judges-Clerks, and Lawyers of all sorts:" and "fees to Prothonotaries, Philizers, Chirographers, Under Clerks, Proclamators, Witnesses, Jurymen, Marshals, Tipstaffs, Criers, Porters, for enrollings, special verdicts, coach-hyre, &c.;" "Verily," says John, (Bull.) "there are a prodigious number of learned words in this law; what a pretty science it is!" "Ay! but, husband, (says Mrs Bull,) you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words; *bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of the account!*"

—*Swift*.

"The catchpole watches the man in debt; the attorney watches the catchpole; the counsellor watches the attorney; the solicitor the counsellor; but it is the *client* that pays them all."—*Goldsmith*.

It is remarkable, that, since the Union between England and Scotland, no step whatever has been taken, either by the Legislature or the Scots Judges, to diminish the expenses of the forms of administering justice in Scotland. Prior to that period, Lord Stair said, "No nation hath so few words of art, but almost all our terms are near the common and vulgar acceptance," and "our forms are plain and prompt." Since the Union, however, many innovations have been introduced into our practice by Acts of Sederunt passed by the Judges. In the course of the last fifty years, the fees of the Judges'-Clerks and Clerks of Court have been repeatedly increased. Hence we are now burdened with a fee-fund, or tax levied upon every step of the process, which operates as a *denial of justice to the industrious and productive classes of society*. The Judges, in their Acts of Sederunt, have not bestowed the slightest attention to the expenses of process. The economy of conducting law proceedings, or the convenience or hardship attending such enormous expenses, so much felt by the Attornies of Court and the suit-

* Bentham, p. 6.

ors, has never attracted their notice. A Judge, or Counsel, in travelling from Edinburgh to London, would choose the *cheapest* and most comfortable conveyance. But the unfortunate litigant, in travelling through our courts of justice, has no choice of evils. At every step, he finds himself obstructed by useless and unnecessary forms, and the enormous fees and taxes levied on every step of procedure.

At first sight, it may be imagined that the whole of these sums go into the pockets of the Attornies, because they ultimately receive or compel payment from the unfortunate litigant. But the truth is, the Attorney is the greatest sufferer by such enormous exactions. He is responsible, not only to the Court, but to the client, with respect to every step of procedure in the cause. He has more laborious duties to perform than the Counsel. He has, besides, in the first instance, to make all the advances of fees to Counsel and Clerks of Court, and other disbursements. He is himself, however, seldom or never paid *in advance*, and at the end of the suit, which generally lasts for a number of years, he frequently finds his client and his opponent bankrupts, and in such cases he must sustain the whole loss, not merely of his advances, but of his time and trouble. The effect of this, however, comes at length home to almost every member of the community. For unless a party can find security to the Attorney, or is perfectly responsible for such a large sum as is necessary to pay the expenses of conducting the suit, he must submit either to abandon a just right, or pay an unjust demand without redress. In this state of matters, can any one doubt that the "administration of justice" may "become odious and suspected to the whole body of the people?" It must be admitted, that "the pure and impartial administration of justice is, perhaps, the firmest bond to secure a cheerful submission of the people, and to engage their affections to Government*." But "it is not sufficient that questions of private right or wrong are justly decided

merely, nor that Judges are superior to the vileness of pecuniary corruption." It is farther necessary that the courts of justice shall be open and accessible to all classes of the community, and that the taxes or fees of court shall not be so oppressive and enormous as to operate as a *denegatio justitie*.

In objecting to the new Bill, the Faculty of Advocates appear, for the first time, to have directed their attention to the expenses of process. From an account of expenses referred to in their Report, and lodged with the Clerk of the Faculty, which we have examined, and think correctly and moderately stated, it appears that, under the present system, the ordinary expense incurred by the plaintiff of an action, commencing before the Lord Ordinary, and carried into the Inner-House of the Court of Session, (exclusive of a proof by commission or a Jury Trial,) is

The defender's expenses } 189 6 5½
may also be estimated at

£.378 12 11

The whole of this sum the defender, if he lose the action, is obliged to pay.

On the other hand, the expenses of the same process (exclusive of the expense of a Jury Trial) under the *new Bill*, as is shewn by another special account, also referred to in the Faculty Report, would be no less than

The defender's expenses } 321 0 1½
may also be stated at

£.642 0 3

To this will fall to be added the expense of a Jury Trial, which, upon an average, is stated at £.112 16 9¼, and Defender's expenses,

£.112 16 9¼ - 225 13 7

£.867 13 10

In case of an appeal to the House of Peers, there may also be added the appellant's expenses, £.250, and respondent's £.250,

500 0 0

Sum which a defender who loses a suit may have to pay, under the proposed Bill, for one process, relating, perhaps, to a sum in dispute of £.26. } £.1367 13 10

By the *present system*, the following would be the expenses of the same suit, viz.
 Pursuers's expenses, £.189 6 5½, Defender's expenses, £.189 6 5½, in Court of Session, - - £.378 12 11
 In Jury Court, - - 225 13 7
 In House of Peers, - - 500 0 0

£.1104 6 6

With the view of shewing the different burdens affecting law-proceedings in Scotland, we have examined the various items composing the account of expenses of an action, under the *present system*, referred to in the Report of the Committee of the Faculty of Advocates.

The following are the results :

BRANCH I.

Expenses of the summons—defences—relevancey—amended defences—and diligence to recover writings.

Fees to Counsel,	-	£.15	15	0
Their clerks,	-	2	8	0
Printing and other disbursements,	-	7	6	6
Fee-fund, Lords' clerks, and fees to officers of Court,	-	5	2	8

£.30 12 2

Attorney's fees, - - 11 19 10

£.45 12 0

BRANCH II.

For condescendence and answers—revised condescendence and answers—RES NOVITER VENIENS—mutual and revised memorials—and answers to representation.

Fees to Counsel,	-	£.26	5	0
Their clerks,	-	5	17	0
Printing and other disbursements,	-	11	4	7½
Fee-fund, Lords' clerks, and fees to officers of Court,	-	6	4	0

£.49 10 7½

Attorney's fees, - - 24 7 2

£.73 17 9½

BRANCH III.

For proceedings in Inner-House.

Fees to Counsel,	-	£.29	10	0
Their clerks,	-	5	15	0
Printing and other disbursements,	-	13	1	3½
Fee-fund, Lords' clerks, and fees to officers of Court,	-	10	5	2

£.58 11 6

Attorney's fees, - - 11 5 2

£.69 16 8

ABSTRACT of the three branches.

Fees to Counsel,	-	£.71	10	0
Their clerks,	-	14	0	0
Printing and other disbursements	-	31	12	5
Fee-fund, Lords' clerks, and fees to officers of Court,	-	21	11	10½

£.138 14 3½

Attorney's fees, - - 50 12 2

Amount of account, £.189 6 5½

By adopting the following suggestions as to framing the steps of pleading, the whole almost of the expenses might be saved of the *first branches* of the procedure, which is altogether useless and unnecessary, viz. £.91 4s. on both sides. By prohibiting, in every case, written or printed argumentative pleadings, either upon facts or law,—repealing the dues of the fee-fund and Lords' clerks,—and reducing the fees of the Advocates' clerks to the same rate (2s. 6d. for each fee) as in England, a very considerable reduction of the other expenses might be effected. The average expenses, instead of £.302, 3s. 3½d in the Court of Session and Jury Court, on each side, as at present, ought, including a Jury Trial, not to exceed, upon the average of an hundred cases, £.50 on each side.

We are convinced that the reduction of expenses would soon tend not only to increase the emoluments of the Counsel and Agents, but to render the administration of justice popular, and a blessing to the people of Scotland, instead of being, as at present, ruinous and oppressive.

There is no individual in the community, whether high or low, who may not be involved in a law-suit, the result of which may deprive him and his family of his liberty or his fortune. Hence no Scotsman can feel indifferent with respect to the fate of this Bill, nor should its fate be disregarded by Englishmen. Scotsmen, for a long period, fought and bled to obtain their present religious privileges. Next to those, perhaps, may be placed the blessings of a well-regulated system of administering justice. But it is now unfortunately too obvious, that neither under the present system, nor that proposed to be introduced by this Bill, are any such blessings to be expected.

In judging of the merits of the improvements proposed by the new Bill, it seems necessary that the public attention should be directed to the amount of expenses as the criterion by which the benefits of the system proposed to be introduced will be best appreciated.

It seems now evident, that the authors of this celebrated Bill have never once bestowed a moment's consideration upon the expenses of the measures proposed by them.

III. Signet Summonses, &c.

"The first step in a process, however it is technically called, may be designated the Originating Writ. Several reasons may be urged for this writ being a mere formal document for calling the party into Court."—*Mr Bell's Letter to the Deputy Keeper of the Signet.*

Summonses in the Scots style, with *Libels* (Declarations) in the belly of them, and Scots *Petitions* with English Declarations and Pleas. *Bentham.*

In our Number for October we gave a general outline of the English and Scotch practice, with respect to "WRITS AND SPECIAL PLEADINGS." The result of our observations was, that these should be all prepared by the Agents and Counsel of the parties *out of Court*, without any intervention or orders by the Judges, and that an assimilation of the practice of England and Scotland might be introduced, which would tend to lessen the expense and improve the system of Scots writs and pleadings.

In endeavouring to point out the manner more particularly, by which this desirable object may be attained, we shall begin with the practice of summoning a party to appear in Court. This object, which appears so simple, has been attended with some perplexity, both in England and Scotland, from the devices of interested persons; and it may be still involved in mystification, from the same cause, in Scotland.

In England, a defendant is brought into Court, either by an *original writ* or by a more summary form, technically called by *bill*. The original writ issues out of Chancery, in the King's name, directed to the Sheriff of the county, requiring him to command the defendant to satisfy a claim *c. g.* of debt; or, on failure to do so,

to appear in one of the superior courts at Westminster, in eight days, to account for non-compliance; but, in some cases, the former alternative is omitted, and the Sheriff is simply to enforce the appearance. This writ being executed and returned, it gives power to the Court of Common Law, in case of the defendant not appearing, to issue a *judicial writ* or process, directed to the Sheriff, to enforce the defendant's appearance, by attachment or distress of his property, or arrest of his person. One of these writs is called a *capias ad respondendum*. It directs the Sheriff to enforce the appearance of the defendant, by arrest of his person. Formerly, it was necessary to sue out the original writ before any *capias* could issue. But now, the original writ is merely *supposed* to be issued; and it is suspended or neglected altogether, unless the defendant objects. The *capias* is, therefore, at once now obtained. In the practice of the King's Bench, the plaintiff's Attorney prepares a draft (called a *præcipe*) of the original writ. This he brings to the *Filacer*, or Clerk of Court, who at once issues the *capias*. The practice is similar in the Court of Common Pleas. If the defendant object to the want of the original writ, it may be obtained at any time, which obviates the objection. By the *capias* the defendant is compelled to appear.

But a still more summary mode of bringing a party into Court is by *bill*. This is founded either on *privilege*, as, *e. g.* where the plaintiff or defendant is an Attorney or officer of Court, or where the defendant is a Member of Parliament; or it is founded on the jurisdiction of the Court, as where the defendant is its prisoner. In order to make any defendant fall under this last description, a person is arrested on a fictitious charge, in virtue of a writ called a *Bill of Middlesex*, where the defendant is to be found in that County, or if elsewhere, by a *latitat*. If the defendant cannot give bail, he is committed to the prison of the Court, or, according to the legal phrase, the custody of the *Marshal of the Marshalsea*. This is held to found the jurisdiction. If he find bail to appear, the jurisdiction is also founded; but in practice, the defendant is not now *actually arrested* by

virtue of the fictitious charge in the *bill of Middlesex*, or *latitat*. If the defendant be privileged, no original writ is necessary; and the suit is at once begun by filing a bill or declaration, stating the ground of complaint. If the defendant be not privileged, the plaintiff begins by taking out the *bill of Middlesex*, or *latitat*. These writs command the Sheriff to arrest the defendant's person, and have him in Court by a certain day.

In either of these cases the procedure is summary. The writ is merely formal, and a simple warrant to enforce the appearance of the defendant. It contains no statement or condescendence of facts. On the defendant's appearance in Court, there is filed a *declaration* or *count*, containing a statement by the plaintiff of the ground of action. In a *real* action it is called a *count*; in a *personal* one, the *declaration*.

In Scotland there are also two ways of bringing a defender into Court. The ordinary way is by a writ called a "summons;" or, where a defender is an Attorney or officer of Court, a summary petition and complaint may be presented to the Court against him. This may be either intimated with or without a warrant of the Court.

Originally, the practice of bringing a defender into Court was the same both in England and Scotland. In England, anciently, there were, 1, The original Chancery writ to appear in four days. 2, That writ being served, returned and disregarded, the judicial writ of attachment was issued, authorizing the Sheriff to oblige the defendant to give caution to appear. 3, Failing that being effectual, a writ of *distingas* was issued, authorizing the Sheriff to distrain his goods, which were forfeited to the King if he did not appear. 4, Finally, a writ of *capias ad respondendum* was granted, grounded on the contempt of the prior writs.

In Scotland, also, anciently, the defender behaved to be *four* times summoned before the cause could proceed. Lord Kames, in his *Statute Law*, describes these ancient writs, from which it appears, that the English and Scots ancient practice were

much the same. In his *Historical Notes**, he adds, "We derived our *four* citations from the Roman Law, l. 68, *de judiciis*. If so, I apprehend we may refer to the same origin our four charges commonly called *letters of four forms*. Our forefathers reasonably thought, that if a defendant could not be effectually sisted in Court till he were four times called, he ought to be called as often to give obedience to the decree, before the *ultimum remedium* of seizing his person be applied."

By the Scotch Act 1457, c. 62, it appears a *brieve* was obtained from Chancery, directed to the Sheriff, to call "the party before the Lords of Session," to answer to a matter to be then laid against him. By the Act 1510, c. 72, to expedite justice, Sheriffs were directed, in all personal actions, to proceed summarily *et de plano* on fifteen days. By 1535, c. 33, the summons is declared to be preceptory; so that if the defender appears not upon the second summons, he may be put to the horn, as was in use formerly upon the fourth summons. By the Acts 1672, c. 6, 1693, c. 12, summonses were reduced to two diets. From 1537 to 1723, blank summonses under the signet were used. In 1723, the Writers to the Signet, it is believed, obtained an Act of Sederunt, directing the *declaration* to be embodied in the summons. Finally, the *inducere*, or days of comparance in Court, were fixed peremptorily at twenty-seven days, and one summons only now is necessary.

In the Act of Sederunt 1723, it is ostensibly set forth, that it "would tend to the dispatch of business, that the parties were better apprised of what is to be alleged." Another reason for libelling the summons at length is, that blank summonses might be an engine of oppression.

In 1800, a contest took place between the Writers to the Signet and Solicitors, as to the privilege of preparing summonses, &c. The Lords found that the Writers to the Signet "have no right to prohibit the members of their Society from signing libelled summonses, which may have been written or drawn by others &c."

* Statute Law of Scotland, p. 432.

† Morrison, No. I. App. voce College of Justice.

In England, where the summons is merely formal, we lately inquired whether there were not many instances of oppression by false arrests, where the defendant did not know the cause of action, and, therefore, might have difficulty in procuring bail? But we were informed that there is no room for any such apprehension. Before a writ is applied for, the defendant generally receives notice of the cause of action. The name of the plaintiff's Attorney is marked on the writ, and the cause of action can be at once learned from him; or, if refused, it can be ascertained by a summary proceeding. Further, the defendant has the advantage of being able to settle the claim by paying the expense of a writ merely, without the expense of a declaration. This is a greater advantage than any benefit that would arise from serving the declaration with the writ. In Scotland, no hardship arises from the use of a blank Admiralty precept or writ, which contains warrant of arrestment.

The author of the letter from which we have taken the first of our mottoes to this article, states various reasons for making the summons merely formal. 1, The risk and danger of a nonsuit, which arises from the present form of the *summons*, would be prevented. 2, The formal writ might be immediately enrolled, and made a depending process. 3, The *declaration* would be framed on full information. 4, In his dissent from the report of the committee of W. S. just issued, he adds: "Lord Mackenzie, Lord Cringletie, (by inference,) and various other high authorities, recommend this."

There are other reasons. 1, The formal writ might be raised, and become the ground-work of the diligence of inhibition and arrestment, on the most imperfect information. 2, In case the information first sent was not sufficient, time would be given to write to the country, to obtain full and accurate information, to prepare the declaration. 3, The *inducie* might be shortened from twenty-seven days to six, within which the declaration might be prepared and lodged, when the summons is brought into Court. The answers containing, first, *pleas* of fact, and

next, in a separate article, *demurrers* or *objections* in law, might be prepared in twenty-one days, and the amended, revised, or *settled* declaration in fourteen days, and answers, in other fourteen, which would correspond with the preparation of the English declaration, plea, demurrer, replication, &c. Thus the summons and special pleadings would be completed in about fifty-five days, without any order from the Judge, and the powers of caption and avizandum would always force in the paper or foreclose the party. At present, forty days are necessary, merely to get in the defences; and twelve months frequently elapse before a debate on them takes place.

The Judicature Bill proposes to continue the present practice of libelling, or embodying the statement or declaration in the summons, before execution; and to continue compulsory orders by the Judges. Both proposals appear to us to be highly objectionable.

The remedy we propose is simple. Follow the practice of England. Return to a mere formal writ or summons; let it be in a printed form, pass the signet *blank*, and contain, as in the Admiralty precept, warrant to summon and arrest, and farther to inhibit. In an ordinary case, where neither arrestment nor inhibition is used, a short citation is sufficient, and it may be libelled on being lodged in Court. Where arrestment or inhibition is to be used, a double of the summons (without the declaration) should be always served on the defender, prior to using arrestment or inhibition. No separate letters should be necessary. A copy of the summons and executions, on being recorded, like a copy of a petition for a sequestration, should be an effectual inhibition. In libelling in either case, let any statement or averment be excluded. The summons should, besides the warrant to summon, contain only the name of the plaintiff and defendant, the amount of the debt, and conclusions. Of this writ no amendment should be allowed. The facts should be stated in a declaration, and filed on calling the summons. Even in summary cases, the petition and complaint should be limited to the name of the complainer.

and defender, and the conclusions. The grounds of it should be stated separately in a declaration.

The summons, or first petition, is perhaps the most difficult step to regulate. The plan which we submit would be attended with many advantages,—it would save much expense,—it would improve the Scots system of special pleading,—it would be substantially an assimilation to the English practice,—and it would lead the way to the Scots soon excelling the English in their boasted system of special pleading. The principles of English special pleading, it must be admitted, are excellent; but the phraseology generally used is more contemptible than the technical phraseology of Scots country writers.

IV. Special Pleadings.

"If such a set of regulations for pleading, as seems to be actually in practice in England, be established with suitable adaptations to the circumstances of this country, (Scotland,) and with preventive checks, to guard against the abuses to which special pleading has been found liable even in England, and if it be imperative on Judges strictly to enforce these regulations, there seems to be reason to expect, in the course of a few years, very material improvement in the administration of justice in Scotland."—*Opinion of Mr Reddie, Assessor of Glasgow.*

"What! Put an end to written pleadings! Rob us of our business! Knock up our profession! Substitute Turkish to Scots and English Justice! Whence comes this man? From the Jacobin Club, or from St. Luke's? *Bentham.*"

In our Number for October last we gave a comparative view of the written pleadings in legal proceedings in Scotland and England, and we now proceed generally to show the manner by which the Scots practice might be assimilated to the English system, which would tend very materially to lessen the expense, and improve the system in Scotland.

One great defect and abuse in the Scots system is the practice of allowing *argumentative* written pleadings, both upon facts and law. But there are other unnecessary and expensive proceedings. In the Supreme Court, the summons, defence, and first debate, costs no less than £43, 12s. on one side, according to the present

system, and would cost £84, 13s. 3d. under the operation of the new Bill. This is the *first* branch of the procedure. But all this procedure is 'useless; for it commences only the statement of fact, without argument, in the shape of condescendencies and answers, which are amended or revised, &c. The object of this *second* branch of the process is to ascertain the facts from the parties. The cost is about £73, 17s. 9½d. farther under the present practice, and would amount to £93, 9s. 1d. under the new Bill. Now, neither of these branches has a proper aim, for in neither do the parties attempt to come to an issue of fact or law. That great object of pleading is left to the Judge or the Issue Clerks, to discover from the mass of statement of facts and arguments on facts and law. After the first and second branches of the pleadings are exhausted, full debates, *viva voce*, by Counsel take place. Judgment being thereafter pronounced by the Lord Ordinary, there next follow written informations, representations, or petitions, containing full arguments both on the facts and the law; not once merely, but four times; *twice* before the Lord Ordinary, and *twice* before the Inner House. The expense of mutual and revised memorials is £23, 19s. 8d. on each side at present, and £45, 16s. 6d. under the new Bill. The expense of answering a representation, £13, 13s. 7d. by the present practice, and a rehearing before the Lord Ordinary, under the new Bill, would be £20, 7s. 4d. The expenses of an appeal to the Inner House at present is £69, 16s. 8d. on each side, and would be £34, 6s. 2d. under the new Bill. A system attended with more enormous expenses cannot well be imagined. Strange, too, that the Faculty of Advocates, the Writers to the Signet, and some of the Judges, should patronize and contend for a continuance of such a system. The example of England is before their eyes, and lost upon them; for they will not lay aside their Scots prejudices, and examine the merits of that system.

In England the practice is this: A party is brought into Court by a short printed writ, consisting of twelve lines, which costs only a few shillings. This writ corresponds to

the will of our summons, and concludes for a particular sum, and no statement of fact, as in Scotland, is allowed to be introduced into it. Next, no defences or objections are allowed to the writ; nor is there any debate, in order that the Judge may see an outline of the conflicting statements. Thus, in England, all the statements made in Scotland in the summons and defences, and at the first debate, and a proportional part of the expenses, are avoided.

The defender being in court, the plaintiff files a *declaration* of facts without argument, which corresponds to our condescendence. A *plea* or answer is next put in for the defendant, which must meet the declaration by an express admission or denial of the facts, or a *demurrer* or objection in law, supposing the facts to be as stated by the pursuer. These pleadings must be so framed as to end in an issue of fact or law. It is the privilege of the attorneys to draw and charge for those pleadings, but they are allowed to pay a fee to a Special Pleader or a Counsel, to *settle* or revise each pleading. If the issue be of fact, it is decided by a Jury. If the issue be one of law, by the Judges.

A similar mode of pleading is adopted in the English Consistorial and Admiralty Courts, although they follow the forms of the Civil Law. The similarity of those Courts to the Scots Courts is the greater, because they are Courts both of equity and law, and the evidence of witnesses is not taken before a Jury, but in writing. The mode of preparing the *record* in those Courts, and a joint printed case for the highest Court of Appeal, should instruct us in Scotland. It is this: An action is brought, suppose for £800, upon a bottomry bond, and a short warrant of arrest and citation issued, to bring into Court the defender; for whom, after citation, a Proctor appears. The Proctor for the pursuer next lodges his allegations, or declaration of facts, without argument, which corresponds to our condescendence. The Proctor for the defender denies these allegations, and makes other averments. The Proctors on both sides afterwards revise and amend, admit or deny, the respective allegations, till they arrive at an issue. These

pleadings are drawn and signed by the Proctor, and settled or revised only by Proctors or Advocates. The proofs being concluded, the Judge hears the Advocates *viva voce*, upon the whole case, and then pronounces his judgment. No written argument upon the facts, evidence, or law, is allowed, nor any representations or rehearing. In the Admiralty Court, an appeal next lies to the High Court of Delegates, which is the last Court of Appeal,—no appeal in such cases being competent to the House of Lords. The record in the Court below is printed in the shape of an appeal case, as in the House of Lords. But, to save the expense of printing, &c. a joint case is generally made up. This commences, 1st, By noticing the writ and sum pursued for: 2d, The special pleadings without argument: 3d, Reference is made to the names only of the witnesses, without any argument on the import of the proofs: Lastly, The prayers follow of the appellant to reverse the decree of the Court below, and of the respondent to confirm it. The proofs on both sides are printed in a separate appendix. The Advocates are heard *viva voce* in the Court of Appeal upon the original pleadings or record before the Court below, and the judgment appealed against is finally reversed or affirmed.

Now, we submit the same practice should be introduced in Scotland. The summons should be a mere formal writ, concluding for the sum in dispute, without any statement of facts. Even in the case of a summary petition the same regulation should be made. There should be no pleading called a defence, nor debate on the summons and defences. The second step, after the formal writ, should be the *declaration*, or condescendence and answers, which should be amended or revised by the parties, till they arrive at an issue in fact or in law. If in fact, let it be tried by a Jury; if of law, by the Judges. If appeal cases are ordered before the Lord Ordinary, or Inner House, let them be made up jointly, and printed at the mutual expense of parties. In such a joint case, the formal writ should be recited, and the pleadings without argument, viz. the formal writ, the declaration, or

condescendence and answers, and issues, and not repeated in each case, as at present. No written arguments should be allowed on the proofs or the law. Let all arguments be stated *viva voce*, both in the Supreme and Inferior Courts. In this way about £.60 and upwards upon the first branch of the pleadings would be saved on each side, in almost every case, in fees of the summons, defences, debates, and printing; and much trouble also would be saved to the Judges.

In these views we entirely coincide with Mr Reddie, the learned Assessor of Glasgow. After detailing the flagrant abuses in the present system of pleadings at Glasgow and in Scotland, he adds, "for the correction of the abuses now under consideration, it seems necessary to begin with the original writ, and to regulate the pleadings from the very commencement of the writ upon the model of the English system of special pleading, as far as that system has been found salutary in practice; for that abuses exist even in the English special pleading, is abundantly obvious." From the recent treatises on English pleadings, he is of opinion that a "Scots lawyer might select a body of highly-useful regulations, to be adopted in this country;" that the barbarous terms of the English system might be avoided, and terms adopted from the spoken language of this country; but that the "task just alluded to would perhaps be more skilfully executed, in the first instance, by an intelligent English Lawyer."

V. Delays of Legal Procedure.

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of denied justice,—the law's delay?" *Hamlet.*

"Does not your own experience teach you (John Bull) how they have drawn you on from one term to another, and how you have danced the round of all the courts, still flattering you with a final issue, and, for aught I (Mrs Bull) can see, your cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven years ago? Well might the learned Daniel Burgess say, a law-suit is a suit for life."—*Swift.*

"*Hutchison v. M'Kitchenson.* It's a wael-kenn'd plea; it's been four times in afore the fifteen, and de'il only thing the wisest of them could make o' it, but just to send it again to the Outer-House. Oh! it's a beautiful thing to see how lang and how carefully justice is considered in this country."—*Antiquary.*

Persons disposed to eulogize the dilatory forms of administering justice in Scotland, will be pleased to find a beautiful illustration of the system, in the case of *Groat v. Sinclair*, 15th May 1819, *Fac. Coll.* In 1780, Groat raised an action before the Court of Session, to recover payment of the price of certain lands sold to Sinclair, and interest. The case continued in dependence till 1816, when the defender was found liable in the principal sum, and expenses. A question as to the interest then arose, which was not put to rest till 1819. Thus, this apparently very simple process lasted 49 years! No writ for recovery of writings appears to have been issued, nor any proof led. The matchless system which this case so happily illustrates is thus noticed by Sir William Blackstone: "Not many years ago, an appeal was brought from the Court of Session in Scotland, in a cause, *Napier v. Macfarlane*. It was instituted in March 1745, and, after many interlocutors, orders, and sentences below, appealed from, and reheard, as far as the course of proceedings would admit, was finally determined in April 1749; the question being only on the property in an ox, adjudged to be of the value of three guineas. No pique or spirit of party could have made such a cause in the Court of King's Bench or Common Pleas have lasted a tenth of the time, or have cost the twentieth part of the expenses." (*Black. Com. B. III. c. 24.*)

It is but candid, however, to admit, that the former system was, in some measure, improved by the Act of Sedcrunt, 7th February 1810, in the time of Lord President Blair. But even under this improved system, it appears, from the account of expenses referred to in the Report of the Committee of the Faculty of Advocates, that an ordinary suit (in which a diligence is supposed to be granted for recovering writings, and

the cause is decided upon the written evidence thus recovered), commencing on 14th Sept. 1824, could not be got finally finished till 17th July 1826, that is, something less than *two years*.

But long as this period may seem, the same process, carried on under the regulations of the NEW BILL, would require a still longer period, viz. from 14th Sept. 1824, till 15th July 1827, that is, nearly *three years*; and if a Jury trial were also requisite, *another year* would be necessary!

We cannot, after this plain exposition, for a moment suppose that a single person in Scotland, with the exception, perhaps, of the framers of the Bill, and a few interested individuals, will be found, who will venture to defend the New Bill in all its provisions.

It has indeed been reported, that the objections to the New Bill appear now to be so insuperable, that it is to be withdrawn soon after Parliament assembles. But we trust this rumour will not relax the exertions of those in Scotland, who are the friends of a thorough, but temperate revision and improvement of

the present expensive and defective system. We are afraid there is a strong party in England, who attach but little importance to the opinions of the people and public bodies of this country, when not stated earnestly and perseveringly. Ministers, however, have given a pledge of their anxiety to pay every deference to public opinion; and it is to be hoped that, under their auspices, a much more perfect scheme for regulating the forms of administering justice in Scotland, by *Legislative enactments*, will yet be brought forward.

If a party, as we have demonstrated, may be subjected in one process, involving a debt of only £26, in no less than £1362, 13s. 10d. of expenses; and if that process may be protracted *three or four years* in the Court of Session, and other *three years* in the House of Lords, a *prima facie* case is made out against the New Bill, which cannot be contemplated by the Scots people as any very enviable boon or blessing, since it introduces a system worse than the present one, bad and intolerable as that one has been found by experience to be.

MUSIC—ITS REFINED STUDY AND EXERCISE RECOMMENDED. SOME NOTICES OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN NICOLAUS FORKEL, OF GOTTINGEN.

It must, we think, be allowed by every susceptible and discriminative admirer of music, to be a subject of just regret, that so little is generally known of the lives and distinctive characteristics of its most eminent and admirable cultivators. It seems a strange and somewhat rebutting inconsistency, that while so many listen with delight to their noble and masterly productions, they should yet remain so singularly incurious as to the incidents or peculiarities of their personal history and professional exercise; and that, while their admiration and susceptibility lend to these most felicitous and scientific effusions of the art that animating and inspiring publicity which they merit, they should yet, by a cruel neglect, seem unwilling to commemorate, even by some transient and passing inquiry, the genius of those whose exquisite and surpassing skill has made them feel, in some sort, the

charms and influence of this elegant art, and imparted to the more refined and enlightened, by the novelty and grandeur of their musical conceptions, an unwonted and delicious fascination. This assuredly appears the more singular, as, in general, all are led, by a natural and wise curiosity, to know somewhat of the personal history and characteristic peculiarities of those to whom they are indebted for some diversity of knowledge and instruction, or the enlightened gratification of a pure and elegant satisfaction. This callous and unseemly indifference, however, in what relates to the most eminent and gifted cultivators of the musical art, may often be justly ascribed to a low and improper estimate of its true value and dignity. Those who thus regard it have but a feeble conception of the arduous difficulties of its exercise,—of the skill of its most felicitous and effec-

tive harmonic combinations,—of that rich vein of poetic and impassioned feeling and power which runs through its noblest productions,—of that exquisite beauty and added force which it imparts to the language of passion,—of that rare skill with which it wields, with such graceful ease and impressive energy, the multiplied and complex resources, so to speak, of so vast a machine, or of those various and effective means which it contrasts with such a depth or delicacy of shade, or blends and associates together, into one volume of sound of irresistible power and sweetness, the more adequately to touch and assail the heart. Such ignorant and undiscerning admirers of the art would seem to imagine, in their feeble and imperfect appreciation of its excellence, that they render it a sufficient homage, while they yield it the mere tribute of that vague and indeterminate satisfaction which it excites within them. Their curiosity travels not within the pale of this enchanting science; and if some scattered beams of its soft radiance, so to say, seem ever transiently to have fallen upon them, they are at once forgot, with their swift disappearance, and beget no fond enthusiastic desires to advance farther onwards within its more hallowed precincts, and be gladdened by that full and effulgent light of its beauties and its wonders, which have at all times so deliciously cheered and animated its noblest disciples. It is not amidst this cold insensibility to a wise and liberal curiosity that the true and enlightened votary of the art rests satisfied with its enjoyment. While he skilfully, and, by the dictates of a refined and unerring taste, appreciates the difficulties and excellencies of his favourite art, he feels an ardent interest in whatever relates to those eminent individuals whose admirable productions, while they nobly embellish, have strikingly influenced and facilitated its progress,—who have, either like the scientific and recondite Monteverde, outstripped the musical era in which they lived, or, like the gifted Palestrina, been the inventors of a new style, which imparts added tenderness and impressive force to the exercises of religion,

and over which age, and the fluctuations of the art, seem to hold no destructive power; or who, like the elder Scarlatti, Durante, or Leo, have given, in their art, no less an impress to their age, by the striking and novel excellence of their productions, than by the rare and distinguished merits of their numerous disciples. The zealous and susceptible votary of music may be likened to the enlightened cultivator of literature, who eagerly desires to know the personal traits and peculiarities of those whose productions either expand and invigorate his intellect, or embellish and gracefully amuse his hours of leisure. He eagerly desires, in the fond passion of this elegant and delicious art, to know what were the peculiar habits and modes of musical study which distinguished those whose rare and felicitous excellencies have often touched him with admiration and delight; what were the gradual and assured steps they pursued to that eminence and commanding mastery they attained; what revolutions or changes they effected in the art; whether, like Carissimi or Stradella of old, they imparted some new and unwonted grace and beauty of tender or energetic expression to the art, which at once made its accents speak, to the refined and susceptible, a more direct and irresistible language. In this refined appreciation of the merits of the great masters of the art, he would seek to know whether, like the feeling and impassioned Pergolesi, their most striking and felicitous excellencies flowed as the beautiful result of many elaborate and gradually improving and refining efforts, rather than from a rich spontaneous power of conception, which gave them forth at once, in the fullness and splendour of their completed beauty; whether, like the elder Scarlatti, in the overflowing and inexhaustible abundance of their creative vein, they outstripped the speed of their copyist; or whether, in the work of composition, they proceeded, like Handel, with a feverish ardour and impatience, as if seeking relief from the importunate crowd of great and sublime ideas, which, in such a rich and impressive variety of excellence, seemed to occupy and engross his whole soul. He would wish to know

whether the mistaken fears and jealousies of those eminent in the art led them to see its corruption and decline, amidst even the novel stride of its improvement; whether they dexterously kept pace with the art, amidst all the singularity of its fluctuations, and, in whatever novel channel the stream, so to speak, of the general taste ran, steered, skillfully and lightly amidst all its differing currents and eddies, the bark of their musical science, and might, ~~in this~~, be likened to the graceful and creative Galuppi,—as novel, and fascinating, and refined in style, in the productions of his old age, as in those of his youth.

Assuredly, wherever excellence and skill have been attained in a difficult and elegant art, it is interesting to trace the arduous process by which such mastery and power have been gained. And as, in the arts allied to music, an acquaintance with the distinctive peculiarities, and mode of study and exercise which led to the eminence and celebrity of their most distinguished cultivators, communicate a more novel and intimate charm to their productions; so it may assuredly be said, that, from similar inquiries, the enlightened votary of music derives more enlarged views of his art; and in becoming, so to speak, familiar with its most admirable masters, seems almost fitted, in his knowledge of the chequered path of discipline and exercise they pursued, to produce some distant resemblance of those high excellencies which have often so deliciously moved him, and which display the art in its most felicitous and commanding power. How active and unceasing has been, at all times, this curiosity to become acquainted with the lives and peculiarities of those whose productions, either in science or in art, have instructed, animated, or delighted us, it can only be necessary to reflect how sedulous and untiring have been the efforts to gratify this ardent and insatiate passion. How laboriously minute, and often puerile, is the stock of our information wherever this has been possible; and in cases of more vague and slender circumstance, how much has been hazarded of idle surmise or vain conjecture!

Whatever speaks more immediately to our fancy and susceptibility, as it begets within us more lively emotions of satisfaction, more powerfully and restlessly stimulates this eager interest in the fortunes of the authors of our high enjoyment. In the department of fiction and poetry, how intense is this curiosity, or, to speak more truly, this desire of knowledge of human character and diversified mental power! What a heightened interest do even the few scattered hints we know of the wandering and dependent life of the great Grecian Bard communicate to his vivid and impressive poetic pictures! How inseparably do we often associate the interesting traits of the domestic life of Horace with the elegant and sparkling effusions of his poetry,—so frequently, gracefully, and sportively dashed with the touches of an epicurean philosophy! And how powerfully does even our limited knowledge of the incidents in the life of our own Shakespeare tend to increase our wonder and admiration for a genius nurtured by so few favouring and fostering aids, which yet, in every attribute of poetic power and excellence, so far transcends that of all others! Our knowledge of the works of those who contribute to our refined literary enjoyment, seems, indeed, to us, always somewhat vague and unsatisfactory, unless it be at the same time linked with an intimate acquaintance with the chequered incidents of their history, and with the distinguishing and marked peculiarities of their personal character. And so restless and insatiate is this desire, that, in the absence of all knowledge concerning them, we are often insensibly led to sketch for them fictitious and imaginary portraiture, and, unaided by the sure guidance of facts, amidst our high and lively appreciation of their excellencies, to deduce, often with an active, yet vain casuistry, from their writings, the supposed incidents of their lives, or the distinguishing traits of their mental character and disposition; and thus to find, amidst the delusions of sophistical conjecture, some slight power of assuaging or quieting the activity of our interest and curiosity. What is it which, in addition to the rare and exquisite

qualities of their transcendent excellence, communicates so forcible and novel a charm of interest to the paintings of the great Italian masters, but a full and minute acquaintance with the incidents of their lives, and the marked features of their character,—with the professional attributes and peculiarities of their distinguished instructors in the art,—with the singular changes and fluctuations of their own peculiar manner,—with those fierce enmities and jealousies, stimulated and kept alive by rival excellence, which, while they embittered and poisoned existence, yet excited to the utmost, in this exalted art, the energies of creative and surpassing genius? How does it add to our refined gratification, to know what were the causes, often trivial, which gave rise to many of their greatest productions,—what singular circumstances of accident, perhaps, first inflamed the mind of the gifted artist with the conception of a sublime and impressive subject,—under what circumstances of affluence, or of dark privation and hardship, its dazzling beauties were gradually elaborated,—how his first conception grew in beauty as he proceeded, gaining beneath his creative hand some added and unforeseen grace of invention,—what secret emotions of triumph or despondence touched his mind, during the progress of his work,—and what were the feelings of jealousy or alarm it at length excited among rival artists, or of wonder and admiration, among the candid, the enlightened, and the susceptible!

Such considerations as these, assuredly, while they impart an additional charm and interest to the productions of human genius, increase and elevate our satisfaction. The works which so powerfully beget our admiration do not then stand isolated and apart, so to say, from the skilled and practised hand which produced them. They are closely and fondly allied with the individual whose creative mind gave them birth, and furnish often the most beautiful and impressive comment upon the ascertained facts of his personal history. They are associations which it is ever the wisest and most pleasing philosophy to indulge; which, while they link the artist with his works, make

us, as it were, comprehend, with a novel force of interest, those emotions which at times animated and incited him, and those striking or peculiar trains of thought which so singularly diversify and embellish his productions. It would be singular if in music, an art whose rich and inexhaustible stores have been wielded with such felicitous mastery, and with an impressive depth of feeling perhaps not exceeded in the productions of any of the kindred arts which aspire at awakening similar emotions, this interest and curiosity, as to the fortunes and peculiarities of its most distinguished cultivators, were not felt with equal intensity and power. All who have advanced far within the pale of this seducing art,—whom long study or exercise have made familiar with the treasures of its science, in their most beautiful and effective application, and whose susceptibility, refined and discriminating, is speedily aroused by every exquisite and subduing stroke of art, know how strong and abiding is the force of this interest and curiosity. To the ardent votary of this art, there may be said to mingle with his inquiries a discriminating appreciation of human character, and of every chequered diversity of mental power, displayed in the numerous productions of the art,—and an enlightened philosophy, in estimating with accuracy those prominent and decisive, or more secret and subtle causes, which have influenced its progress, or imparted to it some novel and distinguishing features. Where others seem only to recognise, in many of the most striking fluctuations of the art, the mere dictates of caprice, or a restless love of change, he, perhaps, more justly discovers in these the manifestations of its more extended power and seducing refinement. Like a rude and limited language, which the more enlightened and enlarged views of a people gradually expand into a powerful and expressive vehicle of thought,—which keeps pace, in its significance and comprehension, with the stride of their intellectual condition,—he sees the formality, and cold, artificial structure of those musical phrases,—of the limited and ill-defined rhythm which delighted the cruder ideas of a more

distant period,—and the too arbitrary and unyielding inflexibility of ancient harmonic combination and progression, giving way to a musical language more justly and delicately accentuated,—more flexible and flowing in its phrases,—more varied and impassioned in its recitative and movements of air,—more graceful and effective in its embellishments,—more skilful and rapid in the rich and finely-chequered interchange of its harmony,—and more beautiful and impressive in the energetic force or graceful delicacy of its contrasts.

Amidst the feeble and limited state of the culture of music in this country, where, in the general and undistinguishing attachment to our national airs, we may be said to resemble a sluggish and degraded nation, who, amidst their low inaction, boast no worthy deeds of their own, but seek to rear a shadowy and vain celebrity upon the questionable actions of remote ancestors, we think that nothing can be more useful, amidst all the obstructions which here so peculiarly beset the progress of this fascinating art, than becoming acquainted with the lives and professional characteristics of those, who, with the mastery of such felicitous and creative genius, have devised new sources of its power, and imparted to those already known a heightened grace and charm of fascination. To suppose, after the manner of the greater number in this country, that our national music comprises within itself whatever is most excellent or worthy of being appreciated in the art, would seem as idle and extravagant a stretch of fond credulity, as to compare a feeble and insignificant rill to the mighty stream from which it diverges, and from which it derives its birth. It shews as ignorant and undiscerning a strength of attachment, as what a late traveller records of the inhabitants of some of our most remote and inclement Western Isles, who suppose, that the world contains nothing more fair and seductive than the limited, barren, and uninviting scene around them,—than the everlasting roll of the vexed and tossed ocean,—or than the dark and desolate heath swept by the resistless winds. We have somewhere read of the chief of an

obscure and despicable Indian horde, who, with a sheep-skin thrown across his shoulders, a tattered blanket wrapped round his limbs, the decorative appendage of a bone hung from his nose, and all the rude repulsive accompaniments of his wretched condition around him, asked one of our officers, who had the fortune to hold an interview with him, with an air of conscious and complacent triumph, what his Majesty of Great Britain thought of so powerful and august a sovereign? The ardent and exclusive admiration of the pertinacious eulogists of our national music cannot, perhaps, be said to be more enlightened or elevated, looking to that crowd of noble and exquisite compositions to which, in its ignorant vanity, it is opposed, than the undoubting and chuckling self-estimation of his majesty of the cone-headed or dog-ribbed Indians. This undiscerning and distempered eulogy of our national airs, to the exclusion of the productions of the art, in its noblest beauty, would seem, so to speak, to be as if we were inconsiderately to pause over the grotesque and fancifully-ingenious decorations of a fair and impressive structure, which add nothing to its stability, or the great lineaments of its beauty, and not raise our eyes to that massive grandeur, and majesty of form, which would at once awe us into admiration; and that felicitous and fitting disposition of parts, which sheds the air of so sweetly accordant and harmonious a lustre throughout the whole. All other arts require long and sedulous cultivation,—a deep and accurate appreciation, and a clear comprehension, of the magnitude of their resources, and the most beautiful and efficient means of their application and direction, before it is possible to speak decisively, and with a just and refined discrimination of their excellencies. It is thus in poetry and in painting. No adequate or discerning critic, assuredly, in either of these arts, calls that the best or most excellent which is the most easily comprehended and relished by those of the most confined and limited mental culture. To make that vague and undefined satisfaction, which results from the exercise of the arts, in their mere simpler

and ruder elements, the standard by which to estimate the excellence of their noblest and most refined productions, would be at once to humble and lay prostrate, before the dictates of our ignorance, and our grovelling, and yet unenlightened taste, whatever they contain, fitted to awe, to melt, or to subdue the susceptible and refined, by its power, its tenderness, or its resistless beauty and sublimity. Were this arbitrary mode of critical appreciation (so frequently exercised by our querulous and pertinacious eulogists of Scots music) allowed in the arts, we might then, it is probable, see a song of Ramsay preferred to the "Alexander's Feast," the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" to the "*Paradise Lost*," the "*Gentle Shepherd*" to the "*Lear*" or "*Macbeth*" of Shakespeare; and a caricature of Hogarth or Bunbury to the sublime masterpieces of the "*Transfiguration*," or the "*Martyrdom of St. Peter*." It is not, assuredly, because to the ignorant and unrefined there seem denied, so to speak, those vigorous and ample pinions by which they can alone ascend, in enlarged knowledge, to the highest appreciation of art, that its noblest productions must therefore be brought ignobly down to their narrow desires and capacities. The highest excellence in works of art is generally that which, in its full extent, is the most slowly and inadequately appreciated. Sir Joshua Reynolds somewhere mentions, that, during the sedulous study of his art at Rome, it was long before the sublime and characteristic excellencies of Raphael or Michael Angelo were thoroughly relished and understood by him—before they opened upon him, so to say, amidst the sensibilities of his more-refined and elevated appreciation, and awakened within him that enthusiastic admiration and intense satisfaction, so worthy of a true and enlightened disciple of this great art. It is thus also, assuredly, in music, viewed in its true and elevated acceptance as an art, however unwilling those may be to allow it who seek not, amidst the complacency of their admiring satisfaction, to travel, so to say, beyond the animating precincts of Badenoch, of Ettrick, or of Yarrow, for their most delicious

musical banquets,—who think that Handel and Haydn have unhappily stumbled, or lost their way, in the art,—that the family of the Bachs seem to have studied nothing with such success as the practice of discord,—and who would desire that, as the Koran may be termed, the chief and primary source from which diverges the whole literature of the Turks, composers would therefore do well to hold fast by the rock, so to say, of our national melody,—that they should draw from it ~~the effective~~ ^{the effective} and delicious excitement of their inspiration, and turn aside into no novel or arduous path of musical advance, where its endeared sounds may not at once reach them, and save them from the humiliation of treading in the footsteps of Jomelli, of Mozart, or of Weber. It is because this art, like those immediately allied to it, may be said to be equally arduous in its most felicitous exercise, and equally seducing and inexhaustible in the extent of its rich and varied resources,—because it speaks to the same feelings,—arouses deliciously the same susceptibilities,—and, in its noblest and most dignified culture, sinks with a similar depth of power and tenderness upon the soul, that therefore the only allowed mode of justly appreciating excellence in the other arts is, in this also, equally applicable and imperative. With all their striking characteristics, and that peculiar and wild strain of original beauty which so eminently mark our national melodies, they can only assuredly be numbered among the humblest and most limited effusions of the art, when rashly and ignorantly opposed to a cantata of Porpora, a *mass* of Steffani, or a requiem of Graun or Mozart. They may be likened to wild-flowers, which pleasingly deck and embellish, by their rich and varied hues, the green herbage, but which, in surveying the grander and more impressive features of the picturesque scene, the hills which tower aloft in every striking and fantastic variety of form, the fair stream which steals along the wooded valley, and whose murmurs impart life and animation to the scene, are at once overlooked and forgotten. We are here assuredly far from wishing to undervalue

our national melody, so singular in its structure, and so pleasing and impressive in its effects; we only desire, that the musical products of a dark and remote age, however felicitous in its humble province, should not be vainly and ignorantly exalted above the noble and sublime productions of the art, in its most fascinating and commanding power; and that the indispensable requisites of previous skill and knowledge, demanded in the critical appreciation of ~~the other kindred arts~~, should here be extended to one perhaps equally arduous in its most comprehensive and impressive exercise, and which communicates a satisfaction so pure, so elevated, and so widely diffused.

Looking, then, to the high and widely-extended enjoyment which the more refined cultivation of music imparts,—the cares which it softens and alleviates,—the distresses which, in its nobler exercise, it so gratefully soothes,—the pure and abiding satisfaction which it imparts to all other pleasures,—and the graceful and more seducing garb in which it arrays our graver and more important pursuits, its enlightened and enthusiastic votary may, assuredly, well be excused, if he feels a high interest in the fortunes and characteristics of those who have signally advanced and matured its progress, and the power and fascination of whose magic sounds may yet be said to speak, even from the distance of a remote time, with somewhat of the same touching and impressive directness of their first early force. He cannot be deceived in the power of its influence, when he sees it, in its ruder and simpler accents, cheering and animating every condition and occupation of life,—when he hears it, in a felicitous union, giving a more vivid and impassioned force to the language of feeling and emotion,—when he, so to speak, hears Shakespeare, with that ardent attachment for the art which so eminently characterised him, extolling, in the felicitous language of affectionate friendship, the exquisite skill of Dowland on the lute. And can he refuse it the tribute of his fondest regard, when he sees it so effectively fanning the inspiration of poets, and imparting a more finely-mellowed and rich rhythm-

ical flow to their verse,—when he sees Milton, amidst his blindness, solacing, by its delicious exercise, the gloom of his sad condition, and invigorating his fancy for new and more daring poetic flights,—when he sees the elegant Politian imparting a novel charm to the delicacies of his verse, by the mellowed chords of his lute,—when he sees Salvator Rosa, and Vinci, and Guido Reni, and Dominichino, by the charm of their performance on that ancient and expressive instrument, so pleasingly and effectively nourishing, and keeping alive, by the passing exercise of one art, that depth and tenderness of susceptibility, and that quickened capacity of invention, so necessary to the great and successful practice of that kindred other to which they had devoted themselves with a more ardent and exclusive passion? And can the votary of music withhold from it his admiration, when he beholds so many admirable masters of the art, of the olden time, as Salinas, Cicco, and Schlink; and, more recently, Pothoff, Stanley, and others, finding, amidst its exercise, in the rich and inexhaustible abundance of its harmonic stores, and the purity and the strength of its satisfactions, that rare virtue which seems almost to have made them cease to lament that sad privation of sight which made fair nature to them for ever a dark and melancholy blank? And can he regard it as a mere idle and vain recreation, when he sees the great Handel, in his latter years, amidst a similar dark affliction, preparing himself, amidst its exercise, with a deeper feeling for his latter change,—impressively associating the sublimest truths of religion with effusions of his darling art, most tender, solemn, and subduing,—and kindling within himself, to a nobler and more intense fervour and purity, that devotion, and those hallowed aspirations, which the strokes of that commanding mastery of his art, never yet exceeded, had so often rendered more attractive, more beautiful, and more richly consoling to others? It is impossible for the susceptible votary, who views the art in this more extended and dignified light, not to be satisfied of its value,—to wish that those most eminently distinguished

in its exercise should be more widely known and justly appreciated,—and in his attachment to so seductive an art, to seek to cling to it with a more fond ardour, when he sees how gracefully it decorates every pursuit, and with what a gentle and delicious medicinal force it sheds its virtue and its power, amidst every chequered diversity of condition.

There is perhaps no individual to whom, in recent times, Germany, and the musical world, have been more indebted for his numerous, profound, and scientific writings, upon the difficult and diversified subjects of his professional art, than the celebrated John Nicolaus Forkel of Göttingen. In these he has unfolded so much that is admirable in the science, and solved with such striking ease and mastery so many of its most singular and difficult problems,—he has imparted so new and original a character of attraction to its more popular topics, and elucidated, with so rich a vein of apposite illustration, the more profound and abstract critical investigations in which he has engaged,—and he has, besides, so inseparably diffused throughout the whole the inspiring warmth of an enthusiasm which, while it embellishes, dignifies, and ennobles the science which he so ardently loved, that it would perhaps be difficult to select any individual more worthy of being made known to our musical readers, or whose writings can more adequately fill them with just and elevated views of the art,—an art which, in its higher departments, can yet scarcely be said, in this country, to have an existence.

John Nicolaus Forkel was born at Meeder, a town of some note in the neighbourhood of Cobourg, on the 22d of February 1749. His parents were of the humblest rank in life; and his father, to the trade of a shoemaker, united the more dignified and high-sounding office of Receiver of the Dues of Convoy for the district. In his early youth, Forkel displayed the force of that musical passion which afterwards led him to such distinguished eminence in his art. In his boyhood, this ardent predilection was happily fostered and encouraged, by the means of its indulgence being placed within his immediate

reach. His father possessed an old, ruinous, and worm-eaten harpsichord, long disused and thrown aside. This the son, in his musical ardour, eagerly seized upon, as an invaluable treasure. It was quickly repaired, and the enjoyment which it afforded him prompted him to that course of musical exercise and study which, even in these years of his early youth, seem to have rendered him a habile and dexterous performer upon this instrument. He appears to have had no regular instructor in the art. But what the poverty of his situation in this denied him, he seems amply to have supplied in the zeal and assiduity of his attachment, and by that power, which could gradually carry forward the most limited and imperfect lessons in the art to their fullest beauty and efficiency. He seems, even at this period, to have felt that strong and decided predilection for music, full and crowded, in the rich harmonic texture of its parts, so rarely adequately appreciated, unless by those of long-cultivated and refined critical taste, which afterwards so peculiarly distinguished him, and which led him so enthusiastically to prefer above all others the works of the great Sebastian Bach. It was this desire of a fuller and richer harmony than could be supplied, even by the crowded and full use of the fingers of both hands on his harpsichord, that led him to exercise his ingenuity, in fitting to it a pedal, by which its powers were increased; and the young musician, while he contended with more complex and arduous difficulties, yet enjoyed from his performance a richer and more scientific musical repast. At this period, when little more than twelve years of age, his ardent musical passion, and his peculiar fondness for the organ, led him frequently importunately to solicit the school-masters of the adjoining villages, who, in Germany, are usually the organists, to be allowed, on public occasions, to perform in their stead. His performance at these times was so striking and unwonted in its character of excellence, and even in such remote and secluded situations seems so powerfully to have struck the discerning village critics of that musical country, that the organists, jealous

of one who so wholly eclipsed their own humbler exertions in the art, refused to allow him the permission of repeating his novel and impressive performances. It may be mentioned, as an instance of the singular devotion to his art, and the strong desire of appreciating rightly the mysteries of that science which so enchanted him, that, when his father presented him with a small piece of money, as a mark of approbation of the manner in which, on one of these public occasions, he had performed the musical service, the young musician, disdaining to apply his reward to any other purpose than the cultivation of his favourite art, immediately expended it in the purchase of Matheson's "*Complete Chapel-Master*." To the study of this admirable work he applied with indefatigable zeal and industry; and although yet unable, from his immature years, and limited comprehension, to follow the author in the difficult refinements of his more abstruse scientific investigations, yet his knowledge of harmony was enlarged by it; and a trio, which he at this time composed, may be considered as the first fruits of the instructions of the eminent Matheson, the former valued friend, and early musical rival and associate of Handel.

About this time young Forkel was received as a singer into the choir of Luneburg. In this situation, the skill and knowledge of his art which he displayed, and the mellowed richness and excellence of his voice, excited a warm and general interest in his favour, and in his seventeenth year he was preferred to the higher situation of Prefect, or leader of the choir at Schwerin. Here his ingenious enthusiasm in the cultivation of his musical talent, and the power and facility of his performance, not merely upon keyed instruments, but also upon the harp, happily drew to him the especial favour and countenance of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. The interest which the genius and amiable dispositions of Forkel had thus excited in his behalf was not limited, on the part of the Duke, to the admiration or enjoyment of those eminent musical powers with which the young artist was so conspicuously gifted. It

was the purpose of the Duke to take Forkel under his immediate care, and (what may seem a singular design as to an ardent and zealous musical votary) to fit him, by the previous study of jurisprudence, for entering upon the duties of some official situation in Schwerin. What may have led his august Patron to meditate so singular a transformation for his musical protégé does not clearly appear; it may have been, that he discovered in Forkel, even in this early period, the indications of that zealous industry, and unremitting application to the deeper and more arduous mysteries of his professional science, which afterwards so eminently marked his career, and contributed to his high celebrity; and he might, perhaps, be led to cherish the expectation of giving a novel and more beneficial direction to qualities so valuable,—of turning that untiring energy and enthusiasm with which he applied to the study and exercise of a fascinating and seducing art, to the arduous, and graver, and more elevated pursuits of jurisprudence. It may well be believed, that Forkel, in whose fond and early predilection for the art, and deep and refined sensibility of its power, Nature might almost be said to have marked out, unambiguously, the fascinating road he was to pursue, could find little in a scheme so adverse to his strongest biasses, to allure him permanently to forego the exercise and cultivation of his more congenial musical pursuits. He was, however, it appears, then without friends, to counsel and guide him, or to stretch towards him the effective means of facilitating his musical improvement, in situations more favourable than the limited field of Schwerin, for its more refined and elevated cultivation. He hoped, by accepting the generous offer of the Grand Duke, to have the valuable means within his power of remedying the defects of his general education, and of gratifying that liberal passion for knowledge, in many of its most diversified departments, which so eminently distinguished him. He might hope also, with the inextinguishable passion of an ardent lover of the musical art, to find, perhaps, some cherished hours for its delicious cultivation; and that amidst

the dark labyrinth of the code, the arid "usages" of Gerardus Niger, the prolix subtleties of Cujacina, or the fiercely-conflicting and perplexing opinions of Voet, Vinnius, or some other equally recondite civilian, he should, in the judicious admixture of this delicious art, find what should smooth, so to speak, the rugged asperities and startling obstacles of the way; and, in the influence it should bear with it, cause some flowers of attraction and of beauty to grow up, even upon a soil, which, to all men of fancy or susceptibility, has, in the outset, always appeared singularly sterile and barren of allurements. In 1769, Forkel left Schwerin, and proceeded to Gottingen, where he entered upon the study of jurisprudence. He had, however, already drank too deep of the fascination of the musical art to be a very zealous or successful disciple of a science so cold and rigid, and purely mental in its speculations. After pursuing, for the space of two years, at least nominally, his legal studies, he seems to have found it vain longer to oppose the ardent bent of his mind, for the full and unrestrained cultivation and exercise of his musical predilection. He abandoned the pursuits of jurisprudence, and joyfully devoted himself to the study and practice of music as a profession.

We may be allowed here to conjecture, that perhaps even to his limited and incomplete legal studies, Forkel was indebted in part for that logical clearness and precision,—that skilfully-arranged train of reasoning and investigation,—and that power, always beautiful and appropriate, of reaching the more graceful and highly-coloured effusions of his enthusiastic estimation of the art, upon the legitimate foundation alone of ascertained and well-established facts, which so strikingly characterize his numerous writings. Forkel, after this decisive step, remained in Gottingen, where he supported himself by the tuition of the art, by occasional compositions, and by the exercise of his great and uncommon talents as an organist. In 1779 he was promoted, through the general and undisputed sense of his eminent professional merits, to the situation of music director. A pupil of the

celebrated Francis Benda, the most deeply affecting and impassioned violin-player which perhaps Germany has ever produced, had previously filled this situation; and as a part of its duties, Forkel also became the leader, or conductor, of the Academic Winter Concerts in Gottingen. At this period he commenced giving lectures upon the "theory of music," in which he displayed the most intimate and profound knowledge of the science. The leisure which his situation now enabled him to enjoy led him to devote himself, with the most indefatigable and enthusiastic industry, to the most enlarged study of musical science. And his eager zeal and anxiety to attain a comprehensive knowledge of its abstruse and recondite branches, most dissimilar from modern exercise, or received musical adoption, and especially to become intimate with its history, amidst all the obscurity and uncertainty of its remoteness, and the singular modifications and varieties which the art has assumed, led him to give himself up, with the most untiring and patient ardour, to the acquisition of ancient and modern languages; and thus to fit himself, by a range and depth of musical knowledge, perhaps never exceeded, for those numerous works dedicated to the science in which he engaged; and above all, for his admirable history, upon which his reputation may be said most securely and stably to rest. A short time previous to this, Forkel published his "*Musikalisch-Kritischen Bibliothek*," which, as a mark of grateful respect, he dedicated to his early patron, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. This work speedily acquired his celebrity, and excited general attention in the musical world. In one part of it he appeared as the critical opponent of the celebrated composer Gluck, who at that time, by the novel and energetic dramatic cast of his later operas, was extolled throughout Germany, and produced in France, by his master-pieces in this style, his "*Orfeo*" and "*Iphigenia*," that uncontrolled effervescence of enthusiasm and admiration, which led that lively people (ever hurried to extremes) rapturously to hail him as the reviver of the ancient dramatic

music of the Greeks. It was the "*Iphigenia*" of this eminent composer which Forkel chose for the subject of critical examination and discussion. And he displayed so true and enlightened an appreciation of the aim of dramatic music, and the most powerful and effective means by which its delicious and impressive effects were to be produced, while, at the same time, he shewed with such force of conviction the inadequacy of the compositions of Gluck, to realize the impressions to be sought after in so high a province of the art, that he acquired from this successful effort distinguished celebrity among his countrymen, and might be said in France, where his work speedily became known, to have furnished the Piccinists, amidst the ardour and inveteracy of their musical warfare, with some of their most powerful and irresistible weapons of attack. Forkel, while he justly allowed high merit to his distinguished countryman Gluck, shewed that his musical aim, in his dramatic productions, was too confined and exclusive,—that he wished to effect nearly all, by the force and influence of a recitative, which too arbitrarily invaded the province of melody, and, in the crowd and strength of the accompanying parts, seemed to render the human voice often only a subordinate and inferior means of musical effect. If dramatic music be regarded as fitted to produce that force and diversity of delicious impression which the variety of passions, and poetical emotions, which it is called upon to colour, to illustrate, and enforce, would assuredly demand, Forkel shewed that Gluck had singularly mistaken his musical aim. Recitative, he said, is indeed a powerful and impressive means of developing human feeling; but to follow too continuously the same musical track, and to look always for the power of similar results, is delusive and deceitful. The ear and the mind require frequent interchanges of melody liberally dealt out, and more truly and deliciously rhythmical in the flow of their phrases, without the misplaced and incongruous admixture of isolated passages of recitative which so frequently mingle with the airs of the distinguished German. The human voice Forkel

rightly considered as the most flexible and efficacious vehicle of musical expression; as of all others, that which, in its skilled utterance, gives forth, with the most touching energy and power, the impassioned sentiments and emotions of the poet; as that which, unlike the vaguer voice of instruments, speaks not a language which differing musical fancy and susceptibility may interpret variously, but which, in the poetic theme with which it is inseparably associated, carries with it at once a direct, defined, and impressive intelligibility. In this view, he justly regarded the dramatic music of Gluck as defective,—that he neglected the most efficacious and delightful use of the human voice, and gave to his recitatives so much of the energy, the force, and the loudness of an instrumental character, that, amidst much of scientific skill to gratify the ear, there was little to touch and impress the heart. He believed rich and characteristic melodies to be as necessary and indispensable to the significant and impressive exposition of the poetic text, as the recitative, upon which the admirers of his gifted countryman so proudly and exclusively seemed to rest his musical strength. Those melodies which, in the practice of the greatest composers, so gracefully and appropriately wind up the scenes of the musical drama, Forkel justly regarded as the most powerful, effectively-contrasted, and beautiful musical comment, on the preceding chequered and emphatic bursts of recitative. He viewed them as the most fascinating and licit expression of those emotions in which the agitated and tossed mind for the time rests and acquiesces; as the magical and efficacious means of throwing across, so to speak, the heaving and restless ocean of human passion and emotion, that more steady and far-beaming softness of light, which might shew whence came the winds of its unruly disquiets, and how agitated and tempestuous arose the surge of its violence.

It may be added, however, that perhaps the great cause of the enthusiastic reception of the dramatic music of Gluck, in France, may be traced to its resemblance, in its great characteristic constituents, to the older opera style of Lully and

Rameau, who, in the general admiration of their productions, had long already formed and established, beyond the possibility of change, the musical taste. For it may be incidentally remarked as singular, that no people cling with a more ardent and pertinacious constancy to their arbitrary and established creeds in the arts, than this nation,—in all other things most fluctuating and inconstant. It would assuredly be wrong to deny to Gluck, however, a much more refined, energetic, and impassioned use of his art, than what distinguished his predecessors in a similar walk. But still, in the too continuous exercise of the full harmonic strength of his orchestra,—the limited and unrhythmical form of his melodies,—and in a recitative,

which sought, not merely to give colour and significance to poetic passion, amidst all the sudden, and chequered, and agitated movements of its fluctuation; but even amidst its more fixed and less swiftly-changing aspects, where the expression of melody was most appropriate, he may be said to have merely followed out, with greater richness of resource, and more refined and felicitous mastery of his art, a defective and too exclusive system of musical expression already known; and which, in the energetic and creative genius with which it came embellished and recommended, only called forth more powerfully and enthusiastically, among the French people, those biases and predilections long previously felt and known*.

(To be continued.)

* The chief operas of Gluck, written in his latter original and emphatic manner, are his "*Orfeo*," "*Iphigenia*," "*Alceste*," "*Armida*," "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," and "*Echo and Narcissus*." He, early in life, studied under J. B. San Martini in Italy, where he produced, it is said, nearly an hundred operas, many of them written in rivalry and imitation of the popular and received manner of Terradellas, Galuppi, Jomelli, and other eminent composers, before he finally adopted that novel system of dramatic music upon which now rests his most distinguished celebrity, and which, in the person of the energetic and impassioned Bernhard A. Weber, and others, has given rise to so many adventurous followers. Gluck died in 1787 at Vienna, at the age of seventy-five. He could not assuredly complain that his widely-extended musical celebrity had been to him, as in so many other instances, barren of pecuniary benefit. He left behind him a fortune of nearly £30,000, acquired almost wholly during the years of his residence in France. We may here hint, in addition to what has been said above, that the peculiar style of his music, and, above all, the unrhythmical, interrupted, and limited form of his melodies, verging so frequently upon the differing province of recitative, seemed peculiarly adapted to the vocal powers of a people who may be said to have been always devoid of good singers, and to whom the uncouth and singular inflexions, and dissonant and grating aspirations of their language, must indeed ever prevent from attaining in this the excellence and distinction of other more favoured nations. It was probably this conviction which led Lully and Rameau to labour always more anxiously and assiduously their dance tunes, than their vocal melodies. Gluck also knew well how dangerous it was to embark, so to say, the singers of that country upon a flowing, rhythmical, and finely-detailed melody. In his easy and unrestrained convivial moments, he used to say, "the French are a very good sort of people, who love music, and want songs in their operas, but they have no singers." And Sacchini being asked how his operas were executed at Paris, exclaimed, "God forbid that I should ever go to hear them performed!" What, however, all other refined and enlightened judges in the art justly regard as that without which the opera cannot even be said to exist, the French have always, with singular complacency, and in the vanity of undoubting self-estimation, been most anxious to undervalue or overlook. And when they are met on this topic by some shrewd musical antagonist, who wounds and humbles their self-love, in making them at length allow the besetting vice of their language for a musical expression, and the vast inferiority of their national singing, they speedily recover their characteristic self-possession; and, touched anew by the impulses of that pride which allows no superiority, they exclaim with triumph, "*C'est un moins un beau spectacle, qu'un Opéra en France*," A celebrated wit, more justly characterized, in his severity, the French Opera as "a paradise for the eyes, but a hell for the ears." Rousseau, with that refined and discriminating musical appreciation which distinguished him, objects the peculiar inflexibility of the French language,—its harsh and grating aspirations,—

 DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

Mediocribus esse poetis

Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnas.—*Horace.*

MR EDITOR,

IN early life, when the charms of imagination usually overbear the wiser suggestions of the judgment, I committed the very common error of mistaking a warm, sanguine temperament, for an embryonic poetical talent. It always struck me, however, in the moments when my mind was the least under the control of a severer turn of thought, as being exceedingly slight; and the moderate estimate I formed of it fortunately soon led to the full conviction of its nonentity. My unlucky attempts were, accordingly, very properly consigned to the flames, with the exception only of some Dramatic Sketches, (for I cannot now admit their claim to a higher title,) which a peculiar circumstance induced me to preserve. Some time after their composition, I passed two years in the beautiful, but neglected and misgoverned country, in which the scenes are laid. Hence arose in my mind a sufficient partiality in their favour to postpone their destruction, however strong the temptation to rid myself of so damning an evidence of the wayward follies of my youth. On a recent re-perusal, with a view to a final decision of their fate, a probability appeared to me that they might not be altogether unacceptable to the readers of your useful and entertaining Miscellany—not on the score of the composition, the merit of which, I am aware, is very low, but on account of the plots, which have been managed with some care, and will, I trust, be found to be not wholly destitute of interest.

I accordingly commit them to your keeping; and I confess I shall derive some satisfaction in finding them preferred from a place in my portfolio, where they have long occupied more room than I could well spare, to the better company which (if they succeed in gaining admission) they will not fail to meet with in the columns of your Publication. B.

its variety of mute syllables,—and its ridiculous and repulsive nasal sounds, as forming an insuperable bar to the perfection of their dramatic music, and especially of their melody. The most obvious and established truths, however, would appear frequently to be those which are the most zealously and pertinaciously contested. The Abbé Arnaud, in his writings in the famed musical warfare of the Gluckists and Piccinists, singularly felicitates his countrymen upon these peculiar and rebutting attributes of their language. He insinuates, that the language of the Italians, so felicitously adapted, in its sonorous richness, and its rare delicacy and flexibility, for the aids of musical expression, presents in its very excellencies what may, perhaps, at times, lead a composer to sport, or fantastically trifle with his art, in the numerous facilities it presents for colouring and embodying every diversity of musical conception. The Abbé, therefore, from the abounding musical capacities of one language, with characteristic wisdom, seeks to recommend the poverty and insuperable harshness of his own. He finds, in its most offensive and grating attributes, that which, with a chastened sobriety, restrains and keeps within check the too excursive and creative genius of musicians, which, if it somewhat elogs and mars the adventurous flight of Fancy, yet allows her to mount to a sufficient height for our wise and philosophic enjoyment; and the zealous and enlightened Abbé seems ready, amidst the strength of his national attachments, to offer up, so to say, with no visitings of compunction, upon the neglected and antiquated musical shrines of old Marula, Campa, Cambert, or Lully, whatever Italy, favoured of the arts, has produced, amidst all our master-pieces, most powerful, tender, and expressive, in dramatic music; or Germany, with the resources of an equally bold invention, and the aids of a more elaborate science, has given birth to, most fitted to gratify, elevate, and soothe the more profoundly-nursed and skilfully-discriminating. It seems to have been the peculiar fate of the dramatic music of Gluck, especially in France, to be defended by those nearly wholly unacquainted with the subject upon which they undertook to write; and the imbecility and besetting air of supposed triumph of the Abbé Arnaud seem to stand forth more prominent and conspicuous than the idle and elaborate sallies of even the weakest and most pertinacious of his numerous coadjutors.

PHALARIS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Evander, Phædrus.*

Phædrus.—Yet be advised, Evander ;
shun this place.

Evander.—Let me survey this splendid
scene of guilt,
The accurs'd abode of Phalaris.

Phædrus.—Imprudent !
Thus to tempt the hand of lawless power ;
Ah ! what disorder'd hopes have hither
led

Thy wand'ring steps from Corinth ! Hast
thou become
Weary of ease and freedom, thus to court
The chains and tortures of this dreadful
man ?

Evander.—Has then my country no
demands upon me ?
Can I be free and Sicily enslaved ?

Phædrus.—Alas ! thou hast done all
which fortune left
To thy unequal strength—bled for thy
country,
And gain'd the inveterate hatred of her
tyrant.

Evander.—I will do more, or share the
worst which fate
Has destin'd her to feel.

Phædrus.—At least retire
From Agrigentum : here Phalaris rules,
With power unbounded, o'er a wretched
people.

Without these walls, a brave and gallant
race
Of hardy veterans, led by Stesichorus,
(That noble patriot, and Himera's hope !)
O'erawes the tyrant's force.

Evander.—Why linger thus ?
Wherefore respect the root of all our ills,
And leave the city free ?

Phædrus.—A virtuous cause
Too oft is lightly balance'd 'gainst the
weight
Of power usurp'd, supported by corruption.
Our feeble strength directs to humbler
aims,

And less impatient counsels : yet im-
pell'd
By generous motives, which disown the
glare

Of meretricious glory, myself and friends,
Commission'd for that end, are sent to
claim

The freedom of our captive brethren—
doom'd

To fearful torments and a lingering death:
That grace denied, our last resort is war.

Evander.—Impotent purpose ! To
count his mercy ?

Phædrus.—Truth must bestow its due
award of praise

Upon a liberal foe : the cruel Phalaris,
With qualities disgraceful to the man,
Combines the virtues of superior beings.
Evander.—Virtue, and Phalaris !

Phædrus.—It still survives,
Amidst the storms of his ambitious mind :
Splendid though fallen—the crumbled fa-
bric boasts

A noble ruin.

Evander.—Then we must seek it,
This evanescent virtue, in the deeds
Of blood, of wanton cruelty—in crimes —
Which fill our minds with horror !

Phædrus.—Evander,
Leave this place ; for thee his rancorous
hatred

Admits no mercy.

Evander.—Too well I know it :
Yet there resides beneath that tainted
roof

One who attracts my wild, adventurous
steps.

In spite of threaten'd dangers. Euphemia,
The daughter of Stesichorus—

Phædrus.—Euphemia !
She, too, in the tyrant's power ?

Evander.—'Tis too true :
His pirate-crews obtain'd the lovely prize
While near the Grecian shores she sought
my arms,

Resolv'd to 'bless my sorrows with her
smiles,

And share my adverse fate. Yet more
I've learnt :

Strange to relate, the monster has prov'd
kind,

Molests her with his fondness, talks of
love,

And woos her for his bride.

Phædrus.—Wond'rous change !

Can he love the daughter of Stesichorus ?

Evander.—The prudent maid conceals
her name and kindred ;

In private vents her grief, and hopes my
aid

To free her from her bondage.

Phædrus.—Knows she yet

Of thy arrival ?

Evander.—No. I've tried in vain
To gain admittance to her ; hid within
The secret chambers of the tyrant's palace,
She shuns the public gaze.

Phædrus.—You must away :

Phalaris is abroad.

Evander.—What pomp is this ?

Phædrus.—'Tis the Lydian princess,
Artemisia—

That proud, mysterious woman !—with
her train

Of eastern warriors, a bold-faced, tawny
herd

Of soldier-puppets made to move on wires,

To shine in rich attire, and please the eye
With shows of battles on a summer's day.

Evander.—I marvel at her stay in
Sicily.

Phædrus.—There is much strangeness
in it. Phalaris,
Solicitous of wealth and great alliance
To prop his power usurp'd, has sought
her hand,
And gain'd her sire's consent : long time
has pass'd

Since her arrival with this numerous troop,
With ships and mighty stores of costly
gifts,

Fit for a kingdom's use. Yet 'tis rumour'd,

The tyrant has capriciously refused
The good he courted—her wond'rous
beauty,

With the prodigious dower.

Evander.—I knew her once
Less patient of affront : when, in the
court

Of her great sire, the prosperous Cræsus,
I shar'd the liberal favours of his fortunes;
Oh, hadst thou seen her, foremost in the
chace,

Disturb the savage lion in his haunts ;
Fearless provoke his fury to its height ;
Undaunted stare upon his glaring eyes,
And dart him back their flames !

Phædrus.—Phalaris still
Is humbled by her frowns, with jealous
fear

Observes her musing steps. But, lo ! she
comes,

Surrounded by her pompous, glittering
train,

Awful amid the gay and flippant tribe
Which grace a female court. Let us re-
tire :

Thy person, so familiar to her view,
Her eager glance would instantly betray
thee.

SCENE II.—*Artemisia, Clito, Lysus,
Lydian Guards.*

Artemisia.—There's an unusual air of
business
In the looks of all we meet. The port
resounds

With the rude outcries of the noisy crews
Straining their nerves to fill the swelling
sail,

And raise the ponderous anchor. My
mind

Less burthen'd with the weight of private
cares,

I should delight in this same bustling
scene,

Which marks the tyrant's rule. Here all
is life,

And active toil, and energy, and spirit !
Heavens ! what a soul is mine, which
thus can soar

Above the hardest flights of godlike man,
And yet be subject to the weaker power
Of an ungovern'd passion ; which de-
grades,

And ever moulds it to the extremest state
Of female softness !

Clito.—These preparations
Concern your Highness nearly. Phalaris,
Greatly suspicious of your secret views,
And press'd, besides, by strong domestic
foes,

Desires to free the island from your
troops.

The ships are ready, with the favouring
wind,

To waft us back to Lydia.

Artemisia.—Does he then dare
To entertain the thought by force to urge
Me from his shores ? Does he presume
so far

Upon his power ? Weak and misguided
man !

I will not go !

Clito.—Not 'till you are reveng'd.
Shall you return from Sicily dishonour'd—
Rejected by a capricious tyrant ?

By Phalaris—whose ambitious hopes
Once dar'd not raise a thought towards
your hand ?

First let our footsteps to the strand be
traced,

With the best blood of the aspiring man :
First let us fill these splendid domes with
flames,

And, by a signal punishment, avenge
Your and our country's wrongs.

Artemisia.—Clito, your zeal
Is too sincere to admit refinement ;
Your honest words betray the soldier's
heart,

But not a courtier's head. 'Tis not in
fate

To unite the name of Artemisia
With dishonour ; nor could he, Phalaris,
Reject her. Urged by the imperious Cræ-
sus,

I came, invited, to Agrigentum,
The unwilling victim to the tyrant's bed :
For it is the pride and curse of princes
To lose their joys when most they covet
power,

And rise but higher slaves to show and
custom.

Still is this Phalaris great and noble :
He herds not with the undistinguish'd
throng,

Nor courts ignoble joys. Let him live
For glory or Euphemia : his is a
Foreign fate to mine.

Clito.—I rejoice, madam,
To hear you have not wander'd from
yourself.

A soft passion ne'er had power to move
The native greatness of your soul. De-
clare

Your will—or to return to Asia—
Or, should you seek an independent
throne,
And, like another Dido, reign alone
O'er a new empire from the deserts
form'd,
The sovereign queen—the goddess of your
people—
Even here in Sicily we'll describe its
bounds,
And draw them with our swords.

Artemisia.—My brave Clito!

By what strange craft hast thou explor'd
my soul?

No, my friend, I will not back to Asia!
I will not mix with a degenerate race,
Sunk deep in sloth, and destin'd to de-
struction:

Already Cyrus, with his all-conquering
hands,

Hovers around the long-devoted plains
Of lost Mæonia. Shall we return
To increase the spoiler's triumph? Must
I swell

The rude barbarian's pride—or, haply,
soothe

A more detested passion in his arms?

Clito.—Rather may the waves o'er-
whelm us! Sooner

May our names be lost, than join'd with
infamy!

Artemisia.—I will mark out a road to
better fortune.

This land, long rent by fierce, intestine
wars,

Caus'd by the self-rai'd, towering Pha-
laris,

And the great spirit of her hardy sons,
Offers an easy conquest to our arms.

Here is our seat—here will we fix our
empire!

But that our force is small, though firm
and brave,

We must supply with art what'er we
want

Of power to further our great ends. Know,
then,

That I have secret knowledge of the foes
Of the Usurper,—their purposes and
strength.

We will join our power with theirs. Evan-
der,

Warlike Evander! He, whom every grace
Adorns—whom Heaven and every god
inspires!

Evander leads them on.

Clito.—Evander fled

To Corinth.

Artemisia.—He's now in Agrigentum.
His numerous friends are ready at his call
To assert their country's cause.

Clito.—That cause, I fear,

Would ill accord with ours: we want a
throne—

The Sicilians would be free.

Artemisia.—We want

A part—a little part of this fair land:

We wish for freedom too—the common
air—

The means to breathe and live among our-
selves.

Phalaris would have all—he, too, might
keep

His Agrigentum, did his view end there.

This, Clito, is the lure, the specious lure,
Must woo them to us. You divine the
rest.

We come from warmer climes, where the
hot sun

Engenders apt conceits to serve all ends.

Go,—now you know the whole,—seek out
each face

Clouded with disaffection and with care,
There tell your artful tale, and plant your
wiles.

We must be quick. To me belongs the
task

To gain the brave Evander to our cause.

SCENE III.—*Artemisia, Lysus, Guards.*

Artemisia.—That is indeed a task to
which my soul

And its whole power must bend. On
the issue

Depends my all—my life, my hopes, my
love!

Did I say love? Ah! can my lips at
length

Pronounce the soft, bewitching sound?
Oh, let

Me still hide it from every ear but mine!
There is, I've heard, a kind and gentle

spirit,
The minister of him who rules all hearts,
Whose office 'tis to spare a maiden's

shame,
And, by some heavenly inspiration, bear
Her fondest wishes to the man she loves.

Evander too may love—there lies my
hope.

Now is the fearful hour to hazard all.
Lysus!

Lysus.—My gracious mistress.

Artemisia.—Boy, watch again

The western shore—there find the lord
Evander:

Convey this paper in secret to his hands;
And this ring will procure him entrance to

The palace. Let him not know who sent
thee:

This is of moment: be it soon dispatch'd.

Lysus.—Madam, I obey you. [*Exit.*

Artemisia.—For him alone

Would I rear thrones and empires. He
alone

Estranges me from Lydia and my sire:
I scorn the Persian's strength—I own no

power
Superior to my own aspiring mind,
But this too potent, all-subduing love!

SCENE IV.—*Phalaris, Artemisia, Sicilian and Lydian Guards.*

Phalaris.—At length, fair Princess, the propitious winds,
Long to your hopes denied, invite you hence.

Our infant state, and the unceasing toils
Which mark our rugged and unsettled rule,

Offer few joys to court a lady's presence.
We own no wealth save what our fields afford,

The labour'd fruits of the reluctant earth—

A scanty pittance wrung from Nature's hand :

No treasures, such as load rich Asia's hills,

Our mountains boast. Here stern, devouring flames

Boil up a valueless and horrid mass
Of gross materials—form'd but to destroy,
And scatter ruin o'er the neighbouring plains.

Artemisia.—Those fires—those awful fires, which fear-struck minds
Contemplate as the harbingers of evil,
Are still congenial to the exalted soul.
I love to follow, with impassion'd gaze,
The high-ascending flames which heat the clouds ;

They lift my thoughts unto the thrones of gods !

The truly great deride the chance-urged strifes

Of the fiercest material elements.

What are they to the operations

Of Almighty mind—the mysterious spirit—

Which fills, informs, and animates all space ?

Phalaris (aside).—This woman possesses some secret power

To alarm the hardest breast with awe and distrust.

Artemisia.—Phalaris, my will is to remain 'till

I receive advices from my father ;

The Persian monarch and a numerous host

Of fierce barbarians are on his frontiers.

It would be rash to furnish him with means

To take, in ambush, my unequal band.

Phalaris.—At such a time—in Cræsus' utmost need—

They might do welcome service : it were well

To send them with all convenient dispatch

Unto his aid. When the rude storm's o'erblown,

You shall depart, with due respect and honour,

VOL. XVI.

Attended to your court.

Artemisia.—Such courtesy

I do not seek from Phalaris : there is More arrogance than wisdom in his counsel.

I do reject them both. My own pleasure

Ever directs, and justly rules my actions.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Phalaris.—Perverse, imperious woman ! What dark scheme

Of fertile mischief may now engross that brain !

Teucer.—My lord, the rebel deputies attend,

To hear your final determination.

SCENE V.—*Phalaris, Teucer, Phadrus, with his colleagues, &c.*

Phadrus.—Phalaris, too oft thou hast been advis'd

Of our increasing wrongs. Once more we come,

The ambassadors from the adjoining states,
Threaten'd by thy ambition : they have leagu'd to gain,

By their united strength, what thou deniest

Their individual weakness. First in power

Himera and Catanea lead

The coalition, and have sent to warn thee Of their vengeance. The cruelties and crimes

Which stain the annals of thy monstrous rule,

Offending hell with vices not its own,
Shock, even in the tale, the indignant sense,

Appalling all who hear them. Our noblest

Citizens, pent within thy brazen bull,
Heated with ling'ring flames and starv-

ing fires,

In horrid torments languish out their souls :
Such thy infernal malice and revenge,

That all the dreadful pains which Nature gives

The dying wretch to feel, cannot suffice
The fell demands of thy distempered rage.

Phalaris.—I should own declining greatness, could I fear

Your threaten'd vengeance : threats are made to appeal ;

The hearts of cowards, or provoke resort ;

They only move my pity and contempt.

Take back to those who sent ye—my defiance !

To your charge, which touches me more nearly,

I will deign to answer. I do confess

That usurpation—that heavy load of guilt
With which ye brand my name : would that my foes

Possess'd it with my empire ! My power
obtain'd,
(By means, indeed, which now I blush to
think of.)

I sought the public weal, and hop'd to
gain

The people's love by arts of virtuous rule :
For, though ambitious, I can boast some
virtue.

My enemies oppos'd the just design,—
Turn'd my own arms against me,—vainly
strove

To rise upon my ruin : my better cause
Prevail'd, I fought, subdued, forgave
them !

New revolts still grew upon my mercy ;
Like those poisonous weeds which gather
o'er

A noble soil, and thrive upon indulgence.

Phædrus.—Such ever are the foul and
noxious fruits

Of usurpation.

Phalaris.—At this disorder'd time

A fell Athenian—named Perillus—

Aim'd, with superior knowledge, to divert

The course of Nature to the aims of art—

But then by the Furies urged to hellish
deeds,

Appear'd in Agrigentum, and lowly bow'd

Before my throne : a splendid gift was
borne

Beside him, which fill'd all men with
wonder.

It was a brazen bull, so nicely fram'd,
That it deceiv'd us all : we deem'd it
Jove,

Who sought once more to win his stray'd
Europa ;

But soon its dire ascent from hell we
traced.

“ Behold,” the miscreant cried, “ the
power of art !

Inclos'd within this fabric's dark recess,

Broil'd by lazy embers, thy enemies too
late

Will learn to rue their hatred ; while
from the throat

Of the huge beast, inflated with their
groans,

Discordant sounds inform thee of their
pains !”

Shock'd and indignant at his horrid
speech,

Which struck dismay on every feeling
mind,

To punish baseness yet unknown on earth
I gave the vile inventor to his work !

Phædrus.—For that deed all friends
to justice praise thee.

Phalaris.—But lest the last sighs of
the inhuman fiend

Should pollute the engine he had pre-
par'd,

I drew him forth alive, and hurl'd him

From a rock. The gift I sent to Del-
phos,

An offering to Apollo : the god, averse,
Turn'd from the cruel mischief. So did
his priests

Interpret the decree ; but *I* have found
He smiled propitious on my tardy rage,
And gave its dreadful torments to my
foes.

Phædrus.—The gods delight not in
the pains of man :

They draw their pleasures from the pu-
rest springs ;

From justice, truth, benevolence, and
mercy.

The rulers of the earth should hence be
taught,

That power is godlike only as it bears
A just resemblance to its source in heaven.

Phalaris.—Return ye to your friends :
say, that Phalaris

Without just provocation destroys not :
When arous'd, his wrath is fearful,—
deadly

As their hatred. Be your citizens ad-
vis'd

To stop the unlicens'd scandal of their
tongues ;

As best befits their little minds, to war
In secret with him—or, in spite of all

Their power united, the bull shall hold
them !

Phædrus.—Learn, Phalaris, to respect
that power.

No common man directs our warlike
bands :

Himera's patriot, great Stesichorus,
In arts of peace renown'd the Muses'

boast,
And no less strong in arms, inspires their
cause,

And leads them to the field.

Phalaris.—If on him

You rest your feeble hopes, behold him
here !

Stesichorus—your factious head, your
general,

The leader of your boasted coalition—
Is given to my vengeance.

[*A signal is made, after which Stesichorus, and other prisoners, fettered, are introduced with slow and solemn music, preceded by emblems of the brazen bull, and other instruments of torture. They march across the stage ; the poet, as he passes the tyrant, looks indignantly upon him. Phalaris proceeds :*]

Carry this news

To your imprudent countrymen : let it
Hush their heated minds to peace, ere
my arms

Sink them to ruin and oblivion.

(*To be continued.*)

EVENTUAL DISUSE OF WAR—PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF CIVILIZATION.

(Continued from Vol. XV., p. 547.)

Book I. Part IV.

Chapter VI.

Cessation of Wars incident to the Sixth Stage.

It is a proposition which we hold to be clear and indubitable, that *without Christianity, no nation would have ever attained to the enjoyment of civil liberty*. The assertion may at the first be productive of some surprise to the mind to which it is altogether new, and which has not, therefore, accustomed itself to attach the due value to the most useful as well as the most glorious of the known dispensations of Heaven; but it must strike with the force of intuition, the attentive observer of the natural disposition of human affairs.

To the permanent establishment of a rational system of liberty, all the best affections of the heart, all the charities of the soul, must cordially unite; they must equally inspire the breasts of those who wield, and those who are the subjects of power. But where are we to seek for the *spontaneous* display of so much virtue? Does it exist in the mind of the despot, the selfish and brutal victim of uncontrolled passion? Can he, by any *human* agency, be induced to divest himself of the pride in which he has been sedulously nurtured, the cruelty which is the darling vice of his fell and hardened heart? Are the untutored multitude more blameless, because they are, as individuals, from incapacity less noxious? Prone to every excess, and, when unrestrained, too frequently desperate in all imaginable wickedness, can they, without due preparation, be trusted with that freedom which is the true birthright only of those who have, under the direction of Providence, raised themselves, by laudable exertion, above the grosser corruption of their nature?

The governors and governed being *naturally* equally strangers to those virtues which are the bases of civil liberty, it follows, that, without some means of amendment emanating from a quarter wholly independent of themselves, true liberty, as a practical principle, must have been for ever unknown. But to what quarter are we to look, in the idea of which man, and all that is dependent upon man, are altogether excluded? It is clear that we could hope for such a favour from the benignant hand of Heaven, which, in commiseration for a guilty and prostrate world, bestowed, in the blessings of Christianity, all that was required for the proper enjoyment of the present life, and the certainty of complete happiness hereafter.

TRUE LIBERTY AND CHRISTIANITY ARE, THEN, INSEPARABLY CONNECTED. Is this proposition displeasing to the vicious demagogue, who, in the criminal pursuit of a short-lived and valueless popularity, raises his frantic voice against the holy dispensations of his Maker? A being so little competent to estimate his own true interests, cannot be approached with the language of truth and of reason; but the deluded victims of his unprincipled ambition may be warned to beware of any political theory, however speciously obtruded upon them, which separates their best interests, as a people, from the religion of their God. They cannot, at the same time, be free, and enjoy the malignant gratification of trampling upon the sacred institutions of Heaven. The punishment of such conduct does not require to be committed to a supernatural arm. Unsustained by the spirit of Christianity—the germ of every conceivable good—they must inevitably sink into the gulph, whose horrors they were most solicitous to avoid: they will become the prey of tyrants, the slaves of power, and be finally abandoned to a state of inextricable ignorance and destitution.

Such is the intimate connection between the great object of political pursuit and that speculatively interesting dispensation which unites us with the economy of the spiritual world. But what an additional lustré does this

important and wonderful fact impart, in the view of the humble and affectionate believer, to the transcendent glories of the Christian dispensation! Is there a heart truly warmed with the association of virtue, which does not pant after the blessings of liberty, unmixed by the deleterious results of false estimates of worldly expediency? Can an enlightened Christian cease to rest his ardent hopes upon the probable exaltation of his species? The same feelings—the same virtues—which give strength and fervour to his devotion, heighten his benevolence towards his fellow-men, and interest him in the fate which awaits them in the present life, as well as in that which is to come. How must he rejoice in the conviction that it is to that very dispensation which is the constant theme of his wonder and admiration, to which he may confidently look for the accomplishment of his most sanguine anticipations of the eventual improvement of the human race!

WITHOUT CHRISTIANITY, THERE CAN BE NO LIBERTY. We repeat the proposition, because we feel that we cannot, for the interests of humanity, too forcibly impress its truth upon the reader's mind. Moreover, the main pillars of our general argument rest upon it. We have explained our notions of the fourth stage of civilization, and our reasons for believing that without Christianity the improvement of mankind could never be extended beyond it. Having reached its outer limit, at which Christianity actually found civilization in the most polished state of heathen society, its unassisted progress must necessarily be retrograde. To fall back from a state of considerable social refinement, to one of comparative or absolute barbarism—to be replunged into the depths of tyranny and despotism, after a few transient glimpses of the blessings of liberty, would be the inevitable fate of nations left exclusively to the direction of their own natural resources: but the extraordinary change effected in the course of human affairs, in consequence of the mission of the DIVINE SAVIOUR, removed the danger of such a re-action, sustained the falling race, and enabled it to press forward, gradually and slowly, according to our finite view, but certainly to those higher destinies to which, through the munificence of the MOST HIGH, it is providentially reserved.

Civil liberty is not only indebted to Christianity for its own existence, but it is destined, in return, to be instrumental to Christianity in the most splendid triumphs of the latter. Virtue is not uncontrollable but when the people are free; and unless virtue is pre-eminent, the other bulwarks of religion are impaired, and religion itself is divested of a portion of its power. Christianity cannot be restrained from its allotted course by any imaginable impediment; and liberty, its natural ally, must, of course, share in its prosperity.

There is, then, a destined point in the career of all Christian societies, in which they will be gratified with the full enjoyment of freedom: that is, when POWER will be so justly distributed and dispensed, as to be known to exist only as it is felt to be beneficial to the community; when JUSTICE will be so equally and nicely awarded, as to throw its shield, not only over the lives and property, but over the *feelings* of the people; and when, in short, all the various grievances and anomalous combinations which are more or less involved in the political systems of all nations, shall finally cease to exist.

With such a destiny before them, to which both reason and revelation afford them transient, indeed, but forcible anticipations, is it to be wondered at that mankind are induced prematurely to covet its fruition? Possessed of the learning of their Heathen progenitors, together with the light of a divine religion,—wounded in the tenderest part by the attempts of interested individuals to distort that religion, and to mingle with it all the absurdities of the Pagan superstition, the earliest Reformers, whether of the church or civil polity, first nourished a spirit of resistance, under the sting of peculiar provocations, and, excited by passions, which, if exceptionable, were of all faulty sensations the least dishonourable to our nature. At this crisis commenced that era which we have designated as the sixth in the order of civilization, and of which the most polished of the nations of the earth have scarcely yet witnessed the close.

Our subject is too general to admit of chronological accuracy, or of historical details: for the sake of tracing a definite idea upon this point, we would, however, fix upon the age of Leo X. as the beginning, so far as the principal European countries are concerned, of the sixth stage. Since then, the chief source of the wars which have afflicted this quarter of the globe is deducible to one energetic principle—the aspirations, more or less general at different times, and under various circumstances, of the people for civil and religious liberty.

It will have amply appeared, from the general scope of our preceding observations, that it is not intended to attribute the wars of any particular period to a single cause; our object is only to point to the leading excitements; and that of the era under contemplation is clearly the principle we have here laid down. To this principle all the other causes enumerated under the other stages of civilized life must, during the period referred to, be considered as subordinate. Wars, which were before the spontaneous fruits of wild and lawless passions, inflamed by the ruling caprice of the age, and scarcely known to the influence of reason, now seemed to be directed to a more rational object. The human mind, improved under the concurrent circumstances described, became gradually conscious of the existing defect in the distribution of political power, and keenly observant of the operations of injustice: usurpation and tyranny, on the other hand, aware of the illegality of their possessions, collected their mighty but heterogeneous forces, and prepared to resist, by strength of arm, the alarming effects of the new opinions. The first struggles to which this state of things gave rise were productive of circumstances and events which widely distinguish them from those of later times; but this difference, it will be found, after a calm investigation, so far from invalidating the accuracy of our position, tends materially to confirm it. The incipient attempts of the champions of human liberty were directed against a tyranny of the grossest description; not only a tyranny which had subjected the lives, the property, and the personal freedom of the multitude, to its capricious controul, but one which openly professed to bind even their thoughts and consciences to the dominion of its will. The contest was long and violent, and therefore suitable to the magnitude of the interests at stake. The mass of the people, sunk in brutal ignorance, sided with their oppressors, and helped to extend the term of their own political degradation. Still victory was not always the portion of the strongest. Something was occasionally, although reluctantly, conceded; and after torrents of blood had flowed—after humanity had long groaned under the infliction of the most fearful enormities, the condition of the people, notwithstanding their past sufferings, and in despite of the calculations of superficial politicians, was found to be considerably improved.

Power having thus gradually become less unequally, although still erroneously divided, the contentions in more modern times, between the governors and governed, have, in most instances, assumed a less violent, or more unobtrusive character. To divert the attention of the people from their more immediate interests, *wars of policy*, of a more refined description than those adverted to under the fourth stage, were undertaken, in which the most trifling objects were, to the astonishment of the peaceable and rational part of mankind, alleged as the ostensible causes of devastating contests between neighbouring nations. The machiavelian projectors of these tragic shows could hope only to remove, from their own day, the supposed evil they were intended to cure. The process of the exaltation of mind was rather assisted than deteriorated by the events to which these wars gave rise. The march of improvement was accelerated, and, as a necessary consequence, insensibly diminished the adherents of tyranny and oppression.

In this improved situation do we now actually behold the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth. Happily for us, our plan does not impose upon us the invidious task of exposing the extreme paucity of their numbers, by naming those most glorious of all existing states. We should, perhaps, be nearest the truth, by compressing them within the lowest plural

digit; but suppose the existence of only one, it is sufficient for us to embody, by the production of such an example, our idea of a people arrived near the close of the sixth stage of civilization. In this highly-ameliorated, although still imperfect state, their political interests are become less complicated, and the occasions for war proportionably diminished. They, the governed, have secured in their own hands a considerable portion of that power which was heretofore employed to their prejudice and destruction: they cannot be moved by those passions which can only swell the inflated breast of an isolated and capricious individual, unnaturally elevated above his legitimate station,—who, for their gratification, plunges his afflicted country, without remorse, into all the horrors of war. To secure what still remains due to them, they can, without endangering what they have already acquired, wait the certain operation of time, the sure effects of increasing knowledge, and rely upon the mild persuasions of reason and peace. They have no wish to wage collusive wars abroad, with the distorted view of diverting domestic troubles. They have, in short, no interests hostile to peace, but such as arise out of the aggressions of nations in a less enviable state of improvement, and whose rulers, jealous of their acquisitions, and trembling for the consequences probably involved in the example exhibited by them to the world at large, must unquestionably be expected to seek all feasible opportunities of disturbing their repose.

But this single cause of war must, it is evident, diminish in strength, in proportion as the attainments and prosperity of their neighbours approximate in degree to their own. To this point—and indeed far beyond it—it is a main feature of our premises to lead indiscriminately all the detached families of men. Two interesting circumstances are here presented to our observation: the certain prospect of ultimate permanent peace, and the peculiarly benignant nature of the means by which it is to be secured. CHRISTIANITY, KNOWLEDGE, LIBERTY—these are the great and glorious instruments destined finally to destroy one of the most formidable evils of our present imperfect stage of existence, and to embellish, with a far brighter ray than has yet been experienced, the mortal career of our more fortunate descendants.

We are thus arrived at the conclusion that there actually exists *at least* one nation—a splendid specimen of the grander bounties of Heaven—far advanced towards the most brilliant period of the sixth era of civilization. The heroic leader in the warfare of liberty, she has succeeded in shaping her laborious course through a period of peculiar difficulty, and displays a triumphant example to the rest of mankind, of the happy fruits of persevering virtue. All the other states which have already passed the barrier of the fifth stage are at this moment contending, with more or less discernible zeal and energy, for the same eminent station, and at which they will at no very distant period, in spite of circumstances in many cases apparently the most inauspicious, unquestionably arrive. The fact of its attainment must involve the conclusion, that the danger of the recurrence of the principal causes of war has been surmounted; and that the remaining impediment to universal permanent peace consists almost exclusively in the comparative ignorance and barbarism of the less-enlightened communities. It is unnecessary to repeat our views respecting the ultimate removal of this impediment, and of the eventual passage of the whole of the great human family, to a scene of social refinement, in which even the least exceptionable of all the grounds of strife—the vindication of religious and political rights—shall, together with those more consonant to the spirit of darker times, cease to be known.

Chapter VII.

Future Wars.

The application of the principles unfolded in the course of our preceding remarks, to the actual and probable eventual condition of the four grand divisions of the globe, will assist in the formation of accurate opinions regarding the wars of future times.

Allusion has been made to the fact of the present existence of at least one or two countries, in possession of an enviable precedence in the march of civilization, which have already advanced far towards the termination of the sixth stage. The success attending their contentions for rights having been so considerable as to leave little risk of further violence and bloodshed in the pursuit of what still remains to be secured, the probability of future wars arising solely out of the cause peculiar to that era, is, in those instances, materially reduced. It is evident, however, that those comparatively fortunate communities cannot hope immediately to arrive at a state of permanent peace. They are yet too weak in numerical strength to overawe the turbulent spirit of the nations less remote than themselves, from the confines of barbarism. They must necessarily expect to be in some degree embroiled in the sanguinary conflicts among their neighbours; and their only sure hope of defence and eventual tranquillity rests on the probable diffusion of that moral exaltation which they have themselves, at present, almost exclusively attained. This consideration leads the way to an accurate conception of the true policy of states, which, in direct opposition to that hitherto pursued, is incompatible with all malignant rivalry, and assists rather than deteriorates the prosperity of foreign powers. No doubt will remain with respect to the correctness of this great political axiom in the era to which we are now advancing. A nation in the seventh stage, possessing among her population a majority of enlightened minds, (the distinguishing mark of that period,) will seek to extend her dominion, not over the persons, but the affections of men; while religion, manners, and, in some cases, language, gradually settle into an uniform standard, physical barriers will be easily overlooked or surmounted; the sphere as well as the duties of patriotism will be enlarged; and the several detached states, which heretofore wasted each other in apparently interminable warfare, will at length be inseparably connected by the ties of mutual interest and love, as well as of humanity.

In the greater part of the European nations, the advance into the sixth stage is still inconsiderable; in a few, its first barrier has not yet been passed. Generally, however, they may be said to have commenced the indispensable work of reform, although its results have not yet been so decided or successful as to preclude the necessity of future contests. Great and important alterations remain to be effected in their respective governments: but under the stimulus afforded by the one or two happy examples before them of superior prowess, the change will not be very long deferred, nor, with the advantage of a road already tried and well-beaten, will its accomplishment be attended with all the violence which has hitherto followed in the pursuit of important reforms. Among those nations, each accession of a successful candidate for the possession of free and liberal institutions will diminish, by a ratio progressively increasing in power, the opposition of the others; so as to produce, in the end, a rapid and apparently instantaneous conversion of a highly-agitated, to a settled and peaceful disposition of political affairs.

This consummation cannot be long deferred by any COMBINATION, however insidiously and artfully undertaken and conducted, on the part of the persons supposed to be most interested in the perpetuation of the ancient abuses. As those individuals, although comparatively few in number, are the temporary depositaries of extraordinary power, such an event cannot but cast, for a time, a painful gloom over the spirits of the best friends of humanity; they may, in their moments of justifiable impatience, mark, with deep and feverish anxiety, the covert machinations of despotism, or the suicidal operations of a shallow and short-sighted policy: but they may rest assured that they are contemplating, with such fearful interest, the evil only of a passing hour, and which is most probably destined to be employed by an overruling Providence for the subversion of that comprehensive system of oppression it was created to maintain. A COMBINATION OF SUCH A NATURE IS ITSELF A SURE SIGN OF THE CONSCIOUS WEAKNESS AND DESPERATION OF ITS CONTRIVERS: its natural tendency is to attract more

intensely the attention of mankind to the existence of the abuses so tenaciously sustained, and thus indirectly, in conjunction with the expanding influence of light and reason, to promote their complete and early destruction.

America affords a fair and fertile field for the rapid growth of every terrestrial blessing. Of its population, the most intellectual being strictly united with Europe in blood and interest, possess full opportunity, great inducements, and, from peculiar circumstances, a happy disposition to profit by the past and reigning errors of their progenitors. The prospects of this important section of the earth are most brilliant. One considerable portion is already pressing forward in the very foremost rank in the race of improvement: another is still clogged, indeed, by its vicious ecclesiastical institutions, but has consented to admit the light of knowledge, and thus opened the legitimate channel for the removal of its chief imperfections. The comparative weakness of the indigenous tribes, some of whom are far down in the scale of civilization, totally incapacitates them from controlling or checking the universal march towards a superior era. The hour is not very remote, when this whole people will attain an elevated station in their mortal career; and a doubt may be entertained whether they or the best of their European brethren will first achieve the entrance into the seventh stage. Their season of peace is consequently also at hand. They incur little danger of implication in the troubles of the older states; and their future wars will, therefore, after the lapse of the present age, be confined to temporary acts of collision with the less-refined people in their vicinity, or to whom the spirit of commercial enterprise may impel them to resort, and in whose general improvement and eventual happiness they are providentially destined to assist.

A greater diversity of fate will probably attend the several Asiatic nations. In that quarter, European settlements have also sown the seeds of moral improvement, most certainly destined, in spite of the vicious temper of most of the earliest labourers in the field, to produce a full harvest; but the results, in different places, will be greatly dissimilar. The time of the happy change will, in many cases, be protracted by inveterate superstitions, and other abuses; while, in a few, a fortunate concurrence of circumstances renders the prospect of its approach already perceptible. Wars will, however, inevitably precede any general or important melioration, and will most probably continue to rage until the civilization of Europe and America, as well as of a considerable portion of the population of Asia itself, shall be nearly matured. When the European communities shall, after the permanent establishment of a perfectly amicable policy, have united their efforts for the diffusion of knowledge and happiness throughout the habitable globe,—when the eastern coasts of Asia have derived an adequate portion of benefit from their connection, increasing yearly, in strength and utility, with the primary seats of civilization,—when the North American borders of the Pacific shall be replenished by a race of cultivated inhabitants,—when Hindostan, New Holland, and the numerous islands of the Oriental seas, shall have arrived at that state of moral strength to which they are, in many perceptible instances, hastening—the complete conversion of the varied population of Asia to habits most favourable to a durable state of harmony, will be at length effected. Those nations which have hitherto jealously repelled the familiar association of strangers more accomplished than themselves, will be compelled by the force of circumstances, in which violence will have the least share, to relinquish their exclusive system, and finally acknowledge their connection with the common interests of the universal family.

Nearly the same considerations control our views of the eventual fate of Africa. The fine portion of that immense continent which lies in the vicinity of the Mediterranean sea will be easily influenced by the concentrated moral power of the European nations. Its present barbarous tenants will be constrained to admit the salutary contact of a more virtuous race, and acquiesce in the discharge of those common duties to society and the world, which are indiscriminately imposed upon us all as the condition of our well-being. The western and southern coasts have long been the objects of co-

lonial settlement, and thus already possess the sure foundations of eventual improvement; and the virtuous abandonment of the traffic in slaves, which has exalted the spirit of the present age, will be a principal means of the gradual introduction of a high degree of civilization among the interior tribes.

We are, on the whole, then, far from denying the certainty of future wars. Upon our principles, they are, from the present generally unequal distribution of civilization, on the contrary, inevitable. But we have pointed to facts and circumstances as well as probabilities, which we think prove that they will not be either so ferocious and destructive, or so durable, as those which have already past. The high advance of a few of the principal nations of the earth in the gradations of civilization is a sufficient guarantee of the ultimate repose of the whole. The superior moral power attained by them will effectually restrain every tendency of a retrograde description, and secure, by the force of example, and that active interference in promoting the welfare of their neighbours, which it is so much their interest to exert, the progress of general improvement. With the highest attainable point of that improvement, the practice of war is incompatible. We are thus led to the contemplation of a still happier crisis in the revolution of human affairs, which, under the eighth and last stage, will introduce a system of political union of purer elements than those which have hitherto entered into the contracts between divided states; a system which, through its influence on the public spirit and virtuous dispositions of an enlightened age, will produce the valuable accession of STABILITY and ORDER to the empire of PEACE.

Chapter VIII.

Future Political Combinations.

The necessity of union between detached families and communities, or, in other words, of political associations, was experienced so far back as the patriarchal times. Nations have, in all ages, arisen out of federal junctions of various petty societies, and been limited in extent by local and accidental circumstances. Incapable of erecting sufficient defences against the tribes not included in their combination, the parties to each confederation sheltered themselves within natural fastnesses and boundaries, and were soon accustomed to contemplate the strangers settled without those limits with feelings of hatred and rancour. Mutual wants rendered them, in times of greater refinement, more approachable: intervening mountains and seas ceased to prevent people, distinguished from each other in respect of language and manners, from leaguering together for the promotion of a common object; and the utility of the practice being certain and obvious, the principle was extended, as they approximated towards the higher stages of civilization.

Modern times, accordingly, afford striking illustrations of its operation. No longer solely directed by the pressure of immediate danger, or by the desire of securing a present advantage, ulterior views have entered into the elements of these associations. The design was conceived of preserving what was termed a *balance of power*, for the purpose of diminishing the chances of war. The execution has hitherto been imperfect in the European commonwealth, in consequence of the unequal several attainments of the several states of which it is composed. In another quarter, however, where this difficulty no longer exists, most of the important results to be expected from such a system of fraternal confederation have been actually realized. The United States of America offer a favourable instance of a species of political combination, which preserves to each individual community independent legislative powers, while the whole are firmly connected together, for the common advantage, under the supreme direction of a General Assembly.

In the present stage of the great human society, we are far from attributing *perfection* to this sample of a higher order of political union; but we doubt not that it exhibits a tolerably accurate epitome of the future general

combinations of states in the eighth cæa. Upon the cessation of wars, together with the numerous baneful passions which they engender, or by which they are, more commonly, created, nations not absolutely detached from each other by the larger seas will naturally seek to connect themselves by ties that have hitherto been known to them only in their individual character. As laws increase in perfection, and thus keep pace with the universal advances in civilization, they will be less unequally adopted; the manners of people, heretofore disunited, will assimilate, in consequence of a long interchange of peaceful communion; and in this way the path will imperceptibly be beaten and levelled, which will have to lead them to the blessings of a superior policy. Let it but be granted that the world is still in its infancy, and that it has yet to bend its course through innumerable ages to its state of natural maturity—a supposition which is far from being opposed to the lights, either of reason or revelation; and we shall have little difficulty, when we connect this opinion with the acknowledged progress of improvement, in conceiving a time when three or four distinct confederations of the nature alluded to will include all the population of the earth. The virtuous and highly-cultivated representatives of the European countries, for instance, may be supposed, in that happier age, to meet in a central situation, to consult upon, and concur in, the measures, simple, upright, and intelligible, as the objects to be promoted, necessary for the common good. The discordant interests and hateful passions which have entered into the elements of all the great councils of the present and past generations, would have no place in an assembly so constituted. The principle being fully acknowledged, (*as, like all others founded on the immutable basis of truth, it infallibly must be,*) that commercial restrictions, invidious regulations, relating to territorial boundaries, and generally the selfish desire of exclusive rights of every description, are, in the end, detrimental, both to public and private happiness; the prejudices engendered in the times when they were suffered to prevail would then be extinct. Hostile plans for the disturbance of similar associations, attached to the other extensive geographical divisions, would form no part of their deliberations, as, independently of the predominance of high and generous feeling, no conceivable object of contention could, under all the circumstances, take place between them. On the other hand, while the several local governments would be probably sufficient for all purposes of municipal regulation, the principal duties of the Congress would be to preserve and invigorate their amicable relations with those states which an insurmountable natural impediment, and not a deficiency of fraternal sympathy, had deterred from a formal adhesion to the federal union.

We have here conveyed a very imperfect outline of our own notions upon this interesting branch of speculation; but it is not our wish to exhaust attention by any lengthened remarks, and we therefore willingly leave the rapid sketch to that embellishment of which its subject is susceptible in the mind of the contemplative reader. In the succeeding and last division of our Essay, we shall briefly consider some of the most common objections advanced against the great, but temperate, improvements to which we presume to look forward. We shall close this book by glancing at the present benefit to be derived from dwelling, so far as we have permitted ourselves to do, upon such a subject. It must be acknowledged, that we have not hesitated to touch upon times which may be considered as too distant to be connected with any present interest; but it will also be allowed, that the principal part of our observations have immediate reference to our own age. *It is highly important that lofty, but just, opinions should prevail of the probable terrestrial destiny of man, as well as of that which, in a more perfect state of existence, is to be the reward of his faith and virtue.* In the passage to this superior station, we should have ever in view that the prevalence of the evil passions retard, in the same proportion as that of the amiable and peaceful affections promote its attainment; that war, so far from being a necessary element in the routine of human affairs, is an essential symbol of barbarism or of de-

fective civilization ; and that the true interests of mankind are inseparably linked to a state of durable peace, and are best promoted by the general diffusion of the gentle and benevolent dispositions to which peace is allied.

In this spirit, it is desirable that wars should be considered, not as an evil whose bitterness may be redeemed by the incetricious glory which sometimes covers its atrocities with a fictitious splendour, but one which is in every way deteriorative of our happiness and prosperity—as subservient to tyranny and despotism, inimical to the rights of the people, and generally prejudicial to society. It has been our aim to develope data from which we may reasonably hope for the final extinction of so flagrant an evil ; and if, in the prosecution of this task, we have been occasionally led to the confines of a remote and untried age, the interest which naturally surrounds the subject is, with respect to the actual advantage to be derived from its investigation, exclusively reflected upon that in which we live.

(To be continued.)

THE "START" IN LIFE.

There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted—all the voyage of this life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

As the tone of feeling and temper of mind are greatly modified and affected by early education and society, so it has been observed, that the "start" in life generally gives a colour to a man's career, to its conclusion—till the "poor play is over." That life is a "poor" play might admit of a cavil, perchance ; but the influence ascribed to what is termed the "start," on the complexion of a man's pilgrimage through it, seems to be pretty generally conceded. And that it may possess all the influential importance it is accredited for, I do not deny or dispute ; but I would incline to say, that the precise hue it may communicate to the eventual tenor of a man's conduct and views, reflections and feelings—to a man's character, it is difficult, *a priori*, to deduce from the apparent mark and likelihood displayed in his debut on the world's stage. An unproductive harvest is not ever the result of an inauspicious seed-time. A lowering morning can be followed by a brilliant or a steady day. Causes do not always produce uniform effects, or the results we anticipate, and in moral things least so. In the moral world, the same cause will be followed by very opposite effects, as applied to different individuals. Thus the world is not unfrequently wrong in the conclu-

sions it inclines to draw,—not unscoldom precipitate in the opinion it is so fond of pronouncing, when it forms its judgment of youth's maturer character from the apparent, but often fallacious promise of its spring-time. Nor is the world to be accused of being too lenient,—too flatteringly prophetic, on seeing a young man, when launching into life, bend before the gale of its temptings to a dangerous course. It is not always the ship that rocks and heels most, on first essaying her future element, that worst balances herself in "the after days of battle and nights of danger." It is not the plodding and persevering, because cold and unimpassioned boy, who keeps his uncompromising way, is at the head of his form, and seems to surpass his compeers, that always proves the better scholar, the greater genius, or the more valuable man. When we see warm-tempered, high-spirited, open-hearted youth, running full tilt at pleasure, at the outset in life ; indiscreetly, nay, recklessly and imprudently plunging amid the dazzling, motley, good-and-evil-chequered scenes, which a first entrance on the stage of society presents, it is not to be inferred that the consequences on after character always are, and must be injurious. It is hasty to prejudge—illiberal to bar hope of youth's

matured worth and value of character, that it has rushed into some of those extremes which so many allurements combine to tempt into, on the foot being first placed in the arena of the world at large. Allowance must always be made for the ebullition of youthful passions and feelings. Loosed from the thralldom, as youth is apt to view it, of tutors and school-restraint, — often unwisely, because often injudiciously imposed, — the spirits warm and buoyant, and the kindly opinion of men and things glowing in all its unsophisticated freshness, where is the wonder, that freedom and novelty, and the varied objects to excite and to fascinate the young and inexperienced mind which an entrance, uncontrolled, on life is pregnant with, should produce their full effect—that the novice should be swept away by the flood of his own new and exciting sensations—should be unable, despite of precept, to resist the contagion of surrounding example? It will be evident that I glance to where life is entered on under certain fortuitous advantages. As there are various grades in society, so must the circumstances vary under which “the start” in life is made; but in all, it is accompanied with temptations to be resisted, and dangers to be surmounted. Those, however, who spring from a more advanced step in its ladder, have temptation placed before them in a greater variety of forms—displayed under more beguiling aspects; and appearing to have less necessity, in one sense, to be coy to, or to shun Pleasure’s embraces, present more facility to a subjugation beneath their yoke. It needs not to be told, that once within the vortex of Fashion and Dissipation, in any of their forms, it is no task of ease to escape from their intoxicating whirl—to shake off the spell they bind with. Where, then, is the wonder, that, once within its influence, youth finds it difficult to emancipate itself from the gilded thrall? Pleasure’s stream is rapid and impatient, and hurries the adventurer on it away; allowing nor time to examine or discern the ills and dangers that beset it, nor leisure to weigh the truth or falsehood, the solidity or emptiness, of the charms it affects so

liberally to be decked with—the delights it would be understood to lavish with so generous hand. Youth sees those around floating down it, the gayest in seeming, and apparently in the conviction of their being the best and the brightest road to enjoyment. Its promise to the eye of inexperience becomes invested with an almost irresistibly captivating appearance; and the plunge once made,—once borne away on its tide, no wonder youth floats for a time unresisting down its glittering, deceptive current,—remains the captive of its conjurings, even to the exclusion of every more important pursuit, the annihilation of the influence of each more serious consideration, the disregard of warning reflection. It has not been ill said, that “it is difficult to place an old head on young shoulders.” The very generosity and warmth of the virtues of a young and uncontaminated mind, contribute to array in brighter colours, and to facilitate its enrolment beneath the banners of Pleasure, (the pursuits so denominated,) to impel to a deeper draught at that intoxicating fount. But it does not necessarily follow, that Pleasure’s seductions will continue to blind to the unsatisfactory superficiality, to say the least, of her mere pursuits; that all prospective eminence on other true and solid foundations is blighted, because youth, at the outset, has been unable to repel her blandishments,—for a space has bent before the temptress. I hate to hear the raven-croak of evil anticipation, some are so fond of, directed towards a young man of otherwise high hopes, even when I behold him evincing exclusive devotion at Pleasure’s shrine—affording countenance to its ill-omened bodings. I ever incline to trust more to the predominance of the intrinsic worth, and the brighter side of human nature, than to fear the preponderance of its weaker, or the backslidings of its darker propensities. For a time he may bow the warmest of her votaries, but it is not a consequence that an indulgence in every folly, even to an extreme, must prove inimical to the eventual formation of his character. It may; but it *may* have an effect very opposite. Much is dependant on the

head and heart. To many, the results could not but prove injurious. With not a few it has but given a truer, a better, and a richer colouring to after life. This may appear rather obscure, but will be understood. It may seem paradoxical, or be viewed as deducing an effect inconsistent on the one side, or coloured to higher importance than is warrantable on the other, than a man's mere acquaintance with, or impetuous career in extravagance, dash, riot, and revel, would seem to authorise. But the influence ascribed to the "start" must be kept in view—the stamp and complexion first impressions in life are allowed to communicate to its after career, must be looked to. An intimacy with life, in the form I am viewing it, will either render a man's temper and habits, perceptions and feelings, better and clearer than they were,—will purify them, or it will blunt, deaden, and weaken them. The weak head may become perverted, and the bad heart take a darker tinge, under the influence of the selfishness and corrupt motives and feelings which flourish in, and can be so well acquired by an intimacy with what, its mask on, seems so fair, so gay, and so open—the world of fashion and dissipation—the empire of pleasure. But in it, though there may be further means and appliances to pervert the weak, or confirm the bad, not in it only, with reference to society at large, can the former be assailed, and the latter stimulated. With much that is contemptible, and much that is dissolute, and much that is depraved, mixed up in the disposition of the circle a man must join to see and essay "life" in the form I speak of, there is more commingled of high and honourable feeling, of generous purpose, and liberal thought. But unfortunately, wherever, as there, folly and evil, in all their ramifications, are luxuriant, there is ever reason to dread for the weak head and the evil-disposed heart; for weakness and wickedness possess mutual attraction, and give mutual encouragement and support. But to leave weakness and wickedness to their fate.—The danger to be chiefly dreaded from an inveiglement into Pleasure's toils at starting in life is this—is most extensive under this

point of view. Many, seduced to taste its waters, prolong their draught, and possessing insufficient firmness of purpose and strength of mind to shake off their enervating effects, and retreat, even when, in satiety, they begin to pall upon the sense, like one overcome by some noxious exhalation, succumb the passive slaves of an existence denuded of all the better, the more substantial, and worthy ends and aims which a man, in his relations to society, can propose to himself for his own true happiness, and what is indeed in most intimate connexion with, and directly and indirectly conducive thereto, the welfare and happiness of those around him.

Here the bias communicated—the weakness originated, in an unrestrained pursuit of Pleasure, on first entering on life, proves the deepest misfortune. The wretch has learnt to rightly appreciate the bubble he has too long pursued with all-eager assiduity: it has burst in his grasp, and he is sick of the vain and unsatisfying chase. He would now fondly secede from his career of folly; but, alas! habits of business, application, thought, and all the concurring advantages he possessed at the "start," to enable him to shine in the part his station in society entitled him to play, have deserted him. It is too familiar an illustration for the subject—but he is like the mouse in the trap; he got easily in, but he cannot get out again. He has entangled himself in the labyrinth, and his wish for disentanglement is opposed, by his want of energy on the one hand, and of a clue to assist him on the other. But the sound head and heart will seldom entail so piteous a result. They will soon teach their possessor the worthlessness of mere Pleasure's fairest gifts—the emptiness of her brightest hours; will teach to feel that what he follows, and has learnt to term "enjoyment," is but its falsest shadow, cloying alike upon the taste, as dissatisfying upon reflection,—and that, in its chase, he is sacrificing all that is truly valuable and justly gratifying in aim and acquirement. The rightly-constituted heart soon learns to sigh for friends very different from the mere boon-companion of the convivial hour; to yearn for ties and

attachments, warmer, purer, and sincerer, than those it meets with in the round of feather-like and deceitful fashion and folly. When a man begins so to think and feel,—to examine how far such a career has been conducive to his real happiness or interests, disenthralment from the spells of a systematic life of pleasure lingers on the threshold, and requires but small encouragement to enter. His understanding, cleared from the mist which a precipitate rush into Pleasure's false but dazzling path had imposed, he will turn with contrasted ardour and conviction to other pursuits, that he has the knowledge of the tinsel superficiality and eye-cheating surface-glare of its promise,—that he knows the hollow-heartedness that burrows beneath all its gilded and gaudy exterior. The ordeal, too, if I may so speak, he may be considered to have passed through, will be accompanied with its advantages. It can give much experience of men and things,—can purify and soften down little asperities, and correct many little faults of exterior, not intrinsic, perhaps, but best absent; can temper without blunting, and refine without weakening the sentiments and feelings. The advantages are not few to be derived from such an insight into "life," where no embarrassment, nor an identification with its follies, ensue from a temporary intimacy therewith. "Knowledge of men and things exercise the relations of the sentient being; and as these relations are increased, so, generally, are his moral perceptions, ties, and obligations." I will but farther add, in this view of the subject, that a seemingly inauspicious "start" may form but the medicine, not the poison, in regard to the eventual formation of a man's character; which may body out the better, and clearer, and more richly-defined from his introduction to, and temporary expatiation, amid scenes where,

—in Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy.

From the tone and tenor of the preceding remarks, it will not be unreasonable to infer, I think, that I can be no staid, starched, illiberal-judging professor of morality, who

will not make allowance for, nor in any degree overlook those venial errors,—those errors which youth, in the hey-day of the blood, will rush into. I am indeed none such. I have known life, and I know how much occasion there is to yield a little consideration to youth. Having said this much, perchance the few further reflections I am about to indulge in, as coming from the pen of one inclined to view the thing as I do, may not lose any part of the influence their trash entitles them to possess. They may appear, perhaps, rather opposed to the temper and tendency of the above, but, nevertheless, they are not the less consistent. The bent and scope of my preceding view of indiscretion, or error, on the part of youth at the "start in life," and the consequences it may entail, may seem to be at variance with prudent reasoning on the one hand, and to disagree with the perspective I am about to glance at it in on the other. I may be said to have partially argued for youths' initiation into scenes of pleasure and dissipation. Not so; I but say youth will be youth, and will essay those scenes which prejudice abjures; and we must not always anticipate inimical results, because its warmth and inexperience hurry it into excesses. But while I say—make every allowance, no one deprecates the danger incurred by an uncontrolled plunge into pleasure's stream more than I must do, under various aspects. Well I know, that

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again.

Some—many, may essay and recover themselves, and prove at once better and wiser for the experience and conviction they have gained and felt; but in every case there is just reason to fear for the individual, when all sail is hoisted in Pleasure's pursuit at the outset in life. There is ever ground for dread, lest the quicksands and rocks which bestrew its gulph may wreck youth's bark ere the pilot Reason is listened to; or that the warning may be appreciated too late to enable it to regain the fair sea of truly valuable aim and manly happiness. Youth once engulfed in Pleasure's vortex, we must trust to satiety's enforcing conviction of his

having mistaken the road to happiness, and to his consequently shaking off the delusion ; but its dangers, its hollowness, its insignificance, and the consequences it may carry in its train, should ever be pointed out and impressed, ere he is allowed to assume the reins of his own conduct. It may not—it will not keep youth from tasting, but it may preserve from too intemperate draughts. It ought ever to be impressed, that a man's career seldom tends, whatever his merits, to beget him true esteem and respect, who herds wholly with the dissipated,—with the fluttering insect of mere fashion, or the lounging idler, whose sole aim seems how to get rid of time, apparently as valueless to himself as to others. If, to keep pace with such, it chance his expenses are at variance with his income,—his next quarter ever swallowed up ere it becomes due,—and bills, it may be, for wardrobe, &c., allowed to accumulate into debts of magnitude,—that man fast floats to the ocean of embarrassment. Nor can he enjoy life, although he may be said to live the life of a man of pleasure. However gaiety may seem to hover o'er "midnight hours, which now no more know former hopes of rest," his majority of hours are far from enviable, even by him who seems to move in a sphere, and to labour under difficulties and discomforts, at once very different and very trying. This is no fanciful position. How often have I known those who started with fair fortunes and high hopes, entail a blight upon their prospects, and all the discomforts, and more than the discomforts of poverty, from the poor ambition to keep pace with, and to ape some "dashing friend," whose coffers being better filled, might hold out longer, but whose satisfaction was not a whit greater than their own,—known them to possess head and heart, and all the warm and gushing sensibilities, which can shed sunshine, and scatter flowers upon life, and known a false "start" so tinge their future, so as to embitter deeply its cup,—and more, all the while condemning the pursuits they had involved themselves in, despising the companions they were following them with,—and yet unable, so weak is human nature, and

so incompetent is man to surmount impressions once received, and habits once contracted, to shake off their fetters till they had left ever-enduring marks. The man who anticipates his income, and around whom debts are daily crowding—and your pleasure-pursuing men ever do, and must experience such result—has much to endure. He is forced to stoop to frequent shifts, and evasions, and littlenesses, and to facts infictive to his pride, which must lower him in his own eyes, and derogate from his estimation in the eyes of those who walk an honourable and uncompromising path ; and this can be but little compensated for by hours of fevered gaiety and excitement, or being *tonnish* ! To a man of sense, who really feels the worthlessness, the insignificance, and the ruinous consequences of such a career, but who, having got into the stream, knows not very well how to regain the bank again, and acquire former vantage ground, reflective hours must be poison. Once in, it requires an effort of resolution greater than may appear on a casual view, to shake off habits and propensities which have wound around one, and grown into strength ; and greater still to display your entailed difficulties to the world, which is so ready to sneer at, and so little inclined to make allowance for indiscretion. And how many men of fine sense have we not known under the influence of the infatuation I would portray ! I will end by allusion to one instance sufficiently familiar : Who but may deduce an impressive lesson from a — ! The world saw in him an enlightened and comprehensive mind,—a brilliant and fascinating wit,—saw, latterly, the one weakened in its energies, the other but the flare, the glimmer of a sinking taper, until wine and the revel of boon-companionship had afforded their partial and temporary stimuli. Then only his conversation, his once all-commanding colloquial powers, would begin to gleam on the darkness, the ghost of what they had been. To know such a man resorting to petty shifts to raise a wanted supply,—descending to paltry evasion to ward off some call he was unprepared to meet,—and forced to shelter him-

self under privilege of Parliament, to avoid the just indignation of disappointed creditors, was almost a libel on human nature. And all originating in virtues which, running riot, degenerated into vices,—in lavish and misdirected expenditure,—in an absence of all economy or proper consideration,—and in cherishing an overweening and unchecked predilection for boon society. There have been more than one British legislator to whom these remarks may be applied, perhaps, but to whom I point, is easy to be seen ; and if not, to those who are in darkness I would wish not to lift the veil. To bar Pleasure's approach,—to deny the excitement and vivid enjoyment that is borne on the wing of those lighter hours which seem the temporary grave of all our cares, were to run into an opposite extreme ; but mark and character of such hours must be the recreation, not the business of existence. Every man, according to his fortune and station in society, must have some higher, more solid, and important pursuit. Indeed the absence of all such, annihilating the zest, is destructive of the pleasure these hours of relaxation can so well bestow. They are no longer hours of relaxation. The man who has no pursuit, nothing to do but to search for pleasures to fill up the aching void of circling hours,

will soon find Pleasure to elude his grasp, the faster he would hold her ; and it will be well if the only consequence is to keep him

“Stretch'd on the rack of a too-easy chair,
To these, by everlasting yawn, confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.”

I have somewhere met the remark—I can pity the young fellow who floats unrepiningly down the stream of embarrassment, and who has sacrificed appearances, but preserved his honour. If he has recovered a sense of his erroneous views, in his pursuit of sublunary enjoyment, he is worthy of pity,—the misery is, conviction has come a term too late. But though the extent of a man's fortune should preserve him from the discomforts of pecuniary embarrassment, in the mode of abusing, not using life I have been deprecating, pecuniary embarrassment must be held but the lesser evil ; for, above all, let me reiterate, that such a career is neither so well calculated to yield enduring happiness, nor the gratifying respect of those around and connected with you.* I will but add, it will never hand one's name to posterity,—or but in contempt, if high rank has directed the eyes of contemporaries at one for better things. 'Tis but too true that Nature owns but one aristocracy—her own.

What can ennoble so's, or fools, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Elegy ;

By an Invalid from Town, during a short residence in the country.

OH, could my pen portray the mingled
throng

Of feelings throbbing in my every vein ;
The Muse should pour her soul-subduing
song,

And breathe a rapt, imperishable strain !

Alas ! my feeble pen and artless lay
Can poor expression to the thoughts
impart

That o'er my mind in rich confusion play,
That breathe, that burn, around my
raptur'd heart.

I write not for the giddy crowd, who glide
In Pleasure's groves and gardens ever
green,

Or smoothly sail on Fortune's flowing tide,
With halcyon sea and cloudless sky

As little have I hope your ears to charm,
Ye rich in health, ye joyous, youthful
train,

Who hurl your thunders with a steady
arm,

And deal destruction o'er the heath-
clad plain.

Yet on this page some mourner's eye may
rest,

And glisten, as it glides along the line ;
My song, perhaps, may soothe some ach-
ing breast ;

Some bosom, that has sadly heav'd like
mine :

Perchance, like me, o'er health and
strength decay'd,

And fortune changed, has heav'd the
secret sigh .

And lonely musing in the midnight
shade,
Has on his pillow turn'd with sleepless
eye :

With powerless limbs, in chilling torpor
dead ;
But heart alive, to bopod on happier
days ;
Through lingering years to muse on plea-
sures fled,
Fugacious as the airy meteor's blaze.

If morning suns in dew's of May have
shone,
And summer flow'rs for him have
bloom'd in vain,
The jocund seasons's varying sweets un-
known,
Unheard the harmony that glads the
plain :

If he, at morn, has brush'd the vernal
dew,
At noon has in the woodland shade
reclin'd ;
But long has sigh'd, to find his bounded
view
To city smoke and bustling streets con-
fin'd.

Oh ! he will guess my heart's delighted
glow,
By sympathy my kindling rapture
share,
Again to feel the healthful west-wind
blow,
To breathe the fragrance of the rural
air.

It was not now by vagrant Fancy led ;
It was no longer Memory's pictur'd
scene ;
On every side a boundless landscape
spread,
Rich glowing fields, and groves of liv-
ing green.

It was no more to wake from feverish
sleep,
Where fairy fields glow'd with illusive
gleam,
And, sadly sighing, turn, perhaps to weep
The vanish'd phantoms of a morning
dream.

It was again to gaze on Nature's face,
With countless charms and nameless
beauties crown'd ;
To recognise each well-remember'd grace,
And steep my every sense in bliss pro-
found.

Admiring, rapt, my ever-restless eye
O'er space, with speed of thought, un-
sated flew,

To where, commingling with the cloudless
sky,
Arose the hills, in dim and distant
blue :

The lofty Lomond seem'd to rise su-
blime ;
And scenes long past came crowding
o'er my mind ;
Its steepy sides, where I had wont to
climb,
And gaze abroad, in careless ease re-
clin'd.

And there my simple lyre erewhile was
strung,
When gazing on Lochleven's islets
green ;
Light o'er the trembling chords my hand
was flung,
In mournful chant for Scotia's hapless
Queen.

The thought intrusive marred my grow-
ing joy ;
I tried to check my vagrant Fancy's
flight,
Lest Memory should my present bliss de-
stroy,
Where all around was rich in young
delight.

Afar I saw blue Forth's swelling tide,—
Beheld the Bass-rock rising rude and
hoar,—
Saw whitening sails along the waters
glide,
Or wait the winds that slumber'd on
the shore ;

And full before me, on the swelling
height,
Edina stands, fair Scotia's darling
Queen ;
Where rich confusion mocks my aching
sight,
Her cluster'd palaces but dimly seen.

From east to west the ample city spreads,
Her ancient spires and modern columns
rise,
Aloft in air they lift their lofty heads,
And seen afar, seem mingling with the
skies :

And still more proudly swells yon beet-
ling form,
The cliffy Castle's rugged, hoary brow,
Which has for ages braved the wintry
storm,
And still defiance frowns on all below.

Majestically rising, Arthur's Seat
In giant bulk uprears his lofty head ;
Sees Royal Holyrood beneath his feet,
Her glory gone, her ancient splendour
fled !

And close beside, a cliff with front su-
blime,
Twin-born of Nature, like a sister
stands,
Whose venerable head, unhurt by Time,
Is doom'd to fall by sacrilegious hands.

Green shady woodlands wave on every
side,
Where peeping forth gay rural villas
shine ;
Craigmillar, gray in age and ruin'd pride,
Erewhile the theme of softer lays than
mine :

And nearer still, with yellow harvest clad,
Rich fields are ripening in the fruitful
vale ;
And Autumn, in her golden plenty glad,
Smiles o'er her treasures, waving in
the gale.

Nature is joyous in profusion sweet ;
The blushing apple nods above my
head ;
And garden beauties blooming at my feet,
On every side their breathing odours
shed.

The western breeze my faded cheek has
fann'd,
My heart responding, hails the moun-
tain air ;
Methinks I feel Hygeia's healing hand,
As if my wasted health were still her
care.

Again I've seen the beam of early day
With glowing light soft through my
lattice shine,—
Where whispering zephyrs sport in wan-
ton play,
And fragrant woodbines fondly inter-
twine.

Once more I've seen fair o'er the face of
morn,
The sparkling dew-drops in the sun-
beams glance,
Seen floating gossamer the fields adorn,
And sportive insects, blithe, at noon-
tide dance.

Again I've seen the star of day descend,
Beheld it sink in cloudless glory bright ;
Seen rich celestial gold with azure blend,
And change to glowing streaks of purple
light.

Yes ; I have seen the sun from orient
clime,
Where diamonds ripen in Golconda's
mine,
Ascending in his fiery car sublime,
On wide Columbia's forests deep to
shine.

I've seen expanded Heaven's ethereal
bow,
Its mingling shades in glorious splen-
dor dress'd,
Seen one foot on the distant mountains
glow,
Another on the rolling waters rest.

The blue smoke curling from the rural
shed,
The white cloud sailing in the noon-
tide sky,
Thin mist light hovering on the green-
hills' head,
Were new and dear to my delighted
eye.

I've seen the reaper band, a motley
train—
The lowland lass and hardy moun-
taineer ;
The Highland maiden and the Lothian
swain,
With hoary age, the swelling sheaves
to rear.

And I have seen herds feeding in the
vale,
And lambs disporting on the distant
hill ;
Have listen'd to the cushat's plaintive
wail,
And heard the music of the purling
rill.

I've heard light-hearted team-boys whist-
ling gay,
The joyous laugh of labour in the glen ;
When twilight kindly clos'd the toils of
day,
And Echo from her caves replied again.

The woodland warblers now are hush'd
and dumb,
The softest music of the grove is still ;
But I have heard the wild-bee's busy
hum,
And gaudy peacock screaming, wildly
shrill.

The simplest flower that blossom'd at my
feet,
The meanest weed in sunny borders
found,
Seem'd rich in beauty, breathing fra-
grance sweet,
And melody in every rural sound !

Thus, with delighted eye and ravish'd
ear,
Time o'er my head on rosy pinions
flew ;
And former scenes, so long and fondly
dear,
By active Fancy, brightened to my
view.

The bank of blossom'd heath, the shady
 grove,
 Before me rose—I trode the twilight
 glen ;
 I whisper'd soft the tale of youthful
 love,
 And seem'd to live these guileless joys
 again.

Unseen, I saunter'd in the sunny glade,
 Or wander'd lonely by the babbling
 stream ;
 Or by the hoary steep at evening stray'd,
 Indulging thoughts, like those which
 poets dream.

Alas ! it was a momentary joy—
 Life's stern realities around me fell ;
 Dark clouds and shades commingling, to
 destroy
 The fairy landscape I had lov'd so
 well.

I saw the harvest gathering from the
 plain,
 The ravag'd fields grow daily bleak
 and bare ;
 Saw robin, harbinger of winter's reign,
 And rooks, hoarse cawing, wheeling in
 the air.

My heart grew sad to mark the fading
 flow'r,
 The fallow leaves decaying on the trees ;
 My frame so helpless, shrinking from the
 show'r,
 “ A puny insect, shivering in the
 breeze.”

Each object boded Nature's sad decay ;
 I saw the lingering blossoms disappear ;
 The woods, in hollow murmurs, seem'd
 to say,
 “ We chant the dirge of the departing
 year !”

The village steeple, hourly in my sight,
 Told of the house of rest—the hal-
 low'd ground
 Where young and old are laid in lonely
 night,
 Successive generations slumbering
 round.

My feeble frame, dim eyes, and aching
 breast,
 To me this melancholy truth convey ;
 The hour is near, when I must sink to
 rest,
 Like these, must sleep forgotten in the
 clay !

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF GILBERT GREENWOOD.

In Four Parts.

Part III.

Love, justice, nature, pity, and revenge,
 Have kindled up a wild fire in my breast,
 And I am all a civil war within ;
 And, like a vessel struggling in a storm,
 Require more hands than one to steer me upright.—*Dryden.*

IT was early in Spring by the calendar, although still Winter by the loweringskies and bleak naked plains, that I was thus unceremoniously dismissed from my paternal roof ; a circumstance which I had to regret only in so far as it deprived me of my father's assistance in establishing myself in life,—for it was to me no privation of any comforts which I had ever possessed, or happiness I had there enjoyed. I had never known a father's regard—never felt the fond embrace of an affectionate mother ; and although there are many who agree that Nature has innate sympathies and feelings which operate on the heart, as it were, by instinct, candour obliges me to confess, that I was never conscious of their exist-

ence ; for the only feeling with which I regarded my father was fear,—not that pious fear which is afraid of offending, but resembling the terror with which a slave thinks of a tyrannical master ; if I thought of my mother at all, it was generally with a dislike bordering on contempt ; and I do believe, that at any period up to my dismissal from their protection, I could have heard of the death of either without any emotion, except that which sprung from the selfish feeling of how it might affect my own interest. But now that the doors of what had borne the name of home were shut against me, and I had been sternly commanded never again to approach them, I began to see matters in a

very different point of view ; endeavouring to persuade myself that I was prepared to honour and respect my father, to display filial tenderness and love towards my mother, and, by my conduct, compel them both to regard me with parental affection. Although I had, from my earliest recollection, been happier any where else than at home, yet, when I thought that I should enter there no more, and turned round to take a parting look, my heart swelled, and I believe tears stood in my eyes. My heart smote me for the many provocations I had given my parents, and at one moment I felt inclined to return, confess that I had been a froward, disobedient child, and implore my father's forgiveness for the impertinent language I had employed that morning. I stood some time irresolute ; but pride interfering, reminded me of the unkindness with which I had been treated through life, and the babyish controul which was still attempted to be exercised over me. I plunged into the wood, that I might lose sight of a mansion where I had been exposed to such indignities, and with all the energy I could command, quickened my steps ; for I believed my heart would be more at ease when my feet ceased to tread my paternal domain.

The face of Nature seemed in unison with my feelings : a black frost had taken place during the night, and having as suddenly disappeared in the morning, was succeeded by that bleak and raw chilliness which indicated a discharge of rain or snow from the dark and watery clouds with which the sky was deeply overcast ; the fields seemed desolate and dreary, and the wind whistled with a hollow, melancholy sound ; the birds hopped in silence on the leafless hedges, and the rooks hovered above my head with a clamour foreboding an approaching storm. When the first tumult of my feelings had subsided, I began to reflect on my situation, and what was to be my procedure, now that I was left at liberty to follow my own inclinations, and, what was far more disagreeable, thrown entirely on my own resources. But feeling that my mind was not yet calm enough for deliberating on that subject, I resolved to return

to College, for which, happily, I had the necessary funds,—get myself qualified to act as a surgeon, and then be guided by circumstances which I could not yet foresee ; among which was a latent, although faint hope, that my father would yet revoke the stern decree which he had pronounced against me.

A heavy fall of sleet now came on ; my distance from Aberdeen would have been a fatiguing journey for one day, with good roads and a clear sky, but in such weather might be deemed impracticable : Balwhinney was about midway, at a short distance from the public road, and I made myself sure of a hearty welcome. I walked very fast, but long before reaching the manse, I was drenched to the skin, and arrived in a state of profuse perspiration, which was doubtless assisted by the mental excitement I had experienced. Although immediately furnished with dry clothes, I began to feel chilly and uncomfortable,—was seized with a fit of shivering before retiring for the night, when I became restless, and in the morning was in a strong fever.

My relation of what occurred for two weeks after this, must be from what I afterwards learned from that worthy and venerable man Mr Gray. The fever continued, and in a short time I became delirious ; although not unmanageable, yet quite unconscious of my actions, restless, and talking incessantly. Mr Gray had, in the early stage of my disorder, proposed calling medical assistance ; but I prescribed for myself till I became incapable : advice was then procured, and my case was pronounced dangerous, and the event very doubtful. I still wanted to leave my bed ; and though easily persuaded to remain, yet this rendered it necessary for me to be constantly watched. It was the wish of the family to have got in a nurse to attend me, as Mrs Gray was in rather a bad state of health ; but they soon discovered that I talked of subjects which delicacy, both to me and themselves, rendered improper to be heard by strangers ; they therefore resolved to do the best possible, for a time, hoping I would soon recover my senses.

I raved incessantly, either about

my parents, or Ellen Gray ; talked of the unkindness I had through life experienced at home, from which I now declared myself for ever excluded, and which I only regretted on account of Ellen, whom I pronounced dearer to me than all the world beside ; this was reiterated in so many different forms, but still to the same effect, that it began to make some impression on Mr Gray's mind. My parents were informed of my situation, but they declined visiting me—a note to Mr Gray, coldly thanking him for his attention, being their only reply. I was alternately watched by the different members of the family ; but the duties of the minister's office, and Mrs Gray's infirm health, placed Ellen often as my guardian, and she heard what I had never dared to whisper to her when in health. After the receipt of the letter from my father, the minister one day rode on a visit to my parents, for the express purpose of discovering whether matters were as he suspected ; when he was informed, that, on account of my refusal to go out to India, they had disowned me. If I died, my father requested that I might be buried in Balwhinney church-yard, and he should pay all expenses ; but if I recovered, they had renounced all correspondence with me. The crisis came, I recovered my senses, but continued ill till reduced to a skeleton, and weak as a child. However, the kindness and unremitted attention of the family, uniting with the fine season, my convalescence was rapid. Perhaps the presence of Ellen contributed more than any thing else to my recovery. She happened to be beside me when I awoke out of a sleep, which had banished my delirium. It took some time for me to recollect where I was, and when I gazed on the pale cheek and tenderly sorrowful look of the fair seated near my bed-side, I believed myself in a dream, and had recourse to various expedients before being able to convince myself that I was awake, or that the beautiful form which I beheld was not a delusion of my wandering imagination. At last, in a faint voice, I said, " Ellen, give me a drink ; " she raised me gently up, and held the cup to my lips, while

the touch of her hand thrilled to my heart ; she gazed in my face with wistful solicitude, smoothed my pillow, laid down my head, and as she bent over me, I felt a tear drop upon my cheek. I will not attempt to describe my feelings ; it is impossible ; I thought I should never forget them. Alas ! they were forgotten, and the remembrance is now the source of my only happiness, and also my most exquisite misery. It is unnecessary to say how I now watched her every look, and saw the rose regain its place on her cheek, as I recovered ; and although glad to be able again to rise, I regretted that the constant attendance of Ellen was no longer necessary.

It was not till I was able to walk out that the pastor made any allusion to the discoveries he had made concerning my affairs. At length, one day in the garden, he delicately introduced the subject, when, after much conversation, I shewed him my sister's monitory note, which I had still preserved. He then, with the friendly tenderness of a parent, inquired my intentions for the future. I spoke with much uncertainty about any thing beyond finishing my course at College, as I had been taken ill before having time to make up my mind. When I had been thus candid, he assured me of his friendship and best advice, provided he had my full confidence ; and he fixed his piercing eye full on my face, as if he wished to penetrate my heart. He told me how I had disclosed the state of my affairs at home, in my delirium ; and I instantly saw, that I must also have talked of my love for Ellen, which I now with modesty, approaching almost to boyish bashfulness, but with great and animating fervour, avowed. The worthy man then informed me, that he had made the discovery from my ravings, which was since confirmed by my behaviour in his daughter's company. That in my delirium, Ellen having heard the same declarations often repeated, he had felt himself called upon, by parental duty, to talk over the subject with his daughter ; that she had assured him I had never mentioned any thing of the kind to her, and that he firmly believed her, while,

at the same time, he candidly acknowledged, that, from his own observation, he had reason to suspect the proposal would not be disagreeable to her, whatever it might be to himself. At present he should only say, we were both by far too young for entertaining such notions, and that his approval or prohibition would depend entirely on my future conduct: he did not mean my success in life; for although he did not wish to thwart his daughter's inclinations, and had no real wish for a wealthy match for her, he would never consent to her union with a man of bad principles, or irregular, lax moral habits; and therefore requested, that, if I valued his friendship, or wished his consent, should my mind continue the same, to make no proposal of the kind to Ellen till I had his liberty for so doing.

I knew Mr Gray sufficiently to be aware, that, acting contrary to his injunctions, would be to forfeit all claim to his friendship, which it was now of more consequence than ever to retain, although the conditions on which it was to be preserved were rather rigorous; yet, when I considered his duty as a father, my heart was proud to acknowledge that they were the dictates of sound reason.

I returned to College as soon as my health would permit, as it was now near the close of the session, and I was anxious to prepare for my examination. There was still one branch of anatomy in which I was conscious of being deficient, and was now at a loss for a subject on which to exercise my skill. On mentioning this difficulty to my friend Hector, he informed me, that, in a day or two, a man was to be executed for sheep-stealing, whose body might doubtless be procured by a little spirited exertion, and Hector frankly offered his assistance to me in the adventure. We attended the execution, saw the body delivered to the criminal's friends, and learned it was to be buried in the church-yard of Nigg. We repaired thither next evening, after nightfall, and by a proper and powerful method, obtained the consent and assistance of the grave-digger, who informed us that that night was most favourable for our purpose,

as he understood a smuggling lugger had come into the bay, at a considerable distance from the village, and the inhabitants would be too much engaged with smuggling to observe our operations. Waiting till a fit opportunity occurred, we set out to the church-yard, having previously engaged the sexton to accompany us to town with the body on his own horse. The corpse was secured in a sack, and stuffed round with straw, to prevent its shape from appearing, and we made our escape from the village, as we believed, unobserved, although it ultimately proved otherwise.

We had proceeded to some distance from the village, with the grave-digger seated on his grey Dobbin, with the corpse in a sack before him, when we were suddenly attacked by three stout fellows; we called out to our horseman to ride off with his prize, while we endeavoured to repel the assailants, one of whom, however, pursuing the grave-digger, fired a pistol, on which the pusillanimous sexton instantly dropped his load, riding off with all the speed he could put in his courser's heels. This was vexatious, after our toil, trouble, and expense, exclusive of the disappointment, should the prize now be snatched from our grasp. We therefore resolved to dispute the possession. After some vain attempts to bribe the captors, they produced fire-arms, and insisted on our instantly yielding up the body, unless we chose to lie dead beside the sack, over which we were resolutely standing. It is probable we might still have disputed the prize, had we not seen a crowd, in which the white caps of some women were discernible, turning the corner of a planting, within less than fifty yards of us. There was, therefore, no time for further deliberation; and we made a sudden retreat into a thicket close by, leaving the fruit of our labours in possession of the captors, whose disappointment in this adventure (as we afterwards learned) proved more vexatious than ours.

The three men by whom we had been attacked were excise-officers, who having learned that some countrymen had escaped with a horse-load

of tea and tobacco, went in pursuit, and coming up with us, never doubted that they had obtained possession of their prize, which they had not got time to examine, when they were attacked by the party who approached, and caused our precipitate retreat. Most of them had been engaged in the smuggling which was going on ; but, being informed of our depredation in the burying-ground, came instantly in pursuit, and arrived as just mentioned. The excise-officers, conceiving a deforcement was intended, fatal consequences might have ensued, had it not been for one more cool and humane than his companions, who informed the assailants, that they were determined to keep possession of their prize ; and that if any one of them approached, death would be the immediate consequence. To this a reply was made by one of the party, that if he should lie as lifeless as the corpse in that sack, they should not carry it away, to be hacked and mangled with their bluidy whittles. This produced a pause, after which the officers inquired what they meant by a corpse, affirming the sack was filled with tea or tobacco, the other party asserting that its contents was a dead body. An inspection instantly took place, when the triumph of one party was equalled only by the astonishment and disappointment of the other, who now proceeded to state how it had fallen into their hands ; but this obtained no credit with the enraged villagers, who suddenly closed upon the officers, disarmed them of all offensive weapons, and were proceeding to treat them roughly, when one who seemed to have some influence over the rest, proposed that they should make their captives carry back the corpse to the burying-ground, and replace it in the grave, after which they would deliberate on their further punishment. Remonstrance and every attempt at explanation proving ineffectual, the officers were obliged to submit, trusting to what might occur from the chapter of accidents in the village. Before beginning their march, they discovered, from the conversation of their infuriated antagonists, that it was the corpse of the man who had been hanged on the preceding day ; and that in no

slight degree increased their antipathy to the ignominious burden ; but there was no alternative, and they proceeded, relieving each other by turns. On approaching the church-yard, they were informed, that any attempt to awake or alarm the inhabitants of the village would only be to increase the number of their enemies, and that their deaths would be the inevitable consequence ; whereas those who now had them in charge were resolved to spare their lives. When the body was interred for the second time, the grave filled up, and every thing placed in *statu quo*, the hapless gaugers imagined they should have liberty to depart ; but rustic vengeance was not yet satiated ; their enemies in a twinkling stripped them naked, and pushing them to a quarter of the church-yard overgrown with nettles, rolled their victims over and over, on this vegetable bed, the effect of which need not be described ; and when sated with this half-ludicrous although barbarous punishment, they led, or rather dragged them, to a filthy stagnant puddle, in which they soused them over head and ears, pushing their clothes after them ; then most unceremoniously hauling them out, they bade them good-morning, and instantly disappeared. Such was the issue of this adventure, in which the original inventors were never discovered, for we had communicated our design to nobody.

I have already mentioned Hector's libertine conduct, which still seemed to "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," till, dissipated as I was, I blushed in secret at the excesses into which he had led me. When I thought of Ellen Gray, my heart shuddered at my own wickedness ; I resolved to break off all acquaintance with Hector, and, in a word, for her sake, 'become a new man. But this resolve was more easily formed than acted upon ; I had at times the will, but seldom the power, to resist temptation ; for I could not place myself beyond its reach. Hector sought me every night, and had me in his toils, that I durst not refuse to accompany him. Having most imprudently allowed myself to get into his debt, my independence was annihilated ; and placed as I now was, payment was com-

pletely out of my power ; yet that, instead of cancelling the obligation only rendered it more irksome. But, to confess a truth, my resolutions of reformation, although sincere when formed, were never permanent ; they were momentary fits, when I became enamoured of the beauty of virtue, rather than any firm and abiding principle : I had been, and still was the slave of every sensual appetite ; and perhaps the greatest difference between Hector and me was, that I was still delighted with the contemplation of virtue in theory, and felt a consciousness of doing wrong, whenever I deviated from the path : I had still some delicacy in my illicit indulgences ; and on account of my compunctious visitings, my life was alternate sinning and sorrowing, but not that sorrow which produces true repentance and amendment of heart : while Hector far outdid me in gross indelicacy, and his heart seemed utterly seared against remorse, indurated to every feeling except his own pleasure, which consisted merely in the gratification of his passions ; and to these he would have sacrificed not only the happiness and peace of mind of others, but even their lives, if necessary. As I acquired a greater insight into his character, I became more disgusted with him every day ; but he was to leave Aberdeen in a few weeks, and to sail for Jamaica in the course of the season ; I therefore thought it prudent not to quarrel with him, which would have been the consequence of withdrawing from his company. However, a circumstance soon occurred which put my little remnant of principle fairly to the test, and produced a dissolution of that union which had already too long existed.

Hector invited me one night to sup with him in his lodgings, and after my arrival, requested me to observe the girl who would wait upon us at supper. She was newly from the country, and was certainly a most beautiful girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, with a face of such sweet simplicity and guileless innocence as might have turned the heart of a demon from meditating evil against her. At our next interview, Hector made her the subject of conversation, with an earnestness

which convinced me that he had informed some design respecting this rural innocent. This he gradually unfolded, by observing, that it was utterly impossible that so much beauty, under the guardianship of such simplicity and ignorance of the world, should preserve itself immaculate in Aberdeen ; and the chances were ten to one that it would be thrown away upon some one ignorant of its value. This being, he said, his thorough conviction, he had, after due deliberation, formed a plan for obtaining possession of those charms, which would soon become the prey of some one less capable of appreciating them ; but as his scheme required a confederate, he had, as a mark of his peculiar favour, selected me ; and then, with an indelicacy which shocked me, proposed that we should cast lots which of us should be the principal in this infamous scheme for seducing innocence, but that we should swear to act in concert.

Libertine as I was, I had never attempted seduction ; and this deliberate purpose, so frankly avowed, inspired me with a momentary horror, which prudence whispered me to conceal for the present. When I retired to bed, I could not sleep ; and the enormity of a crime which I had never contemplated, rose in dreadful array to my imagination. I conceived myself degraded by the infamous proposal having been made to me, and determined, at whatever hazard, to save this spotless flower from the grasp of a vile destroyer. But how to effect this was the difficulty ; I knew persuasion would be ineffectual, while my remonstrance and refusal to become an accessory would only accelerate what my heart was now bent upon preventing. I had appointed to meet Hector that evening ; and after much cogitation, resolved upon a seeming acquiescence in his plans, as the best means of controverting them. I succeeded in deceiving him ; and even went so far as to cast lots as he had proposed : the prize was mine ; he then regretted having made such terms, and even offered to cancel my debt to him, if I would renounce my right to her ; but I feigned a delight in the anticipation of my guilt, and had only

now to deliberate on the means of circumventing his purpose.

I had discovered that the girl was from the village of Balwhinney; and could find no better method than writing to my worthy friend Mr Gray, informing him of her danger, without saying from whom, and entreating him, in the most earnest manner, not to lose a moment in removing her from Aberdeen, and, if possible, put her under safe protection. It fortunately happened, that the minister's Matty was at the time in ill health; by his address, Mr Gray got the girl released from her engagement in Aberdeen, and she was immediately removed to the manse of Balwhinney, the secret of this procedure being confined to Mr Gray and myself. Great was the disappointment of Hector at this; it amounted almost to frenzy; and I was under the necessity of assuming similar feelings. However, he suspected me of being concerned, although he never hinted his suspicions, and my only reason for this opinion at the time being that he shewed a greater fondness for my company than ever; but I was now so well acquainted with his consummate hypocrisy, that I both detested and feared him; and could I have discharged my pecuniary obligations, would have renounced his company for ever. This was not yet practicable; and although now certain that he was meditating vengeance against me, I continued to associate with him, taking care that he should find no new vulnerable point in my character; for I had not a doubt that, if he found an opportunity, his vengeance would be terrible.

Ellen Gray had returned to town, for the purpose of perfecting herself in some branch of education, and my leisure hours were devoted to her as far as was consistent with propriety. This was soon discovered by Hector, who rallied me on being in love, which my attempts to deny, perhaps most obviously confirmed; for I could not suppress the glow which kindled on my cheek when I heard her name profaned by his polluted lips.

The session of College was to close the following week, and my examination to take place on Monday first. It was Thursday night, and I had sat

late, preparing for the important event; the clock had struck one, and was all silence around me, when I was alarmed with the hollow rumbling noise of a fire-engine, and throwing up the sash, heard several voices calling out, "fire, fire!" I closed the window and resumed my studies; but my mind became unsettled, and I could not pursue the object of my research with any advantage. An hour had passed in this state, and still my mind wandered; the night was dark and stormy, with wind and rain, yet I felt an impulse to go out, which increased every moment. Again I threw up the sash, and heard people passing, and talking of the fire. I went down stairs, let myself out, and inquired of the first person I met where the fire was; the reply was, "near the Infirmary; but it is now extinguished." It was in that neighbourhood that Ellen Gray resided, and I hastened forward with all possible speed. When not far distant from the spot, I was startled with a wild scream, apparently that of a female. I paused for a moment, to discover from whence it came; it was repeated, and I found it was from a most infamous house, with which I was but too well acquainted. I had stood for a moment in a state of irresolution, when the cry of "murder" was uttered in agonizing tones, and that in a voice which thrilled to my heart. I rushed into the entry—was met inside the door by the vile wretch, the landlady, who attempted to stop my entrance; but I flung her aside like a child, and led by the screams, which still continued, applied my foot to the door of a room—burst it open—rushed in—and beheld Ellen Gray struggling in the arms of Hector Jarvis, while he had succeeded in stuffing her mouth with a handkerchief. My soul was maddened to desperation, and had I been possessed of any offensive weapon, that moment had been his last! I, however, gave him a blow, which made him stagger, and released the trembling victim from his ruffian grasp. With her eyes rolling wildly, she gazed on me for a moment, and then, in a voice frightfully frantic, cried, "Oh, save me! save me!" and she rushed into my

arms. Hector, with the fury of a tiger, or rather the malignity of a demon glaring in his eyes, leaned against the partition, for the blow which I dealt with such good will had sickened him; and I perceived, that, on attempting to speak, he could not articulate, by which I found that he was deeply intoxicated. But he hiccuped, and uttered something about how I and the old canting parson had deprived him of the loveliest girl in existence, and with a most dreadful oath, swore that for this injury, he had sought to make reprisals upon Ellen, and thus get avenged of both at once. I still stood with Ellen in my arms, who I saw was about to faint. I leaned her on a sofa, and the wretch again attempting to approach her, I pushed him from me with all my force; he fell backwards, and lay seemingly insensible. Ellen did not altogether faint, but continued for some time unable to speak; at length, she recovered a little, and seemingly afraid to raise her eyes, gazed wistfully in my face, and sobbing convulsively, repeated, "Save, —oh, save me!" I now observed that she was in her night-dress, which was in disorder; but not wishing to trouble her with inquiries how she came there, I said, "Can you walk home with me?" "Ay, any where—only take me away!" Hector lay still on the carpet, sick: I took Ellen's arm, and led her out of the detested house, none appearing to interrupt our egress: I had taken the precaution to throw my great-coat around her, both on account of the rain, and to make her less conspicuous from her white night-clothes, should we be observed on the street. On arriving at her lodgings, I found all in confusion, for it was there that the fire had been; but their greatest distress was on account of her absence. As all danger from fire was now past, I begged that she might be put to bed as speedily as possible, and I would see her in the morning.

The alarm Ellen had experienced prevented her from sleeping during the night; she was ill, and it was late in the day before I could see her, when she related the following particulars, under great emotion.

She had retired for the night, and was awakened from sleep by the alarm of fire; and some one under her window, called out to her to make her escape by the window, as any other mode was impossible; she did so, and was received in the arms of a man, whom she soon discovered to be Hector Jarvis; a crowd was assembled, and, in her alarm, she was glad to escape from the fire, and also from observation. He proposed conducting her to the house of a friend at a short distance, which was that where I found her. Her agitation, and confidence in a man who had been so long an inmate of her father's house, prevented all suspicion, which, however, was aroused soon after her entrance, by some winks which she observed to pass between Hector and the old lady, who was the only female that appeared; she was urged to take a glass of wine, which she declined; when the lady said, she would make a little *negus*, and before Ellen had time to refuse, went out, and soon returned with the *negus*, which, after reiterated entreaties, she put to her lips, but perceiving that it had something very peculiar in the taste, put it down, persisting in her refusal to drink it, at which she thought both seemed disappointed; she was then offered brandy, which was also peremptorily refused. The lady and Hector seemed to outvie each other in their attentions to their guest, and each partook of the wine on the table. Hector continuing to swallow bumper after bumper, as he said, in gratitude for Miss Gray's safety, the lady requested him to halt; but he rose, helped himself to another bottle, which having nearly emptied, the lady stole out of the room. Hector then swallowed a large bumper of brandy, and when Ellen, who was now much alarmed, requested him to forbear, he rose, seated himself on the sofa beside her, and much intoxicated, or seeming to be so, clasped her in his arms, and began to utter much fulsome, common-place stuff; but finding his blandishments resented, for she had started to her feet, he rushed forward, bolted the door, and proceeded to such freedoms, that she could no longer mistake his purpose. She had struggled till her

strength was almost exhausted, and her screams and cries for assistance being disregarded, she had almost despaired of relief, when I burst open the door.

Such was the dreadful tale of Ellen, and it left not a doubt that the scheme had been premeditated. The fire had been got under, after considerable damage was done, and many lives placed in imminent danger; and I had very little doubt that Hector had been the incendiary, for the purpose of promoting his diabolical intention.

There appeared obvious reasons for removing Ellen from Aberdeen for the present, and having obtained her consent to permit me to accompany her to the manse that day, she set about making ready, while I left her under pretence of engaging a carriage for our journey,—wrote a challenge to Hector, appointing a place of meeting early next morning,—found a friend who pledged himself to deliver it in person, if Hector was in town,—and returning to Ellen, drove off with her to the manse of Balwhinney. Under all the circumstances, it will not be wondered at if I forgot Mr Gray's injunction. Yes, I told my tale of love in the carriage, fondly and sincerely. It will, also, be no matter of surprise to those acquainted with the human heart, when they reflect on Ellen's situation, and the tumult in which her feelings must have been, that she could not disguise the state of her heart, even at a first declaration. Her mutual passion, although not acknowledged in words, was confessed by sighs, and evidences still less equivocal; and I have reason for believing that she almost blessed the accident which had afforded me the opportunity. We invented a plausible excuse for our abrupt visit, not to alarm her parents. Cool and deliberate prudence will pronounce a censure on my conduct; knowing how I had staked my life, it will be said that I ought not to have made a declaration, which, before another sun set, might make Ellen a widowed lover. This, I believe, is true; but my actions were seldom the result of cool prudence, and many were more blameable than this; my passions were in arms; and, besides, I felt a satisfac-

tion, that, should I fall in the approaching contest, Ellen would feel that it was for her sake: all this, I own, was selfish; but I record my actions as they were. We arrived safely at Balwhinney, and, after a short stay, I returned to town in the carriage, saw my friend, and was told the meeting would take place; wrote a letter to my sister, and another to Ellen, both to be delivered only in the event of my death; went to bed, and in spite of contending emotions, fell soundly asleep, which continued till I was called by my friend in the morning. I mention this, not as an instance of composure, but of that insensibility to the double guilt I was about to incur, that of deliberately sacrificing my own life, or taking that of another, perhaps both, when we should have to rush into the presence of our Almighty Judge with all our crimes upon our heads. There was also another cause, although one of far less importance, which might have kept my thoughts awake; in the event of my either killing or dangerously wounding my antagonist, flight became necessary; and whither should I fly, or what was to be my future destiny? These thoughts had all passed over my mind; but I was willing to banish them as long as possible. To be brief,—we met, fired at the same instant without effect; the seconds proposed that we should shake hands, and part: I declared myself satisfied, but refused to shake hands. "Load, and fire again!" exclaimed Hector, indignantly; and he refused to quit the ground. I own this proposal gave me much satisfaction; we fired a second time; his shot slightly grazed my shoulder, but he fell; and our seconds, who were both surgeons, pronounced his wound highly dangerous,—most probably mortal, and recommended to me to fly without a moment's delay. Having stood for a minute or two irresolute, I approached Hector, stooped, and attempted to take his hand; he perceived my purpose, and in convulsive agony snatched it away, grinding his teeth, and grinning horribly; he uttered some sounds, but they were wholly inarticulate.

I now felt the inconvenience of not

having calculated upon consequences, and being better prepared to meet them. Had it not been for Ellen Gray, I could have left Scotland without a sigh; and my first impulse was, that I would see her once more, to take probably a last farewell; and avoiding the direct road, I hastened to the manse. There I found the family in agitation, the minister just preparing to set out for Aberdeen. Ellen's mind had become so disturbed during the night that she could not sleep, for a duel with Hector had then first entered her thoughts. Her parents saw at breakfast that she was greatly agitated; and then, for the first time, learned the danger from which I had rescued her. Mr Gray lost not a moment in preparing to prevent, if possible, that meeting which had already taken place, and was just departing when I entered. Ellen sprang from her seat, folded me in her arms, hailing me as her deliverer from worse than death; but started back, as she felt her hand almost filled with blood. Explanations now took place; and I informed them that I must fly, or abide my trial for murder; I had been seen passing through the village to the manse, and to conceal me appeared impossible. However, they proposed, in the first place, to examine my wound, which, although it had bled profusely, was found to be of no serious consequence. When it was dressed, the worthy minister, after warmly thanking me for the preservation of his daughter, gave me a serious and severe lecture on the guilt I had incurred; told me plainly that I was a murderer in the sight of Heaven; but concluded by saying, that although it had not been in the cause of his child, he would still afford me the means of escape, if possible, that I might have time and space for repentance; but how to conceal me till my wound should be healed was at present the difficulty. After some deliberation, the blood was washed from my coat, a bundle was made up in a handkerchief, which I slung over my shoulder on a staff; the minister accompanied me openly through the village, and parted with me on the public road to my father's, from which I soon diverged, secret-
ing myself in a copse at a little dis-

tance, from which I returned after night-fall, entered the church-yard, where I was soon met by Ellen and her mother, and conducted to a private apartment in the manse, where I continued several days. Here I was often visited by Ellen, unknown to her parents; and here we plighted constant and unchangeable love—embraced—

And drank the tears each other shed!

And here let me acknowledge, that Ellen's chaste embrace diffused a rapture around my heart, shed a thrill of extacy through my frame, which all the wanton pleasures in which I had hitherto indulged had failed to inspire; and I felt as if I could have consented to be a prisoner for life, with Ellen to visit me once every day. Oh! that I had never left her, but had rather dared the utmost vengeance of the law!

But there was a necessity for my departure, and also for making up my mind whither I should go; and here it was matter of no small regret that all this had happened before my examination, as, had I received my certificate of being qualified to act as a surgeon, I might have found employment. Mr Gray had written my father, condoling with him on the accident, and expressing a hope that he would at least afford me the means of escape, and subsisting for some time in a land of strangers; but received a reply, written by my brother David, expressing a hope that I would meet the fate I deserved. My finances were reduced to five guineas; but this I carefully concealed from the minister. It was at last recommended by him, and seemingly acceded to by me, that I should go to America, *via* Greenock, although I was conscious I had not the means of paying my passage. It was agreed that I should start at midnight, and travel hard till day, avoiding public roads. Ellen presented me with a locket, containing a lock of her hair, intertwined with mine, and shewed me the fellow of it in her breast; Mrs Gray made up for me a bundle of linen and other necessaries. The hour of parting came; I embraced Ellen in the presence of her parents, but our hearts were too full for speaking. The good pastor put into my

hand a packet, saying, it contained some sound advice, from a sincere friend, and earnestly expressed his hope that I would find it useful. He took my hand, pressed it warmly in solemn silence, and I believe was addressing a mental prayer to Heaven for me; a tear was trembling in his eye, he softly opened the door, half-whispered, "Farewell, and may Heaven bless you!" My heart was full,—I rushed out, and took my "solitary way."

Conscious of not having it in my power to pay my freight across the Atlantic, I proceeded to Dundee, intending to take shipping for London; but no vessel being to sail for some days, I pushed on to Leith, where I expected to find a ready passage, when, having just stepped on the pier, I was met by an Aberdeen merchant, with whom I was intimately acquainted. I believe I coloured at the meeting; but he took my hand, and said, "Come this way." He led me into a tavern, and addressed me, saying; "Be not afraid of me betraying you; I know you have shot that blackguard Jarvis, by which you have done more service to Aberdeen than you are perhaps aware of. Ellen Gray is a relation of my wife's; we have heard all the story; and I will serve you, if in my power. Whither are you bound? but do not tell me, except you can trust me." I was no stranger to his character for probity, and therefore frankly told him that I had formed no resolution. "Come," said he; "I sail to-morrow from this for Liverpool; you shall go along with me; and as I have some acquaintances there, something may be done; at any rate, your chance is as good as any where else, and you will at least be out of the way; for although Jarvis was not dead when I left Aberdeen, his recovery was very hopeless." I was easily persuaded, and we sailed with the morning tide. Ingoing up the canal, I opened my friend's packet, resolved to read his parting advice; when the first thing that presented itself was two bank-notes of ten pounds each. The letter was a large sheet, closely written, consisting of advice and admonitions, which, alas! although I highly esteemed, I have too fatally neglected.

Arrived at the Frith of Clyde, I

almost wished to proceed to the New World; but Ellen Gray came across my mind, and I deemed Liverpool at home, in comparison, and proceeded with my new friend. It was early in the French war, and he introduced me to some merchants of his acquaintance, stating my qualifications.

In two days after my arrival, I had an offer to go out to the coast of Africa, a surgeon of a slave-ship; this was not to my liking; however, willing to know the terms, I agreed to meet the Captain and two of the owners at a coffee-house in the city. The reader may guess my surprise, when I was introduced to Captain Burman, of the *Swan*, African trader, and found him the same man whom I had seen at my father's as Captain Sydney, of the *Calypso*, East Indianman: this discovery closed my negotiations in that quarter. Next day I received an offer to go out as surgeon, on board a privateer then fitting out for her first voyage. This was, in every respect, more suited to my inclination than a slave-ship; and the gentleman to whom I had been introduced recommending it as a favourable adventure for an enterprising young man, I closed with the owners; my agreement was extended, and I waited with impatience, and some degree of apprehension, till the *Wasp* should be ready to sail; imagining that I had made at least one step in the path to virtue, by declining to have any concern with slavery, forgetting that my preference had been given because I considered myself more on the road to fortune in the privateer; and also neglecting to reckon, that, whatever wealth I acquired, was to be by plundering the peaceable and inoffending merchant, who might probably be reduced to poverty and want in consequence.

We sailed on our legal piracy, and had been but a short time at sea when we captured a rich prize, without bloodshed, and were busy calculating our respective shares of the spoil, and dreaming of future plunder, when we were chased by a French frigate. As she seemed to be small, and our escape impossible, we determined to shew British courage, and fight while we could man our guns. This resolution was fool-

hardiness, rather than true fortitude; however, we fought with desperation, killing many and wounding more, on board our antagonist; when, coming to close quarters, we were boarded, and obliged to strike to the Louise, Captain Le Brun, who, greatly irritated at our obstinate resistance, and the carnage which had taken place on board his ship, treated us with much severity, ordering Captain and crew to be put in irons. But fortunately for me, the surgeon of the Louise was sick, and unable to rise. When Captain Le Brun understood my profession, I was instantly released, and soon had my hands full of employment. Captain Le Brun's left arm was dreadfully shattered; and his own surgeon, although unable to perform the operation, gave it as his decided opinion that amputation was unavoidable, and the only means of preventing mortification. When I

was desired to speak, I did so with confidence, and affirmed, that if the patient put himself under my care, I would undertake the cure, and preserve his arm. Le Brun was a young man, in good health; a hardy, fearless fellow, and he consented to my proposal. The Wasp, with its Captain and crew in irons, were sent into Brest, accompanied by their recent prize; I was kept on board the Louise, which continued at sea for several weeks, during which I had completed my cure on Captain Le Brun's arm.

The Louise arrived at L'Orient, when Le Brun said he must deliver me up as prisoner, but would do his utmost for my liberation, which he hoped to obtain. I was therefore thrown into confinement, the precursor of vicissitudes yet to be related, in the last part of my eventful history.

MY RUSTIC COUSIN AT CHURCH.

DEAR BOB,

My cousin George arrived from the country last Saturday evening; I was glad to see him, certainly, and would willingly have put myself to some trouble on his account; but, really the awkwardness of his manner, the vulgarity of his address, and the perfect rusticity of the whole man, have been productive of miseries and vexations to me altogether unparalleled. I took him to church with me on Sunday, and there I first experienced the uncomfortable apprehension, that, being the companion of a rustic, I myself would be set down as his compeer in vulgarity. It would be tedious to detail all the little annoyances I suffered from his peculiarities, (to give them the softest name I can,) during divine worship. Accustomed to the noise and discord of a country church, where men, women, and children, and an equal-numerous assemblage of shepherds' dogs, all lift up their voices in contentious strife for the loudest noise, my unsophisticated friend commenced the psalm in immediate concert with the precentor, at the very bottommost tone of his deep, monotonous voice, and, to the utter astonishment of the fashionable world around, bellowed out the notes

with an emphasis which no half-dozen voices in the whole church could have surpassed. Had his *execution* been at all tolerable, it might perhaps have been supposed that a harmless degree of vanity had prevailed upon his better judgment to try a scientific display in despite of time and place; but the manner in which he abused certain parts of the sacred music, from his following the notes employed in his own country church, convinced every one that he aimed at nothing of the sort; and the listeners were, therefore, left to conjecture that the extraordinary noise proceeded either from intensity of devotional feeling, or from a rude and barbarous taste. Though his mouth, which was kept conspicuously open by his vocal exertion, indicated pretty, obviously, that, from its wide orifice, the music issued, yet so alarmed was I that eyes would turn towards me, to witness the visible part of the performance, and so much was I ashamed, to own the truth, of the ridiculousness of my honest cousin's Stentorian efforts, that, to hide all the blushes which my beard and whiskers did not conceal, I modestly kept my head

upon the pew till the singing had fairly ceased. I was just beginning to enjoy that satisfactory relief which one naturally experiences *after* an annoyance of any kind, and had begun to join devoutly in the sentiments of one of our excellent Doctor's most impressive prayers, when another little singularity in my friend's conduct again warmed my cheek; and really considering the sensitive and highly-polished people by whom I was surrounded, I had reason to feel somewhat alarmed lest we should figure in the conversation of the family circles in the evening. He had just discovered, on giving his head a rough scratch, that his nails had been allowed to grow to a very inconvenient length; and to curtail them by the readiest means possible, he thoughtlessly commenced an attack upon them with his teeth. Had we been in a retired corner of the church, I should have felt comparatively little; but standing as we were, in a very conspicuous part of it, and exposed to view from all quarters, I felt almost convinced that we formed the *focus* where the glances of the whole assembly were concentrated. To lay my head down during prayer was vulgar, and would, I thought, have established, to every one's satisfaction, my connection with the "vulgar fellow" beside me. I therefore remained standing erect, trying every device to divert him from his unseemly employment, and was just in the act of turning round to give him a significant wink, when he very dexterously, though of course quite unintentionally, spit a small piece of nail directly into my right eye. Blinded outright by this accident, and conscious that it must have been noticed by numbers around, I could almost have cleared the pew at a single vault, and groped my way to the door; but decorum bade me be quiet. To conceal my torment, both mental and physical, for the sharp splinter of nail pained me exceedingly, I sat down,—and, to add to my distress, so did my friend. Determined, if not to cure, at least to console me, he commenced to whisper, or rather talk most audibly into my ear—protesting that he was exceedingly sorry for the accident—hoping that I

would easily get quit of the piece of nail, and asking if I had got my "silk handkerchief" with me; as if I had had only one "silk hankerchief" in the world. Nearly as much perplexed as myself, Mr George exercised all his ingenuity to fall upon a method for ridding my eye of the cause of my torment, and his singularly tenacious memory most unhappily supplied him with a recipe which he afterwards told me had been recommended to him by his good old grandmother, who had often employed it with entire success. This notable appliance was nothing else than a quantity of snuff blown into the distressed eye, in order that the copious flood of tears thereby produced might run off the mote. Without saying a word, therefore, he seized his snuff-box, and placing as much snuff as could conveniently be lifted with three fingers on the back of his hand, he placed himself in such an attitude as that, when I opened my eye, he might have a fair opportunity of blowing the snuff directly into it. The unique position in which he had placed his body for this purpose, the steady and earnest expression of his countenance, with his hand uplifted, and o'ercowered with snuff, had all an effect sufficiently striking to attract universal notice. The risible propensities of some were of course strongly urged to give way to the impulse, while others, in spite of every solemn and religious restraint, could not repress both visible and audible symptoms of merriment. It was to cast a glance around me, on hearing a smothered laugh from a young lady, that I ventured, almost unconsciously, to open my left eye, when my friend, too intent on his benevolent purpose, most anxiously seized the opportunity to puff the cordial snuff into it. He did this so dexterously, and with such particular effect withal, that my eye was literally filled with it. You may partly conceive my utter astonishment at what appeared to me the most extraordinary piece of treatment I had ever received at the hands of any man. Had it been the painful eye which he treated in this way, it might probably have struck me that he intended the snuff as a remedy; but so far was this from occurring to

me, when I found that he had effectually deprived me of sight in both eyes, I conceived that he was using the freedom of attempting to play off a very sorry joke upon me. Indeed resentment on this account had, at the moment, nearly overcome a sense of propriety. This sudden impulse, added to the unqualified torment which the pungent snuff caused in my left eye, and the sharp piece of nail in my right, quite stupified and confounded me; and unwittingly standing bolt upright—for by this time the minister was reading a chapter of the Bible, and every one, save myself, was sitting—I could only alternately gape wide, and grin bitterly, and compress my eyes as firmly as possible,—all to the inexpressible amusement of the wondering congregation. It is difficult to conjecture how I might have further comported myself in this trying situation, had not George timeously applied his mouth to my ear, talking about horrible blunders, and anxiously begging my pardon for the unfortunate mistake he had committed. My brief length would hardly have been noticed by more than perhaps the half of all the people in the church; but George's extraordinary altitude, towering aloft like a beacon at sea, was a mark too conspicuous to be overlooked by an individual in it; consequently an attempt to conceal matters, even in part, was now entirely hopeless. George's whisper, however, reminded me of the propriety of at least sitting down. After deliberately looking abroad upon the people, and taking a hearty pinch, as if to convince them of the energies of his nasal organs—for even this simple act was productive of a hoarse, rumbling noise, like that of a bustling stream gurgling into a hole across a road—after all this, George again also took his seat. I am quite convinced that there are abundance of materials in every man's own breast to make a hell of, in the other life, without the auxiliary aid of real fire and brimstone. What I felt on this occasion convinced me of the fact. Besides that feeling of shame to which I am naturally so peculiarly liable, on the smallest notice being taken of me, especially when I am the object of merriment, and which feeling I then experienced

in the most excruciating degree of intensity,—besides the misery of reflecting that I should afterwards be referred to as the chiefest hero in a burlesque mishap in the church, occasioned by the rude officiousness of a half-uncivilized rustic—I moreover felt my very heart fall flat upon my side, when the thought struck me, in overwhelming conviction, that one particular individual, who sat right opposite me, was witness to the whole affair. Slightly acquainted with her, and anxious to ingratiate myself into her especial favour, I would have been alarmed at the minutest incident that could possibly have tended to create in her mind a prejudice against me; but, alas! what could now be done? 'Twas, I thought, all over with me, for no man ever cut so ludicrous a figure in a church before,—at least it was one so very unsentimental, that I felt quite satisfied she would discard me for ever.

But while my despair increased, my eyes apace recovered their wonted powers of vision. It is likely, after all, that the snuff in the left eye had communicated a sympathy to the right one, of sufficient efficacy to rid it of the piece of nail; at any rate, it annoyed me no longer. In the mean time, George had completely regained his former composure, and had retired to the farthest end of the seat, of which we were the only occupants, in order that he might get his body comfortably adjusted in the corner, either to listen to the sermon, or take a nap, as his inclination might suggest. His greyhound bitch, for we were forced to take the brute along with us, lest she should have lost herself before we got home, also occupied a part of the corner for a while; but finding herself somewhat confined in that situation, and becoming weary, probably from the length of the Doctor's excellent discourse, the animal lazily stretched herself out, yawned, and then, to see what was going on around, she deliberately and very quietly mounted the seat. On looking abroad, she unluckily perceived hard by her master's inviting mouth wide open, with his eyes shut, and his head hanging drowsily back upon his shoulders; so, couching her ears,

and poking forward her long lean nose, with considerable apparent familiarity, she first wagged her tail, and then, in the presence of all the people, gave her master a hearty, though unceremonious salute! A thundering snore followed this act of kindness, and it was just when the affectionate animal was about to repeat it, that her master discovered what had happened. Enraged at such an unwarrantable liberty, Mr George swung round his arm, and, with his great clenched fist, hit poor Fly a most unfeeling blow right upon the chops, which sent her tumbling and whining to the bottom of the seat, carrying hats, bibles, and psalm-books, along with her. Those who witnessed even the former exhibition without so far forgetting the sanctity of the place as to allow a smile to encircle their lips, found it utterly impossible to resist this fresh attack upon their risible propensities. And George's ingenious hawking, and spitting, and wiping his mouth with a handkerchief, and an occasional

blow with his foot upon poor Fly's shoulders, announced pretty intelligibly to those who had not seen all that took place what had occurred. Even they found it no easy matter to behave with decorum; and really, considering all the circumstances, I do not see that they could be charged with any serious moral iniquity, in consequence merely of their finding it impossible to hold their risibility under absolute gubernation. For my part, the animal's impertinent appearance on the seat at first so surprised me, that I had not presence of mind either to put her down, or give my fist a significant shake at her, but I did not anticipate that the warmth of her heart would lead to such a consummation.

It was only last night that we attended a place of fashionable resort; but the recollection of what befel us there is too fresh in my mind to permit me to write impartially, so I shall reserve the particulars to my next. Meanwhile, I am, &c.

PETER TOSH.

CLASSICAL REVERIES.

No. VIII.

IN perusing the classics, we are too apt to read with a critical eye. We are constantly on the outlook for squalls, and thus lose the enjoyment of calm and propitious weather. We are more delighted with the discovery of one lurking and withdrawing meaning or reading, than if we had felt ourselves, and been instrumental in causing others to feel, the full and fair swing of the author's sense and beauties. Our eyes thus become microscopic, and whilst, with various insects, we can scan what lies within the contracted sphere of our vision, we are totally, or but partially, sensible of the great whole over which we are travelling,—we see “but in part;” and seeing only in part, each individual fragment assumes the bearing and the features of a separate unity, and we judge of that which, to be rightly judged and appreciated, should be viewed in its relations merely by its own intrinsic and unconnected import. This verily is an evil under the sun, and if the one-half of the volumes had been

employed in estimating the beauties and characteristic excellencies of the classical authors, which have been composed with a view to the elucidation of their difficulties, we should, indeed, have had fewer critics and pedants, but this deficiency would have been amply supplied by an abundant harvest of liberal and enlightened scholars,—of minds suited and prepared, in consequence of classical studious and acquirements, for a more efficient and becoming discharge of professional duty, and for a more elegant and refined enjoyment of life. In regarding Virgil or Horace, we are apt to have a constant reference to these “*loci difficiliores*” which have perplexed and bewildered criticism from time immemorial; whilst in reading Thomson or Burns, our sole and undivided attention and feelings are directed towards and absorbed by the great outline, the general scope, and effect of the author's writings. We stoop not, from the eminence of admiration, to investigate too minutely the

grounds upon which our admiration rests. We are content to know intuitively, that we do actually feel and enjoy, nor do we dissect and analyze, as we advance, the sources of our feeling and enjoyment. The boy who, in his attempts to investigate into the construction of the "soap-bell," annihilated at a touch the splendid exhibition before him, resembles, in more points than one, the dissector of feeling,—the scrutinizer of those nice and delicate cords by which our perceptions and affections are linked, in gratification and delight, to moral or physical excitement. Sterne's man, who is pleased, he knows not why, or wherefore, is, after all, the very man who, speaking in reference to what may be called the instinctive perceptions of our nature, is most decidedly gratified. Yet it cannot be denied that, in the pauses of analysis, in the very exercise of investigation and discovery, there is a pleasure of self-approbation,—there is a perception of power, which yields a delight of its own, and which is not without its advocates and its recommendations. When Alison, for example, lays open before us the principles of association, and points out to us, in language peculiar to his own classical pen, those unheeded but indisputable means by which, in a variety of ways, we are made to admire, dislike, enjoy, and suffer, as we do, we feel astonished at the force of the truth which is brought under our view; we wonder why we did not ourselves see what every one had the means *within himself* of seeing; and we congratulate ourselves as those do who are behind the curtain, and who alone see the secret springs by which the stage-exhibition is marked. Yet, after all, it is the audience rather than the actors who enjoy the play; and in proportion to our ignorance of the means of deception is our interest in the effect. The conclusion, then, of the whole matter is this: to such as are actors in the drama of classical exhibition, that is, to teachers and instructors of youth, it may afford pleasure, and prove essentially useful to become acquainted with the secrets of their art,—with the means

by which effects are produced; but to the great proportion of mankind such knowledge is in a great measure superfluous. A man, for example, may read Virgil, as I have been doing for some weeks past, in the open air,—amongst the mountains,—under the canopy of white cloud and blue sky*,—amongst woods and wilds, green nooks, and heather-bells; he may read him in a small octavo form, without note, commentary, or varied reading,—without vocabulary or dictionary; and thus he may enjoy him in all his true and peculiar character as a poet of Nature, and even as a Roman poet, more than if he had Heyne's splendid edition before him, and tables loaded with folio dictionaries all around him. To feel the poets in particular, of whatever country or language they may be, one must be in a condition, and in a *humour*, so to speak, to feel them. One cannot take fire to his bosom, by thinking of the frosty Caucasus; no more can one enjoy the Nisus and Euryalus of Virgil, whilst labouring under a fit of the toothache, or sitting immured in a gloomy and dusky chamber. But in discovering that the poets can only be *felt* when they are read as a relaxation and as an amusement, I have not said all that may safely be advanced in favour of this method of reading; I aver, that in this manner alone they can be fully and often critically *understood*. They are thus seen as a whole, and, under the sanction of an attuned and harmonized spirit in the reader, they discover new features and meanings, unknown or unnoticed before. "Read," says Littleton, "the Epistles of St. Paul, from end to end, and at one sitting, if you wish to understand or to relish them;" and read, say I, the Episode of Dido, of Nisus and Euryalus, or the Descent of Æneas, or any other ode, narrative, or episode, at one *reading*, if you hope to see or to relish its beauties. Whatever is perfect is "*teres et rotundus*," and you cannot commit an incision or division upon it without injury to a certain amount. You may afterwards, indeed, and with a critical eye, pick up and consider peculiari-

* Written in September, but mislaid till February.

ties ; but stop not your advance in the meantime,—let your first reading be dedicated to *feeling*,—endeavour to lose all sight of the sun's spots for the time ; you will afterwards find leisure to scrutinize more minutely. It was in consequence of this process of reading that I came to understand the full force and beauty of a passage to which no critic, so far as I know, has ever, in the most distant manner, referred. The discovery, it is true, will not rank the author with the Heynes and the Butlers (I beg his pardon for calling him *Barter* in a former reverie) of the present day ; but it will serve to illustrate my meaning, and may, by possibility, prove the means of encouraging others to more successful efforts in the same way.

The character and origin of Nisus is given from line 176 of the ninth book ; and it is beautifully said of him, in connection with Euryalus,

His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella
ruebant.

Nisus is then represented as addressing Euryalus, describing, in powerful language, his feeling, and proposing the fatal attack upon the enemy.—Line 185,

Nisus ait, Dine hunc ardorem mentibus
addunt

Euryale ? an sua cuique Deus sit dira
cupido ?

Aut pugnam, aut aliquid jamdudum in-
vadere magnum

Mens agitat mihi, NEC PLACIDA CON-
TENTA QUIETE EST.

It is upon the reference of this last expression, contained in the 187th line, to that which is afterwards made use of in the 445th line, that my criticism hinges.

Nisus sets out along with his friend. They are at first successful in their night sally ; but during their retreat, Euryalus misses his way in the wood, and Nisus

Rursus perplexum iter omne revolvens
Fallacis silvæ,

returns upon his steps in quest of his friend. In the mean time,

Audit equos, audit strepitus et signa se-
quentum,

and he sees Euryalus a captive in the possession of the enemy.

Hereupon, sheltered as yet by the concealment of the wood, he makes an unequal and an unaided attack upon the enemy. This, as might naturally be expected, brings on the crisis of Euryalus' fate.

Sævit atrox Volentis nec tell conspicit
usquam

Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere
possit.

Tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine
poenas

Persolves amborum, inquit : simul ense
recluso

That in Euryalum.

Nisus can stand this no longer ; he bursts from the thicket, throws himself betwixt the sword of the foe and the breast of his friend, ejaculating—
Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me con-
vertite ferrum !

His interference, however, as might naturally be expected, is not only ineffectual in respect of his friend, but fatal to himself, for we are told,

Volvitur Euryalus leto, &c.

and then follows the much-admired simile :—

Purpureus veluti cum flos, succisus uratro,
Languescit moriens ; lassove papavera
collo

Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gra-
vantur

which only yields, in softness and delicate beauty, to that similar passage in the 62d carmen of Catullus, from which, in all probability, it is borrowed :

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat
imber ;

Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ :
Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.

Nisus, seeing the fate of his friend, becomes frantic, "*ruit in medios,*" "*rotat ensem,*" kills the murderer of Euryalus, and then mark what follows :

Tum super exanimem sese projectit atni-
cum

Confossus, PLACIDAQUE IBI DEMUM
MORTE QUIEVIT.

In the 187th line, formerly quoted, have

NEC PLACIDA CONTENTA QUIETE EST,

which describes that restless state of mind under which Nisus found himself at the outset of this affair, and which he himself seems to consider as indicative of his approaching destiny.

Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt.

That rest, however, which, whilst alive, he could not find, he is finely and expressively represented as having at last attained *at his death*, when, after having avenged his friend, and sold his life as dearly as possible, he throws himself upon the dead body of Euryalus, and then at *last*—at length—“*placida contenta quiete est;*” in other words, “*placida ibi demum morte quievit!*”

The word “*demum*,” under this view of the subject, manifestly acquires an expression, and an appropriateness of application, which no other reference would possibly attach to it; “*demum*,” then, but not till then, after having undergone the destiny of the gods, and experienced the consequences of that “*dira cupido*,” with which as with a divine furor he felt himself actuated and assisted, he comes to that state, into which this “*aliquid magnum*” had driven him; and he attains, or, as the old women of our native country expresses it, “*he wins to his rest*,” “*placida morte quievit.*”

What I aver is, that it is only by taking these two expressions, the one contained in the 187th, and the other in the 445th line, together, and in connection with each other, that the meaning of the author can be fairly and fully made out; and I affirm at the same time, that, by reading Virgil as a school-boy, or as a verbal critic, this connection will not readily be perceived. It is only by considering the story of Nisus and Euryalus as a whole, and by reading it as such, and at once, that the connection is clearly to be perceived.

Since I am upon the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, I may be pardoned for adverting to a passage a few lines in advance of the one already quoted, which has afforded ample scope for criticism, and which, like the rock amidst the ocean flood, still seems to preserve its original character and power of resistance. The method which I mean to pur-

sue on this occasion is precisely a prosecution of that plan which I have been all along recommending. It is not by any learned or curious inquiry into verbal meanings and constructions that I hope to succeed, but by considering and appreciating the character and feelings of the person into whose mouth the words are put, taken in connection with the circumstances in which she is placed. The affection of Euryalus for his mother is one of the most affecting and finely-represented parts of this delightful narrative:

*Sed te super omnia dona
Unum oro: genetrix Priami de gente
vetusta*

*Est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non
Ilia tellus*

At tu, oro, solare inopem, et securre relictæ.

This is addressed by Euryalus to Ascanius, previous to his undertaking the dangerous assault; and having obtained the young Prince's pledge in regard to his mother, he sets out with a lighter heart, and a more assured resolve. But in a little time,

*Nuntia Fama ruit, * * **

and the unfortunate mother learns, all too soon, that her beloved and affectionate boy has fallen in company with his inseparable friend and associate in arms, Nisus, whereupon

Excussi manibus radii, revolutaque pensa,

Evolat infelix, et, femineo ululatu,

Scissa comam, muros amens atque agmina cursu

Prima petit.

The bleeding “head” of her son, borne along by the enemy, in front of the Trojan lines, and on the point of a pike, is the very first object which arrests her attention, and verifies but too surely the sad tidings which she had just received. Her conduct now assumes all the demonstration of sorrow, exasperated into fury and madness; she becomes altogether insensible of danger, rushes forward—

** * Non illa virum, non illa pericli
Telorumque memor. * **

setting the enemy at defiance; and

intent upon one object, and 'upon one only, she instantly vociferates

Hunc ego te Euryale aspicio? * * *

Her language, being that of extreme passion, is direct and elliptical; there are two ideas prominent in her mind, the one suggested by the visible object before her, "her son's head," the other suggested by the contrast betwixt that dead and bloody object and the "*te Euryale*," the all of life and interest which was so lately attached to that name. Of the same nature with this is the exclamation of Nisus, on his sudden interference in behalf of his friend,—

Me, Me, adsum qui feci, in me converte ferrum;

and this tone of extreme passion, almost elevated into phrenzy, is preserved throughout the whole of her speech.

Tune, illa senectæ
Sera meæ requies, potuisti linquere solam
Crudelis.

And then, turning in imagination, as it were, from the head before her, to the dead body of her son, she exclaims,

Heu! terra ignota, canibus date præda
Latinis
Alitibusque, jaces!

There is here a kind of confusion in her mind, occasioned by the double aspect under which she is all along forced to contemplate the object of her lamentation. The "*hunc*" of the former verse is undoubtedly "the head on the point of the pike" before her; whilst the "*Euryale*" comprehends "both head and body." And in the same manner the expressions immediately following, which have occasioned so much dispute, appear to me capable of consistent and characteristic elucidation—

Nec te tua funera Mater
Produxi, pressive oculos, aut vulnera
lavi,
Veste tegens. * * *

When she says "*te*," she undoubtedly addresses Euryalus as the Euryalus of her affection, in the same sense in which she contemplates him in the 481st line, and afterwards in line 491; but she instantly seems to recollect herself of the *difference* be-

twixt the "*hunc*," the dead body (of which the spiked head was at once an evidence and a part) before her, and the "*te*" to which she clings, "in busy meddling memory," as a living image; her mind passes from "view to view, from aspect to aspect," with the rapidity of lightning; her brain is on fire, and the scintillations are quite as perplexing. The "*te*," therefore, all clothed in vestment of life before her, is *instantly* (and that rapidity is signified by the juxtaposition of the words in the expression) exchanged for the "*tua funera*," the "*te*" of line 481 for the "*hunc*," as it were; and she immediately recollects, that all which she can have before her now, which she can even imagine as *existing at the time of her speaking*, is the "*tua funera*," the "corpse" of her son. That "*tua funera*" may be fairly construed into a dead body, or corpse, appears evident from the 491st line, where we find

Et funus lacerum tellus habet— * * *

an evidence incontestible. Of the same class is the phrase elsewhere used by Virgil, "*Sunt et hic sua præmia laudi*," where "*laudi*" is placed for the *subject* of praise, for those who deserve praise, in the same manner as "*funus*" is placed for the subject of funeral, for that which requires funeral, for the corpse or dead body. The word "*produxi*" evidently refers to the bringing out and *exposing* of the dead body, and not to the birth of the child,—as appears, not only from what follows—

Pressive oculos, aut vulnera lavi,
but likewise from what goes before,
Heu! terra ignota, canibus date præda
Latinis
Alitibusque, jaces;
where these passages immediately and directly refer, the former to the rites of funeral, and the latter to the absence of those rites, which, from its consequences, was deemed a very serious evil by the ancients.

GAMMA.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have been favoured with some critical observations upon former reveries, from a correspondent H. I have not leisure at present to return thanks or an answer; both are forthcoming.—G.

MEMOIRS OF ANTONIO CANOVA *.

THIS is a book of much learning, and much patient and accurate research. It will be generally considered, we think, as supplying a vacancy in modern literature, by furnishing the world with the first extended or detailed account of the greatest name in modern art; and it appears to us not less valuable, as supplying, in addition to these details, by far the best account in our language of the gradual progress and decline of sculpture in Italy, the state of the art when Canova appeared, the principles which had occasioned its degradation, and the juster and more exalted views which led to the fortunate revolution in taste. The information on this subject, which could otherwise be acquired only by turning over innumerable works in Italian, reconciling contradictory statements, or rejecting suspicious evidence altogether, is here digested and methodized in a very beautiful preliminary chapter, which we regret that our limits will not allow us to enter upon, but which we recommend to every one who wishes to form a proper estimate of the character of Canova's genius, by viewing it in relation to the existing state of art at the time. We would particularly recommend to the notice of our readers the acute and eloquent criticism on the genius of Michael Angelo, where the beauties and defects of that great artist are stated and estimated with equal force, feeling, and correctness. In the meantime, we must hasten to Antonio himself.

Among the dependencies of the Venetian Republic is the obscure village of Possagno, situated among the recesses of the hills of Asolano. In this remote village Canova was born, on the morning of the 1st of November 1757. Pietro, his father, followed the occupation of a stone-cutter, and his mother was in no wise distinguished from the simple females of her native hamlet. On

the death of his father, which took place about three years after, his mother married again, and removed to Crespano with her second husband, Sartori. Young Canova was left at Possagno, under the care of his grandfather, Pasino, and his paternal grandmother, Catterina Ceccato.

Pasino, the grandfather, was a man whose acquirements appear to have been rather of a superior nature. He possessed some knowledge of architecture, designed with neatness, and shewed considerable taste in the execution of ornamented works in stucco, and sometimes in marble. He even ventured to sculpture a statue or two occasionally; and two angels of his workmanship are still to be seen in the Church of Monfumo. In short, without possessing any very remarkable talent himself, he seems to have been very well calculated to perceive it in others; and though unable to communicate either by precept or example, the higher elements of art, his taste for the arts may have cherished the inclination of his grandson to sculpture, and communicated that early bias and habitual devotion to a particular pursuit, which we are apt to consider as implanted by Nature herself. Almost as soon as young Tonin's† hand could hold a pencil, his affectionate grandfather began to initiate him in the principles of drawing. At a very tender age he commenced executing models in clay, and occasionally cut some of the larger fragments of marble into ornaments of various kinds. Two small shrines of Carrara marble, of which one is inlaid with coloured stones, executed in his ninth year, are still in the villa of his first patron, Falier.

In these simple studies were passed the years of his childhood, and the good effects of the early habits of attention thus acquired were visible in his after life. Like most men of real genius, young Canova was of

* *Memoirs of Antonio Canova, with a Critical Analysis of his Works, and an Historical View of Modern Sculpture.* By J. S. Memes, A. M., Member of the Astronomical Society of London, &c. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1825.

† The provincial diminutive of Antonio.

a quiet, retiring disposition, taking little interest in the sports of the village, and generally escaping from the noisy levity of the companions, to watch the labours of his grandfather in his workshop, or listen to the legendary tales and ballads of his grandmother, of which the old lady possessed a large stock. This taste for the popular fragments of his country, which in childhood held "divided empire" with his pursuits in art, survived during after life; and his friends yet recollect the pleasure he used to express on hearing similar compositions, and the animation with which he would himself recite them in the rich and expressive dialect of Venice, from the stores his infant fancy had thus collected.

Soon after the completion of his ninth year, Antonio appears to have been regularly employed under his grandfather, cultivating sculpture no longer as a mere boyish amusement, but as the profession by which he was to earn his future livelihood. During those intervals in which he was not engaged in these labours, his favourite pursuits of drawing and modelling were resumed with increased ardour. In drawing he made very rapid progress. In this situation he continued for about three years, destined, as it seemed, to bury his talents for life in an obscure village. But the favourable crisis which was to call him from seclusion, and furnish him with the means of improvement, was now near at hand.

The country round Possagno possesses considerable beauty, and its airy situation renders it a favourite summer retirement of the Venetian nobility. Pasino Canova, in the absence of artists from the capital, was frequently employed in the decoration or repairs of the villas near Possagno, and on these occasions he was generally accompanied by his grandson. At the villa d'Asolo, belonging to Signor Giovanni Falier of Venice, Pasino was a frequent visitor and a great favourite, and thus young Canova was introduced to the acquaintance and patronage of that family. A particular friendship commenced between Antonio and young Falier, which terminated only with life. Gradually Canova became so

great a favourite, that the senator Falier received him under his immediate protection, and determined to give every furtherance to the development of those talents which he appeared to possess.

A more marvellous account of his first introduction to the family of Falier has been given in the *Memorie Trivigiane sulle opere di disegno*; but its truth we think may fairly be questioned. At a festival, it is said, which was celebrated in the villa Falier, and attended by many of the Venetian nobility, the domestics had neglected to provide an ornament for the desert, without discovering the omission till the moment it was required to be supplied. In this distress they applied to Pasino, who happened at that time to be engaged at work in the house, accompanied by his grandson. The old man was fairly puzzled; his youthful associate seeing the necessity of the case, desired some butter to be brought to him, and from this material presently carved a lion, with such skill and effect, that, on being presented at table, it excited the attention and applause of all present. So singular an ornament naturally produced inquiry. The servants were questioned—the whole was disclosed—and Tonin Canova declared to be the contriver. Tonin was immediately called for; and blushing, half reluctant, apprehensive of having done something amiss, was ushered in to the brilliant assembly, when, to his relief, he received, instead of rebuke, the praises and caresses of the whole company.

Whatever may have been the circumstances, however, under which Canova was introduced to Falier, the kindness of that patron was speedily and effectually manifested towards him. He placed the young artist under the tuition of Bernardi, surnamed Toretto, a Venetian sculptor of rather superior abilities, who had fixed his temporary residence at Pagano. During the two years he remained with Toretto, Canova was indefatigable in drawing and modelling. Many of the productions of this period are still in the possession of the Falier family. The principal works, however, which he executed, during his studies under Toretto,

were the models of two angels in clay, executed during a short absence of Toretto, and without assistance from any similar figures. Being finished in secrecy, they were then placed in a conspicuous situation in the workshop, against the expected return of his master. The hopes and fears with which his instructor's looks were watched may easily be imagined. When at length the anxiously-longed-for crisis arrived, and Toretto's eye rested on these new creations of his trembling pupil, he is said to have remained in astonishment, exclaiming, "Ecco un lavor veramente meraviglioso."

The time passed at Pagnano always appeared to Canova one of the happiest periods of his life. The feelings with which he describes his mind as agitated are in the highest degree interesting:—

His mind appears to have been endowed, or rather oppressed by feelings, which seemed to require a peculiar language for their expression;—feelings which he could neither comprehend nor subdue; which were constantly urging him forward to some imaginary goal of superiority,—to some undefined exertion, the origin or object of which he could not even to himself either develop or explain. "He often felt," to borrow his own simple but expressive words, "as if he could have started on foot with a velocity to outstrip the wind, but without knowing whither to direct his steps; and when activity could no longer be supported, he would have desired to lie down and die." He would often gaze, said one of his early friends to the author, on the evening clouds, and on the mountains, from behind which their floating masses seemed to advance, as if he wished to mingle with their gilded forms,—to range unconfined the azure outline of the distant Alps,—or to penetrate the dim futurity beyond. At other times, he would hurry to his drawings—or models—or last performance; examine the objects again and again; then leave the place in seeming disappointment, and like one apparently in search of something which had not been found.

On the death of Toretto, which took place soon after, Canova was invited by his old friends, the Falieri, to Venice, and prosecuted his studies for some time under Giuseppe Ferrari, the nephew of his former master. His mornings were devoted to

the studies of the academy, or those of the Farsetti gallery, and the latter part of every day was passed in the less intellectual, but equally necessary labours of the workshop. He devoted also a part of the evening to his improvement in those branches of general education in which he felt himself to be deficient.

Thus passed, in academical or in private study, and in working under Toretto, the first year of Canova's residence in Venice; about which time he left the employment of the former, and commenced his own master. An undertaking hitherto not mentioned, had at leisure hours previously occupied his attention. His patron, anxious to possess some important specimen of his abilities, or willing to incite industry by a specified task, and most probably by a stipulated reward, had prescribed a group on the subject of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. They were to be represented at the moment when, through fond impatience, having broken the compact with the gloomy deity, the wretched lover beholds the object of his affection a second time, and for ever, torn from his arms. Such were the materials furnished to the artist, who, in all other respects, was left to the suggestions of his own taste, and the resource of unaided invention.

The model for the statue of *Eurydice* was now finished; and at this season the Falier family were about to leave town for their usual summer retreat at Asolo. To this retirement Canova also removed, carrying with him every thing necessary to complete, during his residence in the country, that part of his work thus commenced. In consequence of these preparations, therefore, at Asolo, in the villa Falier, where it still remains, was finished, towards the conclusion of his sixteenth year, the first original statue by Canova, or rather his earliest production, in which the human form was imitated in any material more durable than modelling clay. The present figure is executed in *pietra di Costanza*, a species of soft stone found near Vicenza, of a yellowish but not disagreeable tint, resembling marble discoloured by age. The statue is about the size of nature.

Eurydice is represented, amid flames and smoke, in act of leaving the infernal realms. A gigantic hand, intended to appear as if issuing from clouds and darkness which may be imagined to conceal the rest, has arrested her steps, and seizing its victim by the right arm, drags her backwards and downwards. The efforts to overcome this rude and sudden shock,

have thrown the body forwards, its whole weight being supported on the left limb, which is placed as if aiding the endeavour to spring from the iron grasp; while the left arm and hand are naturally extended towards her husband. The form is not without dignity; and there is an unaffected simplicity of action,—a feeling of truth, which afford no obscure premises of higher refinement. Grief and despair are sufficiently well expressed in the countenance; but perhaps we ought not in this performance to expect, and should not, therefore, feel disappointed, by the absence of that nice discernment which, in representing the effects of passion, teaches how to preserve the symmetry of youth and loveliness.

This statue, though it did not satisfy Canova, pleased his patron, who now recommended to his *protege* to present himself at once on the stage of public life. A vacant cell in the monastery of the Augustine Friars was assigned to his use, through the kindness of the Monks; and here, on the ground-floor of the inner cloister, Canova opened his first work-shop; here for four years he continued to reside and to labour. During this period he was employed on few pieces; the only performances which he inserted in the subsequent catalogue of his works being a statue of Orpheus, and a bust of the Doge Renier. It was in the solitude of this cloister, however, that Canova matured those ideas with regard to the true objects of art, and laid down that plan of study which afterwards made him the regenerator of modern sculpture.

Canova, at no season of life, was one of those who rest satisfied with having merely formed good resolutions. The plan of study, adopted after mature deliberation, was with steady assiduity pursued. The whole tendency of his endeavours was to ground his art on principles totally unconnected with living practice. He could then look for no assistance from contemporaries, with whom he cultivated little or no intercourse, and by whom, in return, he was regarded as a visionary youth, of some talent, but without fire or imagination;—for by such names they dignified their own aberrations from truth and nature. He could thus prosecute, in the seclusion which he loved, those methods of discipline which judgment instructed, or taste disposed him to prefer.

In his studio was constantly to be found something from nature, which might conduce to a knowledge of form or of expression. It was his frequent exercise to draw, or more generally to model, for several successive days, from the living subject. In thus diligently imitating, he never allowed his imagination, in the slightest manner, to deviate from nature, as presented to his view on these occasions. To such faithful accuracy had he accustomed himself in this respect, that his earlier works were asserted to have been wrought from casts taken from the living model.

Without entering at present into the inquiry, how far mere imitation of nature is the legitimate object of art, it will hardly be controverted, that correctness in this instance must form, at least, the best preparation for arriving at higher excellence. At the same time it must be acknowledged, that Canova, as his works sufficiently evince, long possessed no more enlarged ideas of beauty than such as nature actually exhibits to the observer. The quality which principally characterised his early genius was an extreme love of simplicity. Such a disposition of mind was quickly disgusted by the affected productions of living art, and by the models on which they were immediately formed. A taste capable of justly appreciating the recondite beauties of the antique, is itself the result of study and experience. This ardent love of simplicity, therefore, while it urged him to resort to that source, could be gratified by referring to nature alone. A long interval, however, elapsed before he displayed an acquaintance with those sublime principles of art which, in imitating Nature, produce creations, whose proximate archetypes have no real existence, yet whose exalted excellence is deduced from Nature herself.

To anatomy our young sculptor dedicated, at this time, a large portion of attention, this science being regarded by him, what it ought by every artist to be considered, “the secret of the art.” The perfection attained in his future labours confirms the remark which has been made on the precept,—“the greatest of moderns are those who have shewn themselves best acquainted with it.” Circumstances at first constrained him to remain satisfied with such knowledge of the subject as books and public lectures, or the dissection of inferior animals, could supply. Afterwards, which was continued even to a late period of life, it was his constant practice to study from the human subject, to dissect with his own hand, and to make studies, at least by sketching, and

frequently by modelling from every important part, or well-defined conformation in particular instances. A very intimate friend, who was admitted at all hours, finding him one morning thus employed, could not forbear observing how strange it seemed, that operations, often so revolting, should principally conduce to the beauty of performances which were distinguished by the utmost grace and loveliness. "Hast thou never remarked," replied the artist, "that the noblest edifices must be commenced by removing dirt and rubbish? yet on the proper degree of care with which this disgusting operation is performed, depend the solidity, the symmetry, and even existence of the future fabric."

Nor was it during the hours of solitary application only that the study of Nature occupied an observation ever awake to whatever might contribute to progress in art. It was Canova's custom at this time, accompanied generally by his youthful friend Falier, to indulge with moderation in the public amusements of the spectacles and theatres. In these scenes of enjoyment, however, the young artist never mingled as an idle spectator. His profession constantly engaged his thoughts; and these places of resort formed, to his penetrating eye, "living schools" of Nature, where she might be observed with every restraint removed, and where every passion is displayed without disguise. Whatever of interesting in expression, or striking in attitude, occurred on these occasions, was pointed out to his companion, and retained as an unerring precept in guiding his future practice. These casual accessions to the results of regular study were considered as most valuable acquisitions in the knowledge of what he emphatically termed "*Il scolpir del cuore*,"—"the sculpture of the heart."

Even in walking the streets, where that exercise can be enjoyed in Venice, these habits of observation were not intermitted. He would often stop before the workshop of some artisan, to remark the forceful yet easy positions into which the body was thrown in different occupations. On perceiving that he was observed by those who had been the objects of contemplation, he immediately retired, saying, "They will now endeavour to do their best, and consequently spoil all." So great was his love of simplicity. While traversing the long succession of spacious wharfs which line the beautiful and extensive basin, where the "rich argosies" once anchored, and which formed his favourite range, his progress was often arrested, in admiration of the well-formed trunk, or sinewy limbs of a porter

in powerful exertion. Where both the climate and the manners of the lower classes permit of less solicitude in the article of clothing than in more rigorous temperatures, such adventitious studies may be attended with considerable advantages. They may enable the artist to seize those fugitive effects of muscular action, which are so rarely to be perceived in the artificial movements and studied positions of academical figures. Canova had likewise acquired that happy disposition of mind, by which every thing useful is instantly appreciated, and in its proper order referred to the leading pursuit. Appearances thus hastily caught, were retained with such precision, that when the course of future study required, he could recal with certainty the acquisitions which chance had thrown in his way. On occasions where he deemed it of sufficient importance, he would produce finished drawings, from having taken on the spot the slightest hints of subjects thus accidentally presented. It seemed to possess, in an eminent degree, both the requisites which have been deemed necessary to form the sculptor,—a quick and energetic apprehension of material beauty, and a ready fidelity of hand in describing its contours.

We must pass over, unnoticed, some minor performances of Canova, to come to the group of Dædalus and Icarus. This piece was executed for the senator Pisani, and was originally intended for a niche in the centre pillar, between the double entrance doors of the palace; but such was the excellence of the finished production, that its possessor, esteeming it too valuable for such an external exposure, placed it, with some chefs-d'œuvres of the sister art, in an inner gallery, where its destined site still remains unoccupied. The following is Mr Memes' account and criticism of the piece:

In this group the figures are of the natural size, and naked, with the exception of a mantle, one corner of which is brought round the loins of Dædalus, while the rest falling behind in large masses, serves as a mutual support. They are preparing for their adventurous journey. The father is represented in an act of adapting to the shoulders of his son the fatal pinions, which he vainly hoped would waft him safely from Cretan bondage. Icarus, as if assisting, holds in his right hand part of the materials; but

seems chiefly engaged in watching the progress of the work, which he regards with all the careless unconcern of fearless youth. These different, but connected actions, have thrown both into attitudes extremely natural and simple, yet admitting the fullest effects of contrast. Dædalus rests on the right lower extremity; and extending behind his son the right arm, in order to adjust the wing, which, with the left hand brought forward, he is affixing with cord, presents in front his broad and muscular frame. The body is bent gently forwards, but the head being turned towards his son, the aged countenance, deeply marked with anxious expression, is seen in profile. Icarus, on the contrary, inclined towards his father, a side-view only of his slender and buoyant form is exposed. The head, indeed, being bent with a graceful inclination, and the looks directed to the right shoulder, the motion has turned the chest more in front, while it fully exhibits the sweet and placid countenance.

In the present group, the excellences and the defects of Canova's early manner are displayed in striking lights. The former consist in simplicity of style, and in the most faithful imitation of nature,—beauties essential to perfection, and for the absence of which nothing can compensate—while the latter are to be considered, not so much absolute blemishes, as indications of only relative proficiency in a mode of study of which such deficiencies are, at a certain stage, the necessary consequences. This method, however, prevented the sole means of rescuing the art from its then wretched condition, and of raising it to that state of purity and elegance by which it is now distinguished.

The characteristic failing is a want of elevation; and the desire of preserving extreme simplicity in the grouping, in the forms, and in the attitudes, has produced an effect approaching to poverty and constraint. These faults are more conspicuous in the figure and position of Dædalus, whose lower extremities, from the manner in which they are disposed, do not appear sufficiently developed. Hence, perhaps, the eye is not instantaneously assured that uniformity of action is preserved. The form and position of the left arm and shoulder also are particularly constrained and inelegant. The attitude of Icarus is easy; and though inferior in firmness and decision of outline to that of his father, his figure is more pleasing, and excites greater interest in the spectator. When the two figures, however, are considered in relation to the general effect of the group, their disposi-

tion is agreeable and judicious. The skilful manner in which the salient and retiring curves of the adjacent contours are made to correspond, is particularly to be admired. This is accomplished without the least appearance of art, by a slight elevation of the ground on which the more youthful figure is placed; an arrangement seemingly required by the operations in which they are engaged, and possessing the additional advantage of agreeably dividing the disparity of stature in the father and son.

So striking is the truth of representation, and so nearly does it approach to real nature, that when this group was afterwards exhibited in the residence of the Venetian Ambassador at Rome, many, who were themselves artists, suspected the original statues to have been copied from models executed by actual application of the soft material to the living form. "It appeared impossible," says a writer, speaking of this very work, "that the chisel could have so happily surprised those fugitive effects and movements, which for a long time had ceased to appear in the performances of modern sculpture, composed from memory, without any regard to the careful imitation of the natural."

This fidelity, however, is not accompanied with selection, nor ennobled by imagination. The forms, though exquisite examples of mechanical science, are such as common nature readily affords. In the figure of Dædalus there is even a degree of vulgarity. The head in particular is exactly such as the living model may be supposed to have presented; and its animated prototype might easily have been found in the streets, or on the canals of Venice. If the form of Icarus appear superior, it is chiefly because youth is naturally more beautiful than age. There is here, likewise, the same faithful imitation, but no attempt to elevate nature, or to refine character.

A new era in the life of Canova now commences with his visit to Rome. The state of sculpture in that capital, at the date of his arrival, was wretched. The name of our own Flaxman is the only one which stands out among the crowd of marble-cutters who then filled the studiî of Rome. In consequence of his introductions from the Faleri family, Canova was hospitably received by the Cavaliere Zuliani, the Venetian Ambassador at the Papal Court. Having discharged the immediate duties of hospitality, Zuliani's next

care was to cause the model of Dædalus and Icarus to be transmitted from Venice. As soon as it had arrived in Rome, the most celebrated artists and connoisseurs were invited to meet in the Venetian Palace, in order to examine a new work of art: Among the number were Volpato the engraver, Battoni the painter, Cadef, or Schadow, the sculptor, Gavin Hamilton the painter, whose work, "*Schola Italicae Picturae*," was then much read and admired; the Abbate Puccini, so justly celebrated for his knowledge and taste, with many others, who usually attended the learned and elegant assemblies of the Ambassador.

The trepidation with which Canova accompanied these distinguished individuals to the apartment where stood his last performance,—that on which his present, and now, in some measure, his future fame depended,—may easily be imagined. "Before we proceed to the examination of the work," said the Ambassador, addressing his friends, "permit me, Gentlemen, to introduce the artist," presenting Antonio at the same time, who till then had only been noticed as a guest. Placed around the group, each surveying it with the strictest scrutiny, a deep silence prevailed among the different members of the company. What trying moments were these to the feelings of its author! No one could venture directly to condemn, where correctness of expression, and fidelity in the imitation of nature, were so conspicuous; yet each was averse to hazard the first opinion on a style so different from that of existing art; the simple beauties of which, as compared with the affected and ostentatious manner then prevailing, seemed to border on poverty of effect and timidity of hand;—every one appeared anxious rather to learn the sentiments of the others, than to express his own. At length Hamilton advanced, and cordially embracing the trembling artist, congratulated him on the specimen of talent then exhibited, and on the methods of study which it was thence evident he had pursued; advising him strenuously to prosecute the same course of constantly referring to nature, but recommending, in addition, an assiduous and careful attention to the sculpture of antiquity. The subsequent applauses of all present fully justified the praises thus bestowed. It was on this occasion, as already mentioned, that even artists were deceived by the exquisite imitation of nature in the model, imagin-

ing it to have been originally taken from the living form.

The high opinion of the talents of Canova, which this performance had excited, induced his new patron to comply with the wish Canova had long cherished in secret, and now first ventured to express, of undertaking some group on a heroic subject, in marble. The choice of the subject was left to the artist, and the design which he selected was Theseus vanquishing the Minotaur. On this performance he laboured with assiduous, but concealed industry, no person being admitted into the apartment he occupied, and the Ambassador alone being acquainted with the subject of his studies. At last the group was finished.

On this occasion, in order to give full effect to the surprise and eclat of its first exhibition, an entertainment was given by the Venetian Ambassador to the most celebrated artists, men of letters, and other distinguished characters then in Rome. No previous intimation of a work thus carefully concealed had yet transpired; a model of the head of his victorious hero, purposely prepared by the artist, and placed in the apartments destined for the reception of the guests, was the first announcement of the new production. This beautiful and novel object, in such an assembly, naturally attracted universal attention; and the whole company by degrees had collected around it. Various were the opinions on its forms—its expression—its subject; and keen were the disputes to which it gave rise. All were agreed that the cast must have been taken from a work of Grecian sculpture, and of great merit; but they were divided on what it represented, and where the original was to be found. Some affirmed that they had seen it in such a collection;—some said it was in a different gallery;—part maintained that such a personage of antiquity was portrayed;—others asserted a contrary statement;—in short, the acknowledged beauty of the piece was the only common sentiment which experienced no opposition. Seizing the proper occasion, when he perceived every one to be thus deeply interested in the affair, "*Ebbene*," said the Ambassador, "*andiamo a vederne l'originale*;"—"Come, let us terminate these disputes, by going to see the original." All were astonished. What! the antique, about which so many conjectures had just been made, in the possession of their host! It

seemed hardly credible; and they eagerly followed to where Canova's Theseus, victorious over his cruel foe, in all the brightness of recent finish, and placed to the best advantage, was disclosed to view. The effects produced by this unexpected sight it is impossible to describe. Every feeling was absorbed in surprise, delight, and admiration. The work was universally pronounced to be one of the most perfect which Rome had beheld for ages; and artists, who afterwards pursued the sculptor with the envious malice of inferiority, were now silent, or hurried away by the unrestrained enthusiasm of the moment.

To the end of life, (*in fine della memoria,*) says one of his friends, Canova retained a fearful recollection of his feelings at this time; and was often heard to say, that death itself could not be more terrible than the mental sufferings which he endured while the carlier of these occurrences were passing. When such are the trembling sensibilities of genius, how great may be the evils inflicted by unthinking or injudicious criticism! They may extinguish for ever the flame of ge-

nuine inspiration,—lacerate the bosom which glows with the noblest and the best of sentiments,—or dash with irreparable sorrow a life which might have diffused knowledge and happiness. Let him, then, who presumes to sit in judgment on the productions of talent, be careful that the opinions which he delivers be matured by reflection, and dictated by truth: he has arrogated to himself an awful responsibility, under which the imbecile and the corrupt must sink in disgrace or infamy.

This great work established the character of Canova. He was immediately selected to execute the monument about to be erected to Clement XIV. (Ganganelli); and in his twenty-fifth year he abandoned the idea of returning to Venice, and opened that Studio in the Strada Babbuina, which so long continued to be one of the principal ornaments of Italy, and the daily resort of the most enlightened of every nation in Europe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Maldivian Boat.

“The Maldivian Islanders annually send adrift a boat, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea.”

LAUNCH ye the bark on the sunny shore,
But bring nor helm, nor sail, nor oar;
It must bound alone o'er the summer tide,
Not a hand to steer, not a sail to guide;
The peopled coast it must leave behind,
And be borne away by the viewless wind;
It must go, as the waves of the ocean, free,
A gift for the King of the dark-blue sea!

Launch ye the bark, and bring rich flowers
From your lemon groves and Acacian bowers;
Bring ye the roses that bloom all the year,
Fair as the roses of happy Cashmere;
Bring ye the lily and lotus that grow
Where the loveliest streams of Maldivia flow;
Bring ye the buds of the amra tree,
They are gifts for the King of the dark-blue sea!

Oh! the vessel is sacred, fling o'er it soft showers
Of sandal, and basil, and amaranth flowers,
For though gay are the garlands of famed Candahar,
Yet ours are more gay, more luxuriant by far;
And though rich are the perfumes of bright Bandemcer,
Yet perfumes as rich, as enchanting are here;
They have lured from far meadows the damsel and bee,
But their dews and their honeys must float o'er the sea.

Bring fruits too—ripe fruits—such as Malay might boast,
 Such as smile in gay bloom on the Indian coast ;
 Grapes, like the grapes of Casbin—and plantains,
 From the gardens of Caubul, or Bockara's plains ;
 And apples, all golden, 'mong leaves of fresh green ;
 The date, the pomegranate, and rich mangusteen ;
 And the orange and cherry from sunny Cobhee,
 They are gifts—welcome gifts—for the King of the sea !

Now launch ye the bark, let it wander away,
 With its fruits, and its incense, and festoons so gay ;
 Let it wander away to the east or the west,
 Where the day-god awakes, or reposes in rest ;
 The nymphs of the deep will sport round it, and sing
 Glad songs as they bear it, in joy, to their King ;
 Then launch ye the bark, for as ocean's waves free,
 It must float to the Spirit who reigns o'er the sea !

H. G. B.

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
 CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. IX.

THE Ninth General Assembly was held at Edinburgh, in the "Over Tolbuith," on the 25th December 1564. The exhortation and invocation having been made by Knox, some additional regulations were passed for conducting the business of the Court. At some of their former meetings, a Moderator had been appointed, and this arrangement seems to have proved very convenient ; for in this Assembly a formal motion was made to continue the office. "For eschewing of confusion, and that every brother sould speake in his awin rounge, with modestie, it was thocht good that ane Moderator sould be appointit." The office was, in this Assembly, conferred upon John Erskine of Dun, Superintendent of Angus and Mearns, who had merited every mark of honour which the Church could confer. He was the heir of an ancient house, and had all the education which Scotland could afford, and also the benefit of foreign study. He had the honour of being the first to introduce the teaching of Greek in Scotland, and seems to have been very early convinced of the errors of Popery. His house was the hospitable resort of many of the first Reformers. Wishart is said to have dispensed the sacrament of the supper at Dunn in 1544. Willock used to come from Einbden to Dun-

dee ; and a great familiarity was contracted between him and Erskine. Knox visited him more than once. In 1555 he came to Edinburgh, and taught the doctrines of the Reformation privately. In 1558 he is mentioned as exhorting publicly. In the first General Assembly, he was reckoned qualified to minister, and was soon after appointed Superintendent of Angus and Mearns. The subsequent history of this good man, till his death in 1591, is very much identified with the history of the Church. On the present occasion, his election as Moderator was unanimous on the part of the Assembly, and the office seems to have been readily accepted by himself. Besides the appointment of a Moderator, the business of the Assembly must have been still farther facilitated by the following regulation :

"Ordainit, that no question be proponeit be any brother unto the tyme the affairies of the Kirk, and ordour thereof, be first tratit and endit ; and thereafter, if any brother have a question worthlie to be proponeit, that the sainen be put in wryte and presentit ; and if the sainen requires hastie resolution, it sal be decydit in this present Assemblie befor the end thereof: utherwayes, the decisioun of the sainen sal be referrit to every ane of the Su-

perintendants within whose bounds the question is proponeit; and they, and every one of them, with ane certaine number of the Ministers, as they sall think meitt to appoint for assisting, to hear the reasoning of the said questions, and thereafter their reasons to be put in wryte, affirmative or negative, quhills every ane of them sall report to the next Assemblie."

From this, and from various other regulations, it is plain that any power which Superintendants had, above ordinary Ministers, arose not from the peculiar nature of their office, but was derived from the Assembly, and was subject to the controul and review of that Court.

It would appear that the Lords of the secret Council had not come to this Assembly, for mention is made of a deputation being sent to request their presence and aid. In the trial of Superintendants and Commissioners, "it was proponed by some of the brethren, that the Commissioners of Galloway and Orknay should be demanded, whether in their consciences they judged that they might both dewlie use the office of a Superintendant and the office of a Lord of the Session and Colledge of Justice." The question, however, does not seem to have been pressed.

The articles presented by this Assembly to the Queen were drawn up in the First Session, and required that punishment should be inflicted on the hearers and sayers of mass, and also upon those who, in various places, such as Paisley, Aberdeen, &c., had obstructed the preaching of the gospel—that Ministers should be assured how they might receive their stipends, and obtain possession of their manses and glebes—that the Acts concerning the reparation of churches should be put in force—that Superintendants should be placed in the districts not yet provided with them—and that her Majesty would declare how she meant to dispose of vacant benefices.

In the Second Session it was ordained, that the same persons who had been nominated for election to the Superintendanship of Aberdeen, in December 1662, should now again be proposed; and the Superintendants of Angus and Fife were ap-

pointed to see the person who should be chosen solemnly inaugurated to the office. Because it was murmured that ignorant and immoral men were admitted as Ministers, Exhorters, and Readers, the Superintendants were appointed to make trial throughout their several districts. A special commission was ordered to be made out for every one of them, with power to suspend or depose, as they might see cause; and to give in a written report of their proceedings to the next Assembly. In order still farther to remove this complaint, it was ordained, "That everie Minister, Exhorter, and Reader, sall have one of the Psalme Bookes latelie printed in Edinburgh, and use the Order contained therein, in Prayers, Marriage, and Ministration of the Sacraments."

The order adopted in prayer, and in the administration of the sacraments, by the Reformers in Scotland, was the same with that which was used by the English Church at Geneva. From the notice which is here taken of it, it is probable that an addition of the Book of Common Order, including the Psalms, (and hence called "Psalme Books,") was printed about this time at Edinburgh. Under the year 1665, Herbert and Ames (p. 1468) set down the following publication: "The Forme of Prayers, &c., used in the English Church at Geneva, approved and received by the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh, by Robert Lekperik, 1665." As it is not likely that two editions would be needed so soon after one another, it is probable that the notice in Herbert and Ames should be referred to that mentioned in the minute of the Assembly. The writer of these sketches has not met with any copy of the Scottish Psalm Book printed so early as this, but later editions are not uncommon. They usually contain the Confession of Faith, the Order of electing Ministers, the Form of Excommunication, the Visitation of the Sick, Prayers, the Ministration of the Lord's Supper, the Order of Baptism, the Forms of Marriage, and a treatise of Fasting. The Psalms are set to music, and the version made use of is chiefly by Sternhold and Hopkins. The fifty-seventh, fifty-ninth, seventy-sixth, eighthieth,

eighty-first, and eighty-third, are ascribed to Mr Robert Pont, Minister of St. Cuthbert's.

In this Session it was unanimously agreed to sustain a sentence which had been pronounced, bearing, that a promise of marriage made while one of the parties was already married, and not divorced, should be void. The punishment due to the party making promise, in such circumstances, was remitted to future consideration.

In the Third Session, a supplication, containing diverse petitions, was presented in the name of the unfortunate Paul Methvin. The Assembly, as was formerly noticed, were ready to receive him to repentance; but they refused to comply with his request, that the particulars of his case should be deleted from their records. With regard to his re-admission to the ministry in Scotland, it was judged inexpedient, till the memory of his offence should become more obscure, and till some particular Church should request his services. It was at the same time signified to him, that his entering upon the duties of the ministry in England, while he was under sentence of excommunication, had grievously offended the Assembly. But he was given, at the same time,

to understand, that he might now return with safety to Scotland, notwithstanding the proclamation lately issued against adulterers.

"Mr Andrew Johnstone, complaining that the Judges deputed to tak' cognition of the Articles, for which his brother, Mr Wm. Johnstone was condemned by the Popish Bishops, would not proceed to declaration, whether the said Articles war repugnant to the holie Scripture. The Assemblie decerned the Articles not to be hereticall, so that a godlie interpretation be admitted in every one of them; therefore ordained the Judges to proceed to the snall decision of the said action."

Commissioners were appointed to take cognition of the mutual complaints of the Magistrates of Cupar, and Mr Robert Montgomerie their Minister, upon one another. Their decision was to be in readiness to be presented to Knox, who had received a commission to visit the churches in those parts.

Ministers were prohibited from receiving to public repentance those who had relapsed for the third time into any heinous sin. Such cases were to be remitted to the Superintendents, who were instructed to see that such offenders gave suitable satisfaction to the Church.

Sonnet.

TO EZILDA.

GONE! gone for ever!—'twas a glorious dream,
But it has past; and dimly, faintly now
Around my heart, and on my feverish brow,
The flickering rays of torturing memory gleam.
How beautiful, how bright, fair spirit, wert thou!
My madden'd soul's best, dearest, only theme;
All space was full of thee: grove, hill, and stream,
The cloud's light motion, and the wild wave's flow,
All spoke of thee, Ezilda! and, led on
By the dread power of passion's charmed rod,
For thee, enchantress! I forsook my God,
And hung my hopes around thy neck alone!
Yet thou has flung them off! and we must part:
What but an early grave befits a broken heart?

H. G. B.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

No. I. will appear in February of *Annulosa Javanica*, or an Attempt to illustrate the Natural Affinities and Analogies of the Insects collected in Java, by Thomas Horsfield, M.D. F.L. and G.S. and deposited by him in the Museum of the Honourable East-India Company. By W. S. Macleay, M.A. F.L.S.

Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. has in the press a Translation in Verse of the Songs of the Greeks, from the Romanic text; in 2 vols. By M. J. Auriel. With additions.

The author of *Wine and Walnuts* has in the press an historical novel in 2 vols.—“The Twenty-ninth of May, or Rare Doings at the Restoration.”

In the ensuing spring will be published the sixth quarto volume of Dr Lingard's History of England, which will contain the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Views and Illustrations of his Majesty's Palace at Brighton; by John Nash, Esq., Private Architect to the King, &c. &c. &c. By the Command of His Majesty.

Mr Roscoe's new work, entitled, *The Italian Novelists*, will soon appear in 4 vols. 8vo. This interesting work is selected from the most approved authors in that language, from the earliest period down to the close of the Eighteenth Century, arranged in an Historical and Chronological Series. It is translated from the original Italian, and is accompanied with Notes, Critical and Biographical.

The Present State of the Mines in Mexico, Chili, Peru, and Brazil, represented from practical knowledge, and illustrated by Extracts from popular writers, with Notes and General Remarks on the Operation of Mining.

A Catalogue Raisonné of a most splendid Collection of Oil Paintings and Miniatures, comprising upwards of 500 articles, is now preparing for publication.

The lovers of the arts will soon be gratified by the appearance of a Translation of the History of the Life and Works of Raphael, from the French of M. Quatremere de Quincy; accompanied by copious additions in the form of Notes, and preceded by a History of the Progress of Painting in Italy, from the time of Cimabue until the era of the divine Raphael.

A volume will shortly appear concerning the Astronomy of the Egyptians, particularly referring to the celebrated Circular Zodiac discovered at Denderah, and which was subsequently conveyed to Paris.

VOL. XVI.

Belsham's (*Miss E.*) *Introductory Catechism to Murray's Grammar*, 18mo.

Common-Place Book of Epigrams, and Common-Place Book of Anecdotes, 24mo.

Priestly's Lectures on History; a new edition, including all the additions in the Philadelphia edition; also numerous Notes, illustrations, &c. By J. T. Rutledge, Esq. 8vo.

The Third Part of Whiter's Universal Etymological Dictionary is nearly ready.

Garry's Treatise on Perspective, for the use of Schools; 16 engravings. 12mo.

Hazlitt's select Poets of Great Britain, royal 8vo.

Jones's Continuation to Hume and Smollett's England, 3 vols: 8vo.

Principles of Modern Horsemanship, for Gentlemen; 30 engravings. Royal 8vo.

Principles of Modern Horsemanship, for Ladies; 30 engravings. Royal 8vo.

Sale's Translation of Alkoran of Mahomet, with several hundred Readings from Savory; Notes, and a new Index. Edited by Mr Davenport. 2 vols. 8vo.

In an elegant foolscap volume, *The Art of Beauty*, with numerous illustrations; by Courbould and others,

In one volume 12mo, with plates, *Practical Chemical Mineralogy*; by Frederick Joyce, Operative Chemist.

F. Valpy, M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, is collecting and arranging in a volume, the Fundamental Words of the Greek Language, adapted to the Memory of the Student by means of Derivatives and Derivatives, Striking Contexts, and other Associations.

A valuable and scientific Work, translated from the original of Dr Cappadoce, of Amsterdam, a converted Jew, will shortly appear; which combats, with great vigour, the generally-received doctrine of Vaccination.

Shortly will be published, with several coloured-plates, a Catalogue of the Shells contained in the Collection of the late Earl of Tankerville, arranged according to the Lamarckian Conchological System, and accompanied by the Characters of such Species as are hitherto undescribed; illustrated with a few Plates of some of the most rare and interesting Shells; Specimens of the style in which those of Messrs Sowerby's "*Species Conchyliorum*" will be executed. By G. B. Sowerby, F.L.S.

Tales of Fault and Feeling, by the Author.

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thor of *Zeal and Experience*; in 3 vols. 12mo.

The *Pocket Annual Register of History, Politics, Arts, Science, and Literature*, for the year 1825.

An elementary book in German, in Question and Answer, in the Arts and Sciences, with a literal Key at the back in English, for alleviating the difficulty which scholars find in learning that language.

Part I. (the whole to be included in Ten Parts) of a Translation of the *Ossuaries Fossiles of the Baron Cuvier*, will be published on the 1st of May next.

The *Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*, written by herself, will be published in a few days.

Don Estaban, or the *Memoirs of a Spaniard*, will be published in a few days.

Martin's Carpenters', Joiners', and Cabinet-Makers' Practical Guide. Royal 8vo. 30 engravings.

Sonnets, and other Poems, by D. L. Richardson.

Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement, 3 vols.

Michael Kelly's Memoirs are nearly ready.

A *History of the French Revolution*, accompanied by a *History of the Revolution of 1335*; by A. Theirs and Felix Robin: and the *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, translated from the French of M. Thierry, are announced.

Mr Pennington's *Former Scenes Renewed*; or, *Notes, Classical and Historical*, taken in a Journey into France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Flanders, and Holland, may be shortly expected.

Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish Philosopher, including the celebrated Correspondence between him and J. C. Lavater on the Christian Religion, will be speedily published.

The *Minnesingers' Garland*, or *Specimens* (selected and translated) of the Poetry of the German Minnesingers, or Troubadours, of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, is announced.

A *Manual of Classical Biography*, by Joseph William Moss, of Magdalen College, Oxford, &c. will shortly be published.

The First Number of the *Dublin Philosophical Journal and Scientific Review*

will be published on the 1st of March 1825, and will be continued on the 1st days of March and November.

Vol. XIII., Part I., of the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, is nearly ready.

A Voyage performed in the Years 1822-23-24; containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea to the 74th degree of latitude; and a Visit to Terra del Fuego, with a particular Account of the Inhabitants, by James Weddell, Esq., is announced.

A new edition of the works of Archdeacon Paley, with a Life of the Author, by his Son, the Rev. Edmund Paley, and many Sermons, not before published, is announced.

Vol. VI. of the personal Narrative of M. de Humboldt's Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799-1804, translated by Helen Maria Williams, is nearly ready.

Conversations on Geography and Astronomy, illustrated with plates, woodcuts, &c., 1 vol. 12mo., are announced.

EDINBURGH.

The *Miscellaneous Works*, in Prose, of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet. 6 vols. 8vo.

Narrative of a Journey across the Cordilleras of the Andes, and of a Residence in Lima and other Parts of Peru, from May 1823 to April 1824. By Robert Proctor, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.

Lochandhu; a Tale of the Eighteenth Century. 3 vols. foolscap 8vo.

Roman Nights, or Dialogues at the Tombs of the Scipios. From the Italian of Verri. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo.

Legends of Galloway, being a Series of Traditions illustrative of its Ancient History, Customs, Manners, and Local Superstitions. By James Denniston, Esq. 8vo.

Tales of my Grandmother. 2 vols. 12mo.

A *Dictionary of Midwifery*. Comprehending the Description and Management of the various orders of Parturition, and the Symptoms, Causes, and Method of Treatment of the Diseases of Women and Children. By Alexander Hamilton, M.D. F.R.S.E. and F.A.S.E.

A new edition of Brown's *Logarithms* is in the press, to be carefully revised and corrected throughout.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

The Science of Agriculture; comprising Agricultural Chemistry, the Code of Agriculture, &c. By Joseph Hayward, &c. 8vo. 7s.

ANTIQUITIES.

Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities complete. 2 vols. 4to. £6.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1824. 8vo. 15s.

A Short Extract from the Life of Gen. Mina. 8vo. 5s.

Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits. 8vo. 12s.

Mémoires, ou Souvenirs et Anecdotes. Par Le Comte de Segur. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Derniers Moments de Napoleon. Par Dr Antommarchi. 2 vols. 8vo. £1.1s.

Gilbert's Life of the Rev. E. Williams. 8vo. 14s.

Memoirs of Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto. 2 vols. 8vo. £1.14s.

Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece. 8vo. 12s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Lackington's Catalogue for 1825. Part I. 1s. 6d.

John Cuthell's Catalogue. Part II. 2s.

Richard Bayne's Cheap Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Books. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY & USEFUL ARTS.

Burridge's Tanners' Guide. 12mo. 5s.

French Domestic Cookery. 12mo. 7s.

Domestic Duties; or, Instructions to Young Married Ladies. By Mr W. Parkes. 8vo. 12s.

DRAMA.

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EDUCATION.

Fasculus Poeticus; or, New Classic Guide to Latin Heroic Verse. 12mo. 4s.

Key to the Portuguese Language. By D. E. de Lara. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

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The History of England during the Reign of George III. By William Jones. 3 vols. 8vo. £1.14s.

The History of Greece; in easy Lessons for Children. By E. A. Hendey. Half-bound. 2s.

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Remarkable Events in the History of Man. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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Stennacota Anglicana; or, the Origin of Nobility. By T. C. Banks, Esq. 4to. £3.3s.

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EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal. No. LXXXII. January. 6s.

The Farmers' Magazine: A Periodical Work; exclusively devoted to Agriculture and Rural Affairs. No. CI. Monday, 14th February. 3s.

A Letter addressed to the Proprietors and Managers of Canals and Navigable Rivers, on a new method for Tracking and Drawing Vessels by a Locomotive Engine-Boat, with much greater speed, and at less than one-third of the present expense. By Thomas Grahame, Esq., Glasgow. 2s. 6d.

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trates and Town-Council of the City of Edinburgh, on the subject of the Docks there. By an Inhabitant. 1s.

Quadrilles, from *Der Freischütz*, &c.; as danced at the King's Assembly, 27th January 1825, and arranged for the Piano-forte. By Nathaniel Gow. 3s.

Cases Decided in the Court of Session, from 12th November to 10th December 1824. Reported by Patrick Shaw and Alexander Dunlop, jun., Esquires, Advocates.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The French Chambers have not yet decided on any of the projects of laws submitted to their consideration. It appears that the one regarding sacrilege has excited considerable interest throughout the country. The enactments it proposes are particularly severe. "Every overt act committed voluntarily, and through the hatred and contempt of religion, on the sacred utensils or the consecrated wafers, is declared a profanation; and, according to subsequent articles, these offences are in all cases to be punished with death; and where the consecrated wafers are the objects of "hatred or contempt," the punishment of parricide is to be inflicted, that is to say, the sufferer is to be mutilated before he is put to death.

SPAIN.—An additional article of the treaty for the military occupation of Spain has been published in the French papers. It is almost like the postscript to a lady's letter—the most important article in the convention; for by it the number of the troops to remain is fixed at well nigh double the amount of what was stated in the treaty as at first published. This singular additional article informs us, that the fortresses of Corunna, Santaña, Saragossa, Cardona, and Hostalrich, are to be garrisoned with French troops, and a brigade of cavalry and artillery are to be stationed at different points between Vittoria and the French frontier. Instead of 22,000, "this considerable addition to the French troops in Spain will form an army of 30,000 or 40,000 men." These are the words of the articles itself. Spain, however, is only required to pay for the maintenance of 22,000.

The interior of Spain, in the meantime, continues in a very disturbed state. In Navarre, particularly, armed Guerillas

openly appear, and levy contributions on the inhabitants of the villages, in name of the Constitution. The adjoining provinces are in a similar state of confusion, and the marauding parties which harass them are composed chiefly of the disbanded troops of the Constitutionalists. Trade is much impeded by these proceedings, and it is dangerous to attempt a passage through the disturbed districts without an escort. At the present moment, the shores of the Peninsula are likewise insulted with impunity. Nothing can equal the audacity of the insurgent Corsairs, Algerines, and others, armed by the rebels. The Straits of Gibraltar are so infested, that Spanish merchants' ships cannot pass from one sea to the other without being exposed to the greatest dangers.

AUSTRIA.—From the Dutch and Brussels papers, it appears that Austria is assuming an appearance of military activity. It was reported at Vienna that an immediate promotion was to take place in the army, and that the officers included in it would be sent to join the cordon on the Buckowina, Transilvania, and the Banet of Temeswar, provinces adjoining the Ottoman empire. The Military Committee, of which General Langman is president, was continuing its deliberations with great activity, relative to the arming and provisioning of the fortresses. The critical situation of Turkey may induce Austria to arm, as a measure of precaution, against any possible designs of Russia. If the Turkish empire were falling to pieces, Austria would no doubt put in a claim for a share of the prey; and this claim, it is naturally supposed, would be best supported by a display of military force. Some such views may possibly have given rise to her present policy. At any rate, there is no other movement in

the political world to which it can be traced.

HANOVER.—The *Hamburg papers* of the 25th ultimo contain a Royal ordinance issued by his Majesty, for regulating the church at *Hannover*, by which the several professors of the Christian faith are declared, to enjoy the same perfect equality of civil and political rights; and all notion of a predominant and of a merely tolerated church is entirely abolished.

NAPLES.—The French papers of the 10th ult. announce the death of the King of Naples and Sicily, Ferdinand IV. who is succeeded by his son. This is not likely to give rise to any political change. The present occupant of the throne, it is true, is one who has fought in the cause of independence; but he is now become a King, which will probably be found to alter his views considerably; and even if he had the inclination to vindicate the right of Naples as an independent kingdom, he has not the means.

RUSSIA.—The government of this country still persecutes the poor Jews in Poland. It appears that the municipal Government of Warsaw has issued an ordinance, by which all Jews, natives as well as foreigners, are forbidden to come to the capital, and settle there. Every Jew who visits the capital must ask at the gate for "a licence to sojourn," for which he must pay twenty Polish groats for one day. If his business requires him to remain at Warsaw more than one day, he must go with his licence to the Police-Office, and there apply for a prolongation. Every one continuing clandestinely, to pay two rix-dollars fine.

GREECE.—We have accounts in different journals of decided naval successes obtained by the Greeks over the Turks. Frankfort papers mention that the *Florentine Gazette* gives an account of great rejoicings at Napoli di Romania, on account of advantages gained over the Ottoman fleet in the sea of Candia. Subsequent advices, in the Paris papers, not only announce another defeat of the Turco-Egyptian fleet under Ibrahim Pacha, but, what is of still greater importance, they communicate the intelligence, that, owing to the energy and judicious measures of the Greek Government, the civil dissensions which unhappily existed have been put an end to, and the principal offenders have suffered the punishment due to their crimes. Colonel Staicos, who had participated in the rebellion of the younger Colocotroni, having been taken, was tried by a council of war, convicted of high treason, had his hand struck off, and was immediately executed. The

other discontented chiefs who have been apprehended are Landos, Delle Jani, and Zaimis. No mention is made in these advices of the elder Colocotroni. Patras continues to be closely blockaded by land and sea. The defeat of Ibrahim Pacha is said to have taken place as follows:—His fleet was drawn by a stratagem from the bay of Macri, where it had taken shelter, attacked, and beaten by Miaulis, who pursued it within view of Alexandria. The loss of the Mahometans is stated to have been considerable; twelve large transports had arrived at Napoli, having on board 3000 black soldiers, disciplined in the European style; and 400 Arabian horses.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.—By the Bombay papers, which have been received to the 5th of Sept., it appears that operations against the Burmese had been almost completely suspended by the wet season. In consequence of the position which Colonel Innes had occupied at Jattrapore proving to be very unhealthy, the force under his command had dropped down the river, and taken up quarters for the remainder of the wet season in some elevated and more healthy situations, in the vicinity of Budderpoor. The enemy, it appears, had not of late ventured to leave their hills and fortresses on marauding excursions, as they had formerly been in the habit of doing. Our troops are represented to be in the best possible spirits, and to complain of no privation, except that of being kept from the enemy by the constant heavy rains, and the inundated state of the country.

A skirmish, as appears by letters from Bhopalpoore, took place on the 24th of August between a detachment under the command of Capt. Dewaal, and the adherents of the Ex-Chief of Nursinghur, in which the Ex-Chief was killed, together with eighty of his followers; while on our side, only a Subadar, a Havildar, and six Sepoys were wounded.

AFRICA.

Dispatches, dated the 1st of October, have been received at the Colonial Office, from Colonel Grant, at Cape Coast Castle. The Ashantees, in rethling, had laid waste the country, and reduced many of our native allies to the greatest distress. Colonel Grant was under the necessity of supplying them with provisions, and had obtained, in furtherance of that object, a considerable quantity of rice from Sierra Leone. The garrison was suffering in consequence of the dryness of the weather.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—The New York papers of the 21st December give the result of the votes in the election of a successor to Mr Monroe, the President of the United States. The numbers were—Jackson 99, Adams 84, Crawford 41, Clay 37. The three highest are returned to the House of Representatives. With regard to the decision of that House it is impossible to say, as the partisans of Adams and Jackson appear to be alike sanguine of the result being in their favour.

The House of Representatives have reported a bill, granting to La Fayette 200,000 dollars stock, bearing interest at six per cent., and a township of land containing 24,000 acres. This provision is made "in compensation for his important services and expediture during the American Revolution."

BUENOS AYRES.—The *Argus*, a Buenos Ayres paper, has been received to the 7th of November. Affairs in this extensive country seem to be going on with perfect tranquillity and order. A preparatory meeting of the representatives of the province had been held on the 16th October, to name the day on which the installation of the national body should take place, which was fixed for January 1, 1825. Some incursions had been made on the Buenos Ayres territory by the savages, which it was popularly anticipated would furnish arguments at Madrid for questioning their independence.

PERU.—The only intelligence from Peru is contained in a Boston paper, which gives an extract of a private letter, dated Callao, June 15. It would seem from what this letter states, that the Spanish General who is in command of Callao is obliged to resort to the most desperate measures to support his authority. "Yesterday," says this letter, "Gen. Rodel shot 35 men and two lieutenants, with one subaltern officer, for a reputed intention of rebelling; and it is said near 100 are implicated, and sentenced to the same fate. What is singular, these men are of that regiment which, a few months ago, delivered the fort into the hands of the Royalists. The manner in which they murdered the poor blacks is horrible even in narration. They were marched to the sea-shore, many without the privilege of a bandage, and the guard ordered so close, that, on presenting to fire, the bayonets nearly touched their foreheads; then, at an audible word of command, a volley was discharged at their heads that blew them to atoms, and even set fire to their clothes, from the proximity of the muskets to their bodies. This was done to strike fear to the rest.—The patriots are daily expected from the mountains, under General Miller, about 3000 strong. Nothing certain is known respecting the movements of Bolivar and Canterac. There are only a few hundred troops in Lima, many of whom are militia. The inhabitants are much alarmed, and droves of mules are constantly flocking down to Callao, with baggage from the city."

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Feb. 3.—Parliament assembled this day, for the dispatch of business; and as the state of his Majesty's health was not such as rendered it advisable for him to undergo the fatigue of opening the Session in person, the Royal Speech was delivered by the Lords Commissioners—the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lords Harrowby, Westmoreland, and Shaftesbury.

The Lord Chancellor began reading the following speech in the House of Peers at half-past two.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—We are commanded by his Majesty to express to you the gratification which his Majesty derives from the continuance and progressive increase of that public prosperity, upon which his Majesty congratulated you at the opening of the last Session of Parliament. There never was a period in the history of this country, when all

the great interests of the nation were at the same time in so thriving a condition, or when a feeling of content and satisfaction was more widely diffused throughout all classes of the British people.

"It is no small addition to the gratification of His Majesty that Ireland is participating in the general prosperity. The outrages, for the suppression of which extraordinary powers were confided to His Majesty, have so far ceased, as to warrant the suspension of the exercise of those powers in most of the districts hitherto disturbed. Industry and commercial enterprise are extending themselves in that part of the United Kingdom. It is therefore the more to be regretted, that associations should exist in Ireland, which have adopted proceedings irreconcilable with the spirit of the constitution, and calculated, by exciting alarm and by exasperating animosities, to endanger the

peace of society, and to retard the course of national improvement. His Majesty relies upon your wisdom to consider, without delay, the means of applying a remedy to this evil. His Majesty further recommends the renewal of the inquiries instituted last Session into the state of Ireland.

"His Majesty has seen with regret the interruption of tranquillity in India, by the unprovoked aggression and extravagant pretensions of the Burmese Government, which rendered hostile operations against that State unavoidable. It is, however, satisfactory to find, that none of the other Native Powers have manifested any unfriendly disposition, and that the bravery and conduct displayed by the forces already employed against the enemy, afford the most favourable prospect of a successful termination of the contest.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons*,—His Majesty has directed us to inform you, that the estimates of the year will be forthwith laid before you.

"The state of India, and circumstances connected with other parts of His Majesty's foreign possessions, will render some augmentation in his military establishment indispensable. His Majesty has, however, the sincere gratification of believing, that, notwithstanding the increase of expense, arising out of this augmentation, such is the flourishing condition, and progressive improvement of the revenue, that it will still be in your power, without affecting public credit, to give additional facilities to the national industry, and to make a further reduction in the burthens of his people.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*,—His Majesty commands us to inform you, that His Majesty continues to receive from his Allies, and generally from all Princes and States, assurances of their unabated desire to maintain and cultivate the relations of peace with His Majesty, and with each other, and that it is His Majesty's constant endeavour to preserve the general tranquillity.

"The negotiations which have been so long carried on, through His Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, between the Emperor of Russia and the Ottoman Porte, have been brought to an amicable issue.

"His Majesty has directed to be laid before you copies of arrangements which have been entered into with the Kingdoms of Denmark and Hanover, for improving the commercial intercourse between those States and the United Kingdom.

"A Treaty, having for its object the more effectual suppression of the slave

Trade, has been concluded between His Majesty and the King of Sweden; a copy of which Treaty, as soon as the ratifications thereof shall have been exchanged, His Majesty has directed to be laid before you.

"Some difficulties have arisen with respect to the ratification of the Treaty for the same object, which was negotiated last year between his Majesty and the United States of America. These difficulties, however His Majesty trusts, will not finally impede the conclusion of so beneficial an arrangement.

"In conformity with the declarations which have been repeatedly made by His Majesty, His Majesty has taken measures for confirming, by Treaties, the commercial relations already subsisting between this Kingdom and those countries of America which appeared to have established their separation from Spain. So soon as these Treaties shall be complete, His Majesty will direct copies of them to be laid before you.

"His Majesty commands us not to conclude without congratulating you upon the continued improvement in the state of the agricultural interest, the solid foundation of our national prosperity, nor without informing you, that evident advantage has been derived from the relief which you have recently given to commerce, by the removal of inconvenient restrictions.

"His Majesty recommends to you to persevere (as circumstances may allow) in the removal of similar restrictions, and His Majesty directs us to assure you, that you may rely upon His Majesty's cordial co-operation in fostering and extending that commerce, which, whilst it is, under the blessing of Providence, a main source of strength and power to this country, contributes in no less degree to the happiness and civilization of mankind."

The Speaker and the Members of the House of Commons then withdrew from the Bar; and the Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolsack, when Lord Strangford and the Bishop of Chester (Dr Bloomfield) took the oaths and then seats. The Duke of Norfolk attended the House, for the first time, in his capacity of Earl Marshal of England.

His Majesty's Speech being now read by the Clerk,

Lord Dudley and Ward moved the usual Address to the Throne, which was seconded by Lord Gort. Lord King expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of this country towards Ireland.—The Marquis of Lansdown did not see a present any grounds for objecting to the

Address: yet he saw no necessity for adopting new restrictive measures relative to the Catholics. Lord Liverpool spoke on the prosperous and happy state of the country, and of the conduct of his Majesty's Government with regard to South America. He urged, in the strongest terms, the necessity of putting an end to the Catholic Associations, which were, he said, of the most dangerous nature; and concluded by giving notice, that on Thursday next he should move for a renewal of the Inquiry into the State of Ireland. The Earl of Donoughmore expressed his approbation of every part of his Majesty's Speech, except that which recommended coercive measures respecting Ireland. The Earl of Roden declared his readiness to join in any measure calculated to put down Catholic Associations; and Viscount Clifden defended the Associations, contending that their avowed objects were peaceable and legal. The Address was agreed to unanimously.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Feb. 3.—At four o'clock, the Speaker took the chair, and, after some preliminary business, having read his Majesty's Speech,

Lord Leveson Gower rose to move the Address. His Lordship's Speech was laudatory of the state of the country; and he declared his conviction, that, in the call for additional forces, there was not the slightest intention of increasing the army in Ireland. His Lordship spoke at considerable length on the state of South America, and concluded by moving the Address, which, as usual, was the echo of the Speech. Mr Alderman Thompson seconded the motion. Mr Brougham addressed the House at great length. He praised the liberal measures adopted by ministers in regard to trade, part of the credit of which he took to himself, and the members acting with him; but he could not agree to that part of the Speech which seemed to him as putting down the Catholic Association, which he vindicated from the charges brought against them. He would not divide the House upon the question, but strongly urged the necessity of granting emancipation to the Catholics. Mr W. Lamb echoed the sentiments of Mr Brougham with regard to Ireland, and Catholic emancipation. Mr Canning, at great length, and with much eloquence, answered all the observations made against the various topics of his Majesty's Speech. He described, with great force of reason and felicity of expression, the pernicious tendency and unconstitutional influence of the Catholic Association; and defended the conduct of ministers respecting South America. He deferred the consideration of other

topics to the more detailed discussions that will be hereafter necessary, and sat down amidst the general cheering of the House. The Address was carried unanimously, and the House adjourned at nine o'clock.

Feb. 4.—A long discussion took place upon the question for bringing up the Address, in answer to the Speech, in which Lord Nugent, Sir John Newport, Mr Denman, Mr Fitzgerald, Mr C. Hutchinson, and others, strongly condemned the measures already adopted by Government towards the Catholics of Ireland, as well as those in contemplation. Mr Peel, Sir Thomas Lethbridge, and Mr Butterworth, as strongly defended the conduct of the Irish Government; and Mr Peel declared his decided opinion, that the great body of the Catholics of Ireland would not identify themselves with the proceedings of the Catholic Board. Whilst Mr R. Martin as confidently asserted his opinion and belief to be, that although the great body of the Catholics did not approve of the violent language used by some of the members of the Association, yet that they agreed with the Association in principle, and would act by their directions, and support any proposition emanating from the Board; and Lord Nugent said, he should on an early day have to present a petition from the English Catholics, signed by three times the number of persons who had signed former petitions from that body, which petition should state one fact, namely, that the English Catholics agreed with, and were ready to support with their voice, the claims of their Irish brethren. Mr Goulburn gave notice of a motion for Thursday next, for leave to bring in a bill to prevent illegal associations in Ireland. This hasty proceeding was strongly reprobated by Mr Brougham, who contended that time should be given for assembling and obtaining the opinion of Irish members on this important subject; and with a view of enforcing a full attendance previous to the second reading of the bill, he moved that the House should be called over on Friday se'n-night, which was ordered.

That paragraph in the Speech which alludes to Indian affairs was also discussed at considerable length; and Sir Charles Forbes censured the Government of India for having unnecessarily and wantonly plunged the British dependencies into a war with the native powers. He also ridiculed the idea of sending out so small a force as ministers contemplated, where a force of forty thousand men would be required to effect any good object. This attack on the Indian authori-

ties called up the President of the Board of Control, who said a few words in justification of the Board, and requested of the House to suspend its judgment until certain papers, now in progress of printing, should be laid before them. The Right Honourable Gentleman also expressed a confident opinion, that, when they had read those papers, Gentlemen would agree with him, that the war in which we were engaged was unavoidable, and that it had been brought on by the unjust pretensions and faithless conduct of the Burmese Government.

Feb. 8.—Serjeant Onslow moved, according to what has been for some time his annual practice, for leave to bring in a bill for the repeal of the Usury Laws. Mr Davenport opposed the motion with great animation. Mr Curwen condemned it as ill-timed at the present moment, when the prevailing spirit of gambling must render unrestricted usury peculiarly pernicious. Mr J. Smith complained of the discourtesy of opposing the bill at this early stage. Serjeant Onslow replied, and professed not to understand Mr Curwen's argument. On a division, the motion was carried by a majority of 52 to 45.

Lord Althorp obtained leave to bring in a bill for facilitating the recovering of small debts. He explained that the measure was the same which he had offered to the House last year, which had failed solely in consequence of its supposed hard bearing upon some displaced sinecure officers. He added, that though himself averse to compensating sinecurists, he would propose an inquiry into the claims of those persons, in order to save the bill.

Dr Lushington, in moving for copies of the committals of five persons to the gaol of Londonderry, for refusing to give evidence against a Popish priest, who had been guilty of celebrating clandestine and illegal marriages, expatiated on the severity of the laws affecting the Roman Catholic clergy in this particular. Sir George Hill explained the circumstance of the case which formed the subject of the motion. The marriages to which the parties imprisoned had been called to give testimony were admitted on all sides to be illegal and void; and the celebration of such marriages by the Romish Clergy had grown to such a nuisance, that they had been repeatedly and solemnly warned to desist from them. It was in consequence of the contempt of this warning by the Priest who had celebrated the marriage in question, that the Londonderry magistrates had acted; and the Hon. Baronet observed, that it was extremely hard upon these Gentlemen to be dragged be-

fore Parliament for merely administering the law; and after they had already been so effectually calumniated by the Roman Catholic Association, that they could scarcely venture abroad without the danger of insult, or even of worse injury. Mr J. Smith eulogised the Catholic Association. Mr Dawson gave, from his own knowledge, a melancholy picture of the pernicious effects produced by the practices of that body. He gave also some further explanation of the particular case before the House. The Priest, he said, had given the best proof that he knew he was acting wrong, by obliging the parties, by a vow, not to inform against him. Mr North set the learned mover right upon some points of law in which he was mistaken. Mr J. Grattan defended the Association. Dr Lushington shortly replied, and his motion was carried without a division.

Feb. 10.—The business of the evening was commenced by the presentation of several Petitions, principally directed against the Assessed Taxes, and the practices or demands of the Roman Catholics.

Mr Maxwell (of Cavan) presented a petition from the county he had the honour to represent, praying for the suppression of the Catholic Association. Sir G. Hill presented two similar petitions from the county and from the city of Londonderry. Mr Abercromby charged the Derry petitioners with intemperance. Mr Dawson repelled the charge, and asserted, that nine-tenths of the Protestants of Ireland concurred in the prayers and opinions of the petition. Sir H. Parnell denied that any such proportion of the Protestants of Ireland entertained the sentiments ascribed; and cited, in proof of his contradiction, the fact, that several petitions from Protestants, in favour of Catholic emancipation, were in progress. Mr Dennis Browne contended that nothing but Catholic emancipation could give peace to Ireland. The petitions were ordered to be printed.

Mr Goulburn proposed the measure, of which he had given notice, for suppressing all improper and dangerous associations in Ireland, and explained both the causes which rendered it necessary, and the nature of its provisions. With respect to the bill which he meant to introduce, it went to amend two Acts—one passed in 1793 by the Irish Parliament, and called the Convention Act—the other passed the year before last, for putting down Secret Societies in Ireland. As the most objectionable features of the Catholic Association were the permanency of its sittings, and its extorting Rent, the bill contained provisions to prohibit such permanency,

and the levying of funds in the manner in which it had been done. It also provided more effectually against the evasion or substitution of oaths, so as to defeat all the attempts of those who sought to maintain Secret Societies, in defiance of the law. After having brought forward many arguments to show the necessity of the measure, the Right Honourable Gentleman called upon the House to consider the actual dilemma in which they stood upon this question. 'If they refused to put down the Catholic Association, he told them they must consent to the establishment of a counteracting Society of Protestants and Orangemen. Thus there would be two Parliaments in that distracted country—a Popish Parliament, and a Protestant Parliament, each exercising the functions of Government, and shaping its hostile course to the destruction of the other. Mr J. Smith opposed the motion. Mr Abercromby also opposed the motion; he highly applauded the conduct of the Catholic Association, and charged the Established Church with constituting a conspiracy against the Roman Catholics. He also palliated, as inadvertent lapses, those expressions in the Catholic Address "By your hatred of Orangemen we adjure you," and "Many innocent persons inevitably will be convicted of crimes they never committed;" which expressions had given so much offence. Sir H. Parnell followed on the same side; he attributed the existence of the Association to the restrictions imposed upon the Marquis Wellesley. Mr Leylie Foster supported the motion. He drew a melancholy picture of the alarm into which the Protestants of Ireland were thrown, by the undisguised hostility and open menaces of the Association; and explained at length the machinery by which the Association effected their purposes of collecting money, and deterring all opposition. 'This machinery was, he said, managed nearly exclusively by the Priests, who, having themselves obtained unbounded power over the Catholic peasantry, and learned the art of wringing from them hundreds of thousands of pounds annually, unreservedly devoted their power and their skill to the service of the Association. He added, that so great was the fear of the Roman Catholics prevailing in some parts of Ireland, that the Protestants of a town with which he was acquainted sat up one whole night with their arms, prepared to resist an attack which they supposed likely to be made upon them. Much, he said, as the practices of the Roman Catholic Association were to be deprecated on other accounts, they were not less mortifying, from their obstruction of the growing

prosperity of the country, of which he gave a gratifying description. Mr J. Williams opposed the motion, and cited several extracts from the speeches of the present Right Hon. Attorney General for Ireland, to show, that, in all their proceedings, the Roman Catholic Association were but following up that learned Gentlemen's advice and doctrine. Mr Peel supported the motion in a speech of great length. He employed, on the present occasion, the arguments used by Messrs. Scarlett, Brougham, Denham, &c. against "the Constitutional Association," a body which, he said, never had his approbation, but which was certainly infinitely less injurious to the administration of justice, and less dangerous to the public peace, than that which the House was now called upon to put down. Mr Denham opposed the motion in a speech of some length. He asserted in conclusion, that the support of the present bill was the price which Mr Canning paid for the Lord Chancellor's reluctant assent to the recognition of the South American States, which the Right Hon. Secretary flatly denied. At half-past two the debate was adjourned.

Feb. 11.—The debate was resumed this evening. Mr Grattan defended the "Catholic Association," and justified the hatred to Orangemen, recognised in the address of that body. Capt. Maberly opposed the motion at great length; he ascribed the existing irritation in Ireland to the late exertions of the Bible and School Societies, and quoted a long extract from the report of the meeting at Carlow, in support of his opinion. Sir N. Colthurst declared himself a warm friend of Catholic emancipation, and as such, as well as from an anxious care for the peace of the country, he wished to see the Association put down. He read a very curious letter from a Priest admonishing a Protestant gentleman of his neighbourhood against permitting it to be supposed that he was unfavourable to the Rent. Mr Doherty supported the motion in a very able speech, in the course of which he vindicated the pure administration of justice in Ireland. He declared himself favourable to Catholic emancipation. Mr Dominick Browne, Mr Dennis Browne, Mr Richard Martin, Mr Calcraft, and Mr Warre, opposed the motion in short speeches; and Mr W. Williams, and Mr C. W. Wynne, supported it. The latter Gentleman declared himself a warm advocate for Catholic emancipation, which he would support with all his ability, whenever the question should be brought before the House. Mr Plunkett supported the motion in a speech of very great length. He repeated most of the argu-

ments employed previously by Mr Goulburn and Mr Peel, eulogised the Marquis of Wellesley and the Roman Catholic Priesthood, ascribing the increasing wealth of Ireland to the noble Marquis, and her restored tranquillity to the venerable Priests. In conclusion, Mr Plunkett defended himself from the charge of inconsistency, by professing to have changed

his opinion, and his accession to a divided and contradictory Cabinet by the necessity he conscientiously felt not to act with an heterogeneous Opposition. Mr Tierney replied to Mr Plunkett's vindication with much felicity of sarcasm. On the motion of Mr Brougham, the further consideration of the subject was adjourned to Monday.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

JANUARY.

British Revenue.—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years and Quarters ended 5th Jan. 1824, and the 5th of Jan. 1825, showing the Increase and Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Years end. 1824.	5th Jan. 1825.	Increase.	Decrease.	Years end. 1821.	5th Jan. 1825.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs.....	10,406,430	10,239,739		166,691	9,855,545	2,814,841		38,504
Excise.....	25,956,467	25,112,288	1,568,16		5,847,132	6,640,565	793,451	
Stamps.....	6,362,680	6,755,096	390,476		1,536,810	1,636,032	79,222	
Post Office.....	1,387,000	1,444,000	57,000		367,000	866,000	5,000	
Taxes.....	6,188,977	4,922,070		1,266,807	1,846,084	1,988,048	41,964	
Miscellaneous.....	410,340	540,571		69,769	84,017	125,571	51,555	
Repayt. by Austria	766,667	1,745,333	966,666		766,667			766,667
Total.....	49,478,401	50,546,092	2,370,958	1,505,267	15,425,055	13,571,055	851,171	805,171
Deduct Decrease.....			1,505,267				805,171	
Increase on the Year			1,067,691		Increase on the Quar.		146,000	

The King's presentee to the parish of Little Dunkeld is said to have begun to study Gaelic, with a view to obviate the objections of the Presbytery, when his presentation comes to be discussed by the Synod.

There are 1879 schools in Ireland under the London Hibernian Society, containing 88,699 scholars.—The amount of contributions last year in Ireland was £.2889, 9s. 10d. In Clare there are twenty-four schools, containing 2223 scholars.

6.—On Friday evening last, while Mr Kean was performing the part of Othello, at Dumfries, and when just on the point of smothering Desdemona, a person in the pit involuntarily started from his seat, and exclaimed in a tone no less impassioned than Othello himself, "Oh the rascal! D—n the villain! Is he gawn to kill his ain wife?"

Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.—Monday the annual general meeting of the contributors to this Charity was held in the Council Chamber, Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart. in the Chair. The minutes of last general meeting, together with a report of the proceedings of the past year, and a state of the funds, were read. The report stated, that there had been no necessity during the period to which it referred, as in some former years, to have

recourse to any separate establishment, the ancient building of the Infirmary having been found sufficient for every purpose of the charity; in order, however, to meet future exigencies, the managers still contemplate making additions to, and repairing the original structure, the expense of which, as also the diminution of the annual income from the stock of the institution, in consequence of the great reduction of interest, they looked forward to the contributors with a well-grounded hope to supply. The following extract from the report gives a good idea of the extent of the usefulness of the charity.

There remained in the hospital on the 1st of January 1821 170
Patients admitted during the year..... 2546

2516

Dismissed Cured, during the year.... 1650
— Relieved 265
— With advice..... 20
— As irregular..... 23
— As improper..... 45
— By desire 125
Died 253
Remained in the Hospital 1st Jan. 1825, 175

2516

Of those who died in the hospital, a great number were persons who had received injury from accidents, which rendered every chance of cure hopeless.

The report of the managers concluded by returning thanks to the medical and other officers of the establishment, for the zealous attention they continued to

bestow on it. The minutes and report having been unanimously approved of, Sir William Arbuthnot congratulated the Court on the harmonious manner in which the business of the meeting had terminated.

The Chevalier Masclet, the French Consul here, has received orders to subscribe 2000 francs, (£. 80,) in name of his Minister, for the relief of the sufferers by the late fires.

15.—*Court of Session.*—Tuesday. Morning the Court of Session met after the Christmas vacation, when a letter was read, intimating that the prayer of the petition of Lord Craigie, to be removed from the Second Division of the Court to the First, was granted. Thereafter Lord Craigie took his seat. Lord Alloway succeeds Lord Craigie in the Second Division. Thursday, John Hay Forbes, Esq. late Sheriff of Perthshire, presented to the Lords of Session his Majesty's letter, appointing him an Ordinary Lord of Session, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the elevation of Lord Alloway. The letter was read by the Clerk; after which, Mr Forbes proceeded to the Outer House, and sat with the Lord Ordinary; from whence he again returned to the First Division, and reported a case; whereupon his appointment was confirmed by the Court. Mr Forbes took his seat by the title of Lord Medwyn.

20.—*Crim. Con.*—*Cox versus Kean.*—In the Court of King's Bench, on Monday last, Robert Albion Cox, Esq. an alderman of London, obtained a verdict for £.800 against Mr Edmund Kean, the celebrated actor, for adultery with Mrs Cox. In the declaration, the damages were laid at £.2000. It appeared from the evidence, that the criminal intercourse had been carried on for several years, and was known to the plaintiff's servants and others in his family; but was not discovered by the plaintiff himself, till, on some information, he opened his wife's cabinet, and found a series of letters to her from the defendant, which left no doubt of his (plaintiff's) dishonour, and indeed exhibited the profligacy of the guilty parties in the most disgusting manner. In these epistles, which were written, often in rapid succession, from various places in England and America, where Mr K. was acting, his epithet of endearment was generally "Little Breeches," sometimes "Impudent B***h," and those anticipating their meetings frequently concluded with "then hey for kisses and blisses." These letters evince as little philosophy as morality or good taste on the part of the writer. He exults naturally enough at his success in America, where he travelled in splendour, and had £.1000 per

month to remit home; but against Bath, where he performed in 1822 without success, he absolutely raves, calling it "d——d town," "infernal city," &c. &c. Mr Scarlett, for the defendant, made the best of a bad case, by endeavouring to shew the profligacy of the defendant's wife, and that the husband must have been acquainted with it. It appeared, indeed, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and his wife were in the habit of going to the dressing-room of the defendant at Drury-Lane theatre, and seeing him dress, and into his private box; that the defendant was often at the plaintiff's house at late hours, and this intimacy was continued for five years after Mr Kean (whose jealousy and tormenting watchfulness are often mentioned in the defendant's letters) had left off visiting Mrs Cox. In fact, the abandoned character of the latter lady was described by her own maid, who deposed, "that she did not think two men enough for her;" and was further proved by her now living with a Mr Whatmore, once her husband's clerk, and against whom he has brought a similar action for damages. But the learned advocate failed in bringing home to the husband any knowledge of his wife's guilty conduct with the defendant, because, in all the defendant's letters, he urges caution and concealment; and on one occasion, when the husband's suspicion had been aroused, he wrote the following "twin letters," as the plaintiff's counsel, Mr Denman, called them, in order to blind the man whom he called his friend:—

"Post Mark, Exeter, Jan. 6, 1823.

"Dear little imprudent girl,—Your incaution has been very near bringing our acquaintance to the most lamentable crisis; of course he (Mr Cox) will shew you the letter I have written him; appear to countenance it, but let him think we are never to meet again, and in so doing he has lost a friend; leave all further arrangements to me. My aunt desires her best wishes to you, notwithstanding her anger, she says, of your conduct before him. Love shields the object of its wishes, not exposes it. All shall be shortly as you wish."

Mrs Simpson, care of Mrs Matthews, 12, Tavistock-Row, Covent-Garden, London.

[All the correspondence was carried on in fictitious names, and an aunt of Mr Kean's was chiefly employed as receiver of the letters; but his hand-writing was proved to them all.]

"Post Mark, Exeter, 6th Jan. 1823.

"My dear Cox,—I have been seriously considering the mass of nonsense uttered by us the two last nights at Salisbury. I must own likewise they have

given me great uneasiness. If I have paid more attention to your family than any other of my acquaintances, the simple motive was to shew the world that I valued my friends as much in adversity as when I shared their hospitality in their prosperity. I am sorry my conduct has been misconstrued, as the inference is unworthy of yourself, me, and a being whose conduct, I am sure, is unimpeachable. To remove all doubts upon the subject, and to counteract the effects of insidious men, I shall beg leave to withdraw a friendship rendered unworthy by suspicion. I must be the worst of villains, if I could take that man by the hand whilst meditating towards him an act of injustice. You do not know me, Cox; mine are follies—not vices. It has been my text to do all the good I could in the world; and when I am called to a superior bourne, my memory may be blamed, but not despised. Wishing you and your family every blessing the world can give you, believe me nothing less than

Yours most sincerely,

EDMUND KEAN.

R. A. Cox, Esq. 6, Wellington-Street, Waterloo Bridge, London.

On another occasion, Mr Kean, in advising caution to Mrs Cox, tells her, "that if the goods were not found upon the thief, there was no conviction;" which remark caused much laughter among the lawyers in the court; and the artful hypocrisy of these letters was not spared by Mr Denman in his comments. Mr Scarlett made a merit in his client, of not producing the lady's letters to him; and certainly the court was obliged to him for sparing it the pains of hearing half the mass of this filthy correspondence. If the stage can be disgraced by the ill conduct of its professors, the records of the Court of King's Bench on two recent occasions will afford sufficient condemnation of the morality of the two metropolitan theatres.

21.—*Fire at Bristol*.—On the night of the 21st January, about half past ten o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out in the range of building over the High-Street, Market-House, Bristol. The engines speedily arrived; but the pipes belonging to several engines were so much out of repair as to be almost unfit for use. About twelve o'clock the roof of the western half of the buildings fell in, and the fire rose in a tremendous sheet of livid flame to the sky. The whole of the market-house, from Messrs Courcall and Jennings, next the arcade leading from the High-Street to the Crown Cellar, fell a prey to the devouring element.

Reporting Police Cases.—A young attorney, named Andrew Duncan, recently brought an action against the Morning Herald paper, for publishing an account of an examination before the police, when Duncan was charged with an indecent assault upon a female of tender age. The proprietors of the paper defended themselves on the ground that it was a faithful report of what passed at the police-office; but Chief Justice Abbot declaring the publication of such police reports was not legal, the plaintiff had a verdict. In the Court of King's Bench, on Saturday, the 22d instant, Duncan brought another action against the Morning Advertiser, for publishing the same account; but the jury here returned a verdict for the defendant, against the opinion of the learned judge. Duncan had brought actions against other newspapers for the same publication, and this appeared to be making money of the affair. This verdict will probably stop his career in that way. The proprietors of the Morning Herald intend to apply to the House of Lords to settle the law, whether true police reporting is illegal or not.

Assault on Mr Auld, Chief Magistrate of Leith.—An unpleasant occurrence took place last week in Leith, which has occasioned a good deal of speculation, and has been the subject of various reports, as well as paragraphs in the newspapers. After making due inquiry into the circumstances of the case, we understand that the matter originated in a difference that took place between Mr Auld, while he was presiding at the meeting regarding the sale of the Leith Docks, and Mr Menzies, ship-builder, who blamed Mr Auld for being the author of a printed statement which was circulated on the subject. Mr Auld denied that he was the author, and communicating proofs of the fact, called on his opponent to acknowledge his error. An angry correspondence followed, and the parties, who threatened violence, were bound over to keep the peace. But, on the evening of Thursday, Mr Auld, it appears, on his return to his own house, was waylaid by two young men, one of them said to be the son of the person with whom Mr Auld had the dispute, knocked down, and so severely injured, that we understand he now lies dangerously ill. The parties charged with the assault are Thomas Menzies, son of Robert Menzies, ship-builder, and Thomas Hay, son of John Hay, ship-owner in Leith. They have absconded, and warrants have been issued, and rewards offered, for their apprehension.

31. *Proposed Improvements in Edin-*

burgh.—A meeting of the Faculty of Advocates was held in the library on Friday last, to consider the report of the Committee to whom it had been referred to attend to the progress of any bill to be brought into Parliament for making the different new approaches and other contemplated works in this city. The Committee reported it as their opinion, that the Faculty ought not to waive their privileges, or agree to be assessed generally for the proposed alteration; that with respect to the particular plans in view, they appeared to them to be liable to material objections, both in reference to their expediency as matter of taste, and to their partial and local nature and operation, and the consequent injustice of providing for their accomplishment by any general assessment; but that with respect to a moderate assessment, for the purpose of assisting in opening a direct approach from the north to the south side of the town, from the head of Bank Street, any plan of this kind might deserve the consideration of the Faculty. Upon this report, it was moved by Mr Cockburn, and seconded, that the Faculty are not at present prepared to approve of the proposed measures, and that the Committees be re-appointed, with instructions to attend to any other plans that may be suggested, and to report. In opposition to this motion, an amendment was moved by the Solicitor-General, and seconded, that the subject of the report be again remitted to the Committee for farther consideration. Upon a division, Mr Cockburn's motion was carried by a majority of 40 to 29.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—On the 17th instant, an unfortunate individual, charged with the murder of one of the keepers of a private asylum for lunatics, near Edinburgh, was placed at the bar of the Court, when the deranged state of his mind being apparent, the Court considered it proper to make inquiry on that point, before allowing the trial to proceed, the result of which, on the examination of several eminent medical men, was a judgment of their Lordships, finding the young gentleman an unfit object for trial, in respect of his insanity.—John Ferguson was then put to the bar, charged with having entered a house in Dalkeith, in October last, and stealing therefrom eighteen or nineteen playing cards, and being habit and repute a thief.—The counsel for the prisoner objected to the relevancy of the indictment, on the ground that, in the short citation attached to it, one of the witnesses was not specially designed; waiving an objection at the same time, which might have

been founded on the word *there* being written *their*.—The Solicitor-General replied. The Court sustained the objection, and dismissed the pannel from the bar.

On the 21st, William Bellney, alias Ralston, and James McNeill, alias Mathieson, were tried and found guilty of three several housebreakings and thefts. In one of these cases, they had carried off between £8 and £9 in copper, the greater part of which was found upon them when they were apprehended. The prisoners were sentenced to be executed at Dunfermline (two of the crimes having been committed there) on the 8th March. The ages of these unhappy youths, according to their own declarations, are 16 and 17. They received their sentence with great composure.

This day, the 31st, Charles Anderson and Alexander Gemmel were placed at the bar, charged with theft, and with being habit and repute thieves. They pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners were sailors, and their crime was stealing a copper-boiler, belonging to his Majesty's stores, from the Wet Docks at Leith. Jane Watt was then brought forward, accused of falsehood, fraud, wilful imposition, and theft. She pleaded guilty also, and sentence of transportation for life was passed upon her. Moses Cochrane, John Stockwell, and Joseph Napier, were next accused of housebreaking and theft, the two first being habit and repute thieves, and Napier having been previously convicted of theft. Cochrane pleaded guilty to the theft and aggravation, but not to the housebreaking; and the other pannels guilty, without any qualification. The Lord Advocate restricted the libel, and Cochrane and Stockwell were sentenced to be transported for life, and Napier for 14 years.

FEBRUARY.

7.—This day the Court of Justiciary having met, the diet was called against Matthew Logan, accused of the crime of murder, who was outlawed for not appearing. James Henderson was charged with housebreaking and theft, and also with being habit and repute a common thief, to which he pleaded Not Guilty. The diet was deserted *pro loco et tempore*, and the prisoner was recommitted on a new warrant. Rebecca Connel, or Glibbertson, was next placed at the bar, charged with having stolen from her mistress a great quantity of knives and forks, silver table and tea-spoons, &c. which she had pledged with various pawnbrokers, whose names were libelled in the indictment. Elizabeth and Mary Connel, sisters of the prisoner, were charged along with her, but outlawed for not ap-

pearing. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the theft of the articles pledged with Matthew Howden, 118, High-Street. It was urged in mitigation of punishment, that the prisoner, from the easiness of her disposition, had been merely an instrument in the hands of her abandoned sisters, and the Bench concurred in the opinion that she should be banished for seven years. The Lord Justice Clerk, before passing the proposed sentence, informed the prisoner, that her's was a most aggravated case; and that having admitted her sisters into her mistress's house, and connived at their depredations, rendered her equally guilty as if she had stolen all the articles with her own hands. The prisoner having been removed, his Lordship said, he for one could not help expressing his astonishment at the conduct of pawnbrokers, who kept their shops open from day to day, and from hour to hour, for the reception of goods which they improperly received. His Lordship strongly enforced the propriety of minutely examining how property of such a valuable nature came into the possession of one in the prisoner's station in society, as it could not for a moment be supposed that she was the owner of it; had she offered articles of dress, such as she was entitled to wear, the case would have been very different. His Lordship concluded his animadversions on the improper conduct of pawnbrokers in general, by hoping that the observations he had made would have due effect.

Extraordinary Escape.—Thursday fortnight, James Lestar, the youngest of three lads lately apprehended for robbing a merchant's shop in Sanguhar, effected his escape from the Bridewell attached to the jail at Dumfries, in a manner that rivals the exploits of the famous Baron Trenck. First, he hurst open, by main force, the door of his night or sleeping-cell, and having thus found access to one of the day-rooms, he squeezed his body through the iron bars of a grating scarcely four and a-half inches wide, and decended head or feet foremost—naked or covered—into the chapel, or central part of the building—a height of about 12 or 13 feet. As silence was a necessary part of his plan, he took especial care to light on a blanket which he had dropped into the area, and then ascending the pulpit stair, he attached the blanket to a slender cord used for pulling down the window, lowered the sash, climbed to the top, tossed the cord and its appendage to the outside, and partly by trusting to the slender support thus afforded to him, and partly by pressing his knees against the

wall, landed on a stair-case two goodly stories beneath. Still he was within "the four walls" of the prison, and his next exploit was to ascend the staff that leads to the street, and which is strongly secured by two doors—the one of iron and the other of wood, driven full of ponderous nails. The first is surmounted by a revolving *chevaux de frise*, and here again he made an excellent use of his blanket, by wrapping it round the said ugly-looking machine, in such a manner as to sheath its spikes and impede its motion. This done, he vaulted nimbly to the top, and by some means which we cannot comprehend, poised himself upon an axle of rusty spears, which seems liable to be put in motion by the weight of a feather. But still his task was incomplete. Above the lintel of the outer door, and at least four and a-half feet higher than the iron guard of the inner one, (even counting perpendicularly,) a row of spikes are inserted in the wall, in a slanting direction, and one of these it was necessary to seize before he could reach the top of a parapet, still several feet overhead. But he, who had done so much, was both willing and able to essay more; another spring, and the pike was seized—another pull, and exertion of the muscles, and he was fairly on the summit of the prison wall, from which the descent, though eleven or twelve feet, is, by means of a lamp-post, comparatively easy. And all this he accomplished. The spike he hung by is strongly bent, while the wall at the side bears strong marks of the pressure of his feet and knees; and, indeed, the wonder is, that he was not impaled on the *chevaux de frise*, or dashed to pieces on the granite stair below. We have ourselves examined the whole scene of these exploits, and we must say, that every step of the lad's progress seems miraculous in the extreme. To all appearance, the bars of the Bridewell grating would do little more than admit a cat; a squirrel could scarcely scale the window above the pulpit, while the tiny cord suspended from the top hardly seems fitted to sustain the weight of an ordinary infant. Again, the scaling of the iron door, the muffling of the iron pikes, with the power of arm necessary to lift a lad of fifteen up a perpendicular height of five feet, imply so much danger and difficulty, that we would have really laughed in any man's face that would have told us *a priori* that such things were possible. As yet no trace of the culprit has been found, though a reward is offered for his apprehension.—*Dumfries Courier.*

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Jan. 20. The King has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, granting the dignity of a Baron of the said United Kingdom to the Right Hon. Percy Clinton Sydney, Viscount Strangford, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Sublime Ottoman Porte, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Baron Penshurst, of Penshurst, in the county of Kent, instead of Baron Strangford, of Clontarf, in the county of Dublin.

II. JUDICIAL.

Jan. 4. The King has been graciously pleased to constitute and appoint John Hay Forbes, Esq. to be one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, in the room of Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart. resigned.

III. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Dec. 20. The Associate Presbytery of Stirling and Falkirk met at Stirling, and ordained the Rev. William Machray to the pastoral inspection of the Original Burgher Congregation, Cowan's Yard there.

Jan. 4. The King has been pleased to nominate and appoint Mr James Morrison, Preacher of the Gospel, Assistant and Successor to the Rev. Roderick Morrison, in the Parish of Kintail and Presbytery of Lochcarron.

8. The Right Hon. the Earl of Hopetoun has presented the Rev. Charles Dickson to the Church and Parish of Wainphray, vacant by the death of the Rev. Joseph Kirkpatrick.

— The Marquis of Queensberry has been pleased to appoint the Rev. John Sandford, A.B., of Balliol College, Oxford, one of his Lordship's domestic chaplains.

15. Mr Alexander Marshall, Preacher of the Gospel, in connexion with the United Secession Church, was elected Minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Congregation, Kieldal.

29. His Majesty has been pleased to present the Rev. Norman MacLeod, Minister of Campbeltown, to the Parish of Campsie, in the Presbytery of Glasgow.

— The Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine has presented the Rev. Alexander MacArthur, Minister of Row, Dumbartonshire, to the Church and Parish of Dairsie, in the Presbytery of Cupar, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr Macculloch.

IV. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. Laing, R. Afr. Col. Corps, Local Rank of Maj. in Africa only

23 Dec. 1824.
5 Dr. G. Troop Serj. Maj. Henley, from 10 Dr. Cornet (without pay,) being Riding Master 6 Jan. 1825.

9 Di. Cornet Fullerton, Lieut. by purch. vice Montgomery, ret. 30 Dec. 1824.

R. Rumley, Cornet do.
10 Capt. Hon. J. Jones, Maj. by purch. vice Taylor, prom. 16 do.

Lieut. Wallington, Capt. by purch. do.
Cornet Dent, Lieut. by purch. do.

R. Giffard, Cornet by purch. 30 do.
Lieut. Gooch, Capt. by purch. vice Ormsby, prom. do.

16 Cornet Gilpin, Lieut. do.
W. V. Gillard, Cornet by purch. vice Stewart, ret. 6 Jan. 1825.

Grn. Gds. J. D. Wright, Assist. Surg. vice Armstrong, prom. 11 Nov. 1824.

2 F. Lt. Lieut. Col. De Burgh, Lieut. Col. 24 Jan. 1825.

Capt. Johnstone, Maj. do.
Lieut. Girdlestone, Capt. do.

— Jackson, Capt. do.
Bt. Capt. Mitchell, from 97 F. Capt. 25 do.

Ensign Robinson, Lieut. 21 do.
— King, Lieut. do.

Lieut. Robertson, from h. p. 28 F. Lieut. 25 Jan.

2d F.

Lieut. Smith, from h. p. 27 F. Lieut.

do.
— Mackenzie, from h.p. 14 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Hunt, from h. p. 85 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Keith, from 89 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Robinson, from 67 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Lyster, from h. p. 2 F. Lieut. do.do.
Ensign Belford, from 94 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Leighton, from 56 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Cairnthers, from 26 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Knox, from 20 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Fisher, from h. p. 49 F. Ensign 24 do.do.
W. S. Torrens, Ensign 25 do.do.
W. N. Ralph, Ensign 26 do.do.
L. S. Dickson, Ensign 27 do.do.
Bt. Maj. Simcocks, Maj. vice Emes, dead 30 Dec. 1824.do.
Lieut. Belton, Capt. do.do.
Ensign Wood, Lieut. do.do.
A. L'Estrange, Ensign do.do.
Lieut. Walsh, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Wyatt, h. p. 5 W. I. R. 6 Jan. 1825.do.
6 Assist. Surg. Hood, from h. p. 86 F. Assist. Surg. 23 Dec. 1824.do.
Lieut. Col. Sullivan, from Ceylon Reg. Lieut. Col. vice Gardner, h. p. 1 F. 6 Jan. 1825.do.
7 Capt. Mair, Maj. by purch. vice Wyllie, prom. 30 Dec. 1824.do.
Lieut. Gage, Capt. 6 Jan. 1825.do.
Ensign Vise. Falkland, from 71 F. Lieut. do.do.
12 Hosp. Assist. Evers, Assist. Surg. vice Trigge, 6 F. 25 Dec. 1824.do.
20 Ensign Stokes, from 49 F. Lieut. vice Young, 65 F. 25 Jan. 1825.do.
S. Berdmore, Ensign vice Knox, 2 F. do.do.
21 Lieut. Deare, Capt. by purch. vice Van Batenburgh, ret. 50 Dec. 1824.do.
2d Lieut. Hayly, 1st Lieut. do.do.
L. A. Spearman, 2d Lieut. do.do.
Assist. Surg. Barclay, from 53 F. Surg. vice Dent, dead 25 do.do.
26 G. Lord Ramsay, Ensign vice Carruthers, 2 F. 25 Jan. 1825.do.
27 Hon. R. Howard, Ensign by purch. vice Johnstone, prom. 16 Dec. 1824.do.
34 Lieut. Col. Cassidy, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Lieut. Col. 24 Jan. 1825.do.
Lieut. Hutton, Capt. do.do.
Ensign and Quart. Mast. Astier, Lieut. do.do.
Ensign Hayman, Lieut. do.do.
— Ruxton, Lieut. do.do.
Lieut. Harding, from 89 F. Lieut. 25 do.do.
— O'Leary, h. p. 24 F. Lieut. do.do.
— McGhee, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut. do.do.
— Booth, from 65 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Lillie, from 48 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Douglas, from 59 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Campbell, from 54 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Ranie, from h. p. 58 F. Lieut. do.do.
2d Lieut. O'Gorman, from 60 F. Lieut. do.do.
Ensign Campbell, from 71 F. Lieut. do.do.
— Shaw, from 2 R. Vet. Bn. Ensign 24 do.do.
— sign Pinnrose, from 73 F. Ensign 24 do.do.
Gent. Cadet Evans, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign 26 do.do.
G. F. White, Ensign 27 do.do.
Quart. Mast. Serj. Waters, Quart. Mast. vice Astier, Lieut. 21 do.do.
Hosp. Assist. McGibbon, Assist. Surg. vice Barclay, 21 F. 23 Dec. 1824.do.
35 Count Grant, from h. p. 19 Dr. Ensign vice Gardner, 48 F. 25 Jan. 1825.do.
37

- 43 F. Gent. Cadet Hon. W. S. Clements, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Estcourt, prom. 9 Dec. 1821.
- 45 E. W. Lavelles, Ensign vice Hope, 81 F. 25 do.
- 47 Lieut. Siborn, from h. p. 9 F. Lieut. vice Mar, 62 F. 14 Nov.
- 49 Ensign Gardiner, from 57 F. Lieut. vice Lillie, 51 F. 25 Jan. 1822.
- 49 R. T. Sparks, Ensign vice Stokes, 20 F. do.
- 51 Ensign Fothergill, from 64 F. Lieut. vice Campbell, 51 F. do.
- 56 J. P. Hunt, Ensign vice Leighton, 2 F. do.
- 60 Lieut. Chichester, Capt. by purch. vice Barrington, ret. 25 Dec. 1821.
- 2d Lieut. Dickson, 1st Lieut. do.
- D. Fitz Gerald, 2d Lieut. do.
- Ensign Archer, from h. p. 14 F. 2d Lieut. vice Brockman, 85 F. 6 Jan. 1822.
- Gibbons, from 99 F. Lieut. vice O'Gorman, 51 F. 25 do.
- 61 J. B. Blake, Ensign vice Fothergill, 51 F. do.
- 65 Lieut. Young, from 20 F. Lieut. vice Booth, 51 F. do.
- 67 Hosp. Assist. Cumming, Assist. Surg. vice French, 49 F. 25 Dec. 1821.
- 71 F. W. Whyte, Ensign by purch. vice Vise, Falkland, 7 F. 6 Jan. 1822.
- 73 A. L. Widdrington, Ensign vice Pimrose, 51 F. 25 do.
- 77 Ensign Elliott, Lieut. vice Hamilton, dead 6 do.
- 30 A. H. Irvine, Ensign do.
- J. W. T. Ensign vice Thomas, 89 F. 25 do.
- 85 2d Lieut. Brockman, from 60 F. Ensign vice Stephens, h. p. 14 F. 6 do.
- 89 Lieut. Phibbs, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Keith, 21 F. 25 do.
- Ensign Thomas, from 80 F. Lieut. vice Harding, 51 F. do.
- 90 F. T. H. Ensign by purch. vice Eyle, prom. 25 Dec. 1821.
- 92 Ensign Deans, Adj. vice Macdonald, 1st Adj. only 6 Jan. 1822.
- 94 Serp. Maj. Spiller, from 45 F. Adj. and Ensign vice Coward, removed from the Service 2 Nov. 1821.
- Gent. Cad. J. W. Randolph, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Belford, 21 F. 25 Jan. 1822.
- 97 Ensign Prior, Lieut. vice Mitchell, 21 F. do.
- J. Macaskill, Ensign do.
- 99 J. Murray, Ensign vice Gibbons, 60 F. do.
- 2 W. I. R. Ensign Acttwell, Lieut. vice McGhee, 51 F. do.
- Gent. Cadet Gier, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign do.
- Ceyl. Reg. Lieut. Col. Muller, from h. p. 1 F. Lieut. Col. vice Sullivan, 6 F. 26 do.
- 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. Cochrane, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Walsh, 5 F. do.
- Arnold, from h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. Lieut. vice Phibbs, 89 F. 25 do.
- Ensign Kaines, from h. p. 71 F. Ensign vice Shawe, 51 F. do.

Unattached.

- Bt. Lieut. Col. Taylor, from 10 Dr. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Sir F. G. Butler, ret. 9 Dec. 1821.
- Bt. Lieut. Col. Wally, from 7 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Landman, R. Eng. ret. 50 do.
- Major Williams, from 2 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Gifford, ret. do.
- Capt. Sir T. Ormsby, Bt. from 11 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Maj. Gen. W. Armstrong, ret. do.
- Lieut. Cornwall, from (oldest. Gds. Capt. of a Company, by purch. vice Maj. Dalzell, R. Marines ret. 6 Nov.

Ordinance Department.—Royal Artillery.

- 2d Capt. Paine, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Atchison, dismissed 1 Nov. 1821.
- 1st Lieut. Swabey, 1st Capt. do.
- Ravey, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.

- 2d Lieut. Glasgow, 1st Lieut. 15 Nov. 1821.
- Gent. Cadet G. Rodgers, 2d Lieut. do.
- 1st Lieut. Rogers, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Dawson, dismissed do.
- 2d Lieut. Mottley, 1st Lieut. do.
- Gent. Cadet J. Turner, 2d Lieut. do.
- 2d Capt. Scott, Capt. vice Pierce, dead 26 do.
- Whitty, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
- 1st Lieut. Andrews, 2d Capt. do.
- Robt, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
- 2d Lieut. Bassett, 1st Lieut. do.
- Gent. Cadet R. D. French, 2d Lieut. do.
- 1st Lieut. Dyson, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Ch. slow, h. p. 9 Dec.
- Runnacles, from h. p. Lieut. vice Wetherall, dead 10 do.
- 2d Lieut. D'Arley, Lieut. do.
- Gent. Cadet A. A. Shuttleworth, 2d Lieut. do.

Royal Engineers.

- Bt. Maj. Henderson, Lieut. Col. vice Landmann, ret. 50 Dec. 1821.
- Capt. Calder, from h. p. Capt. do.

Medical Department.

- Brevet Insp. of Hosp. Burke, from h. p. Dep. Insp. 25 Dec. 1821.
- Dep. Insp. Brown, from h. p. Dep. Insp. do.
- Stachin, from h. p. Dep. Insp. do.
- Assist. Surg. Milne, h. p. 1 F. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. Brown, 85 F. do.
- Magrath, from h. p. York Chas. Assist. Surg. vice Palmer 25 do.
- J. Hawkey, Hosp. Assist. vice McGibbons, 21 F. do.

Exchanges.

- Capt. Sermon, from Coldest. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Cornwall, h. p. Unatt.
- Cornmont, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Schaw, h. p. 57 F.
- Syner, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Nicolls, h. p. Unatt.
- Steele, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Smith, h. p. 51 F.
- Lieut. Green, from 22 F. with Lieut. Munro, h. p. 78 F.
- Griffiths, from 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. J. Soper, h. p. York Chas.
- Cornet Stephens, from Dr. G. with Ensign R. B. Martin, 55 F.
- Ensign Forlong, from 50 F. with 2d Lieut. Syer, 89 F. h. p. Rifle Bn.
- Asst. Surg. Martin, from 1 F. with Asst. Surg. Johnstone, h. p. 9 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Major Gen. Gifford, from 17 F.
- W. Armstrong, from 2 Gen. B.
- Sir F. G. Butler, from 87 F.
- Lieut. Col. Landman, R. Eng.
- Capt. van Batenburg, 21 F.
- Barrington, 60 F.
- Lieut. Montgomery, 9 Dr.
- Cornet Stewart, 10 Dr.
- Asst. Surg. Cleland, h. p. 32 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Capt. Hon. W. T. Graves, h. p. Unatt.

Superadded.

- Paymaster Mallon, 10 Dr.

Deaths.

- Lieut. Gen. Irelande, East-India Company's Ser vice, Madras.
- Major Gen. Lord Muskerry, late of 58 F. Cacu France.
- Lieut. Col. Chisholm, Roy. Art. Col. Corps, Cape Coast Castle.
- Daxon, Roy. Art. Tours, France 2 Dec. 1821.
- Haddane, R. Inv. Eng. Dunkirk 11 Jan. 1822.
- Maencl, late 6 Vet. Bn. Campbell 25 Sept. 1821.
- town, N. B.
- Briou, h. p. 67 F.
- Inon, Armagh Mil. 1 Jan. 1822.
- Major Fawcett, h. p. 9 F. Rathmunn, Ireland 26 Dec. 1821.
- Capt. Blake, h. p. R. Irish Art. Dublin 29 Nov.
- Billing, h. p. 1 F. Dublin 10 Dec.
- Pollock, late of 1 F. Chatham 17 Jan. 1822.
- Grolman, h. p. R. Cors. Rang. Corsica 29 Oct. 1822.

CORN MARKETS.

Гденбург.

1825	Wheat			Barley	Oats	Peas	Quar loaf	Potat p bush	1826	Oatmeal		B & P Meal	
	Bls	Price	Av pr							Bls	Per l	Bls	Per l
Jan 19	1120	26 3/4	33 5	29 0 3/4	16 0 2/4	16 0 2/4	1	d	Jan 18	41 1/2	5 d	56	8 d
26	1147	27 5/8	33 8	28 0 3/4	17 0 2/4	17 0 2/4	10	8	Feb 1	41 1/2	5 d	70	1 2
Feb 9	1161	30 3/4	33 8	28 0 3/4	16 0 2/4	16 0 2/4	10	8	Feb 8	41 1/2	5 d	18	1 2
9	1165	36 3/4	33 6	28 0 3/4	16 0 2/4	16 0 2/4	10	8	Feb 8	41 1/2	5 d	6	1 2

Glasgow.

[illegible]

Haddington.

Dal cith.

Mo	Wheat.			Barley	Oats	Pease	Beans.	1824	Oatmeal	
	Bolls	Prices	Av pr						Per Boll	Per Peck
Jan	1	50 d 5 d	32 5	100 00	140 00	14 18 6	14 18 6	17	16 5	17 3
Feb	1	80 5 0	31 2	240 30 0	10 16	15 10 0	15 19 6	31	16 6	17 6
Mar	1	70 5 0	31 1	100 29 0	15 13 5	19 19 6	10 13 6	31	16 0	17 0
Apr	1	70 3 6	33 4	210 3 0	140 00	14 18 0	15 0 20 0	7	16 6	17 6

London.

No.	Wheat per c	Rye	Barley	Oats			Beans		Pease		Flour, 280 lb		Quar Loaf		
				Id	Pol	Potat.	Pigeon	Tick	Boling	Grey	Fine	Ad			
Jan	18	8	7	10	21	18	1	5	5	9	1	10	5	16	10
	18	8	7	10	21	18	1	5	5	9	1	10	5	16	10
	18	8	7	10	21	18	1	5	5	9	1	10	5	16	10
Feb	18	7	6	10	21	18	1	5	5	9	1	10	5	16	10
	18	7	6	10	21	18	1	5	5	9	1	10	5	16	10
	18	7	6	10	21	18	1	5	5	9	1	10	5	16	10

In copol

[illegible]

England & Wales.

187	Wht	Rye	Barl y	Oats	Bansa	Pease	Oatm
	d	l	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d
Jan	1	7 10	10 10	2 1	10 10	17 7	—
	1	7 10	11 0	2 1	11 7	14 10	—
	1	7 10	10 7	2 1	11 10	14 1	—
	1	7 10	10 7	2 1	11 10	14 1	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Jan. 1	M. 7b A. 11	29.384 28.999	M. 45 A. 44	SW.	Morn. sleet, day fair.	Jan. 17	M. 30 A. 36	29.420 28.968	M. 40 A. 40	SW.	Morn. snow, day fair.
2	M. 7b A. 39	.872 29.696	M. 11 A. 38	SW.	Dull, shrs. of rain.	18	M. 34 A. 41	28.490 .680	M. 42 A. 38	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.
3	M. 50 A. 38	.642 .246	M. 39 A. 36	SW.	Morn. frost, day rain.	19	M. 27 A. 57	.840 .499	M. 38 A. 38	SW.	Dull, but fair, cold.
4	M. 29 A. 33	.700 50.252	M. 36 A. 35	N.	Morn. sleet, day frost.	20	M. 32 A. 38	29.292 .616	M. 39 A. 38	N.	Morn. frost, dull day.
5	M. 21 A. 26	.716 .346	M. 32 A. 32	W.	Keen frost, with sunsh.	21	M. 32 A. 37	.715 .792	M. 38 A. 37	NE.	Frosty, after, sunshine.
6	M. 21 A. 38	.163 .165	M. 35 A. 40	W.	Fresh, fair, and cold.	22	M. 29 A. 35	.880 .930	M. 36 A. 37	Cble.	Morn. frost, day mild.
7	M. 99 A. 45	29.999 30.220	M. 15 A. 42	W.	Dull, but fair, mild.	23	M. 27 A. 35	.970 .903	M. 36 A. 37	W.	Frosty, rather dull.
8	M. 51 A. 40	.482 .452	M. 42 A. 41	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	24	M. 29 A. 35	.601 .224	M. 39 A. 38	SW.	Frost morn. night sleet.
9	M. 32 A. 36	.590 .928	M. 39 A. 38	W.	Ditto.	25	M. 26 A. 32	.750 .511	M. 40 A. 35	W.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
10	M. 26 A. 36	.550 .550	M. 36 A. 39	W.	Morn. frost, day dull.	26	M. 26 A. 37	.360 .225	M. 37 A. 41	S.	Rain & sleet most of day.
11	M. 33 A. 40	.120 .396	M. 40 A. 40	W.	Fresh, fair, but cold.	27	M. 32 A. 50	.250 .701	M. 30 A. 42	W.	Rain foren. aftern. sleet.
12	M. 52 A. 39	.311 .286	M. 40 A. 40	S.	Morn. frosty, d. dull, cold.	28	M. 29 A. 37	30.194 .335	M. 41 A. 40	Cble.	Frost, sunsh very cold.
13	M. 54 A. 39	29.995 .892	M. 40 A. 41	W.	Fair, mild, with sunsh.	29	M. 36 A. 40	.116 28.896	M. 45 A. 44	Cble.	Aftern. rain and sleet.
14	M. 36 A. 40	.859 .180	M. 41 A. 41	SW.	Dull, but fair.	30	M. 38 A. 47	.694 .014	M. 46 A. 45	W.	Dull, with shwrs. rain.
15	M. 53 A. 11	.525 .762	M. 44 A. 41	SW.	Dull, flying shwrs. rain.	31	M. 34 A. 40	.998 .692	M. 41 A. 41	SW.	Day fair, nighth. rain
16	M. 29 A. 45	28.999 29.115	M. 46 A. 42	SW.	Ditto.						

Average of rain, 1.282 inches.

The fall of rain since our last does not exceed an inch and a half. From the middle till the end of January, the temperature was mild: a few slight frosts gave but little interruption to farm labour: the mean temperature for that period was 40° Fahrenheit. February commenced with loud wind, which was succeeded, on the 3d, by snow, and keen frost. The snow was but slight, and the frost, which continued till the 7th, did more injury to wheat on high grounds than all the preceding short winter-storms. On some carse-lands, too, we observe the young wheat to assume a withered appearance; but, in general, on such soils the plants are still safe. Ploughs were at work by the 11th, and spring-plowing is in a state of forwardness. If the weather continue open and dry, sowing of beans may commence with safety by this day week. Vegetation is about five days later than last year. The mean temperature is about 1° lower for the three past months, than for the corresponding quarters last year. Turnips begin to run, and their nutritive qualities are consequently much deteriorated. A greater proportion of the crop appears to have been threshed out than at the same period last year. Barley is for the most part out of the farmer's hands, and as the last week's average was low, an anticipation that the ports would remain shut against that article produced a rise in price, which may yet end in advancing the remaining averages so far as to admit foreign barley by the 15th. Wheat maintains its price, and is easily sold. Oats are sought after, and prices rather on the rise. Beans and pease continue almost stationary. Potatoes are scarce, and are much in request. Hay is valuable, in proportion to its nearness to large towns; the general price is from 9d. to 10d. per stone, of 22 lbs. Labourers are pretty generally employed at about 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. per short day of seven hours. Price of oatmeal, 1s. 3d. per peck.

Perthshire, 14th Feb. 1825.

Course of Exchange, London, Feb. 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3. Ditto at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburgh, 37 : 1. Altona, 37 : 2. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 15. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 151½. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 44½. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 47. Dublin, 9½—Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3 17 9.—New Doubloons, £3 18 0.—New Dollars, 4s. 10d½.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s. 0½d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madera, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Home 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 00 00.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from January 19, to February 9, 1825.

	Jan. 19.	Jan. 26.	Feb. 2.	Feb. 9.
Bank Stock.....	231	232	234	205½
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	94½	101	94½	94½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	93½	93½	93½	93½
3½ ½ cent. do.....	101½	—	—	101½
4 ½ cent. do.....	—	—	—	—
Ditto New do.....	105½	106½	—	106
India Stock.....	—	—	—	—
— Bonds.....	101	100	97½	98
Exchequer bills.....	68	64	65½	65
Consols for account.....	94½	93½	93½	93½
French 5 ½ cents.....	103fr.50c.	103fr.50c.	103fr.25c.	103fr.80c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of Dec. 1824, and the 20th Jan. 1825: extracted from the London Gazette.

Arcangelo, C. Dithmal green, feather-merchant.
 Arnaby, M. Walworth road, baker.
 Bailey, J. Ipswich, ship builder.
 Bannard, S. C. Umberwall, jeweller.
 Barrin, H. Thaxted, min. jeweller.
 Beck, J. Derby, tea-dealer.
 Bennallack, J. F. Truro, scrivener.
 Benson, G. Kennington, builder.
 Biden, J. Chapsale, button-merchant.
 Blay, J. L. Hackney.
 Boulton, T. W. Spencer-street, coach-proprietor.
 Bowen, P. Bungay, linen-draper.
 Brandon, W. sen. Camberwell, builder.
 Brimwell, G. Stockport, chemist.
 Britten, D. jun. Basinghall-street, calenderer.
 Brotherton, J. Liverpool, tailor.
 Bryan, A. Richmond, haberdasher.
 Burslem, T. and P. Cella, Abchurch-lane, wine-merchants.
 Byram, R. J. and J. Saddleworth, York, woollen manufacturers.
 Cachard, George, Henrietta-street, Covent garden, watch-maker.
 Campbell, T. P. Brick-lane, Spitalfields, grocer.
 Chick, M. Newgate street, hosier.
 Clarke, T. Rotherhithe, lighterman.
 Cortes, W. Kidderminster, draper.
 Cooke, T. and J. Chichester, upholsterers.
 Cooke, T. W. Stratford, brewer.
 Cooper, B. Falcon-square, coal-merchant.
 Creed, J. Bedford-court, Covent-garden, woollen-draper.
 Cuck, W. and J. Golding, High street, Southwark, bakers.
 Dawson, W. Kingston upon Hull, bookseller.
 Dickinson, J. Dewsbury, York, draper.
 Dixon, G. Tottenham court-road, leathered manufacturer.
 Dolbel, J. Lambeth-road, merchant.
 Durham, J. Catherine-street, Strand, cabinet-maker.
 Dyson, R. Liverpool, merchant.
 Everett, J. Weymouth mews, Portland-pl. house-dealer.
 Fletcher, S. Lawrence lane, woollen factor.
 Lyffe, E. C. Cavendish street, Grocer.
 Lyffe, H. M. Holborn, grocer.

Gerrish, J. sen. and J. Gerrish, jun. Frome-Setwood, clothiers.
 Giles, H. London road, butcher.
 Giles, J. and G. Dennis, Bow-street, Covent-garden, victuallers.
 Greetham, R. J. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
 Gregory, S. Manchester, calico-printer.
 Guth, J. Shad Thames, corn-factor.
 Hall, J. Newington-butts, tea-dealer.
 Hammond, T. Manchester, victualler.
 Handy, S. Goswell-street, brass-founder.
 Hopkins, W. D. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, ship-broker.
 Hughes, W. Tewkesbury, glass-dealer.
 Humphreys, J. Vauxhall Bridge-road, carpenter.
 Jay, G. and T. Ward, Burlington gardens, artificial florists.
 Jones, J. Hillingdon, linen-draper.
 Jones, W. Bermondsey-street, fishmonger.
 Lander, J. Strand, hardwareman.
 Larkin, J. Cannon street-road, shopkeeper.
 Latten, J. Woolwich, baker.
 Lawson, J. B. and G. Nottingham, hosiers.
 Le Comte, J. R. St. Helen's-place, linen mt.
 Leonard, C. V. Taunton, linen-draper.
 Little, A. Bradford, York, grocer and draper.
 McKenzie, H. Walsall, draper.
 Miller, W. P. Dorset-street, Manchester square, carver.
 Morton, R. Westbury, Wilts, cornfactor.
 Niven, J. Peterborough, draper.
 Palmer, J. Lambeth, tailor.
 Perry, J. Houndditch, linen draper.
 Philipson, W. St. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, dyalster.
 Platt, J. Platt lane, Saddleworth, York, woollen manufacturer.
 Portch, W. Bradford, Wilts, clothier.
 Prodders, E. Ludlow, Shropshire, banker.
 Prodders, G. E. & J. Ludlow, Shropshire, bankers.
 Rushon, E. Preston, money scrivener.
 Roffe, C. St. Martha on the Hill, Guildford, paper-manufacturer.
 Roger, W. Upton, victualler.
 Ryall, T. R. Sutton Ventry, Wilt, dealer.
 Sangmit, W. Lute of Shiffeld, and afterwards of Fleetmarket, spirit dealer.

1825. Jan. 1. At Ellingham, Henry John William Collingwood, Esq. eldest son of Henry Collingwood, Esq. of Lillburn Tower, to Miss Frances C. Haggerston, youngest daughter of Thomas Haggerston, Esq. of Ellingham.

6. At St Margaret's, Westminster, by the Rev. David Wauchope, Captain Patrick Campbell, C. B. of his Majesty's ship *Ganges*, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie Marsh-ale.

8. At Douglas, Isle of Man, Samuel Hibbert, Esq. M.D. of Edinburgh, to the Hon. Mrs Scott, daughter of the late Lord Henry Murray, and married to his Grace the Duke of Atholl.

— At Wootton, Surrey, Lieut.-Colonel Ogilvie, of his Majesty's 16th regiment, to Janet Rebecca, eldest daughter of John Alex. Ogilvie, Esq. of Tailhurst, in that county.

— At Brickley chapel, in the county of Durham, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, and at St John's church, in Newcastle, on the 19th current, Mr James Austin Ward, son of the late Dr Ward of Dunfermlie, to Miss Margaret Todd, third daughter of the late William Todd, Esq. of Stockfield Hall, Northumberland.

10. At Distillery Park, Haddington, Thomas Spears, junior, Esq. distiller, Kirkcaldy, to Mary Macqueen, eldest daughter of Archibald Dunlop, Esq.

11. At Newton Park, Glasgow, Mr Robert Duff, jun. merchant, Dundee, to Isabella, sixth daughter of Archibald Warden, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

15. At 66, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Mr Alex Hill, bookseller, 55, South Bridge, to Agnes, eldest daughter of John Paton, Esq. builder.

15. At Drumsheugh House, Edinburgh, Sir David Hunter Blair, of Brownhill, Bart. to Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir John Hay, Bart.

17. At Moffat, Lieut. John Major, banks, of the R. N. to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr James Dickson, Moffat.

17. In George's Square, Edinburgh, Edward Binny Glass, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's civil service, to Catherine, second daughter of John C. Scott, of Sinton, Esq.

18. At Middle Church, by the Rev. C. Bird, A. M. James Watkins, Esq. Captain in the 62d regiment of Bengal infantry, to Miss Mary Anne Watkins, only daughter of Watkin Watkins, Esq. of Shotton, in the county of Salop.

— At Broughton Place, Peebles-shire, Michael Johnston, Esq. Archibald, to Christina, youngest daughter of John Anderson, Esq. civil.

— At St Martin's Outwich, London, the Rev. James Boyd, minister of the parish of Auchinleck, in the county of Ayr, to Jane, only sister of A. K. Hutchinson, Esq. solicitor, Crown Court, Threadneedle-Street.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. Alexander Lochore, minister of Dymen, to Miss Elizabeth Price.

20. At his residence in Hyde-Street, Manchester Square, London, Colonel Sir John Sinclair, of Dunbeath, Bart. to Miss Sarah Charlotte Carter.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Stirling Edmondstone, Esq. of Cambuswallace, to Helen, second daughter of the late Andrew Wood, surgeon in Edinburgh.

— At the Friends' Meeting-house, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Rickman, of Birmingham, architect, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr George Miller, of Hope Park, Edinburgh.

25. At Edmondston, John Lawson, Esq. of Cairnmount, W. S. to Janet, second daughter of the late James Brown, Esq. of Edmondston.

DEATHS.

1824. May 17. At the Fort of Roenghur, aged 55, in the Protected Hill Territory, Subathoo, whither he had retired on the invalid establishment, Captain Wm. Walker, of the native infantry, eldest son of the late Rev. William Walker, of St Cyrus, near Montrose.

June 6. At Hangoon, East Indies, Lieut. Alex. Trotter Lindsay, of the 22d native infantry, youngest son of the late Major Martin Eccles Lindsay.

7. At Kandy, Island of Ceylon, Mr Peter Maury, of the army medical staff, second son of Mr A. Maury, 158, George-Street, Edinburgh.

26. At Poonah, Lieut. R. S. Gibson, (second son of Mr George Gibson, merchant in Leith,) of the 6th regiment Bombay native infantry.

July 22. At Bombay, Eliza Emma, wife of Henry H. Glass, Esq. Hon. East-India Company's civil service.

25. At Penang, Commodore Charles Grant.

Aug. 8. On his passage to Sydney, Mr John Wyld, of Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land.

10. At St. Thome, Madras, William, youngest son of Lieut.-Col. Commandant Robert Macdowall, 7th regiment native infantry.

28. At Negapatam, William Hardy, Esq. of Charlesfield, Captain native infantry, Hon. East-India Company's service, Malacca.

Sept. 9. By the upsetting of a boat at Cape North, on the coast of Labrador, Mr John McPherson, merchant, aged 40. He was a native of Edinburgh, and much regretted by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.

11. At Sierra Leone, Africa, Mr Robert Symes Laing, only son of the late Mr James Laing, merchant, London.

Oct. 11. At the Cape of Good Hope, on his way to England, for the recovery of his health, Lieut. John Liddell, Bombay artillery, in the 20th year of his age, fourth son of Jas. Liddell, Esq. Auchtermolty.

28. At Cape Hatten, St. Domingo, Mr Walter Provand, formerly of Glasgow.

— At Diamond Point, St. Lucia, in the 26th year of his age, Robert Fletcher, Esq. eldest son of Mr Angus Fletcher, schoolmaster of Dumoon.

Nov. 6. At Portsmouth, on his way home to Scotland, from the Mediterranean, Alex. Watson, M.D. R. N.

25. At Vienna, Matthew Von Colin, one of the most celebrated Austrian literati, in his 46th year.

Dec. 10. At Banff, aged 100 years and upwards, Mrs Pirie, spouse of Mr Alexander Pirie, late merchant in Leith, and founder of the Charity School in the Sea Town there, for the education of poor children.

11. At Dunbar, Charles Lorimer, Esq. late Collector of his Majesty's Customs there, in the 75th year of his age.

12. At Annabrag, Shetland, John Mouat, Esq. of Gairth, aged 75.

17. Mr Robt. Dickson, merchant, Musselburgh. — At Borrowstonness, in the 84th year of his age, Mr Thomas Johnston, late shipmaster there.

18. At Glasgow, Mrs Janet Honyman, relict of John Grievie, Esq. formerly Sheriff-Substitute for Peebles-shire.

— At Elie, Mrs Mary Bruce, relict of the deceased James Bruce Carstar, Esq. of Tillicoultry.

19. At Couper-Street, Leith, at the advanced age of 75, Charles Smith, Esq. portrait-painter in London.

— Andrew Johnston, Esq. of Castlehill, at the advanced age of 90.

20. At Leith, Mr Adolphus Seales, senior. — At Gatehouse of Fleet, James Dennison, Esq. for many years resident in that burgh.

— At No. 2, Leopold Place, Edinburgh, Mr Walter Wight, coachmaker, Edinburgh.

21. At Pittendreich, near Elgin, Mrs Louisa Macdonell, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Mr Macdonell of Forbes.

— At her house in Arundel-Street, Strand, London, Mrs Young, the mother of Mrs Faulstrey.

25. At Perth, Mr George Brown, bookseller, aged 71.

— In Drygate-Street, Glasgow, in the 85d year of her age, Mrs Mary Jamieson, relict of the late John Craig, Esq. of Overnewton.

24. At Leith, Mr John Crauford, merchant.

25. At his house, Upper Seymour-Street, London, the Right Hon. Sir R. Dallas, Knt.

— At Seaford, Sussex, Mrs Carnegie, widow of Colonel John Carnegie.

— At Tours, after two days illness, Lieut.-Col. Dixon, lately Commandant of the royal artillery, in the garrison of Portsmouth.

— At Aberdeen, John Robert Smith, of Conaig.

— At Biggar, Mr John Paterson, late of Ogs castle, aged 81.

— At Edinburgh, Claudius Charles, Esq. Lieutenant in the British navy, and Post Captain in that of South America.

— At Brighton, in his 80th year, the Right Hon. Lord Esdaile.

— At Whiteside, parish of Kirkcubrecht, Wm. Anderson, Esq. of Whiteside.

Dec. 26. At Nice, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Lord Mount Charles, eldest son of the Marquis and Marchioness Conyngham.

28. At Kirkaldy, Mrs Dr Black.

— At Naples, Mr David Henderson, merchant, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

30. At Linlithgow, Catharine, second daughter of Alexander Napier, Esq. Linlithgow.

— At Liverpool, Alexander Hamilton, Esq. F.A.S. a celebrated oriental scholar, and late professor of Sanscrit and Hindoo literature at the East-India College, Haylebury.

— At Archibald Hamilton's, Esq. Cumberland-Street, Portman Square, London, Miss Rebecca Scott, daughter of the late Dr Scott, minister of Carlisle.

31. At Torquay, Devonshire, Lawrence Ohlphant, Esq. of Gask.

1825. Jan. 2. At Swinton, Lieut. Adam Murray.

— At Alloa, in the 62d year of his age, John Drummond, Esq. late writer there, and Procurator Fiscal for the county of Clackmannan.

— At his house, 9, Roxburgh Place, Edinburgh, Mr David Whyte, builder.

— At Edinburgh, James, eldest son of Henry Bourhill, Deputy Assistant Commissary-General.

5. At London, Jean, daughter of the late John Callander, Esq. of Craigforth.

— At Bellevue, Mrs Hoggan, relict of the late Major George Hoggan of Waterdale.

— At Chislehurst, the Right Hon. Lady Bay-ling.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Fearon.

4. Mr John Chisholm, Ordnance Department, Edinburgh Castle.

5. In her 73d year, Mrs Mounteney. She was the eldest daughter of the late Sir Wm. Barclay, Bart. of Pierston, Ayrshire.

— At Stirling, the Rev. Dr Small, one of the ministers of that town.

— At Smyllum Park, Sir William Honyman, Baronet, of Graysay.

6. At New Garden, Robt. Ramage Liston, Esq.

— At his Lordship's Episcopal residence, Glasnevin, Ireland, Dr Lindsay, Bishop of Kildare, brother of the Earl of Balcarras, and brother-in-law to the Earl of Hardwicke. He was Dean of Christ's Church, and was translated from the See of Killaloe, to which he had been elevated, in 1805.

— At Portsoy, Lieutenant James Wood, R. N. aged 76.

— At Kilmarnock, Mrs Elizabeth Gregory, relict of William Gregory, Esq.

7. At Fishcraw, Mrs Hester Marshment, wife of Mr James Forsyth, of his Majesty's Customs, there.

8. At Glasgow, James Murray, Esq. late of Jedburgh, aged 86.

9. At Barholm House, Ann, second daughter of John McCulloch, Esq. of Barholm.

— At Keir, Mr John Kyle, gardener to James Stirling, Esq. of Keir. As an experienced gardener, Mr Kyle was surpassed by few, if any, in his profession; and he, perhaps, during his life, received more medals and prizes for superior excellence, from the Horticultural Society of Edinburgh and others, than any other individual in the same line.

10. A. Falkland, Michael Lundin, Esq. of Drums.

11. At her house, North Nelson-Street, Edinburgh, at the advanced age of 84, Mrs Isabel Edmondstone, relict of Mr William Aytoun, W.S.

— At Inchmouch, Mr John Steel, of Inchmouch, aged 75.

13. At Arbroath, Miss Isabella Bell, daughter of the Rev. William Bell, late minister of that place, in the 68th year of her age.

— At Grove House, near Edinburgh, in her 6th year, the Hon. Clara Melville Murray, daughter of the late Lord Elibank.

Jan. 13. At 19, Union-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Shaw, senior.

14. At No. 3, Meadow Place, Edinburgh, after a tedious illness, Miss Helen Brunton.

— At No. 11, Walker-Street, Edinburgh, Jean Lockhart Bertram, daughter of the late Wm. Bertram, Esq. of Nisbet.

— In Upper Gower-Street, London, George Dance, Esq. R.A. and F.A.S.

16. At Walton Manse, the Rev. P. Mollison.

— At Banff, Bathia, the wife of George Robinson, Esq. late Provost of Banff, aged 80.

— At Glasgow, aged 69, Mr John Turpie, merchant.

17. Aged 71, John Heron, Esq. of Ingleston.

— After a lingering illness, which suddenly took a fatal turn, at the British Hotel, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Anne Dorothea, daughter of the late Wilbraham Boodle, Esq. of Latham House, Lancashire, and relict of Sir Peper Arden, Master of the Rolls, afterwards Lord Alvanley.

— At Bo'ness, Miss Sheppard, of Snab.

— At Jerviston, William Drysdale, Esq. of Pitteuchar.

— In Union-Street, Edinburgh, Alex. Scott, Esq. of Stockbrigg, Lancashire.

— At Ballysallach, county Carlow, the Hon. Mrs Hozer, wife of James Hozer, Esq. of Ballysallach, and daughter of the late Lord Ventry.

18. At Queensferry, aged 85, Mrs Margaret Douglas, relict of Archibald Stewart, Esq.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Ann Watson, relict of Mr Andrew Hunter, merchant there.

19. At his son's house, in Edinburgh, John Leven, Esq. sen. late of Burntisland, in the 70th year of his age.

20. At North Leith, Mrs Jean Maccartney, spouse of Mr Alexander Ross, master of the Grammar School there.

— At his house, in Upper Norton-Street, London, the Right Hon. Lord Herbert Windsor Stuart, son of the late and uncle of the present Marquis of Bute.

— At Roucan, James Little, Esq. of Bogric, aged 87.

22. At Monkton Manse, Mrs Oughterson, wife of the Rev. John Oughterson, minister of Monkton.

— In Portland Place, London, Dame Belinda Colebrooke, wife of Sir Charles Joshua Smith of Sutton, Bart.

— At Stonehaven, Mr John Wood, the son; and on the 15th current, Mrs Janet Mount, the wife of Mr James Wood, leather-merchant in Stonehaven.

23. At her house in Edinburgh, Susan, Lady Hay Dalrymple of Park.

24. At Kirkaldy, Mr James Edington, senior, of East Wemyss.

25. At Glasgow, aged 25, Margaret, daughter of John Buchanan of Ardoch, Esq. M. P.

— At Caen, Major-General Lord Muskerry, after a few days illness.

25. At Queen-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Thoinasia Gulland, relict of John Grieve, Esq. civil engineer.

25. At the Briery Yards, at the venerable age of 91, Thomas Turnbull, Esq. of Fenwick.

— At his house in York-Street, Glasgow, John Wallace, Esq. formerly of Paisley.

26. At his house, York Place, Edinburgh, David Greig, Esq. W. S. much regretted.

28. At Clapham, Surrey, Catherine, daughter of Archibald Constable, Esq. in her 15th year.

— At Gatehouse, John Smith, Esq. in his 77th year.

— At the house of Baron Roebuck, in Ireland, the Hon. Valentine Lawless, eldest son of Lord Cloncurry.

— At Horse-Shoe Plantation, South Carolina, John Hunter, Esq. third son of the late Charles Hunter, Esq. of Burnside.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MARCH 1825.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
April 1825.		H.	M.	H.	M.	April 1825.		H.	M.	H.	M.
Fr.	1	0	80	0	55	Sa.	16	0	53	1	10
Sa.	2	1	19	1	42	Su.	17	1	27	1	45
Su.	3	2	4	2	27	M.	18	2	0	2	17
M.	4	2	49	3	10	Tu.	19	2	34	2	50
Tu.	5	3	31	3	52	W.	20	3	6	3	24
W.	6	4	12	4	33	Th.	21	3	42	4	1
Th.	7	4	54	5	15	Fr.	22	4	19	4	40
Fr.	8	5	39	6	2	Sa.	23	5	3	5	26
Sa.	9	6	30	6	57	Su.	24	5	53	6	22
Su.	10	7	30	8	6	M.	25	6	53	7	27
M.	11	8	47	9	25	Tu.	26	8	4	8	42
Tu.	12	10	3	10	36	W.	27	9	21	9	58
W.	13	11	7	11	34	Th.	28	10	31	11	3
Th.	14	11	56	—	—	Fr.	29	11	34	—	—
Fr.	15	0	16	0	36	Sa.	30	0	2	0	29

MOON'S PHASES.

<i>Mean Time.</i>			
	D.	M.	H.
Full Moon,~Su.	3.	14	past 6 morn.
Last Quart,~Su.	10.	58	— 4 morn.
New Moon,~Mo.	18.	6	— 9 morn.
First Quart,~Tu.	26.	22	— 0 morn.

TERMS, &c.

<i>April</i>	
1.	Good Friday.
23.	King's birth-day kept.

Notice to Correspondents.

The unusual length of the Review of Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia has unavoidably led to the postponement of several Articles intended for publication in the present Number. We shall endeavour next month to clear off our arrears.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MARCH 1825.

THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, DUKE OF OTRANTO, MINISTER OF THE
GENERAL POLICE OF FRANCE, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH. 2 VOLS.
LONDON: CHARLES KNIGHT. 1825.

"INTRIGUE," said Napoleon, on one occasion, "was to Fouché a necessary of life. He intrigued at all times, in all places, in all ways, and with all persons. Nothing ever came to light but he was found to have had a hand in it. He made it his sole business to look out for something that he might be meddling with; his mania was to wish to be concerned in every thing; his ugly foot was sure to be thrust into everybody's shoes." Now here we have, in a few words, the character of the late Ex-Minister of General Police, as that character has been sketched by his own hand, in the volumes before us. Naturally cold, mistrustful, crafty, vindictive, ambitious, he plunged headlong into the raging vortex of the Revolution, and narrowly escaped being swallowed up by that which he had aspired to govern and direct. The son of a privateer captain, and possessing a little education, with no fixed principles, he threw himself into the midst of the political fanatics and madmen who had overwhelmed the patriots of 1789, and got the Revolution into their hands; he became a Jacobin, a member of the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety, and a Regicide: he sat at the same board with Danton, Marat, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud de Varennes, Couthon, St. Just, and Robespierre; he abetted these sanguinary monsters in their unparalleled murders, proscriptions, and crimes; and if he avoided putting himself forward as a conspicuous leader of the infernal crew with which he was associated, it was not from any compunctious visitings of remorse, or from any indisposition to guilt, but because he partook not of the demoniacal fanaticism of the Terrorists, and quailed under the ascendancy of Robespierre, whose popularity seemed to increase in the direct ratio of the magnitude of his crimes. Nor, even by his own shewing, did he concert measures with Tallien, Vergniaud, and others, for the destruction of that Nero of Anarchy, till, after spilling the blood of so many innocent victims, something akin to an instinct of retributive justice prompted him to send Danton and Camille-Desmoulins to the guillotine,—a proceeding which clearly intimated to the rest of his colleagues the fate that awaited them, if they opposed his views of obtaining the dictatorship. Ever supple and subservient, Fouché flattered the miserable drivellers who formed the Directory, as he had cringed and trembled under the bloody anarchy of Robespierre; and after the 18th of Brumaire, to the success of which he would persuade us that he mainly contributed, he became the creature of the First Consul. By that haughty spirit he was first employed to hunt down his old friends the Jacobins, whom he nevertheless secretly encouraged; and afterwards by means of the Police—that terrible instrument of despotism—that mysterious power, always dreaded, and never felt but at the moment it

strikes—that eye which sees all, yet is unseen by all—that secret venom which festers at the core of domestic society, and corrodes the links by which it is held together—to strengthen the hands of the imperial government by diffusing a new Reign of Terror, in some respects more malignant and deadly than that of Robespierre. But he seems to have been capable of respiring only in an atmosphere tainted with treason. By his own confession, he occupied himself incessantly in attempts to counterwork his master—sold his secrets to foreign ministers—and, to use his own expressive phrase, slept with his Head on the scaffold. He fomented conspiracies, that he might profit by their detection, secretly kept in his pay the miscreants employed by his former colleagues; and when his practices could no longer escape the penetrating eye of his master, and he was divested of his employment and disgraced, he went into retirement with a cool and deliberate purpose, to watch for the moment when fresh treason, combining with adverse fortune, might enable him at once to take his revenge, and to sell his hateful services to some new and less cunning purchaser. The course of events gave him the opportunity he had longed for. In 1814 he betrayed his master in the Illyrian Provinces and in Italy, paralyzing by his treachery both the Viceroy and the poor King of Naples, who seems to have been totally devoid of penetration; and in 1815, after he had once more accepted office under Napoleon, he agreed to sell the plan of the Campaign to the Duke of Wellington, intrigued with the Court of Louis XVIII., at Lisle, and, after the battle of Waterloo, prevented the Legislative Body from identifying itself with the army and the fallen Chief. Nay, one of the men who had voted for the death of Louis XVI. became a minister, and was entrusted with a *portefeuille* of office under the restored brother of that unfortunate monarch. But he was too slippery and dangerous a subject to be long suffered to possess even the shadow of power. He was once more disgraced and driven into exile, where, notwithstanding his enormous riches, he seems to have pined away in a state of the most forlorn wretchedness, consoling himself for the failure of all his intrigues, by writing these Memoirs, and bequeathing them as a legacy of posthumous revenge.

Such was the man of whose work we are now to render some account. But it must not be inferred, from the feeble sketch we have drawn of the character of this artful revolutionary ruffian, that his Memoirs are destitute of interest. Fouché, though more deeply tainted with the spirit of Machiavelism than any man of modern times, was undoubtedly one of the strongest thinkers, and, where the predominating vice of his nature interfered not, one of the most clear-sighted politicians whom the Revolution produced. He had infinite tact in managing the most complicated intrigues, and exploring his way through the most tortuous mazes of affairs; and though, like the feline tribe, he saw best in the dark, and sometimes missed his prey in the broad blaze of noon-day, it should be remembered, that he was the minister of a government which loved to shroud itself in mystery, till the moment arrived when it was deemed expedient to strike, and to mask the deepest designs under the most smooth and plausible disguises. He was intimately acquainted with the secret springs of nearly all the extraordinary events which, in our times, have convulsed Europe, and shaken “the stable tyranny of thrones.” Revolutionist and counter-revolutionist, Jacobin and Royalist, the circumstances which led to the establishment and overthrow of the Imperial Government, and at last to the restoration of the Bourbons, were unmasked to his observation. He knew almost every intrigue as well as the character of every one who figured in it, because, besides the knowledge he acquired as the head of the most active and best-organized police in the world, he himself may be accurately described as a permanent conspirator. Mankind, too, as they present themselves to the eyes of a despotic minister—that is, base, selfish, venal, and profligate—he had thoroughly studied, and could mould them to his purpose with a skill little inferior to that of his imperial master, or divine their intentions and object with almost equal certainty of penetration. The revelations of such a man must necessarily possess a high value; especially

as, after proving himself a traitor to all parties, and finding himself rejected by all, he had no longer private reasons to keep terms with any, and to hesitate about disclosing a part at least of his knowledge of the interesting and chequered drama in which he figured as an actor. On this account, we are inclined to give credit to a great deal that is contained in these volumes; for though the author undoubtedly intended them to serve as a justificatory memorial of his own conduct, which they in almost every instance most conclusively impeach,—and though nobody will be so silly as to expect that the Duke of Otranto could possibly be honest or candid where he had any motive to be the reverse; yet as he undertook to make his disclosures for the purpose of soothing his mortified ambition, and gratifying his revenge, and as he must have been aware that he did not monopolize the knowledge of the secret springs and real causes of the events on which he dwells, it is reasonable to conclude, that he has given us as much truth as it was possible for him to tell; and it is certain that his Memoirs are a most valuable addition to the materials (daily accumulating) for the history of the eventful period to which they refer. And although we have only had access to the English translation, which is execrably bad, it is easy to perceive that they are written with great ability, and are less infected with the prevailing vices of French composition than any recent work of the kind, with the exception of the masterly Memoirs dictated by Napoleon. With these remarks we shall proceed to the Duke of Otranto; and as our readers will probably be better pleased with the confessions of that renowned personage than with any remarks we could offer in regard to them, we shall indulge as liberally in extracts as our limits will permit.

His Grace passes over the times of the Convention, and the Reign of Terror, with much brevity. This is provoking: it was in regard to these, that disclosures, such as Fouché had it in his power to make, would have been most interesting. “By a singular chance,” as he calls it, he first became acquainted with Robespierre, when he taught philosophy at Arras, and, it seems, afforded him pecuniary assistance to enable him to settle at Paris, when he was appointed deputy to the National Assembly. This is characteristic. The great instrument with which that artful man afterwards operated was the Mammon of unrighteousness, and this may be considered as his debüt. They next met at the Convention, and saw each other frequently; but the Duke had the sagacity to divine, that violence, terror, and proscription, could not long endure. He commenced intriguing with the Girondins, and contributed to hasten the fall of a demon whose destruction was inevitable. His apology for the Convention is remarkable.

The Convention, notwithstanding its atrocities, excesses, and its furious decrees, or, perhaps, by those very decrees, saved the country beyond its integral limits. This is an incontestable fact, and for that reason I do not deny my participation in its labours. Each of its members, when accused before the tribunal of history, may confine himself to the limits of Scipio’s defence, and say with that great man, “I have saved the republic—let us repair to the capitol, to thank the gods!”

We have next Fouché’s account of the intrigues which accelerated the catastrophe of the Revolutionary dictator.

The paroxysm of Revolution and of terror was at hand. The guillotine was the only instrument of government. Suspicion and mistrust preyed upon every heart; fear cowered over all. Even those who held in their hands the instrument of terror were at times menaced with it. One man alone in the Convention appeared to enjoy an inexpugnable popularity: this was Robespierre, a man full of pride and cunning; an envious, malignant, and vindictive being, who was never satiated with the blood of his colleagues; and who, by his capacity, steadiness, the clearness of his head, and the obstinacy of his character, surmounted circumstances the most appalling. Availing himself of his preponderance in the committee of public safety, he openly aspired, not only to the tyranny of the decemviri, but to the despotism of the dictatorship of Marius and Sylla. One step more would have given him the masterdom of the Revolution, which it was his audacious ambition to govern at his will; but

thirty victims more were to be sacrificed, and he had marked them in the Convention. He well knew that I understood him; and I, therefore, was honoured by being inscribed upon his tablets at the head of those doomed to destruction. I was still on a mission, when he accused me of oppressing the patriots, and tampering with the aristocracy. Being recalled to Paris, I dared to call upon him from the tribune, to make good his accusation. He caused me to be expelled from the Jacobins, of whom he was the high-priest; this was for me equivalent to a decree of proscription. I did not trifle in contending for my head, nor in long and secret deliberations with such of my colleagues as were threatened with my own fate. I merely said to them, among others, to Legendre, Tallien, Dubois de Crancé, Daunou, and Chénier; "You are on the list, you are on the list as well as myself; I am certain of it!" Tallien, Barras, Bourdon de l'Oise, and Dubois de Crancé, evinced some energy. Tallien contended for two lives, of which one was then dearer to him than his own: he therefore resolved upon assassinating the future dictator, even in the Convention itself. But what a hazardous chance was this! Robespierre's popularity would have survived him, and we should have been immolated to his manes. I therefore dissuaded Tallien from an isolated enterprise, which would have destroyed the man, but preserved his system. Convinced that other means must be resorted to, I went straight to those who shared with Robespierre the government of terror, and whom I knew to be envious or fearful of his immense popularity. I revealed to Collot d'Herbois, to Carnot, to Billaud de Varennes, the designs of the modern Appius; and I presented to each of them, separately, so lively and so true a picture of the danger of their situation, I urged them with so much ability and success, that I insinuated into their breasts more than mistrust,—the courage of henceforth opposing the Tyrant in any further decimating of the Convention. "Count the votes," said I to them, "in your committee, and you will see, that when you are determined, he will be reduced to the powerless minority of a Couthon and a St. Just. Refuse him your votes, and reduce him to stand alone by your *vis inertiae*."

But what contrivances, what expedients were necessary to avoid exasperating the Jacobin club, the Seides, and the partisans of Robespierre! Sure of having succeeded, I had the courage to defy him, on the 20th Prairial, (June 8, 1794,) a day on which, actuated with the ridiculous idea of solemnly acknowledging the existence of the Supreme Being, he dared to proclaim himself both his *will* and *agent*, in presence of all the people assembled at the Tuileries. As he was ascending the steps of his lofty tribune, whence he was to proclaim his manifesto in favour of God, I predicted to him aloud, (twenty of my colleagues heard it,) that his fall was near. Five days after, in full committee, he demanded my head and that of eight of my friends, reserving to himself the destruction of twenty more at a later period. How great was his astonishment, and what was his rage, upon finding amongst the members of the committee an invincible opposition to his sanguinary designs against the national representation! It has already been too much mutilated, said they to him, and it is high time to put a stop to a proscription which at last will include ourselves.

Finding himself in a minority, he withdrew, choked with rage and disappointment, swearing never to set foot again in the committee, so long as his will should be opposed. He immediately sent for St. Just, who was with the army, rallied Couthon under his sanguinary banner, and by his influence over the Revolutionary tribunal, still made the Convention, and all those who were operated on by fear, to tremble. Being confident of the support of the Jacobin Club, of Henriot, the commander of the national guard, and of all the Revolutionary committees of the capital, he flattered himself that he had still adherents fully sufficient to carry him through. By thus keeping himself at a distance from the seat of power, he was desirous of throwing upon his adversaries the general execration of making them appear as the sole perpetrators of so many murders, and of delivering them up to the vengeance of a people which now began to murmur at the shedding of so much blood. But cowardly, mistrustful, and timid, he was incapable of action, and permitted five weeks to pass away between this secret secession and the crisis which was silently approaching.

I did not overlook his situation; and seeing him reduced to a single faction, I secretly urged such of his enemies as still adhered to the committee, at least to remove the artillery from Paris, who were all devoted to Robespierre and the commune, and to deprive Henriot of his command, or at least to suspend him. The first measure I obtained, thanks to the firmness of Carnot, who alleged the necessity of sending reinforcements of artillery to the army. As to depriving Henriot of his command, that appeared too hazardous; Henriot remained, and was near losing all, or rather, to speak the truth, it was he who, on the 9th Thermidor, (the 27th July,) ruined the

cause of Robespierre, the triumph of which was for a short time in his power. But what could be expected from a *ci-devant* drunken and stupid footman.

What follows is too well known for me to enlarge upon it. It is notorious how Maximilian the First perished; a man whom certain authors have been very anxious of comparing to the Gracchi, to whom he bore not the slightest resemblance, either in eloquence or elevation of mind. I confess that, in the delirium of victory, I said to those who favoured his ambitious views, "You do him much honour; he had neither plan nor design: far from disposing of futurity, he was drawn along, and did but obey an impulse he could neither oppose nor govern." But at that time I was too near a spectator of events justly to appreciate their history.

But though Fouché escaped the guillotine under Robespierre, he incurred the hatred of the "re-actors," who pursued him into the Convention, "whence, by dint of *recriminations* and *false accusations*, they caused his expulsion by (what he is pleased to call) a *most iniquitous decree*;" and it seems he passed almost a year "the victim of every species of insult and odious persecution." But the defeat of the Sections by Napoleon on the 13th of Vendémiaire "restored him to liberty and honour;" and after the formation of the Directory, he obtained shares of the government contracts, and laid the foundation of his fortune. "I thus commenced," he says, "making my fortune after the example of Voltaire, and I contributed to that of my partners, who distinguished themselves by the PUNCTUALITY with which they fulfilled the clauses of their contract with the republic." The cannon of Vendémiaire seem to have been the means of his first introduction to Napoleon Buonaparte, who, by the capture of Toulon, had already acquired a vast reputation, and "was clearing for himself a road by which he was soon to arrive at the most astonishing renown of modern times."

The brilliant campaigns of Italy, in 1796 and 1797, having annihilated three armies of Austrians, and brought the victorious French General to the tops of the Simmering, preliminaries were signed at Leoben, which afterwards led to the peace of Campo Formio. The jealousy of the Directory was roused, and it became a question of the highest moment to them how to dispose of the youthful chief and the troops with which he had conquered. The following is exceedingly curious.

The origin of the expedition (to Egypt) is sufficiently curious to be noted here. Buonaparte held a multifarious government in horror, and despised the Directory, which he called the five kings in routine (*cinq rois à terme*.) Intoxicated with glory upon his return from Italy, welcomed with almost frantic joy by the French, he meditated seizing upon the supreme government, but his party had not as yet sufficiently established itself. He perceived, and I use his own expressions, that *the pear was not yet ripe*. On its side, the Directory, who feared him, found that the nominal command of the English expedition kept him too near Paris; and he himself was not much inclined to seek his destruction against the cliffs of Albion. To say the truth, it was scarcely known what to do with him. Open disgrace would have insulted the public opinion, and increased his reputation and his strength.

An expedient was thus being sought for, when the former Bishop of Autun, (Talleyrand,) a man distinguished for his shrewdness and address, and who had just introduced into foreign affairs the intriguing daughter of Necker, conceived the brilliant Ostracism into Egypt. He first insinuated the idea to Rewbel, then to Merlin, taking upon himself the acquiescence of Barras. His plan was nothing but an old idea which he had found amongst the rubbish of the bureau, and which he had furnished up for the occasion. It was converted into a state affair. The expedient appeared the more fortunate, as it at once removed the bold and forward general; subjecting him, at the same time, to hazardous chance. The conqueror of Italy at first entered unhesitatingly, and with the greatest ardour, into the idea of an expedition which not only could not fail adding to his renown, but would also ensure to him distant possessions, which he flattered himself he should govern either as a sultan or a prophet. But soon cooling, whether he perceived the snare, or whether he still aimed at supreme power, he drew back; but it was in vain for him to struggle, to raise obstacle upon obstacle—all were removed; and when he found himself reduced to the alternative of disgrace, or of remaining at the head of an army which might revolutionize the East, he deferred his designs upon Paris, and set sail with the flower of our troops.

The Directory, always feeble, was absolutely paralyzed by the death of Joubert, upon whom it relied as its chief support against the Anarchists. Napoleon, in his Memoirs, has repeatedly eulogized the bravery, talent, and integrity of that young soldier, who appears, even among the great generals of the Revolution, to have been considered as one of the first in the first rank. When the intelligence first arrived of the loss of the battle of Novi, (fought with the Russians under Suwaroff,) and the death of Joubert—

The Directory was thunder-struck and discouraged. Although overcome with grief myself, I was nevertheless mindful that the reins should not be let fall; nothing, however, could be decided on that day. In the circumstances in which we were placed, the loss of the battle was a disaster, the death of Joubert a calamity. He had set off with special instructions to come to an engagement with the Russians. Unfortunately, the delay of a month, occasioned by his marriage with Mile. de Montholon, had given the enemy time to reinforce himself, and to oppose to our army more formidable masses. The death of Joubert, who was struck down at the first discharge of musquetry, and which has justly been deemed suspicious, has never been clearly explained. I have questioned ocular witnesses respecting the event, who seemed persuaded that the murderous ball was fired from a small country-house, by some hired ruffian, the musquetry of the enemy not being within reach of the group of staff-officers, in the middle of which was Joubert, when he came up to encourage the advanced guard, which was giving way. It has even been said, that the shot was fired by a Corsican chasseur of our light troops. But let us not endeavour to unravel a dreadful mystery by conjectures, or facts not sufficiently substantiated. *I leave you, Joubert!* said Buonaparte, on setting off for Egypt. I will add, that his valour was heightened by his simplicity of manners and his disinterestedness, and that in him a correct *coup d'œil* was found united with rapidity of execution—a cool head with a warm heart. And this warrior was just snatched from us, perhaps by the hand of a murderer, at the moment when he might have raised and saved the country!

The face of affairs was, however, speedily changed by the unexpected return of Buonaparte from Egypt. Fouché says he had divined this event; and it is not improbable he might, for it cannot be denied that he possessed great penetration. Buonaparte had been duly apprized of every thing by his relations, particularly his brother Lucien, and, by a miracle of Fortune, had eluded the vigilance of the English cruisers. His arrival was the signal for commencing a conspiracy, all the elements of which were already prepared, for the overthrow of the Directory, and enabling him to grasp the reins of power.

Reckoning from the 9th Brumaire, (says Fouché), the conspiracy developed itself rapidly; each made his recruits. Talleyrand gave us Sémonville, and among the principal generals, Beurnonville and Macdonald. Among the Bankers, we had Collet; he lent two millions: this set the enterprise in full sail. They commenced secretly tampering with the garrison of Paris; amongst others, two regiments of cavalry which had served in Italy under Buonaparte. Lannes, Murat, and Leclerc, were employed in gaining over the commanders of corps, and in seducing the principal officers. Independently of these three generals, and of Berthier and Marmont, we could soon rely upon Serrurier and Lefèvre; Moreau and Moncey were already certain. Moreau, with a self-denial of which he had afterwards to repent, owned that Buonaparte was the man necessary to reform the state; he thus spontaneously pointed him out to play the lefty part which had been destined for himself, but for which he had neither disposition nor political energy.

On his side, the most active and able of the faction, Lucien, seconded by Boulay de la Meurthe and by Regnier, concerted measures with the most influential members devoted to Sieyès. In these meetings figured Chazal, Frégeville, Daunou, Lemer cier, Cabanis, Lebrun, Courtois, Cornet, Fargues, Baraillon, Villetard, Goupil-Préfeln, Vimar, Bouteville, Cornudet, Herwyn, Delcloy, Rousseau, and Le Jarry. The plotters of the two councils were deliberating upon the best and surest means of execution, when Dubois de Crancé went to denounce the conspiracy to the directors Gohier and Moulins; requiring them to arrest Buonaparte instantly, and offering himself to see the order of the directory to this effect executed. The two directors, however, felt themselves so certain of Buonaparte, that they refused to give any credit to the information of the minister-at-war. They required proofs from him before they

opened the matter to Barras, or took any other measure. They required proofs, at a time when a conspiracy was being openly carried on, as is the custom in France. Conspiracy was a-foot at Sieyes', at Buonaparte's, at Murat's, at Lannes', and at Berthier's; conspiracy was being carried on in the saloons of the inspectors of the council of ancients, and of the principal members of the commissions. Failing to persuade either Gohier or Moulins, Dubois de Crancé despatched to them at the Luxembourg a police agent, who was well acquainted with the plot, and who revealed the whole of it to them. Gohier and Moulins, after having heard him, caused him to be confined while they deliberated upon his revelations. This man, uneasy at ascertaining the motive of which he could not understand, alarmed and terrified, escaped out of a window, and came to inform me of what had passed. His evasion and my own countermeasures soon effaced from the minds of the two directors the impression which the proceeding of Dubois de Crancé had made. I informed Buonaparte of all.

The impulse was immediately given; Lucien assembled Boulay, Chazal, Cabanis, and Emile Gaudin; each had his part assigned him. It was in the house of Madame Récamier, near Bagatelle, that Lucien arranged the legislative measures which were to coincide with the military explosion. The presidency of the council of five hundred, with which he was invested, was one of the principal supports on which the conspiracy rested. It had been agreed, that, the more effectually to disguise the plot, a splendid banquet should be given by subscription to Buonaparte, to which should be invited the chief of the high authorities, and of the deputies of both parties. The banquet was given, but was utterly destitute of cheerfulness and enthusiasm; a mournful silence, and an air of restraint, pervaded it; the parties were watching each other. Buonaparte, embarrassed with the part he had to act, retired at an early hour, leaving the guests a prey to their reflections.

With Lucien's consent, Buonaparte had, on the 15th of Brumaire, a secret interview with Sieyes, in which were discussed the arrangements for the 18th. The object was to remove the Directory and to disperse the legislative body, but without violence, and by means, to all appearance, legal, but prepared with all the resources of artifice and audacity. It was determined to open the drama by a decree of the council of ancients, ordering the removal of the legislative corps to St. Cloud. The choice of St. Cloud, for the assembling of the two councils, was to prevent all possibility of a popular movement, and, at the same time, to afford a facility for employing the troops with greater security, away from the contact of Paris.

In consequence of what was agreed upon between Sieyes and Buonaparte, the secret council of the principal conspirators, held at the Hotel de Breteuil, gave, on the 16th, its last instructions to Lemercier, the president of the council of ancients. These were to order an extraordinary convocation in the hall of the ancients at the Thuilleries, on the 18th, at ten o'clock in the morning. The signal was immediately given to the commission of the inspectors of the same council, over which the deputy Cornet presided.

Now for the explosion—the 18th of Brumaire, which consigned the supreme power into the hands of a soldier of fortune, who had deserted the brave men he had so often led to victory, forced his way to Paris in contempt of the quarantine laws, and quickly rallied around him a faction powerful enough to subvert the Directorial Government, already falling to pieces from premature decrepitude.

The sitting opened at the five hundred, over which Lucien Buonaparte presided, by an artful speech of Emile Gaudin; the object of which was the appointment of a commission charged to present an immediate report upon the situation of the republic. Emile Gaudin, in his pre-arranged motion, also required that no measures whatever should be determined upon till the report of the proposed commission had been heard. Boulay de la Meurthe held the report in his hand, already prepared.

Scarcely, however, had Emile Gaudin concluded his motion, when a most dreadful tumult agitated the whole assembly. The cries of *Long live the Constitution! No Dictatorship! Down with the Dictator!* were heard on all sides. Upon the motion of Delbrel, seconded and supported by Grandmaison, the assembly, rising in a body at the cry of *Long live the Republic!* resolved that they would renew individually the oath of fidelity to the constitution. Those even who had come for the professed object of destroying it, took the oath.

The hall of the ancients was almost equally agitated; but there the party of Sieyes and Buonaparte, who were anxious to accelerate the establishment of a provisional government, had asserted as a fact, upon a false declaration of the Sieur Lagarde,

chief secretary of the Directory, that all the directors had sent in their resignation. The oppositionists immediately demanded that substitutes should be provided according to the prescribed forms. Buonaparte, informed of this double storm, thought it was time to appear upon the stage. Crossing the Salon de Mars, he entered the council of the ancients. There, in a verbose and disjointed speech, he declared that there was no longer any government, and that the constitution could no longer save the republic. Conjuring the council to hasten to adopt a new order of things, he protested, that, with respect to the magistracy they should appoint, his only wish was to be the arm commissioned to maintain and execute the orders of the council.

This speech, of which I only give the substance, was delivered in a broken and incoherent manner, which fully testified the agitation the General suffered, who sometimes addressed himself to the deputies, and then turned towards the soldiery, who remained at the end of the hall. Cries of *Long live Buonaparte*, and the acquiescence of the majority of the ancients having given him fresh courage, he withdrew, hoping to make a like impression upon the other council. He was not without some apprehensions, knowing what had passed there, and with what enthusiasm they had sworn fidelity to the republican constitution. A message to the Directory had just been decreed there. A motion was being made to require from the ancients an explanation of the motives of its removal to St. Cloud, when they received the resignation of the director Barras transmitted to them by the other council. This resignation, of which, till then, they had been ignorant, caused a great astonishment throughout the assembly. It was considered as the result of some deep-laid intrigue. At the very moment the question was being discussed whether the resignation was legal and according to the forms, Buonaparte arrived, followed by a platoon of grenadiers. Scarcely, however, had he entered the hall, when the assembly were thrown into the utmost disorder. All the members standing up, expressed in loud cries the effect produced upon them by the appearance of the bayonets and of the General who thus advanced armed into the temple of the legislature. "You are violating the sanctuary of the laws, withdraw instantly!" exclaimed several deputies. "What are you doing, rash man?" cried Bigonet to him. "Is it then for this you have been a conqueror?" said Destrem. In vain Buonaparte, who had ascended the tribune, endeavoured to stammer out a few sentences. On all sides he heard the cries repeated of *Long live the Constitution! Long live the Republic! On all sides he was saluted by cries of Down with the Cromwell! Down with the Dictator! Down with the Tyrant! Away with the Dictator!* Some of the more furious deputies rushed upon him and pushed him back. "You will make war then upon your country!" cried Arena to him, showing him the point of his stiletto. The grenadiers, seeing their general grow pale and tremble, crossed the room to form a rampart around him; Buonaparte threw himself amongst them, and they escorted him away. Thus rescued, and almost frantic, he remounted his horse, set off at a gallop, and riding towards the bridge of St. Cloud, cried aloud to his soldiers, "They have attempted my life! they have wished to put me out of the protection of the laws! they do not know, then, that I am invulnerable, for I am the god of thunder."

Murat having joined him on the bridge, "It is not fitting," said he to him, "that he who has triumphed over such powerful enemies should fear drivellers. Come, General, courage, and the victory is our own!" Buonaparte then turned his horse's head and again presented himself before the soldiers, endeavouring to excite the Generals to bring matters to a conclusion by a coup-de-main. But Lannes, Serrurier, and Murat himself, seemed but little disposed to direct the bayonets against the legislature.

In the mean time the most horrible tumult reigned in the hall. Firm in the president's chair, Lucien made vain efforts to re-establish tranquillity, earnestly entreating his colleague to allow his brother to be recalled and heard, and obtaining no other answer than, *Outlawry! Let the outlawry of General Buonaparte be put to the vote!* They even went so far as to call upon him to put to the vote the motion of outlawry against his brother. Lucien, indignant, quitted the chair, abdicated the presidency, and laid aside its ensigns. He had scarcely descended from the tribune, when some grenadiers arrived, and carried him out with them. Lucien, astonished, learnt that it was by order of his brother, who was anxious for his advice, being determined upon employing force to dissolve the legislature. Such was the advice of Sieyes; seated in a chaise drawn by six post-horses, he awaited the issue of the event at the gates of St. Cloud. There was no longer time for hesitation; pale and trembling, the most zealous partisans of Buonaparte were petrified, whilst the most timid among them already declared against his enterprise. Jourdan

and Augereau were observed standing aloof, watching the favourable moment for drawing the grenadiers into the popular party. But Sieyes, Buonaparte, and Talleyrand, who had come to St. Cloud with Rœderer, were of opinion, as well as myself, that the party would want both *an arm and a head*. Lucien, inspiring Buonaparte with all his energy, mounted a horse, and in his quality of president, required the assistance of force to dissolve the assembly. The grenadiers in close columns, with Murat at their head, followed him into the hall of the five hundred. whilst Colonel Moulins caused the charge to be beaten. The hall is invaded amidst the noise of drums and the shouts of the soldiers, the deputies escape out of the windows, throw away their togas, and disperse themselves. Such was the result of the day of St. Cloud (19th Brumaire, 10th November). Buonaparte was particularly indebted for it to the energy of his brother Lucien, to the decision of Murat, and perhaps to the weakness of the generals, who, being opposed to him, dared not openly show their hostility.

But it became necessary to render national an anti-popular event, in which force had triumphed over a representative rabble, alike incapable of showing either a real orator or chief. It was requisite to sanction what history will call the triumph of military usurpation.

Sieyes, Talleyrand, Buonaparte, Rœderer, Lucien, and Boulay de la Meurthe, who were the soul of the enterprise, decided that the deputies of their party who were wandering through the apartments and galleries of St. Cloud should be instantly assembled. Boulay and Lucien went in search of them, assembled between twenty or thirty, and constituted them the council of five hundred. From this meeting a decree was issued, the burden of which was, that General Buonaparte, the general officers, and the troops which seconded him, had deserved well of their country. The leaders then determined upon asserting in the next day's newspaper, that several deputies had endeavoured to assassinate Buonaparte, and that the majority of the council had been ruled by a minority of assassins.

Then came the promulgation of the act of the 19th Brumaire, likewise concerted among the chiefs, to serve as a legal foundation for the new revolution. This act abolished the Directory; instituted a consular executive commission, composed of Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and Buonaparte; adjourned the two councils, and excluded from them sixty-two members of the popular party, among whom figured General Jourdan; it likewise established a legislative commission of fifty members chosen equally from both councils, whose duty it was to prepare a new draught of the constitution of the state. Upon being brought from the assembly of the five hundred to the council of the ancients, to be transformed into a law, this act was only voted for by the minority, the majority maintaining a mournful silence. Thus the intermediary establishment of the new order of things was converted into a law by some sixty of the members of the legislature, who declared themselves to be duly qualified for the employment of ministers, diplomatic agents, and delegates of the consular commission.

Buonaparte, with his two colleagues, came into the council of the ancients to take the oaths, and on the 11th of November, about five o'clock in the morning, the new government quitting St. Cloud, came to install itself in the palace of the Luxembourg. I had foreseen, that all the authority of this executive triumvirate would fall into the hands of him who had already been invested with the military power. Of this there was no longer any doubt, after the first sitting which the three consuls held together that very night. There Buonaparte, with the authority of a superior, took possession of the president's arm-chair, which neither Sieyes nor Roger Ducos dared to dispute with him. Roger, already gained over, declared, that Buonaparte alone could save the country, and that he would henceforth follow his opinion in every thing. Sieyes sat silent, biting his lips. Buonaparte, knowing him to be avaricious, abandoned to him the private treasury of the Directory; it contained 800,000 francs, which Sieyes immediately seized, and adopting the lion's mode of division, left only 100,000 francs to his colleague Roger Ducos. This trifling douceur calmed his ambition a little, for he waited till Buonaparte should engage in military affairs, and resign the civil affairs into his hands. But hearing Buonaparte, at their first sitting, treat upon the finances, the administration, the laws, the army, politics in general, and discuss these various subjects with much ability, he said, upon entering his house, in presence of Talleyrand, Boulay, Cabanis, Rœderer, and Chazal: "Gentlemen, you have found a master."

It seems certain that Sieyes had been overreached, or at least hurried on by events to participate in the conspiracy which raised Buonaparte to the

Consulate. But a new form of Government being required, that cunning and profligate priest, who was a notorious constitution-monger—the Jeremy Bentham of the Revolution—attempted, by a *coup d'état*, to recover what he had lost, and, if possible, to raise himself to the first nominal rank in the State. The fate of his project is highly characteristic and amusing.

It was known, that the government of Sieyès was to terminate in a pinnacle, in a species of monarchical shaft, erected upon republican foundations; an idea to which he had been for a long time attached; an attention, and even impatient curiosity, was manifested, till at last he discovered the capital of his constitutional edifice. What was Sieyès' proposal? A *grand elector*, chosen for life by the conservative senate, sitting at Versailles, representing the majority of the nation, with a revenue of six millions, a guard of three thousand men, and having no other functions than to nominate two consuls, one for *peace* and another for *war*, both independent of each other in the exercise of their functions. And this *grand elector*, in case of a bad choice, could be *absorbed* by the senate, which was invested with the right of drawing back into its own body, without explaining its reasons, every depositary of public authority, the two consuls and the grand elector not excepted; the latter having become a member of the senate, would no longer have any direct share in the operations of Government.

Here Buonaparte could no longer contain himself; rising up and bursting into a loud laugh, he took the paper from the hands of Sieyès, and with one dash of his pen, *subverted* what he called metaphysical nonsense. Sieyès, who generally yielded to, instead of resisting, objections, defended, nevertheless, his grand elector; and said, that after all, a king ought to be nothing else. Buonaparte replied, with much warmth, that he mistook the shadow for the substance, the abuse for the principle; that there could not be in the Government any active power without an independence founded upon, and defined by, prerogative. He also made several other preconcerted objections, to which Sieyès replied very lamely; and becoming gradually more warm, he finished by addressing his colleague thus:—"How could you have supposed, citizen Sieyès, that a man of honour, of talent, and of some capacity in affairs, would ever consent to be nothing but a hog fattened up by a few millions in the royal chateau of Versailles?" Amused by this sally, the members of the conference began to laugh; and Sieyès, who had already testified indecision, remained confounded, and saw his *grand elector* sink never to rise again.

It is certain that Sieyès concealed some deep projects in this ridiculous form of Government, and that, had it been adopted, he would soon have remained sole master. It was he, doubtless, whom the senate was to have nominated *grand elector*, and he would have appointed Buonaparte consul for war, sure of *absorbing* him at a convenient opportunity. By this means, every thing would remain in his own hands, and it would have been easy for him, by causing himself to be absorbed, to have called a similar personage to the head of the Government, and to have transformed, by a transition artfully prepared, an elective executive power into an hereditary royalty, in favour of any dynasty it was necessary for him to establish for the interests of a revolution of which he was the supreme pontiff.

But his circuitous and suspicious proceedings brought against him the determined resistance of the consul, which he ought to have expected; and thence the overthrow of all his projects. He had not, however, neglected to secure, as will shortly be seen, a retirement proof against all the shafts of adverse fortune.

It was not sufficient to do away with the project of Sieyès; it was necessary, besides, that the adherents and intimate advisers of the general consul should be brought into the Government, in order to make themselves master of the supreme power. All was ready. But notwithstanding the personal retreat of Sieyès, the party who were attached to his opinions returned to the charge, and, in despair of their cause, proposed the adoption of forms purely republican. To this was opposed the creation of a president, similar to the plan of the United States, for ten years, free in his choice of ministers, of his council of state, and all the members of the administration. Others, also, who were gained over, advised to disguise the sole magistrateship of the president; for which purpose they offered to conciliate conflicting opinions, by forming a Government of three consuls, of which two should only be advisers as occasion required (*conseillers nécessaires*.) But when they were called upon to decide, that there should be a first consul, invested with supreme power, having the right of nominating to, and dismissing from all appointments, and that the two consuls should only have consulting voices, then objections arose. Chazal, Daunou, Courtois, Chenier, and many others besides, insisted upon constitutional limits; they represented

that if General Buonaparte should take upon himself the supreme magistracy, without a previous election, it would denote the ambition of an usurper, and would justify the opinion of those who had asserted, that the events of the 18th Brumaire were solely intended for his own aggrandizement. Making a last effort to prevent it, they offered him the dignity of Generalissimo, with the power of making peace and war, and of treating with foreign powers. "I will remain at Paris," replied Buonaparte, with vivacity, and biting his nails; "I will remain at Paris; I am consul." Then Chénier, breaking silence, spoke of liberty, of the republic, of the necessity of putting some restrictions upon power, insisting, with much force and courage, upon the adoption of the measure of *absorption* into the senate. "That shall not be!" cried Buonaparte, in a rage, and stamping with his feet; "we will rather wade to our knees in blood!" At these words, which changed into a scene of deliberation hitherto kept within the bounds of moderation, every one remained speechless; and the majority rising, placed the power, not into the hands of three consuls, the second and third having consulting voices, but to a single one nominated for three years, re-eligible, promulgating laws, appointing and dismissing at his will all the members of the executive power, making peace and war, and, in fact, nominating himself.

A word in regard to Sieyès. Whether from spite or pride, he refused to become one of the accessory Consuls, which was expected of him; and the choice of Buonaparte fell on Cambacérès and Lebrun. But he assisted in organizing the Senate, of which he was first president; and

—as a reward for his docility in resigning the helm of affairs into the hands of the general consul, he was voted the estate of Crosne, a magnificent present of a million of francs, independent of twenty-five thousand livres a-year as senator, and exclusive of his *pot de vin* as director, which amounted to six-hundred thousand francs, and which he called his *poire pour la soif*. From that time, fallen from all consideration, and sunk in secret sensuality, he was politically dead.

We have already seen that Buonaparte gave up the private Treasury of the Directory, containing 800,000 francs, or about £.32,000, to be plundered by Sieyès and Lebrun, and that the former, adopting the lion's division, of the spoil, reserved seven parts to himself, generously allotting the eighth to his accomplice.

Every one knows that the victory of Marengo, won by the opportune arrival and devotion of Dessaix, consolidated the consular usurpation, and opened the eyes of Napoleon to the fascination of still loftier visions of power and splendour. In fact, from First Consul, and Consul for life, there was but a step to the imperial purple; and that step was easy.—But we are forgetting Fouché. The Police, it seems, was maintained by a tax levied on *hells* and prostitution; and the great instruments it employed were of course subornation and bribery. Fouché repeatedly says he had Josephine in his pay, and that she regularly betrayed to him, for money to support her extravagance, whatever she was able to expiscate from her clear-sighted, mistrustful husband. Let us indulge our readers with a peep into the system, as managed by the Duke of Otranto.

Becoming more jealous as he became more powerful, the First Consul armed himself with precautionary measures, and surrounded himself with a military equipage. His prejudices and distrusts were more especially directed against those whom he called the *perverse*, whether they wished to preserve their attachment to the popular party, or dissipated their strength in lamentations at the sight of dying liberty. I proposed mild measures, in order to bring back the malcontents within the circle of Government; I demanded means of gaining the chiefs of the party by pensions, gifts, and places: I received *carte blanche* with respect to the employment of pecuniary means; but my credit did not extend to the distribution of public employments and rewards. I saw clearly that the First Consul persisted in the system of only admitting the Republicans into his counsels and high employments in the form of a minority, and that he wished to maintain in full force the partizans of monarchy and absolute power. I had scarcely credit sufficient to nominate some half-dozen prefects. Buonaparte did not like the Tribunat, because it contained a nucleus of staunch Republicans. It was well known that he more especially dreaded the zealots and enthusiasts, known by the name of Anarchists, a set of men always ready to be employed as instruments of plots and revolutions. His distrust and his alarms were inflamed by the persons who surrounded him, and who urged him towards monarchy; such as

Portalis, Lebrun, Cambacérès, Clarke, Champagny, Fleurieu, Duchâtel, Jollivet, Benzech, Emmercy, Rœderer, Cretet, Regnier, Chaptal, Dufresne, and many others. To this effect must be added the secret reports and clandestine correspondences of men employed by him, which were couched in the same spirit, and swam with the torrent of the prevailing opinion. In these I was not spared; I was exposed to the most malevolent insinuations; my system of police was therein often run down and denounced. I had Lucien against me, who was then minister of the interior, and who had also his private police. Sometimes obliged to bear the reproaches of the First Consul, about facts which he believed concealed in obscurity, he suspected me of keeping spies upon him, in order to depreciate him in my reports. I had a former order to keep nothing concealed, whether popular reports, or the gossip of the *salons*. The result was, that Lucien, making abusive use of his credit and his position, playing the part of a debauchee, seducing wives from their husbands, and trafficking in licenses for the exportation of corn, was often an object of rumours and inuendoes. In the character of head of the police, it was not proper for me to disguise the importance it was of to the members of the First Consul's family to be irreproachable and pure in the eyes of the public.

The nature of the conflict in which I was thus engaged may be conceived; luckily, I had Josephine in my interest; Duroc was not against me; and the private secretary was devoted to my views. This personage, who was replete with ability and talent, but whose greediness of gain very shortly caused his disgrace, always exhibited so much cupidity, that there is no occasion to name him, in order to point him out. Having the control over the papers and secrets of his master, he discovered that I spent 100,000 francs monthly, for the purpose of incessantly watching over the existence of the First Consul. The idea came into his head to make me pay for such intelligence as he might supply me, in order to furnish means of accomplishing the aim I had in view. He sought me, and offered to inform me exactly of all the proceedings of Buonaparte for 25,000 francs per month; and he made me this offer as a means of saving 900,000 francs per annum. I took care not to let this opportunity slip of having the private secretary of the chief of the state in my pay; that chief whom it was so requisite for me to follow step by step, in order to know what he had done, and what he was about to do. The proposal of the secretary was accepted, and he every month very punctually received a blank order for 25,000 francs, the promised sum, which he was to draw out of the treasury. On my side, I had full reason to congratulate myself on his dexterity and accuracy. But I took care not to starve the funds which I employed, in order to protect the person of Buonaparte from any unforeseen attack. The palace alone dried up more than half the resource of my 100,000 francs, which were monthly available. In fact, I was by that means very accurately apprised of all that was important for me to know; and I was enabled, reciprocally, to control the information of the secretary, by that of Josephine, and that of the latter by the secretary. I was stronger than all my enemies put together.

Once more :

The heart of Buonaparte was not alien from vengeance and hatred, nor was his mind shut against prejudice; and it was easily to perceive, through the veil in which he shrouded himself, a decided inclination to tyranny. It was precisely that inclination that I exerted myself to mitigate and combat; but for that purpose I never employed any other weapons than the ascendancy of truth and reason. I was sincerely attached to that personage, fully persuaded as I was that there was no one in the career of arms and in the civil order who possessed a character so firm, so persevering: such a character, in short, as was requisite to direct the government and suppress faction. I even persuaded myself at that time that it was possible to mitigate that great character, in all that it comprised of too much violence and intractability. Others calculated on a passion for women, for Buonaparte was by no means insensible to their charms; at all events, it was obvious that the fair sex would never obtain an influence over him prejudicial to public affairs. The first in this direction was not successful. Having been struck, on his last passage through Milan, with the theatrical beauty of the singer G——, and still more by the sublime accents of her voice, he made her some rich presents, and wished to attach her to him. He charged Berthier with the task of concluding a treaty with her on liberal terms, and conducting her to Paris; she even performed the journey in Berthier's carriage. Having a tolerably rich establishment of fifteen thousand francs a-month, she exhibited her brilliancy at the theatre and the concerts at the Tuileries, where her voice performed wonders. But at that time the chief magistrate made a point of avoiding scandal; and not wishing to give Josephine, who was excessively jealous, any subject of complaint, his visits to the

beautiful vocalist were abrupt and clandestine. Amours without attention and without charms were not likely to satisfy a proud and impassioned woman, who had something masculine in her character. G—— had recourse to the usual infallible antidote; she fell violently in love with the celebrated violin player, Rode. Equally smitten himself, he was incapable of preserving any terms in his attachment; equally defying the vigilance of Junot and Berthier. While these intrigues were going on, Buonaparte one day told me that he was astonished, with my acknowledged ability, that I did not conduct the police better, and that there were circumstances of which I was ignorant.—“Yes,” I replied, “there are things of which I was ignorant, but of which I am so no longer: for instance, a little man, muffled up in a gray great-coat, often issues, on dark nights, from a back door of the Tuileries, accompanied by a single attendant, mounts a shabby vehicle, and proceeds to ferret out a certain Signora G——; that little man is yourself; and the misjudging vocalist sacrifices her fidelity to you in favour of Rode, the violin-player.” At these words the Consul, turning his back upon me and remaining silent, rang the bell, and I withdrew. An aide-de-camp was commissioned to perform the part of a black eunuch to the unfaithful fair one, who indignantly refused to submit to the regulations of the seraglio. She was first deprived of her establishment and pensions, in hope of reducing her to terms by famine; but deeply in love with Rode, she remained inflexible, and rejected the most brilliant offers of the *Pythagos* Berthier. She was then compelled to quit Paris; she first retired into the country with her lover; but afterwards both made their escape, and went to Russia to recruit their fortune.

But these extracts would be incomplete without the following one. It is pregnant with instruction.

I will not dissemble, that it was in my power to act upon the fear or terror which either more or less constantly agitated the possessor of unlimited power, The great-searcher into the state, I could complain, censure, and condemn, for the whole of France. In this point of view, what evils have I not prevented? If I found myself unable to reduce, as was my wish, the general police to a mere scarecrow, or rather to a benevolent institution, I have at least the satisfaction of being able to assert, that I have done more good than ill; that is to say, that I have avoided more evil than it was permitted me to do, having almost always to struggle with the prejudices, the passions, and the furious transports of the chief of the state.

In my second ministry, I succeeded much more by the force of informations and of apprehension, than by restraint and the employment of coercive measures. I revived the ancient police maxim, namely, that three persons could not meet and speak indiscreetly upon public affairs, without its coming the next day to the ears of the minister of police. Certain it is, that I had the address to make it universally believed, that wherever four persons assembled, there, in my pay, were eyes to see and ears to hear. *Such a belief, no doubt, tended to general corruption and debasement*; but, on the other hand, what evils, what wretchedness, what tears has it prevented! Such, then, was this vast and terrific machine called the General Police of the empire. It may easily be conceived, that, without neglecting the details, I was chiefly engaged upon its *ensemble*, and its results.

The following presents Buonaparte in an odious light. By the intrigues of his brother Lucien, Spain had declared war against Portugal; and a French Army, under the orders of Leclerc, had entered that kingdom by way of Salamanca.

In its distress, the court of Lisbon endeavoured to find safety by lavishing its treasures on its invaders. It opened direct negotiations with Lucien, and on the 6th of June, preliminaries of peace were signed at Badajoz, through the operation of a secret subsidy of thirty millions, which were shared between the First Consul's brother and the Prince of Peace. Such was the source of the immense fortune of Lucien. The First Consul, who wished to occupy Lisbon, was at first outrageous, threatening to recal his brother, and not to recognize the stipulation of Badajoz. Talleyrand and I endeavoured to make him feel the ill effects which would result from such a public display. Talleyrand supported his arguments in favour of the basis of the treaty by the interest of our alliance with Spain, by the happy position thus supplied us of an approximation with England, who, finding herself excluded from the ports of Portugal, would be anxious to re-enter them; he very adroitly proposed modifications of the treaty. In fine, the sacrifice of the diamonds of the Princess of Brazil, and a gift to the First Consul of ten millions for his private purse, relaxed his vigour so much, that he suffered the definitive treaty to be concluded at Madrid!

The particulars Fouché has condescended to disclose in regard to the seizure and assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, will be read with interest. It must be premised, however, that although Savary has totally failed to exonerate himself from participation in the murder of the young Bourbon Prince, he is not to be criminated on the suspicious testimony of Fouché, who detested him because he was subsequently invested with the post of Minister of Police, from which that incurable intriguer had been driven with disgrace. It is broadly insinuated that Talleyrand was the secret adviser of that crime.

I was one of the first to obtain a knowledge of the mission of Caulaincourt and Ordener to the banks of the Rhine; but when I was informed that the telegraph had just announced the arrest of the prince, and that the order to transfer him from Strasbourg to Paris was given, I foresaw the catastrophe, and I trembled for the life of the noble victim. I hurried to Malmaison, where the First Consul then was; it was the 29th Ventose, (20th March, 1804.) I arrived there at nine o'clock in the morning, and I found him in a state of agitation, walking by himself in the park. I entreated permission to say a word to him about the great event of the day. "I see," said he, "what brings you: I am about this day to strike a great and necessary blow." I represented to him that France and Europe would be roused against him, if he did not supply undeniable proof that the Duke had conspired against his person at Etteinheim. "What necessity is there for proof?" he exclaimed; "is he not a Bourbon, and the most dangerous of all of them?" I persisted in offering arguments of policy calculated to silence the reasons of state. But all in vain; he concluded by impatiently telling me, "Have not you and your friends told me a thousand times that I should conclude by becoming the General Monk of France, and by restoring the Bourbons? Very well! there will no longer be any way of retreating. What stronger guarantee can I give to the revolution, which you have cemented by the blood of a king? It is, besides, indispensable to bring things to a conclusion; I am surrounded by plots; I must imprint terror or perish." In saying these last words, which left nothing more to hope, he had approached the castle; I saw M. de Talleyrand arrive, and a moment after the two consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun. I regained my carriage, and re-entered my own house in a state of consternation.

The next day I learned, that after my departure a council had been held, and that Savary had proceeded at night to the execution of the unfortunate victim; atrocious circumstances were quoted. Savary had revenged himself, it was reported, of having missed his prey in Normandy, where he had flattered himself with having ensured, by means of the net-work of the conspiracy of Georges, the Duke de Berri and the Count d'Artois, whom he would have more willingly sacrificed than the Duke d'Enghien. Réal assured me that he was so little prepared for the nocturnal execution, that he had departed in the morning to go to the prince at Vincennes, expecting to conduct him to Malmaison, and conceiving that the First Consul would finish the affair in a magnanimous manner. But a *coup d'état* appeared indispensable to impress Europe with terror, and eradicate all the germs of conspiracy against his person.

Indignation, which I had foreseen, broke out in the most sanguinary manner. I was not the person who hesitated to express himself with the least restraint respecting this violence against the rights of nations and humanity. "It is more than a crime," I said; "it is a political fault;" words which I record because they have been repeated, and attributed to others.

Bad as he was, Fouché was at least a calculating villain. He had no notion of committing a crime, the immediate advantages of which were not likely to overbalance the consequent evils. Upon this ground he really appears to have disapproved and condemned the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. It was a great political fault, which, in his estimation, and according to the standard of his Jacobin morality, was infinitely more unpardonable than the most atrocious crime. This exposed him, on one occasion, to the severe raillery of Buonaparte. It is well known what a flame the murder of d'Enghien kindled up in Europe; the Cabinet of London proclaimed that no terms could be kept with the head of a Government which could wantonly trample on the rights of nations and the laws of humanity; and the Court of St. Petersburg loudly re-echoed the general burst of indignation. Napoleon became alarmed; and the course of his

policy prompting him to try all means for soothing the latter, he proposed to employ, for that purpose, the intrigues of courtiers and courtizans. This resource appeared to Fouché perfectly ridiculous, and he affirmed in the Council of State that its success was impossible.

"What!" replied the Emperor, "is it a veteran of the Revolution who borrows so pusillanimous an expression? What, Sir, is it for you to advance that any thing is impossible! you who, during fifteen years, have seen brought to pass events which were with justice thought to be impossible? The man who has seen, Louis XVI. place his neck under the guillotine,—who has seen the Archduchess of Austria, Queen of France, mend her own stockings and shoes, while in daily expectation of mounting the scaffold—he, in short, who sees himself a minister, when I am Emperor of the French; such a man should never permit the word *impossible* to escape his lips."

Great events soon followed in rapid succession,—the destruction of the third coalition at Austerlitz,—the organization of the confederation of the Rhine, which isolated Prussia,—and the battle of Jena, which laid that monarchy at the mercy of France. "Jena!" Fouché exclaims, "history will one day develop the secret causes." 'Tis pity that the Duke of Otranto did not, as doubtless he might, anticipate the developments of history. But from what he says, it appears that the Prussian war had been in contemplation since the battle of Austerlitz; that the confederation of the Rhine had been formed to isolate that power; that for three months before the war broke out it had been in preparation, like a *coup de théâtre*; that all the chances and casualties were calculated, considered, and provided against with the greatest exactness; and that "the Prussian monarchy depended," for its chief resource, "upon the cunning of some intrigues and the energy of a few subsidized persons, who were the mere puppets of our will!"—thus verifying an observation of our author, that "it was chiefly in the dilatoriness and blunders of the different cabinets that Napoleon found his greatest strength." The wonderful results of the Prussian campaign completed the intoxication of the French; but the succeeding campaign in Poland, and particularly the desperate battle of Preuss-Eylau, awakened the nation from the visions in which it had been indulging, and made the staunchest of Napoleon's adherents to tremble. "It was no longer the puppets which fell at Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena;" and had the battle of Friedland been contested with equal desperation, and the success of the French been as doubtful and as dear-bought, how many tears of blood and years of suffering might have been spared to Europe! Napoleon, however, had a full view of the dreadful hazards of his situation. "From the victory of Eylau," says Fouché, "he evinced real discretion and ability; so strong in conception, so energetic in character, and pursuing his object, that of overcoming the Russian cabinet, with unceasing perseverance. Nothing of consequence escaped him; his eye was every where."

The peace of Tilsit put a stop for a time to the miseries of war, but left Europe at the feet of Napoleon. England, however, succeeded in penetrating the secret stipulations of that treaty, in virtue of which the navy of Denmark was to be placed at the disposal of France. This led to the attack upon Copenhagen, which has been the subject of so much ignorant clamour and outcry, both on the continent and with a certain party among ourselves, who are constantly on the watch to misrepresent and traduce the proceedings of those in power. Never, perhaps, in our whole history, was a blow more opportunely or vigorously struck; never were the secret machinations of our enemy more promptly and effectually foiled. Let us hear Fouché.

Since the catastrophe of Paul I., I never saw Napoleon abandon himself to more violent transports. What most struck him, in this vigorous enterprise, was the promptness of the resolution of the English Ministry. He suspected a fresh infidelity in the cabinet, and charged me to discover if it was connected with the mortification attendant upon a recent disgrace. I again represented to him how difficult it was, in so mysterious a labyrinth, to discover any thing except by instinct or conjecture: "The traitors," said I, "must voluntarily betray themselves, for the police never

know but what is told it, and that which chance discovers is little indeed." Upon this subject I had a curious and truly historical conference with a personage who has survived, and who still survives all; but my present situation does not permit me to disclose the particulars of it.

We have thus extracted nearly all that we consider of any moment in the first volume of these interesting memoirs, to which we shall confine the present article. We should consider it a crime against decency were we to pollute our pages with the abominable anecdotes Fouché gives of the Napoleon family, and of the double incest with which he charges its head. They may be true, but they are not the less revolting on that account. By our author's shewing, the Duke de Lauzun was purity itself, compared with Napoleon Buonaparte; and as to his sisters, they were fitter to figure in the purlieus of the Palais Royal than in the Tuileries or St. Cloud.

But before we conclude, a word in regard to the author of these Memoirs. On one occasion, while conversing with the Emperor, Fouché made an allusion to Louis XVI. and asserted that, had he dissolved the Legislative Body when it usurped the right of representing the sovereign, he might still have lived and reigned. "How! Duke of Otranto," said Napoleon to him after a moment's silence; "if I recollect right, however, you are one of those who sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold." "Yes, Sire," replied Fouché without hesitation, "and that is the first service I have had the happiness of rendering your Majesty." This we presume was meant for flattery: the remorseless villain could even make a merit of his crime, when it suited his purpose: yet, after the Reign of the Hundred Days, and when he was intriguing for office, he persecuted M. de Blacas, with his factitious repentance, and even went so far as formally to do penance in the Senate, in the presence of several of his brother Regicides, who had the discretion to be silent, because they knew that the Bourbons could never forgive, much less confide in, the men who had deliberately murdered one of the best Princes of their race. Nay, the same farce is kept up in these Memoirs, which also contain the detestable anecdote we have here given. "There was one vote," says this *ci-devant* Terrorist, and Minister of Police, "which is unjustifiable; I will even own without a blush, that it sometimes awakens remorse within me. But I call the God of Truth to witness, (it is Fouché who obstests 'the God of Truth!') that it was far less against the monarch that I aimed the blow (for he was good and just) than against the kingly office, at that time incompatible with the new order of things. I will also add, for concealment is no longer of avail, that it then appeared to me, as to many others, that we could not inspire the representatives, and the mass of the people, with an energy sufficient to surmount the difficulties of the crisis, BUT BY ABANDONING EVERY THING LIKE MODERATION, BREAKING THROUGH ALL RESTRAINT, AND INDULGING THE EXTREMITY OF REVOLUTIONARY EXCESS! SUCH WAS THE REASON OF STATE WHICH APPEARED TO US TO REQUIRE THIS FRIGHTFUL SACRIFICE!! IN POLITICS, EVEN ATROCITY ITSELF MAY SOMETIMES PRODUCE A SALUTARY EFFECT!!!"

An Invocation.

SPIRIT of love! I have sought thee long,
 I have wooed thee in many an idle song;
 In the splendour of day, and the silence of night,
 In the glimmering twilight, and pale star-light,
 In my slumbering visions, and waking dreams,
 By the fresh green woods and the summer streams,
 On the brow of the hill at the break of day,
 On the sea when its waves like a mirror lay,
 In the glittering hall of the fair and young,
 In the lonely hour when the heart was wrung;
 Spirit of love! I have sought thy spell
 With a deep devotion no tongue may tell.

Spirit of love ! I have found thee at last ;
 Thy rainbow hues thou hast round me cast ;
 Thou hast won me away from the joys of sense,
 To joys more sacred and more intense ;
 Thou hast bound my brow with a wreath of flow'rs,
 Thou hast given me promise of brighter hours ;
 Thou hast led me far from the wild misrule
 Of fierce Ambition's noisy school ;
 Thou hast made me free from the world's control ,
 Thou hast rous'd into life my dormant soul ;
 With a gentler heart thou hast link'd my fate,
 Thou hast ceas'd to leave me desolate.

Spirit of love ! Oh ! rest with me,
 Nor fade like the leaf on autumnal tree !
 Oh ! rest with me in the green-wood shade,
 Where a bow'r by the branching boughs is made !
 Oh ! rest with me on the mountain's side,
 Where the flashing streamlets in sunshine glide !
 Oh ! rest with me by the quiet lake,
 Where its rippling waves sweet music make !
 Oh ! rest with me, if you wish to save
 A wounded mind from an early grave !
 Rest with me—I beseech thee, rest—
 By all the hopes that give life a zest,
 By the dreams of passion I nurs'd so long,
 By the wildest strains of the poet's song !
 Spirit of love ! Oh ! rest with me
 In all thy light and purity !

REMARKS ON BOTANY ; CONTAINING NOTICES OF RECENTLY-PUBLISHED
 FLORAS.

WE seldom chime in with the strain that would exalt the times of the past, at the expense of those in which we live. Far from envying the uniform uncertainty which attended the adventurous traveller some half a century back, we congratulate ourselves on living to see steam-boats, rail-roads, and locomotive engines, duly patronized by an enlightened public ; and cannot help pitying the unhappy fate of our ancestors, who were compelled to quit this earth before the era of Joint-Stock Companies had arrived, or the beams of Phrenology had dawned upon our land.

Still less are we disposed to depreciate " things as they are," by invidious anticipations regarding the future. Our descendants may discover that an airing in a patent balloon is far more exhilarating than a drive along this old-fashioned earth in a vehicle drawn by mere tangible horses. They may also find it very

pleasant to sharpen their wits by collision with those of our Lunarian neighbours, during their annual trip (which may be cheaply performed in the Gruithausen Weekly Fly) to a certain watering-place, whose name the keen-eyed Dane will in due time reveal. We have not forgot that men were unacquainted with the real nature of the moon's motion, till they had discovered, through the aid of Galileo's telescope, that the satellites of Jupiter revolved round their primary planet at the same time that they accompanied it in a great revolution round either the earth or the sun : and as the eye of the " Tuscan artist" penetrated so far into unexplored space, to convince philosophers of that with which almost every peasant is now acquainted, it is readily allowed, that the intercourse just alluded to may render mankind familiar with many things " little dreamt of in *our* philosophy" either of matter or of mind ; the

laws affecting both, on the surface of our benign attendant, being probably such as will illustrate what is obscure in the phenomena exhibited within and around us. Nay, although the Poet makes his hero exclaim,

While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a *coach-and-six* the British fair,
So long my honour, name, and praise,
shall live!

We are willing to admit, at the risk of being considered uncharitable, that his fame is likely to be of short duration, if there is any reason for supposing that the national taste will take another turn, when, literally fulfilling the anticipation of another member of the same fraternity,

————— Britain's sons shall guide
Huge *sea-balloons* beneath the tossing
tide;
Onward, through bright meand'ring vales,
afar,
Obedient *sharks* shall trail the sceptred
car;
With harness'd necks the pearly flood
disturb,
Stretch the silk rein, and champ the silver
curb.

Yet, all of these improvements "to the contrary notwithstanding," we envy not such a happy state of things, inasmuch as those of the present day can justly claim the merit of having assisted in these important acquirements, by directing future generations in a course which, from press of other matters, we ourselves had not leisure to follow out.

Is it not rational, then, to conclude, that the times we live in are preferable to any that have been, and not much inferior to those that shall hereafter be? This, we confess, is the unction wherewith we would console all unreasonable murmurings: yet "true it is and of verity," that a transient sigh does now and then heave our bosom, as we take a retrospective glance of days that could produce an Admirable Crichton, or an all-penetrating CHIN-NONG. "Chin-nong!" exclaim some puzzled reader; "this is the first time I have seen the name." If so, the fault lies not with us, for thou mightest

have read of him "in a book." We are not so uncourteous, gentle reader, as to suppose that thou "canst not read," although, in questioning this, we should only imitate the immortal Scriblerus—a rare spirit of the olden time, for one half-hour's twist with whom we would gladly renounce all the joys of Phrenol—no, not of Phrenology, but of Macassar oil: to save thee trouble, however, we shall mention to whom this much-venerated name belongs; more especially as the aforesaid "book" might not be at hand, although its title were given with every formality.

According to the public records of the Celestial Empire, there lived, at least not later than eight thousand years ago, an Emperor, who, to no small portion of divine learning added a stock of accomplishments regarded as human, which, if parcelled out amongst us of modern times, would lead to discoveries this dull world has formed little conception of. In the plenitude of Chin-nong's intellectual grasp, BOTANY was not allowed to escape; as a slight proof of which we are given to understand, that, in a single day, he discovered not fewer than seventy plants of a poisonous nature. Oh, rare discovery! it may be exclaimed; but the best of our story is yet to come; for the same discriminating eye, on that same day, discovered twenty other plants, whose properties respectively neutralized the baneful effects of those first discovered.

Knowing this to be the case, may we not well lament that such men do not now exist? Are we not justified in wishing that some portion of a botanical acumen, which appears to have illustrated so successfully the arcana of the vegetable kingdom, were still implanted in our degenerate systems? Vain, however, are all our aspirations. Chin-nong has long been gathered to his fathers; and that knowledge, which was to him intuitive, must now be the doubtful result of many a morning walk and many an evening dissection, aided by the acquisition of a copious, and, as some may be disposed to add, a most *jaw-breaking* phraseology.

True, at all times, to our professions, let us see whether this sove-

reign of mandarins and tea-growers * shall move us from our high opinion of the times in which we live, venerable as he is by the respect which must attach to one who is our elder by so many thousand years. Now, as comparisons, where flowers are concerned, may come under Dogberry's definition, we at once rest our defence, not in a plea of superiority, but in reminding our readers of some of those helps given us to atone for defect of that intuitive penetration, in which we hereby admit the renowned Chin-nong to have excelled our modern Botanists.

A class of Nature's productions, presenting such beauty to the eye, so frequently alleviating the violence of disease, and contributing, in such an important degree, to the necessities as well as to the luxuries of life, could not fail to attract attention in the earliest times. Accordingly we find many allusions to the beauty of flowers and the properties of plants, gracefully interwoven with the mythology or religious observances of every nation. From this source, too, the moralists of Greece reminded man of his frailty, and hence her poets drew some of their happiest illustrations. But men may long be familiar with the fictions of mythology and the graces of poetry, before advancing materially in the accurate knowledge of that department of Nature in which these may have originated; and however simple any science may in itself be, it can never be extensively or advantageously cultivated, so long as the results of individual acquirement are unrecorded. Thus, until the time of Theophrastus, little attention appears to have been paid to the study of plants, but after his writings were given to the world, succeeding observers gradually extended his limited catalogue; most of them, however, making little pretension to system beyond that of giving their names in alphabetical order, or, according to the arbitrary division, into trees, shrubs, and herbs. The bewildering variety, indeed, exhibited in the vegetable kingdom, could not fail speedily to impress Naturalists with the necessity of ar-

range ment; but their attempts in this respect can be said to possess little merit beyond that of furnishing a basis on which others might rest their inquiries. And perhaps no stronger proof could be given of the imperfection of ancient systems, and, at the same time, of the advantages flowing to science from arrangement, than what is furnished by considering, that, though the study of plants had assumed the dignity of a science for several hundred years, the whole number of species enumerated by Linæus, a transcriber of Pliny, extended only to 1000; whereas, including such as were described under the yet imperfect systems of more modern times, the number at present known may safely be stated as exceeding 30,000, and this, too, within little less than a century after the world had become acquainted with the more perfect method of a second Linæus—

———the wondrous Swede! whose ample mind,
Like ancient Tadmor's philosophic king,
Stretch'd from the hyssop creeping on the wall,
To Lebanon's proudest cedars.

It may be said, that this extension of botanical knowledge is more owing to the number of independent states into which the old world has been divided, and to the rich field laid open by the discovery of a new, than to the Linæan classification. But surely under a government which ruled with despotic sway over such a vast extent of territory, men of science had every facility in forming an acquaintance with the vegetable productions of different countries; and if we find that the number of plants described by Naturalists born amongst a people whose empire once extended from the Pillars of Hercules to where the Ganges rolls its waters, and through all the variety of climate lying between the genial regions of Greece and the inhospitable wastes of Germany does not greatly exceed that which, under better auspices, may be found in a single county of Scotland, we may justly attribute much to the excel-

* *Mem.* Not to read *tea-exporters*, as authorities are not agreed whether East-India Companies had been constituted at the time referred to.

lence of a system which has achieved such wonders.

It were inconsistent with our present purpose to enter upon a minute enumeration of all those circumstances which, independently of its own simplicity, have aided the triumphs of the Linnæan system; but one obvious cause of this success lies in the facility afforded for its acquisition by the superficial as well as the profound, the gay as well as the learned, through the aid of Local Floras. Many who might be deterred from the study, if general and extensive enumerations were their only guides, are by these led to cultivate a knowledge of the vegetable productions of their own kingdom or district. This foundation being laid, that which before appeared bewildered, speedily assumes order and harmony; the student fears not to grapple with the Floras of other regions, and he is thus prepared to extend the conquests of his favourite science in whatever quarter of the globe his lot may be cast. When properly executed, such performances also present attractions of no ordinary kind to the Philosophical Botanist, who, having already surmounted difficulties which may long retard the inexperienced, becomes anxious to view the science of plants in connection with others equally important. Through these he is enabled to observe more minutely the effects produced on vegetables by the variation of climate and difference of soil or mineralogical structure; and the productions of distant and widely-separated countries are thus rendered easily accessible, should he wish to accumulate the whole into one comprehensive arrangement.

Those of Lapland and Sweden, written by Linnæus himself, are models of what he intended a Partial Flora to be. They have accordingly been imitated by most of his successors in this department; and, to the praise of their modesty be it spoken, the pupils have generally refrained from excelling their master. There is a graceful liveliness both of style and allusion, which never fails to

charm the reader as often as he refers to either of these works, and which excites an interest even in one who looks into them without any specific purpose. When to these we add the erudition displayed in references and synonyms, the didactic precision and clear discrimination displayed throughout the whole, it is not surprising that they should have so rarely been excelled. If this has ever been the case, it is gratifying to find that the merits of a British Flora render it doubtful whether the palm should be conferred on its author, or upon one of the most acute to be found in the long list of those who have illustrated the Botany of Germany. For great as the merit of Schrader's Flora is allowed to be, the Flora Britannica of Sir James Smith may well rank as its parallel, in accuracy of distinction, fulness of description, judicious arrangement of synonyms, and general elegance of style.

The Botanical erudition displayed in his English Flora* invests the same accomplished author with still stronger claims on the gratitude of all who can appreciate the labour attending such deep research, and such extensive reference as are exhibited in every page. Its admirable descriptions, and the number of localities given for our rarer plants, would of themselves be no light recommendation to a native Botanist; while the critical examination of natural orders, supported by numberless references to botanical works of every description and date, must render it a valuable acquisition, both to the student and man of science, wherever a petal has been distinguished from a pistil. The propriety of introducing all at once, in a work of this description, such an extensive change in the generic characters of umbelliferous plants, may well be questioned, but of the necessity of breaking down some of our old genera, all must be convinced. With the grasses, and some other extensive families, this was more especially requisite; and by judiciously availing himself of the la-

* The English Flora: by Sir James Edward Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, &c. in 8vo. Vols. I. and II. (to be concluded in 4 vols.) Longman and Co. 1824.

hours of our distinguished countryman Mr Brown, as well as several of the excellent monographs of other writers, many difficulties, which, meeting him at the very threshold, were apt to produce a distaste in the student, have been removed; while those who have advanced farther in this delightful science, will be glad to find the improvements introduced of late years, whether at home or on the Continent, brought to bear on the Flora of their native country. The anecdotes occasionally introduced will materially assist the memory of a beginner, by investing the objects of his study with an additional interest; while they are not so numerous as to swell the work, or impart to it an air of solemn trifling. In short, taking them all in all, the publication of these volumes cannot fail to constitute an era in the history of British Botany, although they possessed no other merit than that of removing a vagueness which has long prevailed in our Botanical phraseology.

Of what may be termed *Local Floras*, in the strictest sense of the term, Linnæus has left us no specimen; and this being the case, it is fortunate for science that men of much botanical skill have not disdained the labour required for accomplishing such a task. The *Flora Edinensis** is perhaps the best work of this description that has hitherto been published: and as it appeared in the early part of last summer, some readers may think an apology necessary for our apparent neglect of its merits. If this be insisted on, we beg leave to remind them, that, after having Dr Greville's work before us throughout the whole of the botanical year, our opinion will be more valuable from being founded, not on a hasty glance, but on mature deliberation.

With the learned author we cannot help expressing surprise that the Flora of the neighbourhood of our romantic town has not long since been more fully illustrated. Pleasing as it is to the lover of natural scenery, the botanical stores scattered

profusely around render it equally attractive to the lover of Nature in her less obtrusive beauties. For whether he visit the level shores of the Forth, the steepes of Arthur-Seat, or the classical scenery of the Esk and Pentlands, the stranger will find in each something worthy of being added to the richest collection. The Rocks of the King's Park and Hills of Braid, with the plains and marshes around, present almost every variety of soil and shelter, if we except that which is formed within old fir-woods, a situation to which some of our rarest Scottish plants seem to be confined. The space lying between Holyrood and Duddingstone is perhaps richer in plants than any spot of similar extent in Britain; while the beautiful walk from Roslin to Hawthornden will not lose by comparison with the most celebrated scenes, and would well repay the Botanist's visit, were he to meet with little but the elegant *Carex pendula*, one of the finest plants the British Flora can boast of.

That the vegetable productions of such a district should not have been correctly enumerated until now, is indeed surprising, and more so, when we recollect that, so far back as the time of Alston, Edinburgh was not inferior to any medical school in Europe for the zeal with which Botany was cultivated by some of its members. The task, however, has at length been accomplished in a way that atones for past deficiency. Dr Greville's Flora is in every respect worthy of the promise given in his admirable illustrations of our Cryptogamic treasures. His generic characters are judiciously adapted to the species enumerated. These, as well as his specific definitions, are comprehensive, without being diffuse, and, in most instances, constructed on true Linnæan principles. The merit of his labours in the 24th Linnæan Class is beyond all praise: and we doubt not but this part of the *Flora Edinensis* will be of the utmost service, in forming an acquaintance with this difficult family in other parts of the kingdom. Al-

* *Flora Edinensis*; or a Description of Plants growing near Edinburgh; arranged according to the Linnæan System: by Robert Kaye Greville, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. Blackwood, 1824.

though unwilling to dispense with any of its matter, we could wish that a more portable form had been adopted; and, if we mistake not, the use of a smaller type throughout would have rendered it a more frequent companion in the fields. Our author follows out the suggestion of Dr Hooker, by uniting the *Cerastium semidicandrum* and *C. tetrandrum* of Smith; but in specimens gathered so early as the 6th of April, (those taken for the latter were found on the highest soil of Arthur-Seat,) there appears a difference sufficient to mark the plants in question as distinct species. We may also remark,* that, in giving plants, which, although common in other parts of the country, are of some rarity in this neighbourhood, a greater number of *habitus* might have been acceptable: thus *Viola odorata* might have been mentioned as growing on a bank at the south-west corner of Craigmillar Castle; *Symphyltum tuberosum* as occurring immediately opposite Inverleith plantation, &c.

These things, however, are of little importance, when compared with the good effects which such a work is calculated to produce. As a model for similar performances on the Botany of other parts of the country, its merits will at once be acknowledged. It is not to be expected that our provincial Botanists can have that intimate acquaintance with the state of Botanical science which must be possessed by one who has, in a manner, made this study his profession, and who, in the Libraries of learned societies, or from an extensive correspondence, has early access to every change that may be proposed, whether for better or for worse. To them, therefore, such works must be of the utmost value, by embodying, so far as indigenous Botany is concerned, every improvement made up to the date of publication. Accordingly, should we ever be favoured with a *Flora Argathe-liensis*, or (no disparagement to the Botany of Argyleshire) a *Flora Moravien-sis*, it is to be hoped that their authors, instead of relapsing into antiquated heresies, will adopt the orthodox doctrines so admirably illustrated in the works here recommended to their notice.

It were needless to say much of the claims possessed by the *Flora Edinensis* on the student, who must of necessity form an acquaintance with Botany. He has here an easy means of laying a foundation for more extensive acquirements in the practical department of the science: and it will still farther enable him to attain that knowledge which will soon be required of every candidate for a degree, should other members of our University continue to go hand in hand with the zealous Botanist to whom this work is dedicated. There are many, besides these, to whom a knowledge of Botany would lay open an interesting field for innocent amusement, accompanied with an exercise healthful both to body and mind. To those who are denied opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of sciences which can only be illustrated to perfection by means of a costly and extensive apparatus, such works will furnish, after some preliminary labour, the means of becoming acquainted with a science in which no disgusting or dangerous experiments are to be performed, in which no expensive instruments are required, and which, comparatively, demands little time to be *exclusively* occupied in its pursuit. Its objects present themselves in the gay parterre and the sequestered woodland; its instruments are those in whose construction art has had no hand; and, by accompanying us in the solitary walk, it may be cultivated at a time which to most men is altogether lost. In it the young and the elegant will indeed "find a resource equal to the enjoyment of a new sense;" and in its cultivation, amid the retirement of the country, "they will imbibe health, as well as knowledge and taste, at the purest of all sources."

Let them hasten, then, to the fields, where all is inviting, where all is variety, from the daisied meadow to the moss-covered rock,—where "hill and dale, wood and wold," alike furnish pleasure less fleeting than that of mere gratified curiosity. We are here recommending Botany to those who, if they study it at all, will do so without any hope of thus arriving at a Professorship, or of being knighted, like Linnæus, for the ap-

plication of science to arts that may enrich a kingdom, but who, being happily gifted with a taste for refined accomplishments, may be desirous of cultivating a science which, while it heightens their enjoyment, will at the same time extend their knowledge of Nature's works. And we can assure them that in visiting scenes endared by intrinsic beauty, or hallowed by historical associations, no remembrancer can be more strong than some modest flower gathered on the spot, a sentiment so gracefully expressed by Sir James Smith, that we will be pardoned for giving it in his own words. "A plant," says this elegant writer, on collecting some specimens near the Bay of Baia, "gathered in a celebrated or delightful spot, is like the hair of a friend,—more dear to memory than even a portrait, because it excites the imagination without attempting to fill it." Through the operation of a similar feeling, even Mr Oldbuck, with all the callosity of his antiquarian heart, confesses that the unfortunate result of Hector Macintyre's rencontre with the Phoca would not have grieved him so much, had not the lost cane been cut, with his own hand, amid scenes which inspired the muse of gentle Drummond.

But the perception of Nature's beauties, and the lively associations of history or romance, must yield in importance to that higher delight, which ought to be our end and aim in every pursuit. The towering mountain, and the pebble which we tread under foot,—the boundless

ocean and the dew drop which sparkles on the tiny blade—man, who plays his part for four score years, and the feeble insect which dies at the setting of the same sun whose noonday-beams seemed to call it into being—all shadow forth the skill of some unseen Contriver,—all impressively proclaim, "The hand that made us is divine." The order and harmony that every where prevail, from the "unwedgeable and gnarled oak," which has for centuries resisted the rude buffeting of the storm, to the minute fungus scarcely perceptible even with the aid of the microscope, strikingly impress the mind of the Botanist with the same great truth and in considering "the lilies of the field, how they grow," he learns, amid difficulty and trial, to repose his confidence in Him who provides for these, "though they toil not, neither do they spin." There may be those of whom the poet could say,

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

but assuredly the Botanist is not of their number, for from that which ranks among the most fleeting of Nature's works, he is led to think of one who endureth unto eternity, and can truly exclaim,

"———when the soul shakes her wings,
How soon we fly from earth to the empyrean height,
And tie the Thunderer to the tendril of a weed!"

B

Stanzas.

To laugh when sad in mind—
To weep and feel no grief—
Lament distress to fill
Yet tender no relief,
Betrays a heart of common mould,
For most have hearts as false and cold

To hide a starting tear—
To check a rising sigh—
To act a part austere
While feeling pearls the eye,
Is casting Nature's grace aside
And offering up the soul to pride

I've seen a courtier smile,
An I've seen a cunning art—
Cringe bow and flatter while
A foul rancour fills his heart,
Yet he with favours high was crown'd
While honest Truth no pityance found

I love the lightsome vein
Of mirth that wit supplies,
And I can laugh again
When things ridiculous rise
But ne'er may mirth my sorrows drown,
If I must laugh when I should frown

I've seen a son convey
His mother to the tomb
I've seen a father lay
His first-born in its gloom,
While each has strove, with care severe,
To check a sob, and hide a tear

I am distant be the morn,
When tears my couch shall steep
But if my heart is torn
And burden I woe must keep
Those tears I'll shed, though they should be
The cause for realms to laugh at me

THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND.

(Concluded.)

"If supreme felicity consists in doing nothing," says Dr Macculloch, "why, then, Donald is the only true philosopher;" and by his shewing, it appears that this "true philosophy" is carried nearly to perfection; for "you would almost suppose," he adds, "that he had adopted the Turkish maxim, that to sit is better than to stand, to lie is better than to sit, to sleep is better than to wake, and death is best of all!" Yet it is wonderful how "a true philosopher," like Donald, may be "contaminated" by example, and moulded by kindness. Of this the Doctor supplies very convincing and satisfactory proof. "Every one," says he, "is bound to notice the new village of St. Fillan's, situated at the eastern extremity of this lake, (Lochearn,) as an instance of what may be done by GOOD SENSE and EXERTION, in reforming the comfortless and dirty habits of the rural population of this country. The inhabitants are now as fond of their roses and honey-suckles as they formerly were of their dunghills and gutters; A SUFFICIENT PROOF THAT THE PEOPLE ARE TRACTABLE WHEN PROPERLY MANAGED, and that many of the faults of the lower classes of the Highlands, which arise from carelessness of comfort and cleanliness, ought to be attributed to their SUPERIORS, who themselves unjustly complain of what they never attempt to remedy!" Now, we would just ask Dr Macculloch a few plain and simple questions. If, by "good sense" and "exertion," much may be done "in reforming the comfortless and dirty habits of the population" of the Highlands, can nothing be done in stimulating them to habits of industry and activity, in which their interests are surely more deeply concerned, than in planting roses and honey-suckles to humour the caprice of Lord and Lady Gwydir? If their "carelessness of comfort and cleanliness ought to be attributed to their SUPERIORS, who unjustly complain of what they never attempt to remedy," what shall be said respecting the indolence with which they are reproached, and which their *superiors*," so far from attempting to remedy, foster and increase, by discouraging incipient habits of industry, and fairly driving their labour from the market? If the "people are tractable when properly managed," whose fault is it that they are ill managed, neglected, or oppressed? If it be worth while to encourage them to plant roses and honey-suckles, is it not of infinitely greater importance to stimulate them to improve their condition, and thus at once increase their own comfort, and add to the prosperity of the country? "Whoever," says our author, "thinks that Donald cannot be improved by attention, would probably, if he was in the same situation, remain in it for ever." Why is this "attention" not bestowed? Are the people of less value than roses and honey-suckles? Neither Dr Macculloch nor "the Dey of Algiers," will say so.

But the truth is, that the fanfaronade about Highland indolence and laziness is all miserable cant, put forward as an excuse for proceedings totally indefensible, and which, in general, have been found as unprofitable, in an economical point of view, as they are incompatible with patriotism or humanity. The real truth, as Colonel Stewart has well observed, is, that, "in the prosecution of recent changes in the North, the original inhabitants were never thought of, nor included in the system which was to be productive of such wealth to the landlord, the man of capital, and the country at large;" or it was foreseen that no native would be entrusted with, or found hardy enough "to act a part in the execution of plans

* The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, containing Descriptions of their Scenery and Antiquities, with an account of the Political History and Ancient Manners, and of the Origin, Language, Agriculture, Economy, Music, Present Condition of the People, &c. &c. &c. Founded on a series of Annual Journeys between the years 1811 and 1821, and forming an Universal Guide to that Country, in Letters to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By John Macculloch, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. London, 1824.

which commenced with the ejection and banishment from their native land of their friends and neighbours." Hence arose the necessity for vilifying the people as a race of incorrigible drones, whom it was hopeless to think of stirring up to habits of activity and industry: for, had not this plea been vamped up and rung without intermission in the ears of the public, the means adopted for *civilizing* the Highlands were of such a character, that they must have elicited a general burst of indignation from all parts of the country. Such a defence for the expulsion and degradation of the native inhabitants was bad enough, to be sure; but still it was a defence: the people were declared to be indolent, and that was enough. If anybody had the courage and honesty to demur to the charge, and to urge that it was *rather too late* to accuse the people of indolence, AFTER they had been *burned out* of their dwellings, deprived of their farms, and left without the means of subsistence,—that to reduce the great mass of the people to the condition of day-labourers in a country where there were no towns, little capital, and hardly any market for labour, was the sure and certain way to engender misery, vice, and discontent—to degrade, instead of improving—to deteriorate more and more the character of the people, and to unnerve the very sinews of society: if any one, we say, had the hardihood to state these, and other things of a similar description, he was met with the *argumentum ad personam*, "What do *you* know of the matter? Are not *we* Highland proprietors? and will you have the assurance to contend that you know the people on our estates better than we do ourselves? *We* tell you, that their laziness is incorrigible, and *that* ought to satisfy you. Are we not deeply read in Political Economy,—that divine science, which promises to instruct us how to produce the greatest possible amount of wealth at the least possible cost? and are we not acting in perfect conformity with its rules and maxims? If one enormous capitalist could take in lease the whole Highlands of Scotland, would it not be just so much better? This indeed would be economy carried to its *ne plus ultra*; and as to the people, who would thus be disengaged, why, there is room enough for them in the Highland Lochs." Such talk, however, will no longer pass current for argument. The Highland proprietors, taken as a body, have, no doubt, in the peculiar circumstances of their country, a monopoly of the soil; but they are not equally fortunate in regard either to knowledge or the press; and though they may lord it with a high hand over the poor defenceless people, public opinion is beyond their control. To this tribunal they must submit their conduct; and it is to its candid decision that we appeal respecting the falsehood of the charges which they have so industriously circulated against those who had every possible claim to their countenance and protection.

2. We have only left ourselves room for a few remarks on "Highland Economy and Population;" and, from the disproportionate length to which this article has already extended, these must necessarily be brief and desultory. And here we must premise, that, although we have already reprobated, and must still continue to reprobate, the mode in which the recent changes in the North have been effected, we are not the enemies, but the friends of improvement; we have no affection for the romantic blarney talked at Celtic Club Dinners; nor do we participate the sentiments or feelings of those preposterous idiots, who, after rack-renting, oppressing, and expatriating the best part of their tenantry, labour to conjure up the ghost of dead-and-buried clanship among the remainder. Such fellows are one of the great pests of the Highlands; and we are truly happy to observe, that they are treated with all due contempt and ridicule among ourselves. But we do think it a little hard that our good friend Donald should be ruined and reduced to starvation, while in the act of undergoing the process of improvement; that he deserved more careful treatment at the hands of those who set this process a-going; and that he is not greatly to be blamed, though he did not at once comprehend all the benefits likely to result from the summary proceedings adopted for his exclusive advantage.

Dr Macculloch contends, that "sheep cannot be *cultivated* to a profit

unless in large tracts;" that "small capitalists cannot manage them," and that "hence arises the necessity for large sheep-farms;" that, to secure a supply of winter-food, it became compulsory "to take from petty agriculture the smaller interspersed tracts which are adapted to this purpose; and, finally, that "those small spots being occupied by a race of *starving* and *miserable* tenants, who impeded the application of what they could not use, it became imperative on the proprietors to eject them, for the general benefit, as well as their own." Vague statement necessarily leads to inconclusive reasoning. The term "large," here employed, is so indefinite, that it is not easy to ascertain satisfactorily the *extent* of its meaning. Some of the sheep-farms in the Highlands embrace a line of coast of not less than thirty miles in extent. This is a "large tract," with a vengeance. But, generally speaking, what are we to understand by a "large tract?" If Dr Macculloch means to assert, that sheep cannot be "cultivated" to advantage, except in such tracts as this, or even on farms of two, three, or five thousand acres, the assertion is groundless,—it is contrary to the fact. It is on such enormous farms that sheep are "cultivated" to the least advantage. And the reason is obvious. The capital required for a sheep-farm consists principally in the first stocking, and in the wages of labour to those who perform the different services required to prepare the produce for the market. When "a great capitalist," to use the fashionable phrase, takes a farm of this sort, he is almost always a stranger, (generally a shepherd from the Moffat Hills,) there being no "great capitalists" in the Highlands; and although he may be well acquainted with the rearing of sheep, he is compelled to pay for all the labour he requires, and he is himself a mere superintendant. Hence he rears his produce at a greater cost than the small farmer, whose capital consists partly in his own and the labour of the different members of his family. Nor is it possible for the head of a "large" concern of this description to give the ~~same~~ attention to the *culture* of his sheep as the head of a small one, whose eye is daily on every part of his property. "The master's eye," says the proverb, "makes good work." But the "great capitalist" is at the mercy of strangers, who feel no other interest in his welfare than that he may be able to pay them their wages. It is not with a "large" Highland farm as with a large manufactory, where all the different operations are carried on under a single roof, perhaps, and where the master's eye, or that of some confidential agent; is constantly on every part of the different processes that are going forward. The property of a Highland sheep-farmer is scattered over mountains and glens, separated by the distance of many miles, and exposed to all the accidents which such a state of things renders unavoidable. But in addition to this disadvantage, he is exposed to others of a more serious kind. If a bad season overtakes him, and his sheep die, unless he has surplus capital to meet such exigencies, he is lost; he has no resource in his labour, like the small farmer; there is no expedient to which he can betake himself except wind-bills, or fictitious credit, which only puts off the evil day for a little; he must come down at last.

Now, as far as the landlord is concerned, the failure of one of the "great capitalists" must be attended with consequences peculiarly unpleasant, as well as unprofitable. He loses the whole, or a "large" portion of his rent; and if his farm remain for only one season unoccupied, he incurs an additional loss, for which he can expect no compensation from a new tenant. If, as is almost always the case, he has built a "large" stead-*ing*, to accommodate the "great capitalist," the amount of his loss will fall to be augmented by the interest of the money spent in its erection. From the very nature of things, the small tenant is less exposed to such contingencies; and when they do arrive, he is better prepared to bear, and has more resources under them, than the large farmer. The expense of his living is comparatively nothing; he can turn his labour, perhaps, to account in the course of the season; and he will submit to privations, which are out of the question, in the case of a man who sets himself forth as a *gentleman*, and keeps an establishment. Hence, as we already said,

he can rear sheep at less cost, and with less risk to the landlord, than the large farmer, and yet afford him an equal, or even a greater rent. If we had room, we could confirm these views by producing apposite and convincing examples.

But it has been said, Why employ many in doing that which fewer can accomplish? If, under the new system, five men can rear the same amount of produce as fifteen under the old, ten of them are superfluous, and may, therefore, be safely disengaged. We are not contending absolutely for the old system, which was in many respects bad; but we aver, that the new one has most grievously overshot the mark. And, truly, the objection now stated, however plausible in the mouth of an economist, comes with a bad grace from the landlords. Experience has shown, that, by a slight improvement of the old system, by abolishing joint farms, and the whole race of tacksmen, by whom ground was let out at second-hand, landlords might have drawn as high rents, with less risk, from small as from large farms. But it is objected, that a greater number of persons were to be subsisted on the gross produce. Granted; though it is difficult to see how this could affect their interest, if they received rents equally high. These rents, however, could only be paid by the sale of produce; so that, as far as the rent is concerned, equal quantities of produce must have found their way to the market in both cases. It is, moreover, notorious, that five or ten Highland families would subsist comfortably on what is barely necessary to supply the establishment of one "great capitalist." Unless, therefore, the proprietors cherished an aversion to "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," there was no reason, as far as *their* interest was concerned, for the cruel and unfeeling course they have adopted. Certainly a people so abstemious,—capable of industry and improvement, had any attempts been made to encourage that industry, or promote that improvement,—proverbially acute in discerning whatever is calculated to advance their interests,—and susceptible, in all other respects, of being taught, were worth, at least, the trouble of an experiment.

Our author asserts that it was compulsory "to take from petty agriculture the smaller interspersed tracks," adapted to raising winter food for the sheep, and to eject, "for the general benefit, *as well as their own*," the "race of *starving and miserable* tenants, who impeded the application of what they could not use." Upon the new system it was no doubt found necessary to follow this course; though how the operation of ejectment contributed to the advantage of those on whom it was performed we would be extremely curious to know. Dr Macculloch takes care, in all he says on the subject, to confound the small farmers with the occupiers of mere spots on patches of land, in order that he may describe them as "a race of miserable and starving tenants;" but we shall not permit him to avail himself of this "miserable" subterfuge. With regard to the former, anterior to that blessed process of ejectment, to the benefits of which they were so perversely blind, it is not true that they lived in the state he describes; on the contrary, they enjoyed what to them amounted to comfort and independence; they were not forced to rely on precarious labour, in a country where employment is scarce, for their support; they had always the means of subsistence within their reach, and generally contrived to obtain a few even of the luxuries of life. The latter are generally poor every where; their condition, therefore, does not affect the argument either one way or other. But in the Highlands at present there is no intermediate class such as we have described; there are only two great castes—he rich and the miserably poor. Now let us consider for a moment the effects of the ejectment of the small tenantry, which, Dr Macculloch says, was rendered imperatively necessary "for the general benefit, *AS WELL AS THEIR OWN*."

The first of these unquestionably was to increase the number of persons dependent on their daily labour for their subsistence. But the wages of labour are regulated by the proportion which the capital of a country bears to the absolute quantity of labour soliciting employment. If the quantity of capital, compared with the number of labourers, be great, wages are

high ; if it be small, wages are low. If, therefore, the number of labourers be increased, without a corresponding increase of capital, wages immediately fall ; the condition of the working-class is deteriorated ; and should the difference prove very considerable, they are sunk in the lowest abyss of poverty and wretchedness. What, then, shall be said in regard to the Highlands where all the capital of the country is invested in sheep-farming, which does not require the labour of a hundredth part of the population, and where there are no manufactures, no public works, no capital, in short, invested in the formation of any product which requires the services of those which have nothing to dispose of but their labour ? Any one may figure to himself the misery that must necessarily result from this state of things ; yet it is an undoubted consequence of the ejection of the ancient tenantry.

Another consequence of this singular mode of benefiting the Highlanders is the degradation of their character in a moral point of view, and the production of vice and crimes, the inevitable concomitants of poverty and misery. In proof of this, it is only necessary to refer to the Porteous Rolls of the Circuit Court of Justiciary, and to compare them, (making all due allowance for the increase of population, another consequence of the same system !) with the same records thirty years ago. This comparison will evince a change from which the true patriot will turn with dismay, mixed with generous indignation at the conduct of those who, with a short-sighted eagerness to enrich themselves, and to acquire the means of competing in point of extravagance with the wealthier proprietors of the South, have laboured so successfully to demoralize the people of their native mountains and glens, and to reduce them to potato-gardens and *Whiteboyism*, like their neighbours the Irish.

But, in opposition to all these gloomy views, our author alleges, that, "owing to the improvements of the country, the means of living have increased," that "there is more productive labour, and more produce" than formerly. There is, we readily admit. But this, like all the rest of his reasoning, completely blinks the question. The point at issue is, Whether the same amount of produce might not have been raised by other means—by gradual improvements on the old system, without extruding the ancient tenantry, and driving them to starve in fishing hamlets on the coast ? If, however, he means to say that the increase in the means of living has been attended with any advantage to the great body of the people, and occasioned the melancholy increase in the population which he admits to have taken place, we must dissent from his opinion. Before the Highlander can consume, he must be able to purchase. With what can he purchase ? His labour. But that is wholly occupied in providing the means of paying the rent of the wretched patch of land he has probably received on the sea-coast, the produce of which is seldom equal to the *half* of what he pays for it,—and in fishing or working, when he can procure work, for the subsistence of himself and his family. He has seldom any money ; how can he purchase ? Animal food he almost never tastes ; how can the increase in the quantity of produce reared add to his comforts, and stimulate the principle of population ? The market for the surplus produce of the sheep farms is not in the Highlands, where the consumption of the people has not increased, but in the Lowlands.

The great increase which has taken place in the population of the Highlands, since the people, under the operation of the new system, were reduced to the condition of cottars and day-labourers, is a mighty evil, inasmuch as it proves that the principle of moral restraint has lost all its force. Poverty, and potatoes for food, seem to set Mr Malthus at defiance. The grand cause of misery—a superabundant supply of labourers, and a scanty demand for their labour—is daily augmenting. Where must all this end ? Manufactures can never be naturalized in a country where there is no coal, no navigable river, no population trained to handicraft trades, and but few roads. The fisheries afford only a precarious and uncertain resource to comparatively a small portion ; and even part of that resource is absorbed by

the all-devouring maw of the landlord. For, be it known to all the world, that the labour of the Highlander is taxed; that the patch of barren coast which is given him seldom produces the one-third, almost never the one-half of what the landlord exacts for it; that, in short, he pays for the liberty of existing, and of labouring for the benefit of his master. It is very considerate in an over-fed Geologist to tell the Highlanders to cultivate potatoes. Let him look to Ireland. When potatoes become the sole food of a people, they are sunk in the lowest abyss of wretchedness; they have got to the bottom of the scale; they become imprudent and reckless; they marry, and beget new heirs to more than their parents' misery. And this is what the Highland population are fast approaching to. We are told, however, for our consolation, that famines have been less frequent under the new than the old system. Be it so; that system has had but a short trial; there is a good time coming. The term *famine*, however, is relative. Many of the poor people in Skye, for example, live half the year round on shell-fish: this to an Englishman would be *famine*. Animal food is beyond the reach of nearly the whole of the lower classes, who live on brochan and potatoes: this to an Englishman would be *famine*. Even the privations of a retreat, like that from Burgos, could not reconcile his saucy paunch to the Spartan broth of this abstemious race. When there is *famine* in the Highlands, the word will, therefore, be understood in London; and we hereby request Sir William Curtis, if he lives to hear of such an event, (which Heaven forefend!) to write an article in the newspapers on the subject. Yet, strange to say, this very people still consider it a disgrace to come upon the parish, which nothing short of literal downright starvation, conjoined with physical debility, can reconcile their minds to.

One word more: the Doctor says "the Highlanders are averse to the army;" and he accounts for a feeling known only to himself, by assigning as the cause of it the number of small farms. Let him take courage; the Highlanders will be the bravest people in the world by and by; or rather they ought to be so already. We did think, however, that the Highlanders had shewn the greatest disposition to enter the army at a time when there were no large farms in the country. But if this be true, it contradicts his opinion in favour of large farms, and of reducing the people to the rank of cottars and day-labourers; for it proves that the occupancy of small portions of land renders the people so contented and happy, that they are unwilling to quit them, and proof against all the seductions of the crimp, all the allurements of "glorious war." But we have already seen a sample of the Doctor's accuracy on military subjects, which, with all his very laudable ambition to rival Humboldt in the universality of his acquirements, we would advise him to leave to those who understand them. Colonel Stewart will tell us all that is necessary to be known on these matters; and if he does not write in so learned a fashion as the Doctor, he makes amends by his superior accuracy and taste.

We fully intended to make some remarks on several of the Dissertations which Dr Macculloch has introduced into his book, particularly on those he has favoured us with on the subjects of "Ossiah," the "Gaelic Language," and the "Origin and Races" of the Highlanders; but we must, though with reluctance, relinquish our purpose for the present. It is sufficient to mention, that all are full of the grossest errors, which it would be easy for the veriest tyro to expose and refute, and which ought to be exposed and refuted, were it only for the impertinence and dogmatism with which they are brought forward, and the cavalier manner in which this universal dabbler treats all received opinions on the Origin, History, and Language of the people. His book, taken as a whole, is one of the dullest and heaviest we have ever read; though it is evident the author meant it to be very smart, clever, and sarcastic. He is eternally searching for wit, and cannot find it; he endures all the labours of parturition, but literally brings forth nothing. His style may be judged of from the specimens we have already given, which, being selected for other purposes, may be taken as exhibiting a fair average of the whole. It is laboured, and full of affectation and conceits, be-

sides being deformed by scraps of quotations, generally Latin, foisted in for the grand purpose of display, but sometimes very inaccurately given, as in the following line of a well-known passage of Persius :—

Tunc crassos transisse dies, *vitamque* palustrem—

where “*vitamque*” is substituted for “*lucemque*,” to the manifest detriment both of the passage and the poet. But his great forte is bombast, in which it must be allowed that he is a perfect master. The reader may turn to the commencement of almost any of the letters, if he feel any desire to satisfy his mind with examples ; we have no space, and no inclination to quote them ; they lie innumerable over the surface of the whole. Finally, the Doctor seems to have written his book in a state of great bodily fear. He insinuates once and again, that he is in danger of being *dirked* for what he has said of the Highlanders ; and he makes sure that the “*Cerberrean* mouth of some rabid MacNicol” will be opened in full cry at his heels. We have not the good fortune to understand what a “*Cerberrean* mouth” may happen to mean. Cerberus, if we recollect aright, had three heads, which leads us to presume, that he had an equal complement of mouths ; whereas, for any thing we ever heard to the contrary, poor MacNicol was obliged to content himself with one. In these circumstances, we can offer him no consolation under this branch of his natural fears ; but as to the matter of the *dirking*, we bid him be of good cheer ; for, however ungentlemanly his attacks and language may be considered, and however ungrateful the return he has made for all the kindness he experienced, no “*Autochthon*” would think him worth the trouble of a single “*clamehewit* :” nor, so far as we can discover, is it at all necessary for him, as he supposes, “*to imitate the Aïab husbandman, and to write in full armour, with his right hand on the pen, and his left on the sword* ;” unless, indeed, he means to convey by these words a declaration of general hostilities, and to intimate, that he is prepared to defend, by the arm of flesh, the innumerable fictions and misrepresentations he has published in regard to the Highlands ! But we would fain hope that the Doctor had no such meaning. It would be quite dreadful to think what a load of vengeance would descend on our devoted heads, should he really arm himself with carnal weapons, and sally forth as intent upon blood, as he sometimes is on blood-stones. No son of the *cowardly* Gael would dare to face this geological Thor, brandishing his ponderous hammer. Even a “*fiery Goth*” might, without discredit, quail before so frightful an apparition. It is one source of comfort, however, that hostilities will not be of long duration ; for as no other periodical seems to think the Doctor deserving of the slightest notice, he has only to extinguish the author of the foregoing review, and—his work is done !

ADOLPHE AND SELANIE. *

“*THIS* will never do,” was the exclamation of a celebrated reviewer, some few years ago, when he laid his hands on a work which did not altogether quadrate with his notions of excellence. With what justice this was said is no business of ours, and we leave the poet and his castigator to the judgment of the public, whose decision is, after all, never far from the mark. Feed the public mind as you will with high-seasoned

and savoury offerings of flattery,—pamper it with all the *frandises*, which serve only to weaken its energy, and make it loath more wholesome and nutritious diet ; still there is that in it which will reject what is absolutely destructive of sound health and vigour. On the other hand,—but why should we go farther, if the public will not be coaxed into a relish for absurdities ? and if, with all its gulosity, it cannot be

* Adolphe and Selanie, or the Power of Attachment ; a Moral Tale. By Henri L. Dubois. Edinburgh, 1824.

made to swallow a gilded pill, it is in vain to think of using coercive measures—absurd to think of *forcing* upon it what the unctious of flattery cannot render palatable. Hence we may see the folly of those reviewers, who cannot good-naturedly take up a book as we do, but who are continually stepping out of their way, to flatter the caprices of their friends, or to bespatter with the mud of malevolence the face of their neighbour. There are, we must confess, certain cases in which it is difficult to act without something like a feeling of partiality to a master-spirit, or perhaps a certain *penchant* for a severe cut or two at a downright driveller; but then the public are aware of this besetting sin, this infirmity of the flesh, and we are granted a limited, if not a plenary indulgence. What we have said may serve as a kind of caveat to those who may think us too severe, and may palliate the offence of extraordinary kindness.

This is decidedly not only an age of discovery and publishing, but also an age of humbug. A man cannot come into the world and leave it again, as his forefathers did for many generations before him, but both events must be trumpeted over Christendom, and Jewry too, mayhap. The time seems not to be far distant, when the public will be gratified with “a full and particular account,” (published in three volumes, post octavo, to be continued quarterly, price one pound, eleven shillings, and sixpence—a circumstance which must enhance the value of the information considerably,) of the precise hour when all spinsters, and every *philosophe en jupes*, go to bed,—of the colour of their night-caps, and the quantity of sugar they put in their tea in the morning,—how often each fair *mademoiselle* faints from over excitement of feeling in the time of her *teens*, and how pettishly every *enfant gâté* of the public pouts when treated with seeming neglect. We can almost take it upon us to foretel, though the non-fulfilment of prophecies has well nigh ruined some critical oracles, that a young officer shall not carve a fowl at the mess, or act the amiable at Lady ——’s rout,

but an account of it will be given to the dear public, with all the circumstantiality of a newspaper report; and with all its fidelity to-boot; that a patriotic magistrate shall not take a single bumper of punch-royal when dining with the deacons, after a severely-contested election, without every honest burgher being made acquainted with how many fingers he held the glass, and how elegantly he turned up his little finger, as the last drop was emptied into his loyal mouth;—nay, let every Miss, who has just escaped from the tyrannical domination of *Madame La Rebarbative*, and bid adieu to boarding-schools and governesses for ever, beware of looking too *wistfully* in the face of any young gentleman; for we can assure each “fair ladye,” that her every look, her every gesture, is narrowly watched by authors of great *descriptive* powers, who will not fail, even in the whirlwind and torrent of passion, to tell what was the colour and the fashion of the gown the lady wore—when she first had imprinted on her glowing cheek the fervid kiss of her adorer—whether or not the paper was double-gilt on which she penned her first *billet-doux*, and what was the angle of depression or elevation of the brim of Mr ——’s hat on his wedding-day. All this will appear to you, dear public, (from whom we would not willingly *force a frown*,) quite wide of the mark, and an apparent specimen of the *too minute detail* for which we are so soundly rating our professed authors: but *festina lente* is our motto;—suspend your cutting criticism till you have seen what use we make of this *reputed fanfaronade*.

When we pronounced this to be an age of humbug, we intended to produce “Adolphe and Selanie” as an example. When we expressed our apprehensions for the inconveniences—to use the mildest term—which every one must suffer by the rage for publishing, we had in our view some of our friends, whose lengthened visages but too plainly told their disappointment and chagrin for the utter loss of their seven shillings and sixpence, (such is the price of the *bagatelle*,) and the exertions they had made to extract from the volume something like

an equivalent for their time and their cash. But GULLED was too legibly imprinted on their foreheads;—not a word concerning the contents of the *magnum opus* could be extorted from them but—A BABY'S TALE! This induced us to borrow a copy from our uncle the major, and read for ourselves. When the title-page presented itself to our critical organs of vision, great expectations were raised of having the history of some unfortunate hero, who was perpetually doomed to see the cup of bliss dashed from his lips, yet clung to his purposes with all the pertinacity of a drowning man. We did anticipate the pleasure of accompanying him through many "hairbreadth 'scapes,"—of witnessing the mighty energy of soul displayed in overcoming every temptation offered to allure him from the object of his unalterable attachment,—of seeing the cup of life at one time fraught with bliss, and at another brimful with the mixture of misery, which the ill-starred youth was destined to drain to the very dregs. We figured to ourselves, too, the many days of pining and of woe which the unhappy fair one might be forced to drag out under the eye of some relentless, unnatural parent or guardian—some examples of the strong and uncontrollable workings of mighty and mingled passion—the apathy of despair—the sorrow of disappointed hope: the canker-worm of remorse, and the feelings of utter helplessness, were looked for to justify the title—the *Power of Attachment*. Having, according to custom, skipped the preface, and the list of subscribers' names, because our own was not there blazoned in capitals, the first page actually raised our expectations, when the commencement of the French Revolution was mentioned—a period which, a few years hence, will be the source from which the novelist will copiously draw materials for tales and scenes of horror and of crime, to be held up to future generations as a beacon to warn them of the danger of anarchy, and a picture to show them the features of atheism. But what were our feelings—what was our bitter disappointment, when, instead of impassioned scenes of rapturous delight and love, of heart-rending misery and bitter-

ness, or glowing descriptions of life and manners in France, at the interesting period in which our hero of the moral tale "strutted his hour upon the stage," we were presented with the meagre history of one who, at the age of twelve, was a first-rate musician—a complete botanist—and a perfect connoisseur in drawing; who goes to the College of Douai—stays there a while—writes letters to his dear aunt and his beloved Selanie frequently, nay, regularly once a fortnight—abandons the study of law and enters the army, just as he has married Selanie, with the CONSENT AND APPROBATION of all concerned—is engaged in one or two battles and several *escarmouches* in the course of his military career—is wounded in one—goes to the island of Martinico—and dies of a fever caught in GATHERING SOME FLOWERS:—Selanie cannot survive him, and so ends the eventful history; such is the *power of attachment!*

We surely did not speak of *disappointment*, and *chagrin*, and *humbug*, and all these tremendous and portentous terms, a few sentences back. We only meant to ask our friends for a definition of *humbug*, with a short dissertation on the *Bathos*; and we hereby promise a complete set of our Magazine to him who shall tell us, before Christmas next, what modern production ranks higher, or, to speak more philosophically, shows greater profundity in that noble art than our said "moral tale." How edifying it must be to the loyal subjects of Great Britain, to know how many letters a nameless officer of Napoleon Le Grand wrote to his dear, his beloved Selanie! We actually feel fresh vigour thrill through every limb, now we know that our *moral hero* was a member of a debating society at Douai, and had a squabble, such as our Edinburgh students have not less than six times a-week. But we must crave pardon of the *public*; the high-minded hero fought a duel, and came off victor, of course, and his lady fainted when she saw him come in unhurt: it would have been unkind in her not to have done so, and cruel in us to have passed it unnoticed. But it is now high time for Mons. Du-bois to speak *in propria persona*; our

warmest eulogies are cold when compared with his glowing quill. Well, then, we must lay before our readers some extracts after the analysis of this *chef d'œuvre*; for, upon our critical honour, we have analyzed the noble production at great length.

Here goes, then, at random: Adolphe is preparing to set out for Douai, and taking his leave of Selanie, who, as well as himself, be it remembered, is somewhere about thirteen or fourteen years of age.

As these young friends could not think of separating without exchanging some *gage d'amitié*, he presented her with a small pair of ear-rings, that he had worn ever since he was three years old; and she, in return, gave him her's, and, in fixing them in his ears, she requested him to promise, that he would never suffer them to be removed on any account whatever, as "they will," said she, "remind you of the fervent prayers I shall never omit to offer up daily to the throne of our God, for your prosperity and happiness:" Adolphe, with the tenderest expression of *reconnaissance* and sacred friendship, promised that her injunctions should be faithfully observed, assuring her, that the value he attached to her gift was next to his life. She, at the same time, made a promise to him, with the same SOLEMNITY, never to part with a gold locket containing some of his hair,—a present formerly made by him. Adolphe, thanking her for this expression of her kindness, said that he had a still more IMPORTANT present to make to her, his *Bérénice*, a favourite little dog, given him one day, while he was walking with his tutor on the banks of the Seine, by a peasant boy, who was carrying it, to drown it in the river. The affectionate Adolphe, THEREFORE, considered *Bérénice* as the most appropriate token he could give of his attachment, and committed it to the care of Selanie, as a symbol of that inviolate fidelity he should bear towards her, *toute sa vie*. From that moment, the dog became more precious to Selanie than it had ever been; and in caressing it, she told her dear brother, (with a lively emotion,) that she would carefully cherish his last and most esteemed gift, till a fit opportunity was afforded her to convince him of the value she placed on his friendship. He then took a kiss on the hand of Selanie, as a ratification of their treaty, and they spent the rest of the day together in the exercise of amusing pursuits.

Amongst many things to be learned from this highly-finished picture, may be picked up an excellent specimen of ingenious logic. *Little Bérénice* had been given to him when walking with his tutor on the banks of the Seine; THEREFORE it was the most appropriate token of friendship: had it been presented to him while sitting beside his dear aunt, the case would have been quite different.

Extract second will need a kind of preface:—Adolphe and a friend La R— are taking an evening stroll in the neighbourhood of Douai; in returning, they hear the shrieks of a female in distress; they rush into the woods; and lo, before their eyes stands a lovely creature, rescued, by their opportune arrival, from a very perilous and very suspicious situation. (Are ladies often found in such situations in France, Mons. Dubois?) La R—, like a true hero of novel and romance, is over head and ears in a moment with the rescued mademoiselle. A gentleman's carriage passes at the lucky moment of the rescue—as why should it not? and into it is handed the *belle mademoiselle*, and—

No sooner had she been conveyed home, and reached the sofa in the hall, than she sank senseless upon it; but the immediate application of *strong vinegar and volatile salts* to her temples, and other similar remedies, recovered her from her swoon. Adolphe, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, recommended her being *put to bed*, and medical advice to be instantly called; and having briefly stated the circumstances in which they found her, he and La R— took their leave, promising to call next day, to inquire respecting her health.

How kind and tender-hearted all this was in the two students of fourteen or fifteen! We blush to think how callous and how boorish our Edinburgh blades are, when compared with the Douai politeness of our heroes of the moral tale. They never would have thought of "strong vinegar or volatile salts"—never have had the sense to recommend the lady's being *put to bed*; and as for calling again, they would have considered the trouble they had already experienced rather more than a balance for the fun: in fact, had a student

from Eltrick or Yarrow been the individual, he would have scampered off on hearing the shrieks in the wood, afraid of having all the ghosts and hobgoblins in the plantation about his ears, or after his heels. But Mons. Dubois is surely a physician, since he knows so well, and describes so minutely, the method of curing lipothymia; and he most undoubtedly has the organ of observation largely developed.

The next extract we shall give is a parting scene, and those readers who do not think it *tenderly* written, have not us to blame; we cannot be accountable for obtuseness of feeling.

He said he felt inexpressibly grateful for the kindness they had shown to his daughter, (the son had made love to her,) and that he should be extremely happy to return them the same civility at Rambouillet; and turning to Alphonse, he gave him a pressing invitation to spend a few days with them, previous to his (Mons. R.'s) paying a visit to Adolphe at Douai, which he intended before the season was too far advanced. Alphonse politely thanked him, adding, it would give him infinite pleasure to pay his respects to Mons. and Madam R. at their residence; and **BOWING TO Selanie**, hoped his visit would not be unacceptable to Mademoiselle R. Selanie, **CURTSEYING SLIGHTLY**, said she should always be happy to see Mons. Alphonse P. as a visitor to her father. Mons. R. and his daughter then took an affectionate leave of their friends, and stepping into the carriage, proceeded by a near rout to Rambouillet, where they arrived, **WITHOUT ANY ACCIDENT**, early in the evening: (hour and minute not ascertained.)

We do not pretend to have a deeper insight into the beauties of writing than our readers; but we must pronounce every one very *shallow* who does not see and feel the exquisitely-pathetic touch at the close of this scene, where Mons. Dubois informs us that *no accident happened by the way*: how tender and *touchant*!—and the bowing and curtsying, how polite! how does it out-grandison Sir Charles Grandison!

The next shall be a breakfast-scene, or rather what should have been one.

Adolphe had delayed much beyond his usual time to call Durand to remove his breakfast-equipage; and he, considering this a very good excuse for breaking in

upon his meditations, went, and gently tapping at the door of his chamber, was desired to come in. He apologized for his intrusion, by saying he thought his master had neglected to call him; and Adolphe, starting from his reverie, said he had certainly forgot that breakfast was on the table, but that he would call him immediately. Durand, in consequence, retired, and a few moments afterwards was summoned to take away, and to put the room in order. On removing the equipage, Durand was surprised to find that Adolphe had not tasted any breakfast, and took the liberty of noticing this to him, who replied, that he had no appetite this morning, and that he desired to be left alone.

Do not the tears start into your eyes, ye fair readers? What a picture of distress in the master, and fidelity in the valet! But askest thou, fair critic, (*reader*, we mean—there are no *fair critics*,) why this love-stricken student took no breakfast?—It was because he had not got a letter from the post-office that morning. Oh, pity his misfortunes!

We intended the rest to be a love-scene, (the “power of attachment” should have some love-scenes,) but can afford no more room; this, however, we cannot pass: “Being now left to themselves, he took her by the hand, *which he almost smothered with kisses*, &c. &c.”—“No, my beloved Adolphe, I will not blame you;” but looking wistfully in his face, with a half-serious air, she said, ‘Had I had my will, I would have flown on the wings of love to have embraced one so dear to my heart. Oh! Adolphe; you are a stranger to the force of my passion, if you can conceive I can exist one moment without thinking of you, in whom my whole soul is wrapt up.’” Our British ladies are cold and distant creatures; why don’t they too delight their swains with such warm confessions of reciprocal flame?

Shakespeare never equalled the following:—

Adolphe, unable to resist the impulse of his feelings at this ingenuous and impassioned declaration, clasped his beloved Selanie in his arms, and for some moments they remained locked **SPEECHLESS** in each other’s embraces; and the little Bérénice, on hearing its name mentioned, (during the time they were speech-

less¹) started from its hiding-place below the sofa, and seeing a stranger use such freedom with its mistress, began to show its displeasure, by snarling and barking; but Selanie calling it and caressing it, said, "Betience, don't you recollect your old master?" and Adolphe repeating the name after her, the little animal, recollecting the well-known voice, instantly sprang upon his knees, &c &c,

We have said before that Mons. Dubois is evidently a physician. this extract completely confirms our belief who else could have known that kissing the hand is apt to smother it? There is now no doubt left with regard to the seat of life,—none respecting the most *polite way* of getting ride of a termagant spouse, or an old maiden-aunt with a neat little estate. only beslobber her hand well with kisses, and success will crown your wishes. But we are really apprehensive of serious consequences attending those whose exalted stations render them peculiarly obnoxious to this danger of death As to the dog scene—how shall we describe its rare transcendent merits!

Sing hey, doodle, doodle,
My little dog poodle
Barks every night at the moon;
But, dear little poodle,

Your master's a noodle
Scarce fit to hold Selanie's spoon

I'll sing you a song, it shall not be long,
Bold Monsieur jumped over the moon;
Adolphe's dog and cat fell a laughing at that,

And Selanie dropt in a swoon, &c. &c.

But we cannot afford room for more.—if our readers are not already convinced of the many excellencies of this precious volume,—of the consummate profundity of its *bathos*,—of its Frenchified affectation,—of its *innumerable* strokes of wit,—its scenes of broad and refined humour,—its glowing (oh, cold!—red-hot, blazing) descriptions of natural scenery and real passion, then, indeed, is their case hopeless.

If pen puissant, such as ours is now,
Can aid Dubois to deck his Gallic brow
With laurels gather'd in "well foughten field,"

Where unknown giants to his prowess yield,—

Then is he certain of a deathless fame,
For "Magazines" his deeds shall loud proclaim,—

With fondness fatherly shall bawl out
"bam,"

And echo loudly to the public's
"DAMN!"

Q.

NARRATIVE OF RICHMOND THE SPY *.

"We take *cunning* for a *sinister* or *crooked wisdom*, and certainly there is great difference between a *cunning* man and a *wise* man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well, so there are some that are good in *canvasses* and *factions*, that are *otherwise weak men* (BACON'S *Essays*) In a preceding article we have already given some account of a perfect master in that "sinister, or crooked wisdom," so happily described by Lord Bacon, and as the opportunity has accidentally offered

itself, we shall now, *facili descendu*, come down to the level of one of those hireling retainers of bad men and bad measures, "who are good in *canvasses* and *factions*, but are otherwise weak men." In short, we shall devote a page or two to the *disclosures* of RICHMOND THE SPY!

Every body, we take it, has at least heard the name of this worthy functionary, who figured during the radical disturbances in the West in the year 1817. He was originally a weaver, and appears to have organized several combinations among that class of operatives, for the pur-

* Narrative of the Condition of the Manufacturing Population; and the Proceedings of Government which led to the State Trials in Scotland, for Administering Unlawful Oaths, and the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in 1817 with a Detailed Account of the system of Espionage adopted at that period, in Glasgow and its Neighbourhood. Also a Summary of similar Proceedings, in other parts of the country, to the Execution of Thistlewood and others, for High Treason, in 1820. By Alexander B. Richmond.—London: John Miller, 1824.

pose of raising their wages. The proceedings taken thereupon by the master manufacturers naturally led the weavers to employ counsel in their defence; and as Richmond was "the head and front" of the whole affair, this again brought him in contact with Messrs Cockburn and Jeffrey, whom he retained. The fellow's shrewdness and plausibility appear to have interested these eminent persons in his favour; particularly the latter, who, it should seem, volunteered pecuniary assistance, to enable him to commence business on his own account. The motive of this proceeding on the part of Mr Jeffrey does honour to his humanity, though it may be doubted whether he displayed his usual penetration and discernment, in selecting Richmond as an object of his bounty. No matter for that, however; Richmond gets himself established in a little creditable business, which thrives a great deal worse in his hands than the affair of the combination had done; and after repeatedly soliciting his benefactor for fresh advances, he finishes by going to the dogs, or, in other words, becoming "a broken man."

In addition to the other advantages of which it had been productive, the discussions arising out of the combination had made him acquainted with Mr Kirkman Finlay, and Mr Reddie, Assessor to the city of Glasgow, who seem to have formed a very accurate judgment of his character and capabilities. His connection, with the former especially, was strengthened by some services performed by Richmond, when Mr Finlay stood candidate for the representation of the Glasgow district of burghs, and got into Parliament, upon what, in the West, is facetiously denominated the *independent interest*. In due time came on the radical fever of 1817. The stagnation of manufactures, and the consequent low price of labour, combining with the high price of provisions occasioned by the failure of the crop of 1816, had reduced the people of the manufacturing districts to the utmost misery, and prepared their minds to imbibe the pestilent nonsense of political quacks, and brazen-lunged demagogues—beasts of prey,

which follow in the wake of public distress, as wolves and vultures do in that of an army marching to battle, or sharks in that of a vessel with a sickly crew. Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage became the rage of the starving mob of operatives, who flew to politics when they should only have thought of getting porridge. Meetings were held—inflammatory speeches delivered—and furious resolutions passed. But if the people had but one nostrum for remedying their sufferings, the Government of that period had a counter specific of which they were equally enamoured; we mean, of course, the suspension of Habeas Corpus, or, to speak more correctly, of the Constitution. But as this medicine was rather powerful in its operation, and as it had this peculiarity, that it was necessarily administered to the healthy as well as the sick, it was therefore expedient that some strong manifestations of the public calamity should be proved, before it could, with safety to the great State "Doctor" of the day, be applied. No time was lost in accelerating the wished-for crisis. Spies, the instruments of a weak and jealous government, and therefore unfit to be employed in a free country like ours, were set to work; not so much, it is to be feared, to penetrate the designs of the disaffected, (for disaffection was then only the madness of misery, or the ravings of famine,) as to foment disturbances, in order to compromise some few dozens of starving wretches, and enable the State Physicians to administer a fresh dose of their favourite specific.

On this occasion our hero came into play, and, according to his own statement, was hired as a Government spy, by—(whom thinkest thou, gentle reader?)—Mr Kirkman Finlay, the worthy representative of the *independent interest* in the immaculate burgh of Rutherglen. This Fouché of the West appears to have known his man, and to have baited his hook accordingly. Richmond had acquired great popularity among the weavers in the combination affair; and as he was naturally desirous to retain as much of it as he could, he manifested considerable repugnance to the new vocation proposed for

him. This it was necessary to remove, and accordingly; he says, he made certain stipulations, the drift of which seems to have been, that he should not be produced as a witness on the trial of any of those against whom he should lodge information. He would also persuade us, that he bound down Mr Finlay, and the other persons associated with that *independent* member in his honourable efforts to smite off the heads of the Radical Hydra, not to take any proceedings but in the manner in which, and at the time when he, Richmond, should indicate and recommend. Unhappily, however, a positive order from Lord Sidmouth anticipated Richmond's movements, all of which, as he repeatedly informs us, were guided by the purest benevolence, and the most upright principles; having for their sole object to dissipate the conspiracy without arrests, trials, condemnations, or the application of any other means than his (Richmond's) machinations. This was a great deal too refined for Mr Kirkman Finlay and Lord Sidmouth. The ringleaders were seized; and in less than no time the patriotic and benevolent Richmond was discovered to have been fishing in troubled waters—denounced as a spy—pilloried in the columns of every newspaper—loaded with execrations loud and deep—and left to squabble with his employers for his hire, and to drag out, as he best might, the remainder of an existence, oppressed with the weight of public odium, and pining away under the withering influence of a blasted name.

This unhappy man seems to be conscious that all his attempts in the way of justification or apology for his conduct will be fruitless. We can assure him he is not mistaken. At the distance of *eight* years, and after he has despaired of extorting more money from the Public Officers, he comes forward with this tardy and hopeless exposition, to wreak his vengeance on those who will no longer minister to his wants and supply his demands, because they consider him already sufficiently rewarded. Can any inference but one be drawn from such conduct? Had the Law Officers paid him more liberally, would this "Narrative" have ever been heard

of?—Would not its author have brooked his infamy in silence and obscurity?—Would he have dared to appear before the public as an apologist, far less an accuser? Lack of gold, therefore, is the only motive to which we are to ascribe the publication of a book, which, however useless, as far as concerns the reputation of its author, is, in many respects, both curious and instructive. It is no doubt painful to reflect, that a man possessed of talents and information, which, properly directed, might have raised him to an honourable place in society, should have wanted principle sufficient to secure him against an employment degrading in itself, and pursued with the inextinguishable hatred of all pure and honourable minds. At the same time, it is but justice to state, that Richmond appears to be a person of a very different complexion from some of those beastly and hardened ruffians with whom his name has been associated; that he never attempted to swear away anybody's life; that he seems to writhe under the stings of that disgrace which he has entailed upon himself and his children; that we do not by any means believe that he was capable of any darker atrocity than what is involved in being merely a spy; and that, so far as we have been able to learn, he used no means to foment the disturbances, the causes and abettors of which he was employed to discover and betray.

Such being the person by whom this "Narrative" is written, and the circumstances in which it appears, we shall now present our readers with some extracts; but, for reasons which will be obvious enough, we must abstain from any commentary, leaving the passages we quote to speak for themselves.

Neglecting the early portion, let us plunge at once in *medias res*. Mr Finlay, like the devil, tempts Richmond, and, like the devil too, Mr Finlay succeeds.

The meeting of parliament was approaching, and exertions were making, in every part of the country, to have petitions for reform ready to be presented as early as possible after the opening of the Session. It was in contemplation to request Mr Finlay to present and support the prayer of the petition from Glasgow,

and to this subject he turned the conversation. After some general remarks on the prevalence of opinions in favour of reform, he, in a very imposing and emphatic manner, asked me to answer him upon my honour, if I was not aware of the existence of an extensive and widely-spread secret conspiracy, for the avowed purpose of overturning the Government? I solemnly assured him I was not; nor did I believe anything of the kind existed in Scotland; and, at all events, if it did, it was unconnected with the proceedings of the reform party, every thing they intended being openly and publicly avowed; neither did I believe it possible a thing of that kind could go to any great extent, without coming to my knowledge; for, from the nature of my connexions, (although I might not be solicited to become a member of such an association,) I was convinced that, from one quarter or another, I should have heard of it, or been consulted as to its practicability. He then assured me, that Government had the most positive and undoubted information of the existence of such a conspiracy, although they did not then know all the particulars, but were certain that many thousands, in Glasgow and its neighbourhood, were engaged in it; that he believed there might be many things wrong in our system of government, but there was no possibility of amending them by such means; that, relying on my *good sense* and general knowledge of the population, he had made the communication to me, it being in my power to render a most important service to society, and a duty incumbent upon me, to use my influence and make every exertion to suppress it. I observed, I was still sceptical as to its existence, and, at all events, was not such a sciolist as to believe it had gone to the extent he had represented; that I was equally convinced, with him, of the absurdity and utter hopelessness of doing any good by such means; that I considered nothing could better serve the purpose of the ministry, and those opposed to every species of reform, than such an attempt, as it would serve as a pretext for throwing discredit on its advocates, and quashing the demand then so generally made, which, from its universality, if moderately and temperately conducted, afforded hopes of succeeding to some rational and practicable extent; that for the purpose of disappointing them, but more especially to prevent those who were starting from becoming the victims of such delusion, I would do every thing in my power; adding, if it existed at all, it must be confined to that class of society whose situation I had described; that I

might not be able to learn particulars, but felt confident that I could soon ascertain the general fact, and pledged myself to let him know the result of my inquiries, whether they were confirmatory or contradictory to the information they had received.

Mr Finlay afterwards tells Richmond, that he has the authority of Government to offer him "*a respectable permanent situation*, if he would LEND HIS ASSISTANCE TO SUPPRESS THE CONSPIRACY," which, after a little decent palaver, intelligible to all parties, and some stipulations of a ridiculous enough nature—such, for example, as that he was to apprise Messrs Jeffrey and Cockburn of all his proceedings—he agrees to do, and so sets to work accordingly. We cannot of course condescend to follow the doublings of a spy, even though he was the employe of Mr Kirkman Finlay, but we nevertheless think the following worth extracting.

I was in the practice of meeting Mr Finlay and Mr Reddi every second or third evening, or oftener, as the case might require. These meetings took place, first, in Mr Finlay's house, and afterwards, to avoid suspicion, in that of Mr Reddie, where the various reports they received were discussed, and misrepresentations corrected. On the evenings of the 17th and 19th of February, I informed them of the progress I had made with Campbell, (who was afterwards produced as a witness for the Crown on Mackinlay's Trial), and the confident hope I entertained of being able to dissipate the confederacy, in a very short time, without the necessity of having recourse to coercive measures. I also pointed out the advantages that might be derived from the delegation to England, admitting them to be able to carry it into effect. On the evening of the 21st, I repeated this assurance, in a still stronger manner, my confidence daily increasing with the knowledge of every new fact. The Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Lords had, that day, arrived in Glasgow, and Mr Reddie presented it, for my perusal, requesting my opinion as to the effect it was likely to produce. I told him, I believed it would make a very strong impression, for although it did not mention Glasgow in the list of disaffected places, it would be seen that Government was in possession of specific information as to the situation of the places named in England, and I was therefore of opinion, it would act as a powerful auxiliary, in

detering persons from assisting, or joining the confederacy. My opinion seemed to give perfect satisfaction; and, in consequence of having a full knowledge of every transaction, and no danger being to be apprehended, it was agreed I should proceed with my plan, to break it up as soon as possible. I was to meet them again on the evening of the 23d; but the reader may judge of my astonishment and surprise, when the report reached me, on the morning of that day, that the whole of the parties were taken into custody, at the meeting, the previous evening, and were then lodged in jail.

Richmond's reflections on this abrupt denouement, as far as it might affect him personally, were by no means of the most comfortable kind. He was compromised with a vengeance, and he was sensible he was undone, at least he says so.

On the morning of the 23d of February the account of the apprehension of the parties at the meeting came upon me like a thunderbolt. All the consequences rushed upon my mind with the withering influence of the Sirocco. I saw all my plans, to convince these deluded men of the absurdity of their conduct, and my attempt to save them from punishment, frustrated, when success had become almost certain, and myself relentlessly and unfeelingly compromised and sacrificed. I was at once fully aware of the intention of the measure, and it was obvious to me, if the case could be established for the ministry, little regard would be paid to the manner it would operate upon me; and from the narrow circle to which I had confined the information, and the manner I had reason to believe it had been communicated, I calculated to a certainty on being exposed. After the breach of faith with me, I should have been justified in making a public exposure of the whole; but it would have been of no benefit to myself, and done a positive injury to the parties accused. In the heat and irritation of the public mind, my motives would have been misconstrued and perverted by all parties, and I should have got credit from none. Those who were friendly to a reform in the representation, (among whom almost all my personal friends were numbered,) would have considered any connection whatever with the party opposed, however much good it might have accomplished, or however pure my motives, of itself sufficient to damn me. If the disclosure was calculated to militate against the measures of the ministry, all their partizans would have turned round

upon me, endeavoured to invalidate my testimony, and held me up as a person unworthy of credit; while a statement of the facts would have been no justification, and would have seriously prejudiced the case of the accused before trial, even admitting I had acted as an *instigator* or *participator* in the crime charged. In that view, I determined to remain silent, however much I might suffer; to exert all my influence, which I considered would rather be increased than diminished by the fear of exposing their conduct, to check all false information; and, above all, to prevent any prosecution being instituted against those with whom I had communicated, or who had been directly or indirectly influenced by the conduct of any persons employed.

He consoles himself, however, by expostulating with—his employers, Messrs Finlay and Reddie.

In these cogitations, almost bursting with indignation, I passed that, to me, memorable and miserable day, waiting with impatience for the time of appointment, to hear what justification Mr Finlay could make for his conduct. When the hour at last arrived, I hastened to the house of Mr Reddie, where I met Mr Finlay. Irritated almost to fury, I branded him with a breach of the agreement made with me, in taking the men into custody, when in the full knowledge of every thing being perfectly safe, and for uselessly and unnecessarily compromising me. He first endeavoured to pacify me, and then, to justify himself, he said, that peremptory instructions had been received from Lord Sidmouth, to apprehend all the parties immediately, on the receipt of the order. I replied, that was no reason why confidence should have been broken with me, and that I had a right to have been consulted before they proceeded to put it in execution. He said, their reason for not doing so was, *that they were aware I would not give my consent; and as they were obliged to act, they thought it better to do it without my knowledge.* Another reason assigned was, that the Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons would show the conspirators that Government was acquainted with their proceedings, which might deter them from meeting again, *so that they would not have had another opportunity of finding them together!* I said, if it had produced that effect, it was all that was required, and would have answered the purpose much better than the manner in which they had acted; but my reasoning could not recall the past, nor alter the general measures, of which this was only a

part. I determined, however, to render the number of sufferers as small as possible, and to do all in my power to mitigate punishment, which I could not altogether avert.

When the time fixed for the State Trials approached, Richmond went to Edinburgh, with an introduction to the Lord Advocate.

Mr Finlay had been some time gone, to attend his duty in Parliament, and, on going to Edinburgh, I got an introduction from Mr Reddie to the Lord Advocate, and called upon him, on the evening of the 10th, after the trial had been postponed. I found him in company with the Solicitor-General and Henry Home Drummond, Esq. the depute advocate, who was conducting the prosecutions; and, as it was the first time I had come in personal contact with any of the crown lawyers, I embraced the opportunity of strongly urging the impolicy and impropriety of their measures; I told them, that the promise made to me, not to interfere, had been broken at the very time I felt confident of being able to dissipate the confederacy, which would have had a much better moral effect upon the people's minds; that the men were too contemptible to create any serious alarm, or be made the subjects of capital punishment by a Government so strong and secure as that of Great Britain; and I pressed them, by all means, to depart from the capital charge, the prosecuting so which would only produce greater irritation and resistance, and bring discredit on the Government. My observations seemed to strike them with considerable force, particularly when I described the means I had of breaking up the confederacy, and the circumstances under which the persons had been taken into custody; but the Lord Advocate seemed deeply imbued with the opinion, that it was necessary for him to establish his case, and felt perfectly confident of a conviction, as soon as the legal difficulties were surmounted.

It seems to have been at one time in contemplation to place Richmond in the witness-box, as an evidence for the prisoner, on Mackinlay's trial; and, if he may be believed, Mr Gibson Craig had a long experimental conversation with him, on purpose to sound him on various particulars; but as he would not submit to be precognosced, that intention was necessarily abandoned. The following is Richmond's account of the cir-

cumstances connected with that memorable trial.

Next morning (19th July) the trial of Andrew M'Kinlay, the first person selected, came on before the High Court of Justiciary. The crown lawyers had the greatest confidence in Campbell establishing their case, and as soon as some preliminary objections brought forward by the counsel for the prisoner had been over-ruled by the Court, he was introduced as the leading witness. After being sworn, the customary question in the Scotch Court was put to him by the Judge; viz. : if he had received any reward, or promise of reward, for giving his evidence, when, to the astonishment of every one, (except the *prisoner's* counsel), he answered, *that he had*. The presiding Judge cautioned him, that he was now in no parallel situation with the pannel; and that it was not competent to subject him to prosecution for any concern he may have had in the transactions, after being adduced as a witness, as long as he adhered to the truth. Campbell replied, he was perfectly conscious of the situation in which he was placed, and proceeded to give a minute detail of the circumstances that had occurred between him and the crown lawyers at his different examinations. He gave a full account of the threats and promises held out to him, and concluded by stating, that the promise made to defray the expense of his going to the Continent he considered still a subsisting engagement. The counsel for the defence insisted on calling the parties alluded to, to corroborate Campbell's testimony, which was also agreed to by the Lord Advocate; but the Court objected to their examination, on the ground that, whether he had correctly or incorrectly stated the circumstances, he was altogether inadmissible as a witness. The crown lawyers had reposed so much confidence on Campbell's bringing the charge directly home to the prisoner, that they were completely taken by surprise, and paralysed in the subsequent part of the proof. Their case depended on their being able to establish the *purport* and *administration* of the oath or obligation charged in the indictment; but the law of evidence did not allow them to read it over in connexion to the witnesses. The indictment was also very inaccurately drawn; the specification of the acts done at one time and place, and by one party, were transposed and charged against another; and the counsel for the prisoner were too cautious and vigilant to allow any latitude in putting questions beyond the limits of the specifications. M'Lach-

lan and three more of the accessaries were successively brought forward as witnesses, but they all swore they could not remember one connected sentence of the oath or obligation they had taken; and the crown lawyers, restricted by their own specification, were prevented from putting questions to prove its administration. The Lord Advocate then stated, that the testimony the witnesses had given was very different from what he had expected from their precognitions, and as he could not produce any more conclusive evidence, however much he might regret such a result, the prisoner was entitled to a verdict of acquittal. The Jury accordingly returned a unanimous verdict, finding the libel not proven.

Thus terminated the case, in Scotland, upon which the ministry depended for a justification of their proceedings; and, as the propriety of their policy was equally questionable as it had been in England, they also met with as signal a defeat. As the circumstances which led to this unexpected conclusion, on the part of the crown lawyers, are a little curious, I will relate them, as they afterwards came to my knowledge.

I formerly stated, for some time after the men were taken into custody, and while the panic and terror of the consequences continued to operate, a number of them had unreservedly disclosed every particular. There were, indeed, only two or three exceptions among the whole party; for, as the crown lawyers only wanted a certain number to become witnesses, they had frequently to warn the others, not to make admissions which might militate against themselves, as they could give them no assurance they would not be brought to trial. Even M'Kinlay, more than once, offered to disclose all and become a witness; and there can be no doubt, had the trials been brought on when the examinations were concluded, a number of them would have been convicted. The long delay, caused by the discussions on the relevancy, gave them time to reflect, and the list of witnesses, with the first indictment, showed clearly there was no evidence to produce a conviction but from amongst themselves. When they were removed to Edinburgh Castle, the witnesses were kept separate from those intended to be brought to trial; but, for the benefit of air and exercise, they were allowed to get out on the ramparts, at intervals, under the charge of sentinels, where many opportunities occurred of eluding their vigilance, and holding communications with each other. The counsel for the defence were excluded from access to the wit-

nesses, but had regular admission to those who were indicted, and the weak parts of the prosecutor's case came to be discovered and pointed out. On discovering those weak parts, it would as naturally occur, that there was no law to punish a man for the loss of his memory; and the popular odium attached to a *socius criminis* becoming a witness, and the sympathy and feeling for their confederates, were a strong inducement to make them drink of the Lethean stream. Whether Campbell originally intended the trick played off upon the crown lawyers, or not, can only be known to himself, and I have already given my opinion on that point. At all events, the want of recollection in him would have but ill accorded with his general character; and the method he had recourse to was equally effectual in saving his associate. After he agreed to become a witness, he was allowed considerable indulgence, and when he had taken his resolution, he wrote a detailed account of his communications with the crown lawyers, and the promises made to him, before he would agree to give his evidence. This statement he secretly inclosed in a roll of tobacco, which he sent as a present to M'Kinlay, who immediately put it into the hands of his counsel, who kept it a profound secret until Campbell was put into the witness-box. The crown lawyers had not the most distant suspicion; and his answer to the interrogatory, "if he had received any reward, or promise of reward, for giving his evidence," utterly astounded them, coming upon them like their death-knell. Nothing could be managed with more address. Mr Jeffrey, on the part of the prisoner, objected to his being received as a witness, on the ground of being refused access to ascertain his character, and a lengthened discussion ensued, before the court overruled the objection; the crown lawyers insisting that he should, and the counsel for the defence that he should not, be allowed to give evidence.

When I called upon the crown lawyers, next day, to learn the particulars of the trial, they appeared like chagrin and mortification personified. The dreadful situation in which it had left me, by affording me no opportunity for explanation, was sufficient to absorb all my attention; yet the very awkward appearance they made, the sense of shame and the soreness they felt, at their complete discomfiture, produced in my mind a mixed feeling of pity and gratification; pity, that they should have exposed themselves in such a manner, by pursuing an erroneous system of policy, and gratification, that the men had

scaped. I pointed out to the Lord Advocate the superior effect it would have produced upon the minds of the people, and I been allowed to proceed with my plan, to induce them to give up their foolish project of their own accord; and that he best amends which could now be made, would be immediately to liberate all who were in custody. He said, he might be justified in detaining them under the Habeas Corpus Act Suspension Bill, but he now viewed the matter in the same light which I had represented it, in consequence of which he had made up his mind to liberate them all, without delay. He admitted they had acted on a wrong principle, but that the blame was not, in the first instance, attributable to him, but to the local authorities of Glasgow, who had taken the people into custody without orders. He then went on to state, that, on his arrival in London, in February, while the Secret Committees were sitting, he represented that a perfect knowledge had been obtained of the proceedings of the confederacy at Glasgow; that measures were in progress, which he sanguinely hoped would induce the people to abandon it, and, in the meantime, if any disposition was shown to disturb the public peace, information would be received in sufficient time to take the necessary precautions to prevent or counteract the attempt; that, in consequence of this representation, it had been agreed, that no interference should take place, unless there was an *actual and immediate* danger of their breaking out into open disturbance; that an order, to that effect, was sent to the Solicitor General in Edinburgh, who transmitted it to Glasgow, and that the first account he received was, that the men had been apprehended at the meeting on the 22d; that a statement of the reasons for taking them into custody had been afterwards transmitted, which was considered satisfactory, and accounted for the subsequent proceedings; but that the statement made to me, respecting the order being peremptory, *was not true*, it being altogether conditional. I had always entertained strong suspicions on this point, and had ineffectually endeavoured to arrive at the truth, until the mortification and disappointment of the Lord Advocate induced him to relate the above particulars, which, as far as the nature of the order went, were confirmed by the Solicitor General.

It is well known, that after the commencement of the Session of Parliament, Lord Archibald Hamilton preferred charges against the Crown Lawyers of Scotland, for their recent

conduct, both in an administrative and judicial point of view; and it would appear, from what Richmond says, that they were in some previous alarm for the exposure they dreaded his Lordship would make. Indeed so certainly did they anticipate that, to use the Lord Advocate's phrase, they would be "drawn over the coals," that they seem to have been extremely anxious to divine the course the Opposition meant to pursue, and the plan they had adopted for the campaign. The following is every way curious:

The opposition were so extremely cautious and secret in arranging their plans, previous to the opening of the Session, that the crown lawyers in vain endeavoured to discover the points they were to be attacked upon. In consequence of the breach with Mr Finlay, the Lord Advocate depended entirely upon me for a detail of all the facts which had not occurred within his own knowledge, to enable him to refute or palliate whatever charges might be preferred against him. Each of the parties knew that I was communicating with the others; but my situation was extremely embarrassing, as I became the depository of what each, for the time being, wished to keep secret. With a just feeling for the delicacy of my situation, Mr Jeffrey, as much as possible, refrained from introducing any topic not directly connected with my own case; but he could not avoid mentioning the points to which the attack was to be confined, in the understanding that I was not to put the crown lawyers on their guard against it. The Lord Advocate expected to obtain the information he required, on his arrival in London. In this he was, however, disappointed; nor did the manner in which Lord Archibald Hamilton gave notice of his motion throw any light upon the subject; and, in this dilemma, he wrote express to the Solicitor General, to urge me to obtain the information from some of my friends. When the Solicitor General applied to me, I told him he was aware I had never broken confidence with them; and that, in the most trying circumstances, I had refrained from all communication with my friends until the last moment, to which I had given my pledge, had expired, and that he could not expect me to act upon a different principle with others; that I knew distinctly upon what points the charges were to be preferred, but it had been communicated to me in confidence, for my personal satisfaction, and I did

not consider myself at liberty to give any information respecting it. The Solicitor General replied, that my conduct was candid and honourable in that instance, as well as it had been in others; that he had not another word to say, as they were entitled to meet the charges against them in the best manner they could, without subjecting me to further inquiry.

We have only one more extract to make. Richmond's situation was deplorable enough; but after their signal defeat, the Crown Lawyers seem to have been extremely anxious to get rid of him by any means, especially as Lord Sidmouth would not bleed. He was advised to take himself off to the United States or the Cape of Good Hope; but he obstinately refused to budge, and persevered in the most provoking iteration of his demands. His patron, Mr Finlay, who had quarrelled with the Lord Advocate, by accusing him of incapacity in his place in the House of Commons, could render him no effectual service; and as his Lordship was about this time promoted to the Bench, he handed over his monitor, with all his unsatisfied claims, to his successor. The following is Richmond's account of the affair:

The Lord Advocate was raised to the Bench under the title of Lord Meadowbank, and Sir William Rae, the present Lord Advocate, appointed to succeed him in office. Lord Meadowbank arrived in Edinburgh on the 21st of June; and, soon after, I wrote him a letter, representing that the gentleman who was to succeed him in office having no knowledge of me, nor of the circumstances, could not be expected to feel an equal degree of interest in the case; that, from the interest he had professed to feel, and the personal obligation which he considered himself under to see justice done, I expected he would bring it to a definite conclusion, before resigning it into the hands of his successor. On no notice being taken of this letter, nor another of a similar import, which I sent some time after, Mr Reddie remonstrated with him on the impropriety of not coming to an explicit understanding with his successor, to prevent the necessity of disagreeable repetitions; and, on the 27th of July, he acquainted Mr Reddie, that he had settled everything in a satisfactory manner before he resigned his former office. Mr

Reddie accompanied this intelligence with a request, that I should call personally upon his Lordship; and, on the 4th of August, I waited upon him, when he shortly informed me that he declined all farther interference, having left it to the Secretary of State and Sir William Rae; that he had explained everything to the latter gentleman, and would send me a card of introduction to him in the course of the evening. I received an open card a few days afterwards, which was, verbatim, as follows:—"The bearer is Mr Richmond, the circumstances of whose case I fully explained to your Lordship." When I waited upon Sir William Rae with this note, he told me that *he had not seen Lord Meadowbank, nor did he know any thing of the case*; but that he would write to the Secretary of State for instructions how to act, and inform me of the result.

We give these statements of course as we find them; but it is proper to add, that the author pledges himself, if they are called in question, to produce authentic documents in support of every thing he has alleged. Many of them are no doubt sufficiently humiliating; particularly the familiar footing on which he represents himself to have been with the Law Officers of the Crown in Scotland—advising with them in the outset of their proceedings, and mingling in their disconsolate and melancholy divan, to condole with them on their defeat. We have no idea how affairs are managed in these high quarters; but we shall not credit, upon the suspicious testimony before us, that a Glasgow weaver, even though converted into a Government Spy, could possibly be admitted of counsel with the Oracles of the Law and the Repositories of Power. It is far less doubtful, however, that Richmond—a sly, plausible, fawning fellow, of tolerable address, and with an oily tongue in his head—held the cat and played with the kitten; or, in other words, fairly humbugged both parties. *Hinc illae lachrymae*; hence the obstinate avarice of Lord Sidmouth, and the off-putting shifts, delays, and expedients resorted to by his Majesty's Advocate for Scotland. Trying to sit upon two stools at once, Richmond came to the ground between them.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

THE first kind of literary composition that makes its appearance amongst men is the Ode. When man meets with man at the hunt, at the feast, or on the battle-field,—when a mighty hart of the forest has been slain, a joyous revel held, or a tribe has drank deep in the blood of its foes,—then there comes forth, from among his fellows, some one of brighter imagination than the rest, to celebrate the deed. His thoughts, untutored and wild as the deer on his native hills, he utters just as they come boiling forth from his heated fancy and restless brain. These, hailed with acclamation, gathered from his lips by admiring countrymen, and handed down from sire to son, form the rude poetry of nations in their infancy.

The Ode is not the dictate of the cold, reasoning powers. It is the true language of inspiration,—the language of

“The few whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age and undiscovered clime;”

—it is the overflowing of the almost bursting soul, the pouring forth of passion, like the torrent from the rock, too mighty to be restrained. “It is the dream of genius in its most entranced and imaginative mood.” It is not in the “soft piping time of peace” that its genius delights to dwell; but “when the storm begins to lower,”—when the minds of men are roused beyond their ordinary pitch,—when life is the frail tenure of a day,—when broil, and feud, and strife, rage the deadliest—then it is that the genius of the Ode ascends triumphant: borne aloft on the tongue of the trumpet, it mingles with each shout of the victors, each shriek of the vanquished; and its wild inspiring measures are pealed forth amidst the shock of encountering hosts.

There never surely was a species of composition, a more universal favourite amongst men, than this; for there perhaps exists not the country, however rude it may be, however wanting in all the arts and refinements of polished life, that has

not produced, and that does not repeat the song with rapture. The Indian savage has his war-song,—the Laplander a verse to the maiden he loves,—the Hero has a stanza to the god of war,—the Bacchanalian to the bright red wine,—the Monk a hymn to his patron saint,—the Lover a sonnet “made to his mistress’ eye-brow.”

That the Ode is far removed from the province of Reason, that it is truly the child of Fancy, is plainly seen; not only from an examination of the subjects which its writers have usually chosen, but also from the circumstance, that unless we are acquainted with the manners and history of a nation,—unless, indeed, we are fully alive to its hopes, its fears, its prejudices, its allusions, the story of its superstitions, the pride of its ancestry, we may despair of extracting the least pleasure, nay, even the least meaning, from a perusal of its lyric poetry.

The subjects of the Ode have been, in all ages, and in all countries, nearly the same. Either love, or war, or joy, or hope, or fear, or hatred, or despair,—the passions, in short, in every flight that they take, in every hue that they assume, have been its unceasing theme:

“Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest;
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.”

The wildest meanderings of the imagination, far from appearing extravagant, are here in their proper place, and spread a sort of indescribable charm over its varied measures; and the moment that the sober garb of reason is seen, the charm is broken, the strain of inspiration is no more. Indeed, a single glance at the lyric compositions of any age may suffice to convince us on that head. And when we consider, on the other hand, that the language of reason is the same in every tongue, and in every nation, how widely distant soever they may be, alike intelligible to all; and that oftentimes it happens, that, from our ignorance of the manners

and allusions of a nation, the beauty of their lyric poetry is entirely lost to us,—we cannot for a moment hesitate in the conclusion, that the Ode is truly the fruit of the imagination and of the passions.

“Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o’er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn.”

There is something, too, by which the beauty of this species of poetry is doubly enhanced; I mean by the accompaniment of music. None but a native can tell—none but a native can feel, the effect of a wild plaintive Ode, sung to the music of his country. Necessity may compel a man to quit his home; habits, and associations, and connections, the voice of interest, the calls of ambition, a galled spirit, or a broken heart, may bind him to a foreign shore;

“Or pining Love,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim visag’d, comfortless Despair!
And Sorrow’s piercing dart!”

But there are moments when even these passions, mighty as they are, disappear, and are for a while blotted out from the book of recollection. If, in such a moment as this, an Ode of his country should be poured on his ear, sung to its own wild native melody, his spirit will melt at the sound. His habits and manners may be changed,—his thoughts, his feelings, his ideas, may have become foreign,—his mind may be callous from ambition, or hardened from crime, or jaundiced from the bitter pang of treacherous friendship or unrequited love; yet his heart, scared though it may be, will still, at the sound of that thrilling melody, yearn after the land of his sires.

If a historian be aware generally of the pursuits and habits of a nation, there is nothing which can give him truer information concerning its particular spirit and character at the different stages of its existence, than a perusal of its lyric poems. From the songs of a nation may be gathered, with unvarying propriety, the exact pitch of refinement which it has reached. Nay, when any ex-

traordinary revolution has taken place, when a nation of slaves has become freemen, or a nation of freemen slaves, the same revolution also takes place in the Odes of that nation, which are but an echo of the spirit of the times. We can thus trace, in the diminished vigour and tameness of their Odes, the era when the freedom of the Spaniards was broken by the yoke of Austria. In the Odes of early France, we can mark the chivalrous knight-errantry which prevailed at one time, and the spell-like religious devotion which bound them at another. In the spirit-stirring stanzas of the modern Greeks, we see a people, roused to the recollection of the deeds of their sires, claiming freedom as their just inheritance, and throwing off the shackles of ruthless despotism.

Innumerable examples, such as these, might be produced, and all would tend to convince us, that the prevailing spirit of a people, modified as it is by law, by liberty, or by oppression, is sure to break forth, and to give a peculiar turn to its odes. In the songs of the Scandinavians, for instance, we read the ferocity of their character; we see the thirsty savage revelling over the carcass of his fallen foe, draining the bloody draught from the skulls of the slain. In those of the Troubadours we can trace their wild romantic spirit of chivalry; we can mark the almost devotional respect with which their knights bent to the decrees of their fantastic courts of love, and the undaunted soul which upheld them in the mortal career for the fame of their “bright ladye love.” In the soft canzonets of Petrarca, in the dulcet melody of his polished strain, we are let into the melancholy sweetness of the Italian character. And Gongora, with his majestic measures, all thrilling as the wild-notes of his native guitar, shews us at once the noble, romantic, and impassioned Spaniard.

Were we to look a little nearer home, and examine with attention the songs of our own country, we should find a strong confirmation indeed of what has been advanced. In one or two of these short and simple songs, we should learn more of the character of the Scottish nation than

an hundred cold pages of history could teach us. In them are to be found the peculiar feelings and manners of our country, its prejudices, its habits, its superstitions, and, above all, that determined soul of patriotism which so peculiarly characterizes our native land. The Spaniard may surpass them in a grandeur and a cultivation to which they pretend not,—the Persian in luxuriance of fancy,—the Troubadour in romantic sentiment,—the Italian in measured melody; yet, nevertheless, in them there is much to envy, much to admire. There is the undaunted spirit that spurns at slavery, that quails not at the thought of death,—the gay, light carol, that speaks a mind pure, chainless, and free,—the quenchless tenderness of love, in life and in death the same,—and the soft, wild note of melancholy, that robs us of a tear.

But perhaps I am wrong in speaking of these songs as worthy of a place in the annals of lyric poetry. It has now-a-days become the fashion to laugh at every thing connected with Scotland as low and vulgar; and the more-refined taste of modern times has consigned to the vilest of the rabble these sacred monuments of our sires. It was held by the ancients as the surest sign of a conquered nation, as the lowest pitch of degradation to which a country could fall, when it abandoned the language and the literature of its forefathers, to adopt those of another people. And so is it now with Caledonia; her manners and her customs are no more; her language has become a bye-word and a reproach among her children; and her songs, replete with the feelings, and glowing with the genius of those that have long since gone bye, are spurned under the feet of her degenerate offspring. There are but few now left whose hearts still kindle into rapture at the sounds of Scottish melody.

Among modern nations, the Spaniards may be considered as having excelled most in this department of poetry. "The language of Spain," says the Abbé Raynal, "is brilliant and sonorous as pure gold,—its pace is grave and regular, like the dances of that nation,—it is grand and decent, like the manners of ancient chivalry." It possesses, in the richness of

its stores, words fitted for the Ode in all its varieties. The rich colouring, the gorgeous magnificence, the bright blushing fancy of the East, are there united with the sterner and more exalted beauties of the West; and the noble demeanour, the cold, lofty unbending pride of the Spaniard, are finely tempered by the warm nature of the voluptuous Moor. It is in lyric poetry alone, however, that the Spaniards possess their superiority over the rest of Europe, for in no other branch of literature, with the exception of romantic fiction, can they be said to have carried off the palm.

From among the multitude of lyric writers with whom Spain abounds, and many of whose compositions are exquisite in the extreme, there stand forth three pre-eminent above the rest, Gongora, Quevedo, and Villegas. The writings of Gongora, though overloaded, perhaps, with a quaintness of expression, and saturated with a fulness and richness of clothing, the consequence of an imagination ebullient, bright, and young, yet rival in brilliancy of fancy, and in depth of feeling, the more polished Odes of other nations. Quevedo may be justly termed the Horace of Spain. If he is surpassed by that in the gaiety of railery, and in bitterness of sarcasm, yet his writings are by far more numerous, his subjects more varied, and the strain of moralizing melancholy that runs through many of them is to the full as cultivated and as tender as aught that ever fell from the immortal bard of Rome. Of all the poets of Europe, Villegas is the one who has come nearest to Anacreon in vivid colouring and voluptuous melody. In short, though individual poets of other nations may have excelled in Odes of a particular kind, yet if we take Spanish lyric poetry as a whole, we may, I think, safely pronounce it the richest and most extensive in Europe.

Although mediocrity in lyric poetry is not to be borne, yet there are various means of attaining excellency in that department. Nothing can be more opposite than the Odes of Pindar and Anacreon; yet both are masterpieces of their kind. Almost every nation has a species of lyric poetry

peculiar to itself, and even in those Odes of different countries, the subjects of which profess to be the same, there exists a striking difference.

The Odes of the Germans do not shine with the glowing tints, the rich fancy, or the gorgeous apparel of Eastern poetry; yet they have merits of their own, which to some are more enchanting even than these. Their literature, though some glorious monuments have been raised, is still, owing to the turmoil excited by the Reformation, and the desolations caused by the thirty years war, in a great degree in its infancy; and of this fact their lyric poetry informs us. It is in general wild and gloomy; it is stamped with the seal of genius, but of a genius that seems to have been nursed in the depth of the forest, and rocked by the whirlwind. The fixed constancy, the almost gloomy affection, of such a heart as Goethe's, has no resemblance to the variable, though burning passion of the Persian. Once fixed, there it remains till death. The creations of German fancy, and the objects of German nature, are widely different too. The giant demons, the gloomy forests, the swollen and turbid torrents of Germany, have nothing in common with the fairy spirits, the romantic spice-groves, the crystal streams of Yemen. The one is the land of myrrh and of frankincense; the other is the cradle of the cloud and the storm. The Muses of Persia, Spain, and Portugal, to use the words of Young—

—————fantastic measures tread
O'er fairy fields;

while those of Germany and the North—

—————mourn along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or down the craggy
steep
Hurl'd headlong, swim with pain the
mantled pool,
Or reach the cliff, or dance on hollow
winds.

The lyric poets of Germany are numerous, but their character is for the most part the same. Of gay and lively Odes, with the exception of those of Gleim, they have few. Their songs of love are numerous, but these generally represent affection

blighted in the bud, or buried in the grave of its object. Their songs of battle breathe the fierce and dauntless spirit of a nation of freemen. But it is in those Odes, the characters of which are not of this world, that they seem most to delight. There they give full scope to an imagination powerful and gloomy,—there they revel, as it were, in horror. The hell-fiend is their hero,—their scene the midnight cavern,—their tale a tale of darkness and of blood.

There are not, perhaps, two literatures more opposite to each other than the German and the Italian. The sweet melody of this language, which Byron happily, but rather ludicrously, describes as

—————that soft bastard Latin
Which melts like kisses from a female
mouth,

seems to have been intended by Nature to supply the deficiency in thought and in strength of mind, which characterizes its lyric poets. There is music in every word, melody in every line,—nay, its smoothly-flowing numbers would fall sweetly on the ear, even without the addition of thought. If Spanish is the language of heroism and exalted sentiment, Italian is truly that of music and of love.

The instances in which Italian lyric poets rise to any thing like chivalry or patriotism are extremely rare. With the exception of one or two of the Odes of Petrarch, it might be said almost never to occur. This poet, deeply imbued with the learning of ancient times, and nourishing in his bosom a passion which survived its object, which glowed till extinguished in death, has given us the most perfect specimens of the Odes of his country. Had he bestowed more of his attention upon these,—had he rested the spreading of his fame more upon them than upon discourses which have long since been forgotten, we may fairly conclude that he would have rendered these verses still more exquisite. As it is, they seem to have been the solace of his idle hours, the overflowing of feelings which he could not restrain.

Next to Villegas, of modern poets, Louis Savioli is the one who has suc-

ceeded best in the imitation of Anacreon. His fancy is brilliant, his colouring rich, his imagination gay; and some of his Odes, enhanced as they are by the native sweetness of the Italian tongue, would not perhaps have been unworthy the pen of the joyous Greek. Though in these, and in some other instances, the lyric poetry of Italy is of a pleasing and an alluring description, and though its innate melody may suit the refined taste of modern times; yet, if not transgressing beyond the limits of pardon, I would dare to differ from the sovereign decrees of fashion, and would say, that it may perhaps possess the advantage in harmony of words, but that it bears in indelible traces the degraded character of the nation,—that it has neither the grandeur of the Spanish, nor the fire of the German, nor the rosy tints of the Eastern Ode.

That the Odes of a nation are a picture of their character, cannot be better exemplified than in the case of the Arabians. The Arabs have from time immemorial been a free and independent people, a people who spurn at subjection, as their wild-horse spurns the yoke. Never, in the annals of history, have they been known to crouch to the conqueror. They have roamed through the desert, wild, brave, and preferring to the confinement of cities the canopy of heaven, and the tented field. The spirit which animates this martial people has spread itself in a remarkable degree through their Odes. These, glowing with the fiery soul of a nation conscious of its independence, proud of a long line of ancestry free as themselves, are withal tempered by the happy influence of an ever-cloudless clime. Love and war, the two grand objects to which their existence is devoted, are their unceasing theme. The impetuous passion which urges them in the one, and the headlong valour which they display in the other, is there as ardently expressed, and as fiercely told. Their similes, their allegories, their allusions, are all taken from the objects of Nature, and the scenery around them. They compare the blue eyes of a fine woman bathed in tears to violets dropping dew, and a victorious warrior

to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings. And truly, in a country such as theirs, where the tribes frequently traverse boundless tracts of parched and desert sand, and where the eye seeks in vain for some verdant spot on which to rest its wearied orb, these their favourite allusions to green meadows and clear rivulets, must come in with peculiar effect. The Arabian poets were of opinion, that the three most beautiful objects in Nature were a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman.

The lyric poetry of Persia, though beautiful in the extreme, cannot altogether be put into the balance with that of Arabia. There is in their Odes a want of independence of spirit, a want of something, which at once marks a free and noble people, which at once tells us, that the Persians, though perhaps a brave, are yet an indolent and voluptuous race, preferring the undisturbed enjoyment of their pleasures, to that liberty dearer to the Arab than life. Yet there is something too in the Odes of Hafiz of an entrancing nature, something which lulls the senses and enchants the soul. Love is their subject, and love, in its most ardent, most bewitching form. The cloudless sky, the never-changing clime, the rich-scented gale wafted from the flowers of Araby, seem to have shed their softest, their most balmy influence, over the gentle bards of Persia.

Were we to take such notice of those lyric compositions which have been mentioned as they deserve, much more were we to mention all the nations who have made themselves famous in this department of poetry, we should far exceed the limits of a paper of this kind. Yet are there two nations who stand so eminently forth for learning and science, that it may appear strange that no mention has been made of them. The people to whom I refer are the Persians and the Greeks.

As to the first, with the exception, perhaps, of Quinault and Rousseau, their productions are a very mockery of lyric poetry. There is a prosaic coldness in every thing of this description which they have written, a

something which assures us, that the author has well considered all that he has said, and that he writes, as it were, in the full possession of his sober senses, without one spark of true lyric inspiration burning at his heart; a sort of sneer, in short, at every sentiment that is generous, or romantic, or lovely, which lets us at once into the spirit of that nation, which informs us, that cultivated, and refined, and polished though they be, they possess not, or have lost, that glow of passion, that soul-thrilling chivalry, which is the true essence of the Ode.

As to the Greeks, though the cause is very different, yet is the effect nearly the same. They have produced lyric writers, who, though they may have been equalled, have yet, I believe, never been surpassed. But we view their compositions to infinite disadvantage, through the dim medium of accumulated ages.

How is the face of nature changed since Pindar wrote and Anacreon sung! Since then, how many generations have been swept away—how many nations have risen into glory, and shrunk into insignificance,—how many waves have rolled down

the stream of time, each succeeding one rendering still more dim the faint traces of things that were! Their monuments of immortality still remain, but manners and customs have undergone an utter revolution. We may flatter ourselves with the idea, that we perceive all the force, and the beauty, and the propriety of the allusions of Pindar to the games of Greece, and that, by the discovery of the circumstance that these were a favourite theme, we transport ourselves to Hellas, and read with the eyes, and hear with the ears of a Greek. But the tone and spirit of that age are gone, never to return; the allusions which were then faultless, cannot be understood; and, in spite of ourselves, our reverence for the Greeks, and for the genius of the poet, we cannot read the digressions of Pindar without a feeling of constraint. We may admire, we may venerate the Odes of ancient times, but we cannot truly appreciate their merits. Over them there hangs a cloud of obscurity which no ray of learning can dispel, and which is daily gathering around them, and shrouding them in thicker darkness.

DR IYALL'S ANSWER TO THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ALL the world knows how thoroughly the *Quarterly Review* is enslaved to the advocacy of opinions and interests patronized by the possessors of *Legitimate* power, and how much anxiety it invariably manifests to put down those who venture to lift the veil, and to let in a little light upon "things as they are." Is an ancient and inveterate abuse to be defended merely because it is ancient and inveterate? Forth steps the *Quarterly*, to sound the tocsin of alarm, and to call upon the whole tribe of sleek, pampered, over-fed sinecurists and place-men, to rally round their oracle, and to make a firm stand against the innovating spirit of the age. Marches there out some sturdy defender of the principles of public liberty, who has the audacity to teach, that kings were made for the people, not the people for kings? The *Quarterly* straightway fastens on him with its envenomed tooth, and if it can detect no flaw in his logic, no assailable point in his doctrine, it forthwith impugns his motives, insinuates obliquely against his character, dissects his style, fixes on him some odious nickname, and labours to hold him up to ridicule and contempt. Does a man of heterodox politics write a poem, a play, a history, or a book of travels? The poem is bad, the play is worse, the history is worst, and the book of travels is—the very devil. Nay, so universal is the chivalry of this Review, that it forbids, under pain of its highest censure, all disclosures which, neglecting abuses at home, concern only those that exist abroad, and which have for their object to show what is defective and vicious in the government, manners, and institutions, of those countries blessed with despotism in its purest and simplest form. It flatters Austria and Prussia, palters to Russia, and only vilifies and traduces the United States of America! In short, it is the advocate and defen-

der of all that is rotten, corrupt, oppressive, and galling in the old and legitimate despotisms, while it misrepresents, abuses, and affects to treat with derision, whatever is most healthful, vigorous, and beneficial in popular government.

From a Journal, conducted upon such principles, disseminating such doctrines, and, for aught we know, in the pay of those whose cause it uniformly espouses, an impartial and fearless traveller, like Dr Lyall, who, in aggravation of his other sins, has had the hardihood to call Napoleon a great man, had no reason to expect other treatment than that which he has received. But we are happy to find, that he has not silently endured the petulance, scurrility, and injurious insinuations of the *Russian Cabal*, who have clubbed among them the paltry and disingenuous tirade against his work. His reply we are now about to submit to our readers, to whom we once more recommend his book, as in many respects the most valuable that has yet been published on the semi-barbarous subjects, or rather slaves, of the Autocrat of all the Russias. That reply we think perfectly conclusive. It is indeed clear that the Russians were no favourites with the Doctor; but it is equally manifest that he has made every effort to be impartial, has set off the few virtues they possess against their notorious vices, and has softened the harshness of many features, to which he might, without incurring the charge of very unpardonable exaggeration, have given a more odious and revolting aspect. We never meant to flatter him so far as to insinuate that, as a writer, he has any pretensions to equal Dr Clarke; but we do hold, that he is incomparably more faithful,—that he has no resentments to gratify, no violent, overmastering prejudices to vitiate his credit,—and that, though a “Scotch-made Doctor,” he is a man of truth and honour, and as well deserving of belief in what he states, as any erratic knight of the pencil that ever painted panoramas, or manufactured quartos. But the Doctor must do the business for himself; here is his answer:

The legitimate end of a review ought to be an impartial report respecting the principal works which issue from the press, so as to save us purchasing, or reading any, except those which suit our tastes, or may be requisite for our occupations. A *just review* of any work should contain a succinct account of its principal contents, illustrated by quotations, so as to allow the public, in some degree, to exercise its own judgment. I shall not inquire whether the writers of the *Review* of my quarto, contained in the Sixty-first Number of the *Quarterly Review*, have been guided by such principles; nor am I very curious to know whether it was composed by a knight, a physician, or an Esquire, or by a coalition of such a trio. I leave it to the judgment and candour of the British public to discover why my works are noticed in the *Quarterly Review*, and whether the malice it contains be the offspring of private pique, party spirit, or political intrigue. Indeed, the review alluded to is so manifestly partial, illiberal, and unfair, that I hesitated whether to treat it with contempt and ridicule, or to oppose it with sober truth. It owes this notice, not to its intrinsic value, but because it has appeared in a work which has a wide circulation*.

Before I proceed to the immediate objects in view, in justice to the Russians, as well as to myself, I may be allowed to state, that whilst I have freely spoken of their imperfections and their vices, I have not overlooked their good qualities or their virtues. I have every where endeavoured to convey the idea that the Russians (the real Russians, for it is only to them that I allude) are in a much higher state of civilization than is generally believed (p. v.):—I have spoken in terms of commendation of their general toleration (p. xvii.):—contrary to Clarke, I have declared that they are not in a *barbarous state*, nor *all equally barbarous*, (p. xxi. and p. xlii.):—I have mentioned that *cutgelling*, though not abolished, is greatly out of fashion in comparison with former times (p. xxiv.):—I have stated that all classes demonstrate love of country (p. xxxiii.):—I have said, that though vermin be frequent in Russia, contrary to Clarke's assertion, that neither *beauteous Princesses*, nor the ladies of inferior

* The Sixty-first Number of the *Quarterly Review* was published on the 30th December, 1824; and this answer, nearly in its present state, appeared in the *Courier* of the 4th, 5th, and 6th of January 1825. It was written on the spur of the moment, and sent to press.

titles, are to be seen at the windows of palaces, in the act of divesting themselves of such companions (p. xli. and p. li).—I have contradicted Clarke's statement, that the principal articles of the diet of the Russians are every where grease and brandy, (p. xlvii.)—I have extolled the Russians for their hospitality (p. lxxiv),—for their charity (p. lxxxi),—for their temperance and sobriety (pp. lxxxviii and ix):—I have explained what was ridiculously called their passport to Heaven (p. civ):—and I have every where borne witness to their advancement in knowledge, and to the great and praiseworthy efforts of the Emperor Alexander for the civilization of his extensive realms. But let us now come more to the point.—

The reviewer sets out by refusing me "*implicit evidence*" and "*immediate confidence*," because I am a "*prejudiced person*." Having made these declarations, how comes it that he gives *evidence* and *implicit faith* to my account of the renovation of Moscow,—of the real state of the Russian peasantry,—of the "*sound practical*" (as he is pleased to call it) of the policy that should be pursued toward this class of the population,—of the military colonies,—of the corrupt state of civil administration in Russia,—and of the advancement of arts and sciences, literature, and general knowledge? I demand why is all this believed, whilst he protests that *evidence* cannot be given me? The reviewer had better said that the "*book was his final end*," and then confronted it with truths, as demonstrative proofs of his accuracy. But he has not brought forward *one single fact* to invalidate my statements; for, as we shall see immediately, his *triumphant contradictions* turn out to be mistakes, and he believes all that suits his own views.

The reviewer very seriously tells the world his opinion, that the former and larger portion of my work is "constituted of those materials which usually make up our half-crown Guides to watering-places," &c. This observation shows with what attention he has read my work, but there are strong proofs that he never did read it. In self defence, I have reluctantly subjoined to this answer, a number of quotations from a variety of periodical works, in which a very different judgment has been pronounced.

According to the reviewer, I gravely assure the world, that "*Napoleon had no other joy but that of the happiness of Europe*." There is no such assertion in my work. But his object is evidently to make out that I am a *Radical*, because I everywhere show myself the friend of liberty, and the enemy of despotism. This only determines his ignorance of my principles of moderation, and my complete determination to avoid political party. Though I speak of the *great* Napoleon, I have not intended to declare that Moscow was "*the burner to that mighty ambition which seemed to know no bounds*," (Preface, p. 10,) nor to allude to his other failings.

I was not aware that it was a degradation to be a Scotchman—to belong to that nation, which, in proportion to its population has produced more men of great talents—greater quantum of mind, if I may so speak, than any other under heaven. Neither did I know that it was a disgrace to be a Scotch medical Physician. If I were so, I should glory in the title. After serving a regular apprenticeship, I was educated in the University of Edinburgh, avowedly the most celebrated medical school in the world. Having received my Diploma, I was engaged five years as a general practitioner in the town which gave me birth. I went to Russia in the year 1815. I, very individual, were he even a Professor, has no authority to practise in that empire, until he has submitted to different examinations, and if he wishes the rank of a physician, till he has defended his *Thesis*, either in the Imperial Medico-Chirurgical Academy, or in one of the Universities. He then receives his degree, as in other countries. My Thesis was defended in the Academy above noticed, and then I was "*enabled to write M.D.*" after my name. By the recommendation of His Imperial Majesty's physicians, and especially by that of the late Dr. Simpson, I was engaged by the Countess Orloff-Tchemenskaya, on my return from a journey with a nobleman in the interior of the empire. A house-doctor in Russia receives a salary varying from 25*l.* to 100*l.*; while mine was equal to that of the Emperor's physicians, besides house, wood, candles, carriage, coachman, &c.; agreeably to the Russian manner of engaging a physician who is attached to a family.

On our arrival at Moscow, I found that Countess Orloff-Tchemenskaya's affairs were altogether under the controul of her steward (the head-steward being old and imbecile,) a real Russian—that he was the bosom friend of an Italian physician who never resided in her Excellency's house, but had frequently attended her, and had an annual salary—that the house-surgeon was the humble-servant and agent both of the steward and the physician—and that the apothecary, by whom medicines were annually supplied to the Countess's establishment, to the amount of about 10,000

rubles, was a *protégé* of the whole—whilst, according to the custom of the country, he was liberal of his presents. Countess Orloff-Tchesmenska had engaged me, without consulting her steward, which step highly offended him; so that, from the first day I entered Moscow, he became my enemy:—the Italian physician feared the loss of his salary;—the house-surgeon trembled for the detection of his roguery and the suspension of his presents;—and the apothecary knew, before my arrival, that I had purchased a stock of medicines at Petersburg with the view of establishing an apothecary shop for her Excellency's family. Ignorant of the general corruption of the Russians, and of the intrigues formed to ruin me, with the Countess's sanction, I commenced a reformation in the whole medical establishment, which I found in a miserable condition. I new-modelled the hospital, and erected an apothecary-shop, by which above 5000 rubles were annually saved, &c. &c. Intrigue followed intrigue in rapid succession, for my ruin, which proved ineffectual. Then every measure of the combination was made to disgust me with my place. I addressed myself to the Countess, and was protected. Injury was therefore heaped upon injury—not difficult for a steward who has a *carte blanche* to do what he likes—that I might either disgust her Excellency by frequent complaints, or myself become disgusted by her unavailing remonstrances; for though a very amiable and excellent person, she is not distinguished for decision. Nearly at the expiration of four years the plan succeeded; I resigned my situation, but on good terms with the Countess, which were afterwards maintained both at Petersburg and Moscow. These facts will explain how well qualified the reviewer was “to say a word or two with respect to the author,” and also “the circumstance not necessary to be mentioned,” which is assigned as the cause of my “hostility to the steward.” There are those in London who know the whole of these transactions.

The example given of my style as meant to be “*picturesque*” is not mine, but is a translation from a German work, referred to in p. 499, where it occurs. My style may be judged of by the quotations which the reviewer has chosen to make from the quarto.

In allusion to the forty-five millions of Russian subjects, and the “no very judicious division of the diversified inhabitants of Russia” into nobility, clergy, merchants, and peasants, which I have followed, as well as the unaccountable delusion of the reviewer, that I was treating of the whole nation, “the Cossacks—Calmucs—Kirgises—Monguls—Muscovites,” the following quotation from my work is a sufficient reply:—“I must here premise, that when speaking of Russia, I generally have regard to *Russia Proper*; when of the Russians, I allude only to the inhabitants, and do not include the numerous tribes and nations which form the population of that immense realm.”—(Character of the Russians, p. ii.)

The reviewer says, “We have not been able to discover how Dr Lyall distinguishes between the *higher and lower* nobility, whether in point of antiquity or rank, of wealth or poverty.” The inattention with which he has read my work will be evident from the above and similar remarks. I employed neither of his cautions. In “*The character of the Russians*,” and at the very commencement, I say, “*The higher classes of nobility, or those who give the ton to society, &c.*” Can any thing be more explicit than that I mean the *leading*, or the *highest*, society of the nation?

The reviewer, in the course of a few pages, returns again and again to the merchants, and perhaps he thinks not that this “*arrangement of the subjects is wholly without skill*,” and concludes that my “unmeasured abuse of the merchants seems to have no other foundation than that they ask more for their goods than they will ultimately take, and tease passengers to buy as they walk the streets.” This I do not comprehend. I have employed many pages in the explanation of the manner in which the Russians cheat, in the quantity, in the quality, and in the price—by false weights, by false balances, by false measures, and by adulteration, &c. (*Vide* “Character of the Russians,” &c. from p. 284 to p. 295); and I have more seriously charged all the guilds of the Russian merchants (p. cxxix.) with deceit, and sometimes with perjury, and assigned these as my reasons for my “unmeasured abuse.” That my “*abuse*” was not unmeasured, however, appears from the fact which occurs in page 224 of my work, where I speak of those merchants “*who are very upright in their dealings*,” and who sell immense quantities of goods, especially to foreigners. I shall appeal to all those who have had affairs with the *Russian merchants*, and to the unprejudiced, whether I have not given a fair and just account of the mode of traffic which prevails, not only among the “petty traders and shopkeepers,” but among those who have extensive “mercantile concerns with this and other countries of Europe and America.” The reviewer is not aware of the fact,

that almost the whole of this *great commerce* is in the hands of foreigners, and especially of the British and Americans. He has discovered that I have vilified a "*respectable body of men*." I should like to read this on the Exchange of Moscow, Petersburg, or even London, and hear the remarks of those who have been deceived and swindled out of their property by this "*respectable body of men*."—The reviewer may rest assured that he remains *solus* in his opinion.

The reviewer next remarks, that "Dr Lyall appears to be nearly as well acquainted with the state of the Clergy, and the ritual and superstitions of the Russian Church, as that of the merchants; with the exception of some discussions on the practical part of worship in his interminable History of Moscow, he dispatches this numerous class in half a page."—"In this brief account, he sets out with the *ignorant assertion that the high Clergy are all Monks*. Now the high, or superior clergy, consist of metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, *not one of whom has any concern with monasteries*." My answer is the following: "At one time, it was my intention to have introduced a long chapter, with respect to the Russo-Greek faith. I have been necessitated to abandon that idea, on account of want of room to do the subject justice within the prescribed bounds of the present volume, and it is the less necessary, as we already possess two excellent works upon this subject,"—viz. The Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia, by John Glen King; and the Present State of the Greek Church in Russia, translated by Dr Pinkerton, from the Slavonic Original of Platon, late metropolitan of Moscow. In the History of Moscow, numerous illustrations of the ritual, and especially of the superstitions, of the Greek Church, present themselves, and also many illustrations of the "*practical parts of worship*:" but a person who, perhaps, believed that my work was a "Guide to a Watering-place," of course could never see them.—Moreover, if the reviewer had read the work through with ordinary attention, he would have discovered that I had filled up the vacuities of the two excellent works just alluded to, with respect to images, and image-worship, and that the charge I have made against the Russians as worshippers of *graven images, not paintings, is not only a novelty, but a fact*. As for the "*ignorant assertion that the higher Clergy are all Monks*," I am afraid it must be thrown back upon the reviewer's shoulders. They are all Monks;—and unless they were so, they could not aspire to those ranks. The quotations in the note below will fully prove that I am right—and they are from those whose authority has never been questioned*.

* King, speaking of the "*superior clergy*," says, "their way of living, from the nature of their order, *being all Monks*, is very rigid," &c. He also states, that the *regular clergy* are held in higher esteem than the *secular*, "for which reason, *bishops are always taken from this order*."—Even in the time of Peter the Great, those who were made bishops were obliged to sign an oath, of which the third condition begins with these words, "I will endeavour to govern the *Monks who are under my jurisdiction*."—Vide King's Rights and Ceremonies, p. 367—449—&c. &c.

"The Russian clergy are divided into *Regular and Secular*. The former are all *Monks*, and the latter are the parochial clergy. The superior clergy are divided into metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, who are indiscriminately styled *Archirès*."—"Promotion to the *rank of bishop* depends on the will of the Sovereign. When a vacancy takes place in a diocese, the holy legislative synod presents to his Imperial Majesty two or three candidates *from amongst the eldest of the Archimandrites, or chiefs of monasteries*, out of whom he selects one, and orders him to be ordained an *Archirè*."—"Thus the metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, compose the highest class of the Russian Clergy."—"After the *Archirès*, the next in order of dignity are those who, in Russia, are called *Tchèrnoyé Duchovénstvo*, or the Black Clergy, to which class belong the *Archimandrites, or chiefs of monasteries, from amongst whom the bishops are always chosen*."—"All the *Black Clergy*, and all the *Archirès*, according to the regulations of the Greek Church, are obliged to lead rigid and reclus lives; are forbidden animal food; and are not permitted to marry, after entering into this order. They compose the *Regular Clergy*, and consider themselves as superior to the secular priests, in respect both of rank and learning; for the whole powers and dignities of the Russian Church are exclusively vested in them."—"The secular priests are called the *Beloyé Duchovénstvo*, or the White Clergy."—"The whole government and spiritual concerns of the church are vested in the Holy Synod."—"Subordinate to the Synod is "the Consistory of every diocese, which is composed of three *Archimandrites, or Hegumens, at the head of which is the Bishop*."—Vide the Present State of the Greek Church. Translated by Robert Pinkerton. Preliminary Memoir.

I have accused the Russians of all classes and ranks of insincerity and deception, and I do not retract the charge. In this I am borne out by every author, ancient or modern, and by every impartial foreigner or traveller. As one instance of their deception upon the *great scale*, I have recorded, that before the Emperor visited Moscow in 1817, the walls of many of the ruined houses were built up (I might have said boarded,) roofed, plastered, and painted, and had windows put in; so that, while they had a magnificent exterior and appearance, "they presented a complete interior vacuity."—"We lament our dulness," says the reviewer, "but we cannot exactly comprehend what kind of deception was practised either on his Imperial Majesty or Dr Lyall." From this I am to conclude, that the reviewer does think, that four bare walls and a roof, without either floors, ceilings, stoves, or furniture, &c. &c. complete a Russian house! If he had been obliged to pass a night in one of these dwellings—with a temperature of 20°, 25°, or 30°, of cold of Reaumur—which presented a complete interior vacuity, the powers of his comprehension would have been first sharpened and then extinguished; but he would have previously discovered the woe-ful deception. With respect to the *hospital hoax* (*Vide* Character of the Russians, p. xcvi. and the Quarterly Review, p. 152,) which is too long to copy, but of which the reviewer is pleased to say, "We cannot believe one syllable of this prettily-got-up story," I beg leave to reply, that facts are more "stubborn things" than "*we do not believe*;" that the hospital in question was in existence in 1823, and that I shall give any traveller a reference that he may satisfy his curiosity—if the building be not pulled down before his arrival on the spot. I shall compromise no individual.

But if these were instances of *deception upon the great scale*, I shall now refer to another upon the *greatest scale*. Is it not known that for twelve years the Russians have denied that they themselves were the incendiaries of Moscow? Have not the Russian Historians, the Poets, the Generals, and the Government, all endeavoured to make their countrymen believe that Moscow was burned by the French? (*Vide* Detailed History of Moscow, pp. 484, 520.) And yet, in the year 1821, Colonel Boutourlin, *Aide-de-Camp of the Emperor Alexander*, gravely comes forward, contradicts the accuracy of all previous writers, and AVOWS THAT THE RUSSIANS THEMSELVES BURNED THAT CAPITAL. (*Vide* "Histoire Militaire de la Campagne de Russie en 1812.") We shall have no "*not believe*" about this *national hoax*. Those who know "the force of words" may say this is not *deception*, but *policy*.

In giving a professed account of the character of any people, ought we to tell all the truth, or only what suits our purpose?—What should we have thought of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Mosheim, &c.—or of Clarke, had they done so? Now, if the statements I made be true, they will stand of themselves—if falsehoods, why not oppose them with truths, and not with such insignificant expressions as "*refusing immediate credence or confidence*," "*we do not believe*," "*we have every reason to believe*," "*we never heard*." The truth is, the reviewer hesitates to believe what he dared not contradict, because he knew little of the matters on which he was writing. With respect to the Physical Club of Moscow, which has excited so much astonishment—as well it might—I have only to confirm my former statements, and to tell the reviewer and the world, that I can refer them, and will refer them with pleasure, to those who have heard of its existence;—for it seems the reviewer has inquired of Russians who had no knowledge of it, (what wisdom in inquiring of Russians!) and "of our own countrymen, who never heard of it." Nay, more, I will tell the reviewer, that I have good reason to believe that one, if not two or three of his colleagues, have dined with the rejected member of that disgraceful institution. The reviewer did not require to tell us, that "if any thing like it ever did exist, it has long since disappeared," for I have stated expressly (p. xxviii.) "that it was abolished by order of Catharine II.;" and, of course, I left the inference—that an improvement in morals had taken place—to the reader's own mind. In future, let those who doubt the fact address themselves to me, and I shall give every information. I hope some respectable traveller will do so, and then the question shall be set to rest.

Respecting the ladies, the reviewer says, "he unhesitatingly pronounces them ugly, addicted to sensuality, infidelity, grossness, and every other vice that besets the male sex." I have nowhere made use of such expressions. I have said that very few of them are beautiful;—but is there no shade between beauty and ugliness? I have accused them of sensuality, but I have said there are exceptions.—The reviewer confounds the account I have given of the ladies, the merchants' wives, the *parochial clergy's* wives, and the peasants' wives—and asks "if they (the ladies) now daub their faces with paint?" I answer, Yes; females of all ranks, but "of late years the liberal use of paint seems to be in some degree supplanted by that of snuff;" (p. cxx. of my

quarto) among the nobility. "Are they all grossly fat?" I reply that they are, with a few exceptions, "*des gourmandes*," inclined to rotundity, and of the *botchka*, or barrel-shape, as one of themselves most happily said, (*vide* my quarto, p. cxix.) "Do they still black their teeth and eye-lashes?" Yes, the merchants often do, (p. cxix.) and more especially in the provincial towns.

The strongest and most general expression in my work, with respect to their morals, is the following:—"I have no doubt that some families are well educated, and that in them you will find *women of purity and delicacy of character*, but chastity cannot be reckoned a prevailing virtue," (p. cxxi.) Is this a general proscription of virtue, as the reviewer represents *?

In allusion to the lake celebrated for curing diseases, and often called the prolific lake, at which the reviewer does "*not believe*" that such bathing parties (as I mention) have existed for the last half century, I beg leave to inform him, that the virtues of this lake have only been lately discovered—that the estate on which it is found belongs to a very rich Moscow merchant, Mr Luckmanof—that it is only within the last 15 years that a visit to it became fashionable—that very lately a fine church was erected on its margin,—and that, within the last two years, to my knowledge, it was crowded with visitors, especially on Sundays. Nay, more, I know a very sensible young lady, who, three years ago, visited the church, and after receiving the usual benediction from the priest for the cure of her disease, left her clothes as a present to the establishment. There are now in London a number of gentlemen who know something of the Lake of Kazéno, and one with whom I made a visit to it. Therefore, those who are still incredulous may have their curiosity satisfied.

Though the reviewer seems pleased with my picture of the state of the peasantry, and says that I speak with *becoming warmth* (why one word of praise?) of the intemperate language of the late Dr Clarke, I cannot commend his accuracy in stating, that slavery in Russia is strip of almost all its horrors; nor would it be difficult to point out to him, both in James's Journal, and in my own work, (p. cxxxviii.) the degradation to which slavery always leads; but what shall we say of the following assertion? "No master is permitted to flog his slaves; this punishment can only be awarded by an officer of justice, and inflicted by the police." The reviewer betrays a wonderful want of knowledge here. A law, something like what he says, exists; but what signifies that, if it be as a dead letter? The answer to this point may be found in my work, (p. cxxxviii.); and every person who knows any thing of Russia will tell him that, even now, masters whip and cane their slaves every day. Indeed slavery and flagellation are nearly inseparable companions throughout the globe.

I now come to the summing up—the grand charges against me.

"The inferior clergy, he (Dr L.) tells us, again and again, *are all drunkards; the merchants and their wives are drunkards; the peasantry are drunkards; and the NOBILITY, BESIDES BEING DRUNKARDS, EVERY THING THAT IS VILE.*" Was ever a people or an author more wronged? I have said that the inferior clergy and the peasantry are given to drunkenness; and can the reviewer, or any traveller, deny the fact? I have stated that "Many (not all) of the lower merchants and their wives are given to drunkenness, and that most of the more cultivated and rich merchants have had the good sense to imitate the *moderation of the nobles*" as to the use of spirits,—so that, contrary to what generally happens with some

* The reviewer says, "Mr James speaks of them (the ladies) every where in very different terms; and Sir R. K. Porter, who married a Russian lady, says, 'the young women are amiable and virtuous, and the married are ignorant of vice.'" Now of Mr James's opinions I have generally expressed approbation, but with respect to the fascinating charms of the ladies I have differed from him only in words. He speaks of the female sex, and adds, "none more amiable in the whole world are to be found than in Russia;" and I have said, "their plausibility, and their frank, elegant, and imposing manners, must be admitted by all," (p. cxxi and cxxiii.)

Again—suppose a man who was in love were to tell the reviewer that his *intended* was a "planet brighter than Venus," and that he saw in her—with a painter's eye, no doubt—"all the fascinations of Russia, France, and Italy, blended with the interesting modesty of England," (*Travelling Sketches*, by Sir R. K. Porter, Vol. I. p. 214.) would he take him for his guide in the description of the character of the ladies? Or, suppose a man of *no fortune* should marry a noble, with the expectation of a *large fortune*, would this be any proof of (no contrary allusion) the virtue of the Russian ladies? "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" I was in expectation that the reviewer would also have quoted the same example, as the standard of Russian beauty, and of Russian non-rotundity, or "*delicacy of figure.*"

other vices, drunkenness seems gradually to be abolished in Russia, with the advancement of civilization." (*Vide* Character of the Russians, p. xc.)—But where have I said that the nobility are drunkards?—I, whom the reviewer quotes as having said that they are "*moderate in their cups*," (Review, p. cxlix.) and that I have "*known very few of the nobles who were given to the immoderate use of spirituous liquors*," (p. cli.)—I, who have been blamed for holding up Russia as a nation which shows us "*an example of sobriety worthy of imitation*,"—(p. clii.)—I, p. lxxxvii, of whose work is impressed with this head-line—"Former inebriety of the Russians"—and, p. lxxxviii., with "*The Russian Nobles not drunkards*,"—I who, from the beginning to the end of my volume, have again and again spoken in the highest terms of the TEMPERANCE OF THE RUSSIAN NOBLES, am made to say that the Russian nobility are drunkards! Why, is it possible, that a man who calls himself a "reviewer," and who ought to know something of the force of words, can thus blunder between the TEMPERANCE and the DRUNKENNESS of the Russian Nobles?

But this is not enough—I am accused of loading the Russian nobles with every thing that is VILE. Good God! what injustice to the Russians, as well as to myself! Then, the toleration, the love of country, the hospitality, the charity, the temperance, the attachment to religion, the encouragement of Bible Societies, the advancement in general knowledge, of the Russians, to which I have every where borne witness, are VILE.—N. B. The head-line of page lxxxix. of "The Character of the Russians," is, VIRTUES OF THE RUSSIANS.

Nearly all the other criticisms on my works are equally uncandid and unjust with those I have pointed out.

Such manifest misrepresentations will not escape the remarks and the disapprobation of the "wise and the good;" and in their hands I am contented to leave my reputation.

I shall here propose three questions to the reviewer*.

1. Did he ever fully peruse my quarto?
2. Does he expect an Imperial smile or an Imperial reward for his falsehoods?
3. Has the Quarterly Review lent itself to Russia?

I now publicly call upon the writer of the misnamed reviewal of my work, alluded to in the foregoing remarks, to come forward openly, and verify his statements respecting them and myself, or to make an apology for his conduct. Unless this is done, he must allow me to brand him with the name of LITERARY DEFAMER.

To conclude, I hope, in all charity, for the character of the Quarterly Review, that my Travels in Russia, the Crimea, the Caucasus, and Georgia, which will be published in a few days, may be examined by some individual who knows the words "candour, justice, and impartiality"—"if not liberality."—ROBERT LYALL, M.D.

Life is a Dream.

That life is a dream we have often been told,
And strange are the sights which its visions unfold;
Some lovely, some fearful, some brief as an hour,—
We are now in the sunshine, and now in the shower.

We roam amidst flowerets—we dance on the hill—
We breathe the sweet air—and we drink from the rill;
But, strange though it seem, ere a moment is past,
All that pleas'd us is faded—we weep in the blast.

All, all that we look on will change as we gaze.
Like the scenes of the night which the fancy displays;
'Midst music and sunshine we muse o'er the deep,
And soon we turn back from the wild, giddy steep.

We hear the sweet song from the bark on the sea,
We are charm'd with the primrose that grows on the lea;
But the tempest awakes, and the sky is o'ercast,
And both have been wreck'd in the pitiless blast.

Our hopes, and our joys, as they hurry us on,
Deceive us with smiles, but, when grasp'd, they are gone;
Like the child who in sunshine pursues the gay fly,
And wearied, returns with the fear in its eye.

We dote upon beauty, youth, genius, and worth;
Love and friendship we prize as the gems of the earth;
For a moment we turn from their beauty and bloom,
And the next we are led to lament o'er their tomb.

* I use the singular number, for the sake of convenience.

 THE SELLER OF HIMSELF.

Strange merchandize !

Faustus did sell his soul, but this is body,
 And thought himself the cheater.—Silly one !
 Thou art the gull. Think'st thou the tempter,
 When, like a robber, he has spoil'd the Temple,
 And stolen away its sacrificial vase,
 Destines it still for holy use and service,
 And bids it desecrated censer still,
 'Mid clouds of incense, to propitiate Heaven ?

Old Play.

WHEN I was residing at Milan, during my first continental tour, the remittances which hitherto had been regularly forwarded to me from England were, by some unaccountable accident, delayed much beyond the period at which I looked to receive them ; and this procrastination was continued so long, that I could not escape sensations of a very uneasy nature. As the instability of my health, and my general habits, induced me to live in a private and secluded manner, I had few acquaintances with whom I was on a sufficient footing of intimacy to warrant me in requesting their pecuniary aid until my own resources should have become available, even had I possessed any inclination to make such a trial of their good nature. My situation became daily more unpleasant, as I gradually perceived the diminution of my stores.

Day after day passed on. No answer arrived to the letters which I addressed from time to time to my agent ; and I was compelled to practise frugality, on a scale rather repugnant to my ideas of personal comfort and convenience. But notwithstanding all my endeavours, and the cheapness of the country, I was speedily reduced to a fearfully small sum ; and I now severely regretted that I had not earlier made preparations for returning home, before the bareness of my finances rendered such a course impracticable.

At last, the only remaining coin which had yet lingered in my purse was expended. The horrors of want pressed upon me, and those horrors aggravated by the reflection that I was in a foreign country, and remote from all those sources of assistance

which the occupier of his native soil can seldom be wholly destitute of. I had already disposed of my watch, and my few valuables which yet remained would not long afford me the necessaries of existence. I applied in vain for some situation, in which my daily exertions might at least procure for me the pittance absolutely requisite for the maintenance of life. Few were inclined to employ a stranger, and my qualifications were not of a nature most useful to one who has to earn his bread by labour. Every day, every hour, brought new disappointments, and added to the mental torment I experienced. I began to despair.

At last my funds were utterly exhausted. For two days I had tasted nothing, and my hunger began to be insupportable. Shame prevented me from soliciting charity, and there was but little chance that the claims of a stranger and a heretic would be much regarded, when so many good Catholics, natives of the place, were ready to engross the bounty of the charitably-disposed. I gave myself up for lost, and endeavoured to behold with calmness the approach of death. I wandered about, and gazed long farewells upon every scene which I had selected as most beautiful and pleasing.

The evening was approaching, and as I stood near the Cathedral, the glow of the sun, now fast declining, gave a rich tinge to its marble columns. The sky was all that poets have dreamed or described of Italian skies ; warm, deep, and placid ; and the few golden clouds that fringed the horizon seemed to crown with their splendour the peaks of the dimly-shadowed Alps. Every out-

ward object was tranquil and lovely ; within, pain, and torment, and despair, racked my breast, and I sickened at the view of external beauty, as if it rose before me in mockery of my wretchedness.

While I was thus stationed, I heard behind me the voices of some persons in conversation.

"Were you at Doctor Galigni's last lecture?" said one.

"No, I was not," answered another ; "but I heard that he took the opportunity of bringing forward a new theory, on a point long disputed among physiologists."

"He certainly offered a theory, the hint of which, he omitted to mention, was borrowed from Leuwenhock."

"Ha ! then our Professor has been pirating—is it even so?"

"Exactly ; and he has decorated his thefts with curious embellishments of his own, making, in the whole, a singularly-disjointed appearance."

"By the way," said a third, who had not yet spoken, "was not the Doctor put to considerable inconvenience from the want of proper subjects to exhibit his demonstration on?"

"He was so ; either from the paucity of deaths, or the great demand for bodies, they are become difficult to meet with, and are considerably advanced in price."

"I heard, do you know," said the first, "that he had actually purchased from a living individual the reversionary post-obit of his body !"

"What ! and paid for it *in present*."

"Money down, I assure you," answered the informant.

"Ridiculous—it cannot be !"

"It is nevertheless a fact," rejoined another. "The Doctor, you know, who is an old man, intends his son Signor Guiscard to succeed him in his professional pursuits, and consequently calculates upon his successor enjoying the benefit of those deaths which may not happen to take place during his own period."

They went away as the last speaker concluded, laughing at the Doctor's foresight.

A new idea took possession of my mind. The torment of my raging

hunger was insupportable, and in the state of nervous dejection which it induced, I lost all hopes of ever returning to my native land. Under the influence of these feelings, it occurred to me, to procure the means of sustenance for a short time, by treating with the Doctor Galigni, of whom I had heard, for the sale of my remains after death. The love of life clings to us with a grasp not the weakest, when we are nearest losing it ; and besides, there was a possibility that something might take place before the funds thus acquired should be exhausted, which might better my situation. I did not trust myself so far as to enter into any examination of this project ; had I done so, it would probably not have been adopted ; but without delay I made inquiries for the habitation of the man of science.

He was at home, and I procured admission to him without difficulty. Doctor Galigni was a little old man, of spare and meagre appearance, altogether devoid of the pomp and circumstance of learned affectation. His head was enveloped in no artificial cloud of hair and powder, but the few gray hairs which were scattered over its otherwise bald surface, inspired a sort of affectionate reverence, which, however, was not increased or sustained by the expression of his countenance. Not that his features were to be called disagreeable,—they exhibited the index to a laborious and thoughtful mind, while the light of his sparkling eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, seemed to indicate penetration and quick apprehension. But yet there was a something in his whole physiognomy remote from the better feelings of our nature, conveying the idea that his was the cold-blooded love of science, which exists for itself only, without studying or desiring to apply it to the benefit of humanity ; there was a lurking selfishness hung around the face, and dwelt in all its furrowed lines. At least I saw all this, though perhaps the peculiar circumstances in which I stood disposed me to look less favourably than I otherwise might have done upon an individual with whom I was about to make so singular a compact.

The room in which the professor

of the healing art was sitting was furnished as became a man devoted to abstruse studies. Books, plates, papers, and straggling memoranda, loaded the tables, and were scattered about the room with singular inattention to regularity, or convenient arrangement. But there was no ostentation of skulls and bones, and the apparatus which strikes the observation, and awakes the astonishment and awe of the vulgar. It is true, the apartment was surrounded with cases of old, dark-coloured oak, and these lent a gloom to the place, and left it to imagination to conjecture the contents.

Being thus introduced into the presence of the senior, I explained with some hesitation the purport of my visit. He heard me with indifference, and in silence; and as I concluded, he opened a purse, from which he took a moderate sum of money, which he pushed towards me; at the same time opening the clasps of a thin folio, which appeared to be a receptacle for all kinds of miscellaneous minutes, he wrote in it on a blank page, and then handing it to me, pointed to the bottom of the leaf, as expecting me to place my signature. The writing thus submitted to me contained, in effect, an agreement empowering Gaspar Sanchez Galigni, Doctor in Physic, and Professor of Anatomy, in the College of, &c. &c., to become the owner of the body of R. W., then residing in the city of Milan, upon the death of that personage, and to apply the same at his pleasure, in return for which the Doctor paid to the seller a sum, amounting to about two pounds in English money. He offered me a pen, at the same time requesting me, in as few words as possible, to swear not to remove from the city without his permission. I felt a repugnancy to the project, which, as I lingered, increased momentarily; the professor observed it, and without speaking, stretched his hand toward the money, as if about to put an end to the transaction, rather than be fatigued by delay: the notion roused me at once; I gazed at the coin, and, pressed by the ravenous pain which inwardly gnawed me, I hastily signed, and took the oath required; the silent physician jerked the

money nearer to me, and closing the clasps of the thin folio, stamped on the ground, when a servant opened the door, and I was ushered immediately to the street-door.

Possessed of my strangely-acquired gains, I hastened to an eating-house, where I ordered something ready cooked, and sat down to my meal, (the first which I had partaken of for nearly three days,) and anticipated in a glance the luxury of satisfying my hunger. But the enjoyment perished in the grasp. One morsel I raised to my lips—swallowed it eagerly—and fell senseless on the ground.

I believe a sudden relief from such wants, as I was afflicted with, has not unfrequently been attended with similar effects. When I recovered, I found myself lying on a small bed, in a dark and ill-furnished apartment. An old woman, in the character of a nurse, was sitting in the room, from whom I learnt that my swoon had continued some time; that I had been let blood, and finally deposited in my present place of repose. I did not feel inclined to sleep, and, therefore, in a short time abandoned the couch on which I lay, and after remunerating in such sort as I was able the people of the house, for their care and attendance upon me, I left the place.

The loss of blood, and want of food, made me feel weak, and nervously irritable. My stomach was afflicted with a pain like burning, but without any appetite. I felt rather a loathing of food; and I wandered about the streets wretched and spiritless. Night at length came on, and reminded me of the necessity of a lodging, which I soon procured in a mean, dirty house at the outskirts of the city. I flung myself on my miserable pallet, and, wearied and exhausted, fell into a deep sleep, which continued till morning.

On rising, my first care was to provide for my bodily wants, and I ate sparingly of a plain meal, fearful of recalling the illness of the preceding day. Then I rambled out, and again wandered listless and depressed. I made now no effort to procure for myself the future means of support; I looked not beyond the moment that was passing over. Since my visit to

the physician, a spell seemed to hang over me, and strange fancies began to take possession of me, unprovided as I was with any occupation which might dispel their influence. The engagement which I had entered into I now regarded with horror; I seemed enthralled in chains which manacled both body and soul. I had restricted myself from leaving Milan, yet in Milan I had no means of subsistence when the Doctor's pittance should be expended. Then I tormented myself with imagining the purposes to which my wretched frame might be applied when it should have come into the possession of its purchaser. The idea of a complete dismemberment—of becoming one of the wonders of an anatomist's collection, seemed dreadful and unnatural. The dreams of the old Egyptians, on the connection of the soul with the body, recurred to me, and I shuddered to think of the abominations to which I should be exposed after death. I envied the bandaged mummies, and saw a paradise in a catacomb, compared to the disgusting exhibition of a virtuoso's closet.

It was a holiday with the Catholics, and passing down a narrow street, I encountered a procession of priests. Every one sank on their knees, and when they rose, the crowd was so great, that I was forced into a small recess, where two or three old people were holding a conference. There was nothing, however in this, to interest me, had I not heard the name Galigni pronounced, and it arrested my attention instantly.

"Ay, ay," said one; "I shall not be persuaded that all these doings can be for a good purpose; all these bodies and poor carcases are not cut up for nothing."

"Very true, neighbour," answered another; "and, besides, why does he practise all this horrible work at midnight, when it is fitter for good Christians to be sleeping in their beds, than sitting up carving their fellow-creatures to pieces by candle-light?"

"I wish," said the old man who had spoken first, "I wish that may be all; Francisco, that used to live with him, has given me a hint."

Here he paused, whilst his audience pressed closer around him, to hear the secret which his silence and oracular manner appeared to promise.

"Francisco did say," continued the narrator, "that once, when his master had ate nothing for near two days, not so much as a morsel of bread, he locked himself up at night in that square room that he has at the top of the house."

"To be sure he has," interrupted an auditor, "and pretty doings have been there."

"No doubt," answered the storyteller. "Well, as I was saying, there he locked himself up, and there Francisco looked through the key-hole, and saw him cutting pieces from a corpse, and he declares that he heard a noise like a kettle simmering; and you may guess," he continued, with an oracular shake of the head, "you may guess the rest."

"Ay, I warrant," answered one of the group, "he has had many a fine meal there,—it's a shame such things should be suffered."

To this all the rest assented, and went away maltreating the physician's character.

Shall I be laughed at, if I say that this ridiculous nonsense had, in my present state of mind, a fearful effect upon me? To those who consider the situation in which I was placed, and reflect upon the intimate connection of bodily and mental weakness and indisposition, it will not appear very strange that the stories of these old gossips produced in me a double terror and uneasiness. I roamed from spot to spot, but the horrors which I had conjured up accompanied me still.

As I passed by the post-office, I inquired, I know not by what impulse, if there were any dispatches for me. To my surprise, a small parcel was placed in my hand. I hurried with it to the hovel where I lodged, and opening it, found my long-expected letters and remittances.

My first thought was to leave Milan; my next was on the necessity of first seeing Galigni, and of being released from my oath. I hastened to his abode,—he was from home, and would not return to Milan for a week. I was filled with despair

at this intelligence; to occupy myself, I set about providing more eligible lodgings, and making preparations for my departure. The week passed away, but my fears, my anxiety, continued the same. Suppose Galigni should refuse to annul his bargain, must I remain a victim in Milan, or perjure myself by violating my oath? Then if, as I thought, in the disturbed state of my mind, it was not impossible he should be the monster—the practiser of unhallowed and mysterious rites, might he not endeavour to ensnare the soul as well as the body? Had he indeed the power?—was he an adept in the occult science?

The reader may smile or frown; the fact was, my anxiety had induced a nervous fever, which affected my mental faculties, and rendered me the slave of feelings and inquietudes, which, at other times, I should have ridiculed and despised. The week had elapsed, the Doctor was returned, but by some chance or other, I could never meet with him; and not doubting but this was premeditated on his part, I became confirmed in the belief that he was unwilling to part with his victim. At length the fever which affected me assumed a more violent form, and for some time I was insensible. Still hideous chimeras danced before

me, and I still suffered from the illusions which had haunted me.

The very first object which met my sight on recovering was Galigni himself. The sorcerer, or whatever he was, stood by my bed-side. I sprang towards him. I solicited him to release me from my engagement, and offered any compensation he should himself name. He gazed on me with some surprise, not remembering in me the individual whose necessities had shortly before reduced him to enter into that abhorred contract, and he seemed inclined to attribute my violence to the effects of fear. However, the circumstance was speedily recalled to his mind, and he agreed to destroy the agreement without hesitation; I was astonished at this, for, as I had before said, I had expected to encounter the greatest difficulties in prevailing upon him to abandon our agreement. I gazed upon him with incredulity, and was not immediately convinced of the reality of my happiness.

The Doctor had been called in by the family in whose house I resided, and this simple casualty had relieved me from all my pain. I speedily recovered the enjoyment of my powers, both bodily and mental, and before I left Milan was sufficiently restored to wonder at the weakness which had so nearly proved fatal to me.

M'DIARMID'S "SCRAP-BOOK"—AITKEN'S "CABINET."

It is Addison, we believe, who observes, in one of his Spectators, that were some process discovered by which all books could be at once reduced to their essence, thousands of fair and portly tomes would thereby be altogether blotted out of existence, and many a pretending folio and quarto cut down to the size of a sixpenny pamphlet. The remark applies with tenfold force to the literature of our own day. One of the consequences attending the diffusion of knowledge has been the enormous increase of writers; and such is the rage for communicating, rather than acquiring knowledge, that the number of persons who have betaken themselves to scribbling equals, perhaps exceeds, the number of those who, endued with a modesty daily

growing more rare, are content to be merely readers. Hence it is, that among many benefits that have resulted from this state of things, we have, by way of counterpoise and compensation of evil, novels by young Misses in their teens,—periodicals by blattant yeanelings of the Humanity Class,—poetry by ploughmen *ad libitum*,—expositions of the Apocalypse by consecrated coblers,—dissertations on the Mosaic History of the World by knights of the thimble,—essays by young, old, and middle-aged—with whole swarms of annual, quarterly, monthly, and weekly publications of all sorts, sizes, colours, and pretensions, buzzing about our ears, like midges in a summer-day, and exciting our astonishment at once by their number and insignificance.

And hence, too, the fixed capital of our native literature and science, pilfered from the renowned works in which it was formerly, in a great measure, invested, is now thrown into circulation by a thousand different channels, and meets us, in little portions, soliciting our attention at almost every turn.

Now, although we willingly admit that the higher order of ephemerals contains much that is worthy of being preserved; nay, that amidst all the miserable rubbish we have named, there are hid some "gems of purest ray serene," what reader of the present day can possibly find leisure for even a hasty glance over the pages of one half of the things that issue from the press? He would require for the task at least fifty heads and an hundred eyes, and it would be indispensable, that he held no profession demanding even a moderate portion of his time and attention. Nay, it would not even be advisable for him to sport a little of his superfluous cash in shares of any of the New Joint-Stock Companies, lest some portion of time should be required for preparing speeches for public meetings, or inditing Newspaper epistles, with the view of propping up one association, or the putting down its rival, just as interest might dictate; but, like Franklin's Angler, he must be content to remain at his post from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, with, mayhap, only the doubtful boast of having obtained "one glorious nibble."

In this state of matters, when literature is becoming so expanded that it must inevitably run to waste, we cannot but applaud the highly-meritorious labours of Messrs M'Diarmid and Aitken, in separating what is truly valuable and worthy of being preserved from what is trashy and perishable—in culling so many sweet flowers and sparkling gems from such vast heaps of weeds and rubbish—and in selecting, even from writers of approved excellence, their brightest ideas, their finest inspirations, their noblest efforts of eloquence or poetry. By their means we have, in a moderate compass, and at a moderate price, the condensed essence of modern literature, and are enabled to indulge our taste, while we save both

our time and our money—two considerations which wise men will duly appreciate.

But to come more immediately to the point, the peculiar excellence of the "Scrap-Book," and that which doubtless has insured its signal success, is the novelty of its selection, and the industry and taste displayed by its compiler. He has abandoned the long-sanctioned practice of filling his many pages with gleanings from the elder worthies of literature, as Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Addison, Rowe, Johnson, Young, and others, whose beauties, though alike undeniable and imperishable, have so often been banded from one compilation to another, that they have become stale, because, from the frequency of reading, every man of taste has them committed to memory; and confining his researches to the copious stores of our literature, within the last fifteen or twenty years, his discriminating taste has led him to select a pleasing and interesting variety, both in poetry and prose, of descriptive, narrative, didactic, pathetic, humorous, miscellaneous pieces, all exhibiting some useful information, or some pleasing effort of genius or imagination. Upon such a plan, and with very few exceptions, the first volume of the Scrap Book appeared about four years ago, and now numbers as many editions. We say, with few exceptions, because that volume, besides containing some pieces from Byron, Scott, Cowper, &c., "familiar in our mouths as household words," also exhibits one or two pieces of George Coleman *the Younger*, which might well have been spared. Offensive as they are to good taste, the broad, vulgar humour displayed is no apology either for their composition or for their insertion in the Scrap-Book. These blemishes, however, occupy but a small space, and certainly do not call for any very marked censure, where there is so much to praise. We may mention, that here were to be found the lines on the funeral of Sir John Moore, before Lord Byron's approbation called public attention to their merits, as well as that still more complete and classical production, the verses addressed to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.

Pieces such as these, without collectors like Mr M'Diarmid, after appearing in a magazine, and being copied into a provincial newspaper or two, are apt to be read for a week, and quite forgotten in a month.

The Second Volume, which appeared so recently, has already passed into a Second Edition; and if the merits of its selection do not more than rival those of its precursor, it has fewer of the objections hinted at. It appears to have more of recent originality, less of hacknied selection, and nothing objectionable in taste and morals; but if we must point out a fault, it is that, generally speaking, the pieces it contains are something too abrupt, so that one is apt to feel one have got only the middle, without any appearance of the beginning or the end. Both volumes, however, will be found to present much that is interesting to readers of all descriptions and tastes.

Whatever we have said in favour of Mr M'Diarmid, is no less due to Mr Aitken for his Cabinet Selection. Both these gentlemen are poets, men of taste, and both

possess that modesty peculiar to genius, as well as many of the higher qualities by which it is distinguished. Mr Aitken's Cabinet appears in monthly one shilling numbers; but upon the principle of selection, the latter compiler appears to us the more fastidious of the two. Nothing in poetry and prose has hitherto found admission into the Cabinet short of high merit,—nothing personal, or in the slightest degree bordering on levity or humour; but, on the contrary, and in almost every case, exhibiting a tendency to strengthen some religious or moral principle; yet novelty and good taste are never once lost sight of. We can have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending both to such as are pleased with selections of this description. They are free of that mediocre mixture of talent which pervades other compilations of the kind, and they have nothing at all of the fustian, slang, bombast, and ribaldry, conspicuous in the Spirit of the Public Journals and similar productions issuing incessantly from the English press.

To the Moon.

THE Queen of night, 'midst cloudless blue,

Comes gently sailing o'er the sky,
Her chariot deck'd with pearly dew,
That glitters like the stars on high.

The music of each shining sphere
To her their sweetest notes prolong;
While heaven and earth enraptur'd hear,
And gladly echo back the song.

Sail on in majesty serene,
Amidst those orbs of glowing light,
That hang yon heaven and earth between,
As if to guide the spirit's flight!

I would I were beside thee now,
On that dark, deep, ethereal sea,
And gazing on each mountain's brow,
Whose robe of glory comes from thee.

A wanderer in a world like this,
I hail with joy thy cheering beam;
And almost think the gate of bliss
Could not send forth a lovelier beam.

I see thee sparkling o'er the deep,
And shining on yon fretted tower;

The flowers with dew-drops 'neath thee sleep,

And thou art bright in Beauty's bower.

Thou wert not made to hold thy reign
When day-light shines on hill and grove;

But comest with night's starry train,
Like a bright angel from above.

And though the Sun from thee afar
Illumes the Islands of the West,
He turns to thee his flaming car,
And looks upon thy beauteous breast.

His is that dazzling, fervid blaze,
Which mocks the fondest gazer's eye;
But through thy veil his soften'd rays
Bid us enamour'd look on high.

And who would coldly turn from thee,
Nor mark thy glory far and wide?
Thy power is felt upon the sea,
Thou mighty ruler of the tide.

Queen of the Night, thy sovereign sway
No human power can e'er control;
Thy beams can search earth's trackless way,
And wheel their circuit round the pole.

SCOTS NEW JUDICATURE BILL*.

(Continued from page 153.)

I. Jury Court.

NATURAL PROCEDURE—The cause heard from beginning to end by the same Judge. **TECHNICAL PROCEDURE**—Bandying the cause from Court to Court on a variety of pretences before the decision is given; one Judge to collect the evidence—to hear and receive the testimony—without power to decide on it; another Judge to decide on it without having heard it—*Suinter* uses—making business, i. e. occasions for fees;—making complication, thence confusion, uncertainty, un-cognoscibility, materials for sham science, &c. &c. Examples in England, causes sent from King's Bench, &c. to *Nisi Prius*, &c. and back again; in Equity from Chancery, &c. to Town Examiner's Office, &c. and back again."—*Bentham*.

"We must in all this look forward to the time when the Court for Trial of Civil causes by Jury will cease to partake of the character given to it by the statutes of 1815 and 1819; namely, that of being a separate Court, aiding and auxiliary, as it were, to the Court of Session. It ought never to be absent from the mind of whoever may have the superintendence of the Jury Court, in its present form, that the utmost foresight should be exercised to make provision for incorporating the present tribunal in what is of Civil right by Jury, with the ancient Judicature of Scotland."—*Report of Lord Chief Commissioner Adam*.

SINCE the publication of our last Number, the learned Professor of Scots Law has published a pamphlet, in which he has developed the views and principles on which the new Bill is founded, and examined the objections which have been stated against it in the Reports of the Committees of the Faculty of Advocates and Writers to the Signet. We believe we first of all stated objections to the Bill. As these objections are in ge-

neral decidedly opposed to the views of the authors of the Bill,—as they are scattered in different Numbers of our publication, to which those who are not our constant readers may not have access,—and as we have been unable to supply the demand for those Numbers in which the objections appeared, we have been induced to publish our objections in a separate pamphlet, in which we have also replied to the various answers to the objections contained in Professor Bell's pamphlet. The Objections to the Bill, and Answers, being now before the public, we have no doubt the public and the Legislature will decide which of the two plans is best calculated for the purpose of improving the forms, lessening the expense and delays of legal proceedings, and preventing appeals to the House of Lords. The result of the regulations of the new Bill is, that the expense in the Court of Session, of one process, will be about £321, 0s. 1½d., while, by the plan we have suggested, the same procedure would cost only about £40.

But we shall continue to state our views farther in detail on the subject of the administration of justice in Scotland, in which the people of Scotland and England are so very materially interested.

Anciently, Trial by Jury was followed, not only in the Supreme, but Inferior Courts of Scotland, in all kinds of questions, not excepting those relating to the titles or possession of real property. On the establishment of the present College of Justice in 1532, and subsequently up to the period of the Revolution in 1688, this mode of trial does not appear to have been favoured by the

* **EXAMINATION OF THE OBJECTIONS** stated against the Bill. By George Joseph Bell, Esq. Professor of the Law of Scotland in the University of Edinburgh.—Edinburgh: Constable & Co.; and Clark & Sons, London. 1825.

OBJECTIONS TO THE PROPOSED BILL, and the present System of Administering Justice in Scotland, and **SUGGESTIONS** for remodelling the Bill, or framing another Bill, for the purpose of improving the Forms, lessening the Expense and Delays of Procedure, and preventing Appeals to the House of Lords. By the Author of the Objections to the Scots New Judicature Bill, in the Edinburgh Magazine.—Edinburgh: Constable & Co.; and Clark & Son, London. 1825.

arbitrary and tyrannical rulers, who, during that period, were in power in Scotland. The Scots Judges had, at the institution of the College of Justice, and subsequently, pretended that they would establish regulations for the equal, expeditious, and cheap administration of justice; but this long-looked-for blessing never arrived. The Judges themselves came to decide both on the facts and the law. This system of administering justice continued without any change down to the year 1815.

The people of Scotland are indebted to Lord Grenville, for having first directed the attention of the British Legislature to the system of administering justice in Scotland. In 1806, a Bill was introduced into the House of Peers by his Lordship, for the purpose, amongst others, of introducing into the Court of Session Trial by Jury in cases of disputed facts. That measure gave rise to some discussion, and to several publications*. But the minds of the peo-

ple of Scotland had not yet been sufficiently prepared to appreciate the benefits that would arise from this mode of trial. Unfortunately, it was proposed, in the same Bill, to establish a Chamber of Review in Scotland, in order to prevent appeals to the House of Lords. This last measure was strenuously resisted by the people of Scotland, because they are sufficiently aware of the inestimable benefits of appeals to that House, and a similar measure will, in all probability, never be again attempted. The Bill even as to Jury Trial did not pass into a law.

In 1808†, 1810‡, 1821§, and 1823||, Bills were passed, to afford some very partial remedies; but these, it is notorious, are found inadequate to remove the abuses and evils which at present exist in the administration of justice in Scotland.

In 1815** a Bill was passed, establishing the present Jury Court for Trial by Jury of issues of fact; and in 1819†† another Bill was passed, to

* (1.) Scots Reform, for the Regulation of the Courts, and the Administration of Justice in Scotland. By Jeremy Bentham. London: Taylor & Co. 1807.

(2.) Proposed Reform of the Court of Session. Edinburgh Review. January 1807.

(3.) Speeches of the Members of the Faculty of Advocates, on the Bill entitled "An Act for better Regulating the Courts of Justice in Scotland, and the Administration of Justice therein, and establishing Trial by Jury in certain Civil Cases." Edin. Ballantyne & Co., and J. Murray, London. 1807.

(4.) Reasons of dissent from the Resolutions of the Faculty. By Robert Blair, David Hume, J. W. Murray, John Connel, D. Williamson, J. H. Forbes, Walter Scott, &c.; 2d March 1807.

(5.) Additional Reasons, by A. Macconochie. 1807.

(6.) Additional Reasons, by Sir A. M'Kenzie; 11th March 1807.

(7.) Memorial of the Lords of Council and Session as to the said Bill, with Notes. 1807.

(8.) Thoughts on Trial by Jury, with a View to a Reform of the Administration of Justice in Scotland. Edin. Blackwood, and Longman & Co., London. 1806. (Supposed to be by R. Forsyth, Esq. Advocate).

(9.) Reflections on the Administration of Civil Justice in Scotland. (Supposed to be by John B. Greenshields, Esq. Advocate).

(10.) Report by a Committee of the House of Peers, relative to the Administration of Civil Justice in Scotland; 18th June 1806.

(11.) Observations by James Ferguson, Esq. Advocate. Edin. Constable & Co., and J. Murray, London. 1807.

(12.) Hints upon the question of Jury Trial in Scotland, as applicable to the proceedings in the Court of Session. By I. C. (Supposed to be by Sir Hay Campbell, Lord President of the Court of Session.) Mundel, Doug, & Stevenson. 1809.

(13.) Remarks on the Acts of Sederunt of the Court of Session. By the same Author. 1809.

(14.) Remarks on the causes depending in the House of Lords from Scotland. By the Author of Observations on the Constitution and Forms of Proceedings in the Court of Session in Scotland. London, J. Bridgeway. 1810.

† 48 Geo. III. c. 151. ‡ 50 Geo. III. c. 112. § 1 and 2 Geo. IV. c. 38, 39.

|| 4 Geo. IV. c. 97. ** 55 Geo. III. c. 42.

†† 59 Geo. III. c. 35.

amend the supposed defects in the first Bill.

In 1815 his Majesty appointed five Commissioners for "inquiring into the duties, salaries, and emoluments, of the several Officers' Clerks and Ministers of Justice of the Courts in Scotland, and for reporting what regulations may be fit to be established respecting the same." These Commissioners were Sir Ilay Campbell, late Lord President of the Court of Session, Sir James Montgomery, and Messrs Scott, Threipland, and Glassford, Scots Barristers, who had retired from practising at the Bar. They have most ably and satisfactorily discharged their duty. In a number of Reports, which have been laid before Parliament, they have stated much valuable information. But Bills have not been introduced to carry their suggestions into complete effect.

The Report of the last Commissioners, when compared with the Reports of the first Commissioners, must be admitted to be decidedly inferior.

When a Bill was introduced into the House of Peers, in conformity to the last report, to render permanent the Jury Court as a separate establishment, without holding out the slightest hope of ultimately introducing Jury Trial into the Court of Session, the question was very generally agitated in Scotland, whether the time had not arrived for abolishing this Court as a separate tribunal? The question was first agitated in a series of Essays which appeared in the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*. It was afterwards considered and discussed by the Law-Bodies, and at various county-

meetings. If the point depended upon the expression of public opinion in Scotland, we believe we may safely state, that no question was ever more generally decided in the affirmative. We believe all the county-meetings* in their resolutions, and the Law Bodies in their reports, have concurred in opinion that the Jury Court, as a separate tribunal, should be abolished, and Jury Trial introduced into the Court of Session†. In the face of all this, it does appear in some degree marvellous, that an attempt should still be made to continue the Jury Court as a separate tribunal. The learned Professor, who has stated the reasons in support of the measure, cannot be ignorant of public opinion, although he affects either not to know it, or to say that it is confined to the Law Corporation. But the reasons adduced by him will perhaps go farther even than the expression of public opinion for rejecting the measure which he advocates, because those reasons appear to be altogether insufficient to justify the proposed continuance of that Court as a separate tribunal.

It is not without reason, that the people of Scotland are desirous to abolish the Jury Court. They have now had sufficient opportunity to judge of the results of the experiment of a separate Jury Court; and after nine years experience of the Jury Court as a separate tribunal, it does seem high time to make the experiment *now* of incorporating Jury Trial with the ancient judicature of Scotland‡.

The causes remitted to be tried in the Jury Court are as follow:—

* Resolutions of the Counties of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, Aberdeen, Perth, Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, Ross, &c:

† Reports of Committees of Faculty of Advocates, Writers to the Signet, Incorporated Solicitors, and Faculty of Admiralty procurators. In the Report of the Solicitors which was last published, the Committee state, "that it is their opinion, that the Jury Court should immediately be merged in the Court of Session." "The experience of nine years, which the practitioners have already had in Jury Court causes—the facility with which those Judges of the Court of Session, who were appointed Judges of the Jury Court, have directed and applied its forms of procedure, and ABOVE ALL, THE GENERAL VOICE OF THE PUBLIC, seem to render it necessary and expedient, that this union of jurisdictions should be accomplished with the least possible delay." *Rep.* p. 24.

‡ *Parl. Rep. App.* 285. 296.

In 1816.....49	In 1820.....169
1817.....38	1821.....81
1818.....82	1822.....75
1819.....63	1823.....64
<hr/>	<hr/>
232	379
<hr/>	<hr/>

Total.....611

Of which *tried*.....233

Not tried378

—611

In 1818, the third year after the establishment of the Jury Court, 21 cases were tried at the Circuits. In 1823, the eighth year of the establishment, there were only nine. In 1824, we have not been able to discover that there were above one or two.

These results shew, that this mode of trial is not popular. But this would be still more evident, if a list could be obtained of the causes which have been either submitted to arbiters during the same period, or abandoned altogether, rather than be compelled to undergo the experiment of a trial in the Jury Court.

It would also be instructive, if the expenses of the establishment of the Jury Court for eight years had been shewn, and consequently the expense paid by Government for each cause*.

It would appear that the establishment, during that period, has cost the country £.65,600, or for each cause, - - £.287 14 4

This is over and above the expenses on both sides to the parties, which is stated on an average of 63 trials †, to be - 285 13 7

Expense of each trial, £.513 7 11

The forms and preliminary steps of the Jury Court are much more tedious and expensive than those of the Supreme Court. In the Jury Court, every motion and meeting,—even with those learned modern sages, the jury-clerks—must be in presence of counsel, who of course must be fee'd. In the Court of Session, the expense of one *motion*, e. g. to get in a condescendence, is 11s. 8d.; in the Jury Court is £.2, 12s. 4d.; and all the other expenses in the Jury Court seem to be proportionally high. If the jury-clerks, who are such advocates for the extension of Jury Trial, and consequently of the continuance of their offices, would just try the experiment of advancing for a few trials *in cash*—

1. For fee to counsel and their clerks,.....	£52 10 0
2. To the witnesses,.....	40 0 0
3. To the jury,.....	12 12 0
	<hr/>
	£104 2 0

Agent's fees, being about 8 per cent. which the Agents would willingly give the jury-clerks *gratis*,..... 8 14 9½

Average expense ‡ of one side of a Jury Trial,..... £112 16 9½

and trust for repayment of such advances from the clients in the course of two or three years, subject to the hazard of poverty, bankruptcy, &c. they would probably arrive at the true cause of the aversion to the Jury Court, without attributing it, as they delight to do, to the alleged "*inex-*

* If we take into account merely the salaries of the Judges and Clerks of the Jury Court, it will appear that the expense to the public of each of the 228 cases tried in the Jury Court in the course of eight years, exclusive of the cost to the parties, amounts to upwards of £.287, as will be seen by the following statement :

Salary of Chief Commissioner,	-	£.4000
The Judges at £600 each,	- -	1200
First Clerk,	- - -	900
Three others at £.600 each,	- - -	1800
Chief Commissioner's Clerk,	- -	300
		<hr/>
		£.8200

8200 × 8 (£.65,600)

228

£.287 14 4

Letter, Sir A. Mackenzie, p. 19.

† Parl. Rep. App. p. 305. ‡ *Vide* Rep. of Admiralty Procurators, p. 25, 28.

perience and ignorance of the practitioners," or their "habits of conducting business."

By abolishing the Jury Court, and introducing Jury Trial into the Court of Session, the following advantages may be anticipated: *1st*, A considerable part of the expense of the Jury Court, as a separate establishment, would be saved. *2d*, It would be more convenient to the Judges, Counsel, and Agents. *3d*, Jury Trial would thus be ingrafted on the practice of the ancient judicature of the country. *4th*, Judges, Counsel, and Agents, would feel it necessary, in support of their *status* and character amongst a learned and intelligent profession, to study the science and machinery of Jury Trial, which a separate Court renders it unnecessary for them to do. *5th*, The transmissions and re-transmissions from one Court to another would be rendered unnecessary. *6th*, The conflicts arising from separate jurisdictions would be saved. *7th*, The special pleadings and issues would be prepared in the same Court, and before the same Judges who would preside at the Jury Trial. *8th*, **MOREOVER, THE EXPENSES TO THE PARTIES WOULD BE CONSIDERABLY LESSENED!** Thus the chief objections to this mode of trial would be removed. If so, it may with some confidence be predicted, that the people of Scotland, including the Judges, Counsel, and Agents, would combine to render Jury Trial practically useful, and consequently popular.

But in opposition to these reasons, the learned Professor contends, *1st*, That the expense of transmissions and re-transmissions is not much. *2d*, That it is no advantage whatever that the Judge before whom the record goes for trial, has himself superintended the completing of the record. *3d*, That the incorporating of Jury Trial into the Court of Session would not facilitate the proceedings, or economize the expenditure. *4th*, That the Judges of the Court of Session are not prepared by previous habit and study, or possessed of the qualifications necessary for the conduct of Jury Trial, and that they have a mixed juris-

diction of law and equity which is hostile to the principles of Jury Trial. *5th*, That the Counsel and Agents are not yet sufficiently skilled in the details of the form of proceedings in Jury Trials before the Court of Session, and are averse to begin a new study late in life. "To talk," says the learned Professor, "of the education of the Bar, and of Agents being complete in these circumstances at the very moment that the true principle of the proceedings and mode of trial is only opening on those who practise in that Court, and may be said as yet to have scarcely dawned on the minds of the rest of the profession, is greatly too absurd to obtain even the momentary credit necessary for a plausible argument *."

We have stated the reasons of the authors of the new Bill, in order that some opinion of them may be formed. To the most careless reader, every one of them must appear to be erroneous and ill-founded; to the Profession, they are well known to be so. They have, in fact, been conclusively and triumphantly obviated in the reports of the Faculty of Advocates and Writers to the Signet.

1st, The learned Professor himself, we believe, has never been engaged in a single Jury Trial. But every practitioner knows, that the expense of discussions relative to transmissions from the Court of Session to the Jury Court, and re-transmissions, are considerable.

2d, It does appear not a little absurd, that, as proposed by the new Bill, the special pleadings and issues are to be prepared in the Court of Session, and afterwards remitted to the Jury Court, where the same procedure may be again gone over. At present, the summons and defences, which are of no use, are prepared in the Court of Session; and the other special pleadings (condescendences and answers) and issues are prepared in the Jury Court. It is quite possible, that, in England, where Jury Trial is so well understood, the pleadings and issues may be prepared under the superintendence of one Judge, and the Jury Trial take place before another Judge. This must also be the case in Scotland in

* Bell's Exam. p. 131 to 161.

cases tried at the Circuits. But in Scotland, where the system of Jury Trial is not so well understood, it appears to be attended with no risk, that the pleadings and issues should be prepared before the same Lord Ordinary who shall continue to be one of the Judges at the Jury Trial; and it promises many advantages. It will induce the Judge to take a greater interest in the proper preparation of preliminary pleadings and issue; by continuing to follow the cause to its conclusion, he will soon acquire a sufficient course of practice to enable him to conduct Jury Trial with facility. By the mode proposed by the new Bill, the pleadings and issues are to be prepared before a Judge of the Court of Session, who, it is assumed, is unfit to conduct a Jury Trial; and when the record is completed, it is to be sent by the ignorant Judge to another Court, and another Judge of greater skill in the machinery of a Jury Trial is to revise the procedure before the ignorant Judge, and to preside at the trial. With admirable consistency, it is proposed that all maritime causes must be remitted at once to the Jury Court, in order to prepare, in that Court, the pleadings and issues before Judges who confessedly know little or nothing of the principles of maritime law, at least cannot be supposed to have the same experience in such questions as the Judge Admiral. Certainly no person can be so blind as not at once to perceive, that the plan proposed by the objectors to the new Bill is infinitely better than that proposed by the framers of the Bill.

3d. In opposition to the statement of the learned Professor, every practitioner is of opinion that Jury Trial in the Court of Session would very materially facilitate the procedure, and lessen the expenses.

4th and 5th. The objection of ignorance brought indiscriminately against the Judges, Counsel, and Agents, of the Court of Session, has been very conclusively answered by the Writers to the Signet. But assuming the objection to be well founded to some extent, may it not be asked, Is this alleged ignorance and want of skill more likely to be removed by having Jury Trial before a

separate tribunal, like the Jury Court, than by Jury Trial being incorporated with the Court of Session? On the one hand, by confining Jury Trial to one tribunal, the necessary practice and knowledge becomes a matter of perfect indifference to the greater number of the profession, and Jury Trial runs the risk of becoming every day more obnoxious. It is in vain to think that parties can be compelled by legislative enactments to try their causes before one tribunal. They can always enter into submissions, or, if one of the parties refuse this, it only remains to settle with the opposite party on his own terms. The experiment of Jury Trial in a separate tribunal has been tried during nine years; and the result may be considered as a complete failure. The Jury Court, as a separate tribunal, is becoming every day more obnoxious; and, if much longer continued, scarcely a single cause will be tried before that Court. On the other hand, by incorporating Jury Trial with the Court of Session, it will necessarily become a part of the business and study of every practitioner before the Court of Session. He will thus be the more readily induced to advise his client to take the benefit of this mode of trial. Causes would thus encrease. The field of experience would be enlarged, which would be alike beneficial to Judges, Counsel, and Agents. Thus the alleged ignorance, and want of science, would be best removed. In this way the prediction of the Lord-Chief-Commissioner, and the intention of the Legislature will be soonest fulfilled—"THAT WHEN THE LAW SHALL BE ADMINISTERED TO THE JURY BY THE SUPREME JUDGES OF THE ANCIENT TRIBUNAL OF SCOTLAND, THE SYSTEM WILL BE ESTABLISHED (without a remnant of dissatisfaction) IN ITS MOST PERFECT AND BENEFICIAL FORM."

It only remains to notice some other statements which the learned Professor has made in the course of his argument.

1st, It is said, that the Court of Session having an equitable jurisdiction, that jurisdiction is hostile to Jury Trial. This we conceive to be rather a benefit than a defect. Every tribunal should, we conceive, have

both a law and equitable jurisdiction. It is true that such a division of jurisdiction exists in England. But this is just one of the defects and blunders of the English system which ought to be avoided and not imitated*, and that part of the English system ought to be assimilated to the practice in Scotland †.

2d, It is alleged by the framers of the Bill, that Jury Trial must run greater hazard of being confounded, and utterly defeated, by being at once merged in the Court of Session. Now this is a statement which is made without a shadow of foundation. It is urged in order to give very unnecessary alarm. So far from any such result being at all probable, there seems much greater reason to anticipate that the reverse would take place; and that Jury Trial, by being merged in the Court of Session, instead of being at present kept in mystery and concealment in a separate tribunal, would become every day better known to all parties, and more generally beneficial in Scotland.

II. Court of Session.

"On a mere arithmetical calculation, it is evident, that if three Courts are to perform the duties formerly discharged by one Court, they will be enabled, *ceteris paribus*, to give three times the despatch formerly given." "When a small number of Judges compose a Court, each individual is brought more distinctly into view. The necessity of appointing men properly qualified will therefore be the stronger, and our security for obtaining able Judges will be improved. Very important advantages, and, in particular, great despatch, will seem, therefore, likely to be the result of the division of the Court into Chambers. When combined with Jury Trial, the celerity of proceeding will be almost incredible."—*Reflections*, 1806.

In England, the Court of Exchequer exercises a jurisdiction not only in cases arising under the Revenue Laws, but also in all cases of a Civil Nature. In Scotland, the Court of Exchequer is confined to questions under the Revenue Laws, and is en-

tirely excluded from any jurisdiction in Civil Cases. The duties of the Barons are at present a complete farce. Their offices may be considered to be nearly sinecures, and the Chief Baron could sufficiently, without the aid of the other Barons, perform all the Judicial business.

In England, there are the following Judges:

1. In the Court of Exchequer,.....	4
2. Common Pleas,.....	4
3. King's Bench,.....	4
4. Chancery,.....	3
5. Admiralty,.....	1
6. Consistorial,.....	1

17

In Scotland there are:

1. Court of Exchequer,.....	4
2. Session:	
First Division,	5
Second Division,	5
Outer-House,	4
Bill-Chamber,	1
	15
3. Jury,.....	1
4. Admiralty,.....	1
5. Commissary,.....	4

25

Surplus in Scotland,.....⁸

Without entering upon the inquiry whether the business in Scotland might not be equally well conducted by 17 Judges as in England, it appears worthy of consideration whether, in the event of Jury Trial being ingrafted on the practice of the Court of Session, three of the Barons in the Exchequer might not, beneficially for the country, take a share of the business in the Court of Session, in order that a *third* Inner-House Chamber of the Court of Session might be formed, of which the present Lord Chief Commissioner should be President during his life, and, after his death, the Lord Chief Baron for the time being; but it being without prejudice to the present jurisdiction of the Court of Exchequer, or to the dignity of the present Lord Chief Baron, who should continue, as at present, Chief Baron, or President of the Court of Exchequer,

* 3 Black. Com. 64. "This is a blunder in England which ought to be avoided and not imitated." Opinion of Mr Forsyth, Advocate, *Rep. Parl. Com. App* 151, and of Mr Moncrieff, Advocate, *ib.* 211. In no other country except England has one Tribunal the cognizance of *Equity* and another of *Law*.

† *Rep. of Admiralty Proceedings*, p. 6.

in all matters in which that Court has now jurisdiction.

It will afterwards be suggested, that the Bill-Chamber should be abolished, and that the Judge of the Admiralty and Judge of the Commissary Court should be raised to the rank of Lords Ordinary of the Court of Session.

If these suggestions were thought worthy of adoption, the Court of Session would then be divided into THREE *Inner-House* Chambers; the *First* Division consisting of the Lord President and three Judges, the *Second* Division of the Lord Justice Clerk and three Judges; and the *Third* Division of the Lord Chief Commissioner and three other Judges; two of whom would be Barons of Exchequer, and the third one of the Lords Ordinary of the Court of Session, in whose place, as one of the Lords Ordinary in the *Outer-House*, the Junior Baron of Exchequer might act. In order that Jury Trial might be equally well conducted in each of the Divisions, one of the three present Jury-Court Judges could be attached to each of the Divisions—Lord Gillies in the First Division, Lord Pitmilley in the Second, and the Lord Chief Commissioner as President of the Third Division.

There would thus remain seven Judges to act as Lords Ordinary in the *Outer-House*, besides two Judges of the Admiralty and Commissary Court, who might also act as Lords Ordinary in all cases falling within the ancient and established jurisdiction of those Courts. To each *Inner-House* Division there would be two Lords Ordinary; and Appeals from the seventh or Junior Lord Ordinary, as at present, or from the two Judges of the Admiralty and Commissary Courts, might be presented to any of the three Divisions: Jury Trial should be equally competent before any of the three Divisions or Ordinaries, or the Judges of the Admiralty and Commissary Courts. All of the Judges of the three Chambers should be members of the Court of Justiciary, and should take an equal share of the criminal business. The Court of Justiciary should be merged in the

three Divisions of the Court of Session.

It has been proposed that the two Divisions of the *Inner-House* should sit on alternate days*. Thus the First Division might sit on Monday—the Second on Tuesday—the Third on Wednesday—and so on; the Judges of each Division being allowed two days to read and consider their papers, before delivering judgment, or to attend in the Exchequer or Criminal sides of the Court.

This Division of the Court would correspond to the Courts of Exchequer, Common Pleas, and King's Bench, in England. It would also continue the Lord Chief Commissioner in the same rank and dignity which he holds at present in the Jury Court, and which no person in Scotland would wish to see in any way infringed.

With respect to the four principal Clerks of the Jury Court, they might be transferred to the Court of Session, and one of them attached to each of the Lords Ordinary.

It seems worthy of consideration, whether *three* English Special Pleaders might not be farther appointed, so that each Lord Ordinary would have, for a certain time, the assistance of one person thoroughly conversant with the forms and proceedings in Jury Trials. But on the death or appointment to another office of any of the present principal Clerks of the Jury Court, or of these Special Pleaders, their offices should cease, and, in future, be exclusively performed by the Depute-Clerks of the Court of Session. The other Clerks of the Jury Court might be made eligible to offices in the Court of Session, with salaries corresponding to those they now receive, upon succeeding to which, their present salaries should cease.

In the Report of the Committee of the House of Peers dated the 18th June 1806, one of the Resolutions was, that "the Court of Session should sit in such number of separate Chambers as may be found most convenient, and that the Lords sitting in such Chambers respectively, shall exercise the same functions, and shall enjoy the same authority

* Rep. of Incorporated Sol. p. 7.

and privileges as are now enjoyed by the whole Lords sitting together.

In the Bill introduced on that Report, it was proposed to establish THREE Chambers, and the advantages and reasons for that improvement have been admirably stated by the author of *Reflections on the Administration of Justice in Scotland* *. Some valuable information on the same subject will be found in the Speeches of the Faculty of Advocates in 1807 †.

The result of these discussions was, that the Court of Session was divided into *two* Chambers; and very great benefit has been experienced for that division of the Court. But the business before these two Divisions is still considerably in arrear.

By the new Bill, it is proposed to establish an additional Chamber for Jury Trial. But the proposal has been opposed by all the Law-Bodies and county meetings; and no doubt can now exist, that public opinion in Scotland is decidedly opposed to the continuance of the present Jury Court, or the establishment of an additional Chamber for the sole purpose of Jury Trial.

Anticipating that the Legislature will act in accordance with public opinion, by abolishing the Jury Court, it remains for consideration and public discussion, whether a THIRD CHAMBER of the Inner-House, to be established as proposed to us, would accelerate business, and prove a material benefit to the people of Scotland?

The same reasons which induced the Legislature to divide the Court of Session into two Divisions, appears to us to be equally strong for forming three Divisions, and incorporating the Barons of Exchequer amongst the Judges of the Court of Session and Judiciary. These reasons we humbly conceive must be sufficiently obvious, without any farther repetition of them.

We do not anticipate any objections to this plan, which might not be very easily obviated. We cannot imagine that the present Ordinary Barons of Exchequer would decline to undertake this additional trouble.

The present Lord-Chief-Baron can sufficiently perform all the judicial business of the Exchequer without any assistance from the other Barons, and the other Barons in the intervals of the sittings of the third Chamber would have sufficient time to perform their share of the extrajudicial and ministerial business of the Exchequer. By this plan, one great benefit would be acquired to the Law of Scotland, viz. that Baron Hume, late Professor of Scots Law, would become one of the civil and criminal Judges. Another gratifying advantage would be, that the dignity of the Lord Chief Commissioner would rather be increased by being President of the Third Chamber, than by being continued as Lord Chief Commissioner.

If this plan should be thought worthy of adoption, it seems deserving of consideration, whether provision should not be made, as in the case of the Exchequer, that one of the Judges of each of the three Divisions should be always taken from the English Bar. To this it may be objected, that no such English Barrister can be supposed sufficiently acquainted with the Scots Law. But we conceive there are always a sufficient number of English Barristers having considerable practice in the House of Lords, such as the Hon. Mr Abercromby and Mr Adam, and others, who are thus sufficiently acquainted with Scots Law, to act as Scots Judges, although they have been bred at the English Bar. Besides, the probability is, that if Jury Trial were once merged in the Court of Session, the practice would soon become substantially the same as in England. The Scots Bar would have no reason to regret this assimilation. They would then become qualified to receive appointments in the Judicial Establishments in England and the Colonies. The course of study to which this would lead would very materially contribute to hasten and accelerate the complete assimilation of the English and Scots systems of administering justice,—a consummation, in our opinion, devoutly to be wished, and which would be much

* *Reflections*, p. 93, 98

† Substance of the Speeches by Members of Faculty of Advocates (1807)

to the benefit of the people and practitioners in Scotland.

III. Inferior Courts and Practitioners.

"The very knowledge, that there is room for an Appeal, must, in some measure, induce them to have more strict regard to justice; because, if their friends, whom they would dishonestly serve, are cast in an Inferior Court, it must redound to their own disgrace, and their friends' injury."—In Denmark, "The sentences passed in the Inferior Courts are sometimes biased and partial; but not often, for fear of the highest Court, where great regard is had to justice." *English Liberty* (1748).

"Local interests and prejudices cannot fail, occasionally, to excite partialities in the minds of provincial Judges, especially when they happen to be natives of the county; and their decisions, in such cases, are the less to be relied on." *View of the Office of Sheriff in Scotland*, by Robert Clark. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute, 1824.

By the Inferior Courts of Scotland, we at present refer more particularly to the Courts of the Sheriffs and of Royal Burghs. Their jurisdiction is nearly as comprehensive as that of the Supreme Civil Courts of Scotland. It includes all civil actions whatever, with the exception of a very few, in which other courts have a privative jurisdiction. The English Sheriffs have not the same jurisdiction as the Sheriffs in Scotland; and the Inferior English Courts, such as those of the City of London, and Towns of Hull, Newcastle, &c. are not very extensively useful. In this respect, the division of jurisdiction in England seems objectionable, in comparison with that in Scotland. It is so viewed even in England, in spite of the attachment of the English to every thing, however absurd, which is once established, no matter how. But this defect is partially supplied by the popular mode of *Nisi Prius* trials on circuits. Taking, however, all the *Nisi Prius* causes in England for one year, they would be found to form a small proportion of the number of causes tried before the Scots Sheriff and Burgh Courts.

Scotland is divided into thirty counties or sheriffdoms, each having

a court, the Judges of which are, a Sheriff depute and his Substitute; but as there are sometimes two or three different Courts in the same Sheriffdom, the number of Sheriffs in Scotland is 41, and there are 66 Courts of Royal Burghs. The actions brought into and before the Sheriff Courts are annually, on an average of the years 1821, 22, and 23, - 22,071. Of these there are appealed to

the Court of Session, only - 188
(*Vide App. to Rep. of Com. p. 269.*)

A full return has not been obtained of causes brought before the several Burgh Courts; but the following cases appear to be brought annually, on an average of three years:—

Glasgow,	-	1237
Aberdeen,	-	1567
Dundee,	-	247

(*Vide ibid. p. 269.*)

Lord Medwyn, formerly Sheriff of Perthshire, says, "In order to ascertain how far the number of appeals to the House of Lords may be affected by cases originating in the Inferior Courts, I have examined" the Scots appeals decided from 1816 to 1822, and there appears only 13 from Sheriff Courts, and 6 from Burgh Courts. But, of the first of these, 5 were advocated as matter of course; so that there remain just 8 appeals decided on the merits in seven years, viz.:—

Case in which Court of Session and House of Lords affirmed the Sheriff's judgment,	-	1
Cases altered by Court of Session, and House of Lords reverse and affirm Sheriff's judgment,	-	3
Cases in which Court of Session adhered, and House of Lords reverse,	-	3
Case in which Court of Session adhered, and House of Lords remit,	-	1
		8

Thus, in four of these appeals, the House of Lords affirmed the Sheriff's judgment; and in the other four, his judgment was affirmed by the Court of Session, but reversed by the House of Lords.—(*App. 145.*)

From these facts, it appears that of upwards of 20,000 cases annually brought before the Inferior Courts,

about 184 only are appealed to the Court of Session; and of 80,000 in the course of seven years, 8 only are appealed to the House of Peers, that is, just one in each year. The business of the House of Lords in deciding appeals cannot, therefore, be said to be very much increased by the discussion of one appeal case annually, out of 80,000 causes originating before the whole Sheriff-Courts of Scotland; and it seems to follow, that no ground has been made out for cutting off the right of appeal at present possessed by the parties in such causes. This right has been hitherto admitted, without any other restriction than the consequent expenses of appealing, and that consideration alone will always operate powerfully to prevent frivolous appeals, which the Supreme Judges, to save themselves trouble, independently of other considerations, are sufficiently disposed to discourage. But, to the existence of the right to appeal, may perhaps be attributed not only the confidence which the people have in the integrity and impartiality of the Scots Sheriffs and Inferior Judges, but the salutary effect which it produces on those Judges themselves, in obliging them, from a regard to justice and their own character, carefully to form their judgments according to the law and the precedents of the Supreme Court. "The doors of the Court of Session," says Lord Medwyn, "*should be open, to redress whatever injustice may have been committed by the Inferior Courts, even in the smallest causes.*"

In order, however, still farther to improve the procedure before Inferior Courts, it seems necessary that the rules and regulations relative to the forms of process should be assimilated to those of the Supreme Court. These rules and regulations should be framed and fairly submitted, in the first instance, to public opinion, and afterwards finally established by Parliamentary enactments only. They should "begin with the original writ, and regulate the pleadings from the very commencement of the suit, upon the model of the English system of special pleading, so far as that system has been found salutary in practice;" and also regulate the whole procedure, till the decree of the Judge be pronounced and put in execution against the

debtor's person or effects. In this way the successive labours of the Lord Ordinary, the Judges of the Inner-House, and the Lord Chancellor, would be greatly diminished; and the merits of the case brought from the Court below, might be sufficiently investigated and discussed upon the production of the record of the Inferior Court process, without farther pleadings.—(*Opinion of Mr Reddie, Assessor of Glasgow, Appr p. 23.*)

For these reasons, we are humbly, but decidedly, of opinion, that the 38th and 39th clauses of the New BILL are highly objectionable. By the 38th section, it is proposed to delegate the powers of Parliament to the Scots Supreme Judges, to frame rules and regulations by *Acts of Sederunt*; and by the 39th section, it is intended that, in causes not exceeding in value £.12, the sentences of the Judge Admiral and Sheriff shall be final, and not subject to review, except on the single ground of *corruption* (an exception quite illusory, as every one knows,) and the sentences of the Burgh Courts to be appealed against only to the Circuit Court of Justiciary. These clauses are no doubt in conformity with the opinion of the Commissioners. But, in the first place, we consider the opinion of the Commissioners on these points as deserving of little or no weight whatever. A majority of those Commissioners are sufficiently well known to be partial to the system of Acts of Sederunt. Doubts may be also entertained whether the Scots Judges are the persons best qualified, by practical information and experience, for framing such rules and regulations. Besides, although they were ever so well qualified, it is not expedient, in a constitutional point of view, that they ought to be entrusted with such extraordinary powers. The Scots Judges deliberate on their Acts of Sederunt *in secret, and with shut doors*: they, on such subjects, though of general concern, receive no petitions from the people;—they never give the slightest opportunity for the expression of public opinion;—and, at any rate, they are too exalted to listen to it, when in opposition to their own legislative views, as experience has rather painfully demonstrated. 2dly, The right

of appeal should be continued, because, by giving confidence to the suitors in the integrity of the Judges, it tends to raise the Inferior Courts in estimation and usefulness.

It is quite fashionable for briefless Barristers, and idle young Writers to the Signet, to speak contemptuously, in the language of the 38th section of the new Bill, of "the skill and knowledge of the Procurators," that is, country writers. But instead of affixing a mark of degradation on this class of the community, we humbly think it would be more beneficial for the country at large, were regulations adopted by the Legislature for exalting the importance and usefulness of the country practitioners, such as attach to

those in the country parts of England. In that part of the empire, all the country practitioners are first admitted Attornies in the Courts at Westminster, which confer on them, the same rank as that of the Solicitors in London. It is of great importance to the Scots people that the Inferior Courts shall not be degraded: For "nothing," says Milton, "can be more essential to the freedom of the people, than to have the administration of justice *within their own bounds, without long travelling, or depending upon remote places to obtain their right, or any civil accomplishment; so it be not supreme, but subordinate to the general power.*"

Scottish College Hours.

No. I.

Anacreon.

To the Dove.

Ἐρασμὴ πέλεια,
Πόθεν ποθεν περᾶσαι.

WHENCE, whence flying, beauteous Dove!

Thou winged messenger of Love?
And whence, from ev'ry painted plume,
Breathing, distilling rich perfume
Which sweetly scents the gentle gale,
That wafts thee over hill and dale?
Oh! with what secret tidings—say,
Spread'st thou thy wing, and speed'st thy way?

Anacreon, with news of joy,
Hath sent me to his darling boy—
Bathyllus, who, all youths above,
Now reigns the prince and king of Love.
A little love-song won the heart
Of Venus, with her Dove to part;
And now I toil the bard to please
In tender missions such as these,
Which, swiftly skimming through the air,
From my Anacreon I bear.
He kindly says, that soon I'll be
From bondage and from service free;
But though to me he freedom give,
His faithful slave I still shall live;
For I would rather hover near
A master grown to me so dear,
Than aye on weary pinion fly
O'er meadow broad and mountain high,
My resting-place trees of the wood,
And wild-flowers of the field my food.

Whereas, at present, I am fed
From Anacreon's hand with bread;
And I, his little fav'rite, sip
The wine which has but left his lip;
Then, joyfully, I hop, and spread
In gratitude, around his head,
The shelter of my glossy wing—
A warm and downy covering;
And when I to repose retire,
I soundly sleep upon his lyre.

Now, stranger, quickly go thy way,
For nothing more have I to say;
I've done what I ne'er did before—
Than prating jack-daw chatter'd more.

To the Rose.

Στεφανηφόρου μετ' ἥρος,
Μέλιπομμι ρόδον θέρεινον.

Companion! aid me while I sing
The Summer Rose and flow'ry Spring.
Fav'rite flower to mortals given!
Bliss of man, and breath of Heaven—
Pride of the Graces, while with flow'rs
They crown the Loves in Summer bow'rs—

Darling theme of fables told
By many a dreaming bard of old—
O'er ev'ry plant that decks the year,
To Venus and the Muses dear!
Sweet is the Rose to those who make
Their way through paths of thorny brake;
And sweet, if through the grove we stray,
And plucking from its stem away

The flow'r of Love, in gentle palm
We cherish, and inhale its balm.
This is the flow'r which sheds delight
O'er ev'ry home on festive night—
O'er ev'ry mystic scene divine
In honour of the god of wine.
For what does not the Rose adorn?
Lo! rosy-finger'd dawns the morn—
The Nymphs, displaying all their charms,
Touch with a rosy tint their arms—
And when along the magic page
By fancy of poetic sage,
In dazling beauty Venus glows,
She steals complexion from the Rose.
The Rose, with healing fragrance shed,
Revives the sick—embalms the dead—
And triumphs o'er the pow'r of Time;
For when in age, and past its prime,
It still retains as sweet perfume,
As in its days of perfect bloom—
Come; let us sing the natal hour
And birth-place of so sweet a flow'r.

When, from the sea of aspect mild,
Emerging—Ocean's foamy child—
Venus, bespangled o'er with dew,
A goddess rose to mortal view;
And Jove above his head display'd
Young Minerva—warrior maid—
Then Roses budded first on earth,
A new and variegated birth;
And hosts of gods began to pour
Sweet nectar o'er the infant flow'r;
And from the thorn was seen to rise,
Bacchus' plant, that never dies.

To a Disk having a Venus engraved on it.

Ἄρα τις τόρνευε πύργον
Ἄρα τις μανείσῃα τέχνη.

What pow'r divine could thus impart
Such magic to the hand of Art,
To carve upon the Disk so well
The billows, as they sink and swell?
Who, rapt on high in heav'nly thought,
Hath holy inspiration caught,
Over the surface of the wave
A tender Venus to engrave?
And though an unveil'd Queen of Love—
The mother of the bless'd above—
Yet all too sacred to be seen,
From mortal gaze the billows screen.
Floating at will, like sea-flow'r spread,
Pale on its soft and stilly bed,
The goddess swimming, tries to urge
Her lovely form through foamy surge.
The waters rippling, move aside,
And yield, where'er her arms divide
The swelling billows, and where rests
Her beauteous neck or rosy breasts;
Seen through the wat'ry, azure light,
Like lily of the purest white

Which purple violets entwine,
The beauties of the Cyprian shine.
While playful Love and Passion ride
On dolphins o'er the silv'ry tide,
With youthful bloom and winning
smiles—

In ev'ry feature lurking wiles;
And through the billows bound along
Myriads of the fishy throng,
That sport around where'er is seen,
To swim and smile, the Paphian Queen.

To the Cicada.

Μαχαρίζομαι σὲ τίττιξ,
Ὅτι διδούσῃν ἐπ' ἀκρῶν.

Oh, Cicada! blest are you!
Having sipt a little dew,
And on tree-tops perch'd, you sing,
Insect! happy as a king.
All the harvests that you see
In the fields belong to thee;
Fruits and flow'rs for thee appear,
Thine the riches of the year.
Nothing dost thou ever blight;
Thou, the husbandman's delight!
Mortals love to sing thy praise,
Sweet harbinger of Summer days!
Thee the Muses love; thou art
Dear unto Apollo's heart,
And he gave thee that sweet note,
Warbling through thy tiny throat.
Neither dost thou, little sage,
Ever feel the waste of age,
Lover thou of song and mirth,
Without ailment, child of earth,
Flesh nor blood belongs to thee,
Thou'rt almost like a Deity!!

To his Mistress.

Ἄγε, ζωγράφων ἀρίστε,
Γράφε, ζωγράφων ἀρίστε.

Come! best of painters! and obey
The mandate of my roundelay;
Paint, master of the Rhodian art,
The absent mistress of my heart.
Paint, first, her tresses flowing back,
Both downy soft and jetty black;
And if the wax such charms can give,
Features that speak and forms that live,
Let ev'ry ringlet breathe perfume;
And o'er a cheek of glowing bloom
Raise her forehead smooth and fair,
Beneath a veil of auburn hair.
Her eye-brows must so gently run,
By skilful shading, into one,
That where they meet shall hidden lie
From finest touch and nicest eye.
And, like her native beauty, tinge
Each eye-lid with a sable fringe;
And arching o'er an eye of fire
Which beams, in ev'ry glance, desire—

Eyes, like Minerva's, sparkling blue—
 Like Cythera's,—eyes of dew.
 To paint her cheeks and nose, unite
 A rosy red and milky white.
 Paint her with lips that but exist,
 And pout, like Pitho's, to be kiss'd.
 Beneath a chin of finest mould
 Her alabaster neck unfold ;

And, round these, to the portrait bring
 A host of Graces all on wing.
 Then, through the robes, meant to conceal,
 The light-blue robes—why not reveal
 One glory of her lovely skin,
 A pledge of countless charms within ?
 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! no more I seek—
 Oh, Portrait ! you perhaps will speak !

HISTORY OF THE EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA, UNDERTAKEN BY THE EMPEROR
 NAPOLEON IN THE YEAR 1812*.

IN our Number for December 1821, and in that for January of the present year, we had occasion to lay before our readers a tolerably comprehensive view of the Campaign in Russia in 1812,—of the organization, marches, counter-marches, and positions—of the alternate advance and retreat of the contending armies—with the series of dreadful and sanguinary conflicts and reverses of which that memorable expedition was productive. In executing that sketch, we were chiefly guided by the very valuable work of Colonel Boutourlin, one of the Aides-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander,—a performance distinguished for the general accuracy of its details, the candour and impartiality of its admissions, and the extreme importance and interest of its tactical expositions and military criticisms. At the same time, we alluded to other writers, English, French, German, and Russian, who have treated of the same subject ; and after combining and comparing the statements and opinions they have given, with those contained in Colonel Boutourlin's work, we came to the conclusion, that little or nothing had been left for future writers to supply. Under these impressions, we took up the volumes of the Count de Segur, and rapidly glanced over their contents ; anticipating little beyond a repetition of the horrid details with which we were already familiar, notwithstanding the noise they have made in Paris, throughout France, and indeed all over the Continent†. Our presentiments have, to a certain extent, been realized ; in this work we found much with which we were already familiar, but we found more that is perfectly new to us, and we believe to all, except the gallant and unfortunate men who escaped destruction amidst the snows and steppes of Russia ; and in perusing the narrative, we were perfectly fascinated and spell-bound by the irresistible charm of the composition, and by the painful and overpowering interest infused into it. The wildest fictions of imagination sink into nothing, compared with the dreadful realities of this ever-memorable expedition: And never were these realities brought so forcibly before us, or the terrible picture of misery, desolation, and death, alternating with the most frightful atrocities, the most sublime courage, and the most heroic devotion so vividly portrayed. When we add that these volumes exhibit information of the highest importance to the statesman, the warrior, the philosopher, and the moralist, as well as to the mere reader for the gratification of curiosity, is it possible to say more in their praise ?

But, as we have only a few weeks ago devoted so many pages to the Russian campaign of 1812, and as, on many points, the subject-matter of Boutourlin's and Segur's works is essentially the same, we shall more especially direct the attention of our readers to the *novelties* of the last-mentioned author, referring for details on other points to our former Numbers.

* History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon in the year 1812. By General Count Philip De Segur. In two volumes 8vo., with a Map, and five Engravings. London: Treuttel and Wurtz, &c. 1825.

† The first edition of Segur's work, said to have been a large one, was sold off within ten days after publication ; the second edition, consisting of 6,000 or 7,000 copies, was disposed of in an equally short period ; and a third edition is said to be now in the press.

Segur supplies a vast mass of the most curious, interesting, and valuable details, with respect to the Ex-Emperor of France. Napoleon—his thoughts—his opinions—his discussions with his generals—his occupations—his policy—his resolutions—his operations—his violent agitations of mind—his misgivings—his daring and overwhelming boldness—his bodily infirmities—his mental agony—his failings—his errors—and his mighty, heroic, and unique deeds, are all brought successively under review; and the volumes before us, being a record of the achievements of Napoleon in 1812, and of his dreadful reverses, will become familiar, as household words, to every child in France, and will doubtless be handed down to posterity as a faithful history of some of the most astonishing and most important events in the annals of the world.

Buonaparte was unquestionably—all things considered—the most extraordinary man that ever existed. When we think of the events of his life, from the moment that he drew breath in an Island of the Mediterranean, till he expired, an exile on a rock in the African Ocean, our positive assured knowledge can hardly secure us against a suspicion that the whole is a splendid vision—a romance of the wildest and most startling extravagance. Though we know all the events to have taken place within the period of our existence, some of them seem almost to transcend the limits of belief. What, for example, will posterity say of the escape from Elba, the second expulsion of the Bourbons, and the re-establishment of the Imperial dynasty, without firing a shot, or shedding a drop of blood? The career of this man raises our enthusiasm, engages our minds, and excites our curiosity. We begin to study his life, and we are impelled on, from volume to volume, with additional ardour; and though some of his actions may disgust us as criminal, and others lessen him as capricious or absurd, yet we like to become familiar with the whole.

We have read much of Napoleon, but it is in Segur's work that we have a transcript of the dreadful mental distress—the overwhelming agony of soul—of the ambitious, haughty, and daring leader of the French. In it, as in a mirror, we remark that this mighty genius and conqueror gained some of his laurels with a bursting heart. Indeed, in 1812, not a few of them seem to have been the result of that courage which flows from despair—of that courage which makes even the feeble strong. Yet the Emperor had almost always the power of concealing his mental emotions and his misgivings, from his most immediate attendants, his counsellors, and his generals; but especially from his army. Even when disappointed, his bulletins generally portrayed victory, and the prospect of the conquest of Russia. Thus the wily warrior seems to have blindfolded his troops, officers, and soldiers, the French nation, Europe, nay, the world. But defeats, and time, the revealer of secrets, and the loss of his magnificent army, at length reluctantly unveiled the melancholy truth, that Buonaparte was defeated.

The painful accounts which we are about to extract from Segur's work depict the mind of one of the greatest of men under different aspects—in public and in private—in health and in sickness—in the face of his troops and in the interior of his tent—in the zenith of his glory, and after his star had been eclipsed—in the hour of victory, and in that of defeat—in triumph and in despair; and they also show how dearly this ambitious hero paid for some of the distinctions which will immortalize his name, when his failings, his errors, and his crimes, are forgotten—if indeed any thing connected with such a man can ever be forgotten. But it is time to come to the work before us.

Segur's volumes are divided into books and chapters, and the work is illustrated by a map of the countries between Paris and Moscow, shewing the route of the French army in the disastrous campaign of 1812—by a view of the passage of the Niemen—and by tolerable portraits of Napoleon, Alexander, Murat, and Ney. Count Paul Philip de Segur is son of the distinguished Count Louis Philip de Segur, and is himself a well-known and celebrated character. He is one of the chevaliers of the order of St. Lewis, and is commander of the order of the Legion of Honour, &c. He has long

been in the service of his country, and has oftener than once bled in her cause. For some time he was a prisoner of war in the neighbourhood of Moscow, but was exchanged at the peace of Tilsit. He afterwards participated in the war in Spain, and in 1812, after having been promoted to the rank of a General of Brigade, he made the Russian Campaign in this capacity, and seems to have enjoyed advantageous opportunities of observing all the motions, and knowing all the resolutions of his Imperial Master. He also shared in the subsequent affairs of the French army, acquired fresh laurels, and was named one of the *Martéaux-de-Camp de l'état-Major-Général de l'Armée* *. The dedication of the work to the "Veterans of the Grand Army" is written with great feeling and spirit, and in a masterly style.

Comrades, (says Segur,) I have undertaken the task of tracing the History of the Grand Army and its Leader during the year 1812. I address it to such of you as the ices of the North have disarmed, and who can no longer serve their country but by the recollection of their misfortunes and their glory. Stopped short in your noble career, your existence is much more in the past than in the present; but when the recollections are so great, it is allowable to live, solely in them. I am not afraid, therefore, of troubling that repose which you have so dearly purchased, by placing before you the most fatal of your deeds of arms. Who is there but knows, that from the depth of his obscurity the looks of the fallen man are involuntarily directed towards the splendour of his past existence—even when its light illuminates the shoal on which the bark of his fortune struck, and when it displays the fragments of the greatest of shipwrecks?

Then—

I have employed my leisure hours in separating, arranging, and combining with method my scattered and confused recollections. Comrades! I also invoke yours! Suffer not such great recollections, which have been so dearly purchased, to be lost; for us they are the only property which the past leaves to the future. Single, against so many enemies, ye fell with greater glory than they rose. Learn, then, that there was no shame in being vanquished! Raise once more those noble fronts, which have been furrowed with all the thunders of Europe! Cast not down those eyes, which have seen so many subject capitals, so many vanquished kings! Fortune, doubtless, owed you a more glorious repose; but, such as it is, it depends on yourselves to make a noble use of it. Let history inscribe your recollections; the solitude and silence of misfortune are favourable to her labours: and let truth, which is always present in the long nights of adversity, at last enlighten labours that may not prove unproductive.

As for me, I will avail myself of the privilege, sometimes painful, sometimes glorious, of telling what I have seen, and of retracing, perhaps, with too scrupulous attention, its most minute details; feeling that nothing was too minute in that prodigious Genius and his gigantic feats, without which we should never have known the extent to which human strength, glory, and misfortune, may be carried.

Segur, like Boutourlin, takes a glance at the *political state* of Europe before he enters on the subject of the campaign, and furnishes some very extraordinary explanations with respect to the conduct of the various Sovereigns as he proceeds in the discussion; all of which we regret we cannot transcribe.

Ever since 1807, (says our author,) when the space between the Rhine and the Niemen had been overrun, the two great empires of which these rivers were the boundaries, had become rivals. By his concessions at Tilsit, at the expense of Prussia, Sweden, and Turkey, Napoleon had only satisfied Alexander. That treaty was the result of the defeat of Russia, and the date of her submission to the continental system. Among the Russians, it was regarded by some as attacking their honour; and by all it was felt to be ruinous to their interests.

By the continental system Napoleon had declared eternal war against the English; to that system he attached his honour, his political existence, and that of the nation under his sway. That system banished from the Continent all merchandise which was English, or had paid duty in any shape to England. He could not succeed in establishing it, but by the unanimous consent of the continental nations, and that consent could not be hoped for but under a single and universal dominion.

* Dictionnaire Historique et Biographique des Généraux Français, par M. le Chevalier de Courcelles, Vol. IX. p. 147.

France had alienated the nations of Europe from her by her conquests, and the monarchs by her revolution, and her new dynasty. Henceforward she could no longer look forward to have either friends or rivals, but merely subjects; for the first would have been false, and the second implacable; it followed, that all must be subject to her, or she to all.

With feelings of this kind, her leader, influenced by his position, and urged on by his enterprising character, filled his imagination with the vast project of becoming the sole master of Europe, by overwhelming Russia, and wresting Poland from her dominion. He had so much difficulty in concealing this project, that hints of it began to escape him in all directions. The immense preparations which so distant an enterprise required,—the enormous quantities of provisions and ammunition collecting,—the noise of arms, of carriages, and the march of such numbers of soldiers,—the universal movement,—the majestic and terrible course of all the forces of the West against the East,—every thing announced to Europe that her two greatest colossuses were about to measure their strength with each other.

But, to get within reach of Russia, it was necessary to go beyond Austria, to cross Prussia, and to march between Sweden and Turkey; an offensive alliance with these four powers was therefore indispensable. Austria was as much subject to the influence of Napoleon as Prussia was to his arms: he had only to declare his intentions; Austria immediately entered into his plans with warmth, and Prussia was easily prevailed on to join him.

Treating of the situation of Poland, we are told that Napoleon

—even neglected to clear the Southern Polish provinces of the feeble hostile armies which kept the patriotism of their inhabitants in check, and to secure, by strongly organizing their insurrection, a solid basis of operation. Accustomed to short methods and to rapid attacks, he wished to imitate himself, in spite of the difference of places and circumstances; for such is the weakness of man, that he is always led by imitation, either of others or of himself, which, in the latter case, that of a great man, is habit; for habit is nothing more than the imitation of one's self. So true is, that by their strongest side these extraordinary men are undone!

The one in question committed himself to the fortune of battles. He prepared an army of six hundred and fifty thousand men, and he fancied that that was doing sufficient to secure victory, from which he expected every thing. Instead of sacrificing every thing to obtain victory, it was by that he looked to obtain every thing; he made use of it as a *means*, when it ought to have been his *end*. In this manner he made it too necessary; it was already rather too much so. But he confided so much of futurity to it, he overloaded it with so much responsibility, that it became urgent and indispensable to him. Hence his precipitation to get within reach of it, in order to extricate himself from so critical a position.

But we must not be too hasty in condemning a genius so great and universal; we shall shortly hear from himself by what urgent necessity he was hurried on; and even admitting that the rapidity of his expedition was only equalled by its rashness, success would have probably crowned it, if the premature *weakening of his health had left the physical constitution of this great man all the vigour of his mind*.

It is very singular, that the fact stated in the last part of this quotation should never have been mentioned by any of the preceding writers, not even of the French writers, though, as we shall see, the disease of Napoleon on the sanguinary field of Borodino—so glorious for both the French and the Russian armies—was the cause of great indecision and want of energy, and deprived both him and his officers of the power of there terminating the war, and probably reducing the Emperor Alexander to terms of peace, or at least of conquering the most valuable territories of Russia.

We have Segur's opinion of the state of the great Northern Empire, in the following words:

Russia is mistress of the heights of Europe; her flanks are supported by the seas of the north and south. Her government can only with great difficulty be driven into a straight, and forced to submit, in a space almost beyond the imagination to conceive, the conquest of which would require long campaigns, to which her climate is completely opposed. From this, it follows, that without the concurrence of Turkey and Sweden, Russia is less vulnerable. The assistance of these two powers was therefore requisite in order to surprise her, to strike her to the heart in her modern

capital, and to turn at a distance, in the rear of its left, her grand army of the Niemmen,—and not merely to precipitate attacks on a part of her front, in plains where the extent of space prevented confusion, and left a thousand roads open to that army's retreat.

The meanest soldier in our ranks, therefore, expected to hear of the combined march of the Grand Visir towards Kief, and of Bernadotte against Finland. Eight sovereigns were already enlisted under the banners of Napoleon: but the two who had the greatest interest in the quarrel were still deaf to his call. It was an idea worthy of the great Emperor to make all the governments and all the religions of Europe march for the accomplishment of his great designs: their triumph would have been then secured; and if the voice of another Homer had been wanting to this king of so many kings, the voice of the nineteenth century, the great century, would have supplied it, and the cry of astonishment of a whole age, penetrating and piercing through futurity, would have echoed from generation to generation, to the latest posterity!

So much glory was not in reserve for us.

Which of us, in the French army, can ever forget his astonishment, in the midst of the Russian plains, on hearing the news of the fatal treaties of the Turks and Swedes with Alexander; and how anxiously our looks were turned towards our right uncovered, towards our left enfeebled, and upon our retreat menaced!

Here, as well as in other parts of Segur's work, we find that this author seems to be horrified at the climate of the north of Russia, which is opposed to the long campaigns necessary to conquer her, and that he correctly describes the cold and the winter as "the terrible ally of the Muscovites." This is in consonance with the general opinion of the day. Sir R. Wilson, Mr Lack Sczyrma, the Abbé de Pradt, Rostopchin, M. Dupin, and many other authors, seem to be decidedly of opinion that Russia is inaccessible. Yet, in a work that has just issued from the press, we find an author, who, we have occasion to know, is well acquainted with this empire, maintaining that, in his "humble opinion, Russia is *accessible, vulnerable, and even her best provinces conquerable*, by a proper and cautious method of procedure, and by a smaller army than Napoleon had when he invaded this country, and took possession of Moscow." Dr Lyall, to be sure, is no soldier, and he tells us that he wishes not to disturb the harmony of nations now at peace. It seems, however, as if he were in possession of some plan of attack, which he would disclose on compulsion, and perhaps the lineaments of this plan are contained in the following words: "As for conquering all Russia," says the Doctor, "it is out of the question. No power on earth would ever dream of such a measure, because the greatest part of her territory is not worth conquering. Who would follow her to Siberia, or what power would wish to possess that extensive country? The best provinces of Russia being seized, her fleets being destroyed or blocked up, a powerful navy being in command of the Gulph of Finland, and another in the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoph,—Petersburgh, and the ports of these seas, being threatened with destruction or capture, would not Russia be reduced to advantageous, if not to unconditional terms?"

Our author enters into a long discussion respecting the connection of France with Turkey, from which we shall select a few remarks.

A Revolution had just hurled from the throne the monarch who had been the friend of Napoleon, and with him all hope of giving the Turks a regular army, upon which he could depend. Napoleon, therefore, judging that he could no longer reckon upon the assistance of these barbarians, changed his system. Henceforward it was Alexander whom he wished to gain; and as his was a genius which never hesitated, he was already prepared to abandon the empire of the East to that monarch, in order that he might be left at liberty to possess himself of that of the West.

As his great object was the extension of the continental system, and to make it surround Europe, the co-operation of Russia would complete its development. Alexander would shut out the English from the North, and compel Sweden to go to war with them; the French would drive them out from the centre, from the South, and from the West of Europe.

* Lyall's Travels in Russia, Vol. II. p. 409.
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† Lyall's Travels, Vol. II. p. 410.
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But the divan was surrounded by the Russian, English, Austrian, and Swedish envoys, who, with one voice, represented to it, "that the Turks were indebted for their existence in Europe solely to the divisions which existed among the Christian monarchs; that the moment these were united under the same influence, the Mahometans in Europe would be overwhelmed; and that as the French Emperor was advancing rapidly to the attainment of universal empire, it was him whom the Turks had most reason to dread."

To these representations were added the intrigues of the two Greek princes Morozi. They were of the same religion with Alexander, and they looked to him for the possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. Grown rich by his favours and by the gold of England, these dragomen enlightened the unsuspecting ignorance of the Turks, as to the occupation and military surveys of the Ottoman frontiers by the French. They did a great deal more; the first of them influenced the dispositions of the divan and the capital, and the second those of the sultan and the army; and as the proud Mahmoud resisted, and would only accept of an honourable peace, these treacherous Greeks contrived to disband his army, and compelled him, by insurrections, to sign the degrading treaty of Bucharest with the Russians.

Such is the power of intrigue in the seraglio; two Greeks whom the Turks despised, there decided the fate of Turkey, in spite of the sultan himself. As the latter depended for his existence on the intrigues of his palace, he was, like all despots who shut themselves up in them, obliged to yield; the Morozi carried the day, but afterwards he had them both beheaded.

With regard to Austria, Napoleon exclaimed,

"That Austria certainly complicated every thing; that she was there like a dead weight, that she must be got rid of; and Europe must be divided into two empires; that the Danube, from the Black Sea to Passau, the mountains of Bohemia to Königsgratz, and the Elbe to the Baltic, should be their lines of demarcation. Alexander should become the Emperor of the North, and he of the South of Europe."

Segur then turns to the North.

In this manner (says he) had we lost the support of Turkey; but Sweden still remained to us; her monarch had sprung from our ranks; a soldier of our army, it was to that he owed his glory and his throne; was it likely that he would desert our cause on the first opportunity he had of showing his gratitude? It was impossible to anticipate such ingratitude; still less, that he would sacrifice the real and permanent interests of Sweden to his former jealousy of Napoleon, and perhaps to a weakness too common among the upstart favourites of fortune; unless it be that the submission of men who have newly attained to greatness, to those who boast of a transmitted rank, is a necessity of their position more than an error of their self-love.

In this great contest between aristocracy and democracy, the ranks of the former had been joined by one of its most determined enemies. Bernadotte having been thrown almost singly among the ancient courts and nobility, did every thing to merit his adoption by them, and succeeded. But his success must have cost him dear, as in order to obtain it, he was first obliged to abandon his old companions, and the authors of his glory, in the hour of peril. At a later period he did more; he was seen marching over their bleeding corpses, joining with all their, and formerly his enemies, to overwhelm the country of his birth, and thereby lay that of his adoption at the mercy of the first czar who should be ambitious of reigning over the Baltic.

On the other hand, it would appear that the character of Bernadotte, and the importance of Sweden in the decisive struggle which was about to commence, were not sufficiently weighed in the political balance of Napoleon. His ardent and exclusive genius hazarded too much; he overloaded a solid foundation so much that he sunk it. Thus it was, that after justly appreciating the Swedish interests, as naturally bound up with his, the moment he wanted to weaken the power of Russia, he fancied that he could exact every thing from the Swedes without promising them any thing in return: his pride did not make any allowance for theirs, judging that they were too much interested in the success of his cause, for them ever to think of separating themselves from it.

We must, however, take up the history a little earlier; facts will prove that the defection of Sweden was as much attributable to the jealous ambition of Bernadotte as to the unbending pride of Napoleon. It will be seen that her new monarch assumed to himself a great part of the responsibility of the rupture, by offering his alliance at the price of an act of treachery.

In page 43 we have the following report :

Then also our communications with Russia were put a stop to. Napoleon immediately addressed himself to the prince of Sweden ; his notes were conceived in the style of a lord paramount who speaks in the interest of his vassal, and who is sensible of the right he has to his gratitude or submission, and who calculates upon it. He demanded that Bernadotte should declare a real war against England, shut her out from the Baltic, and that he should send an army of 40,000 Swedes against Russia. In return for this, he promised him his protection, the restoration of Finland, and twenty millions for an equal amount of colonial produce, which the Swedes were first to deliver. Austria undertook to support this proposition ; but Bernadotte, already feeling himself settled on the throne, answered like an independent monarch. Ostensibly he declared himself neutral, opened his ports to all nations, proclaimed his rights and his grievances, appealed to humanity, recommended peace, and offered himself as a mediator : secretly, he offered himself to Napoleon at the price of Norway, Finland, and a subsidy.

At the reading of a letter conceived in this new and unexpected style, Buonaparte was seized with rage and astonishment. He saw in it, and not without reason, a premeditated defection on the part of Bernadotte, a secret agreement with his enemies ! he was filled with indignation ; he exclaimed, striking violently on the letter, and the table on which it lay open : " He ! the rascal ! he presume to give me advice ! to dictate the law to me ! to dare propose such an infamous act to me ! and this from a man who owes every thing to my bounty ! What ingratitude !" Then, pacing the room with rapid strides, he was at intervals giving vent to such expressions as these : " I ought to have expected it ! he has always sacrificed every thing to his interests ! This is the same man, who, during his short ministry, attempted the resurrection of the infamous Jacobins ! When he looked only to gain by disorder, he opposed the 18th Brumaire ! He it was who was conspiring in the west against the re-establishment of law and religion ! Has not his envious and perfidious inaction already betrayed the French army at Auerstadt ? How many times, from regard to Joseph, have I pardoned his intrigues and concealed his faults ! And yet I have made him general-in-chief, marshal, duke, prince, and, finally, king. But you see how all these favours, and the pardon of so many injuries, are thrown away on a man like this ! For a century past, if Sweden, half devoured by Russia, still retains her independence, she owes it to the support of France. But it matters not : Bernadotte requires the baptism of the ancient aristocracy ! a baptism of blood, and of French blood ! and you will soon see, that, to satisfy his envy and ambition, he will betray both his native and adopted country."

We are further informed, that,

While Napoleon, a monarch deriving his elevation from himself, relying on the faith of treaties, on the remembrance of past benefits, and on the real interests of Sweden, required succours from Bernadotte, the ancient monarchs of London and Petersburg demanded his opinion with deference, and submitted themselves by anticipation to the counsels of his experience. Finally, while the genius of Napoleon, the grandeur of his elevation, the importance of his enterprise, and the habit of their former relations, still classed Bernadotte as his lieutenant, they appeared already to treat him as their general. How was it possible for him not to seek to escape on the one hand from a sense of inferiority, and on the other to resist a mode of treatment, and promises so seductive ? Thus it was that the future prospects of Sweden were sacrificed, and her independence for ever laid at the mercy of Russian faith by the treaty of Petersburg, which Bernadotte signed on the 24th of March 1812. That of Bucharest, between Alexander and Mahmoud, was concluded on the 26th of May. Thus did we lose the support of our two wings.

Nevertheless, the emperor of the French, at the head of more than six hundred thousand men, and already too far advanced to think of retreating, flattered himself that his strength would determine every thing ; that a victory on the Niemen would cut the knot of all these diplomatic difficulties which he despised, probably too much ; that then all the monarchs of Europe, compelled to acknowledge his ascendancy, would be eager to return into his system, and that all those satellites would be drawn into its vortex.

We cannot find room for the opinions of Napoleon's best friends and ministers, respecting the invasion of Russia, while he himself was yet at Paris, though his armies were moving forwards to their destination. Their dissuasions had no effect. Even Poniatowski, to whom the expedition appeared

to hold out the prospect of a throne, generously united his exertions with the Emperor's ministers, in the attempt to demonstrate its danger. The hardy and determined sovereign overcame or eluded their objections, and at length silenced them all by this extraordinary conclusion :

"Do you dread the war, as endangering my life? It was thus that, in the times of conspiracy, attempts were made to frighten me about Georges; he was every where to be found upon my track: that wretched being was to fire at me. Well! suppose he had! He would at the utmost have killed my *aide-de-camp*! but to kill me was impossible! Had I at that time accomplished the decrees of fate? I feel myself impelled towards a goal of which I am ignorant. As soon as I shall have reached it, so soon shall I no longer be of service,—an atom will then suffice to put me down; but till then, all human efforts can avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris, or with the army, is, therefore, quite indifferent. When my hour is come, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet: our days are registered."

Segur says that Napoleon was indeed prepared to meet every objection.

His skilful hand was able to comprehend and turn to his purpose every disposition; and, in fact, when he wanted to persuade, there was a kind of charm in his deportment which it was impossible to resist. One felt overpowered by his superior strength, and compelled, as it were, to submit to his influence. It was, if it may be so explained, a kind of magnetic influence: for his ardent and variable genius infused itself entirely into all his desires, the least as well as the greatest: whatever he willed, all his energies and all his faculties united to effect: they appeared at his beck: they hastened forward; and, obedient to his dictation, simultaneously assumed the forms which he desired.

It was thus that the greater part of those whom he wished to gain over found themselves, as it were, fascinated by him in spite of themselves. It was flattering to your vanity to see the master of Europe appearing to have no other ambition, no other desire than that of convincing you; to behold those features, so formidable to multitudes, expressing towards you no other feeling but a mild and affecting benevolence; to hear that mysterious man, whose every word was historical, yielding, as if for your sake alone, to the irresistible impulse of the most frank and confiding disclosure; and that voice, so caressing while it addressed you, was it not the same, whose lowest whisper rang throughout all Europe, announced wars, decided battles, settled the fate of empires, ruined or destroyed reputations? What vanity could resist a charm of so great potency? Any defensive position was forced on all points; his eloquence was so much more convincing, as he himself appeared to be convinced.

On this occasion, there was no variety of tints with which his brilliant and fertile imagination did not adorn his project, in order to convince and persuade. The same text supplied him with a thousand different commentaries with which the character and position of each of his interlocutors inspired him; he enlisted each in his undertaking, by presenting it to him under the form and colour, and point of view, most likely to gratify him.

He told the military man, who was astonished by the hazard of the expedition, but likely to be easily seduced by the grandeur of ambitious ideas, that peace was to be conquered at Constantinople; that is to say, at the extremity of Europe; the individual was thus free to anticipate, that it was not merely to the staff of a marshal, but to the sceptre of a monarch, that he might elevate his pretensions.

To a minister of high rank under the ancient *régime*, whom the idea of shedding so much blood, to gratify ambition, filled with dismay, he declared "that it was a war of policy exclusively; that it was the English alone whom he meant to attack through Russia; that the campaign would be short; that afterwards France would be at rest; that it was the fifth act of the drama—the *dénouement*."

To others, he pleaded the ambition of Russia, and the force of circumstances, which dragged him into the war in spite of himself. With superficial and inexperienced individuals, to whom he neither wished to explain nor dissemble, he cut matters short, by saying, "You understand nothing of all this; you are ignorant of its antecedents and its consequences."

But to the princes of his family he had long revealed the state of his thoughts; he complained that they did not sufficiently appreciate his position. "Can you not see," said he to them, "that, as I was not born upon a throne, I must support myself on it, as I ascended it, by my renown? that it is necessary for it to go on increasing; that a private individual, become a sovereign like myself, can no

longer stop; that he must be continually ascending, and that to be stationary is to be lost?"

The subsequent remarks are highly interesting:

Granting even that Napoleon's soul was not exempt from a tendency to superstition, his intellect was both too strong and too enlightened to permit such vast events to depend upon a weakness. One great inquietude possessed him; it was the idea of that same death which he appeared so much to brave. His spirit misgave him at the reflection; and he dreaded that when he should be no more, the French empire, that sublime trophy of so many labours and victories, would fall a prey to dismemberment.

"The Russian emperor," he said, "was the only sovereign who pressed upon the summit of that colossal edifice. Replete with youth and animation, the strength of his rival was constantly augmenting, while his was already declining." It seemed to him, that Alexander, on the banks of the Niemen, only waited the intelligence of his death, to seize the sceptre of Europe, and snatch it from the hands of his feeble successor. "While all Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Prussia, and all Germany, were marching under his banners, why should he delay to anticipate the danger, and consolidate the fabric of the great empire, by driving back Alexander and the Russian dominion, enfeebled as they would be by the loss of Poland, beyond the Boristhenes?"

Such were his sentiments, pronounced in secret confidence; they, doubtless, comprised the true motives of that terrible war. As to his precipitation in commencing it, it would seem that he was hurried on by the instinct of his approaching death. An acrid humour diffused through his blood, and, to which he imputed his irascibility, ("but without which," added he, "battles are not to be gained,") devoured his constitution.

A profound knowledge of the organization and mysteries of the human frame would probably enable us to decide whether this concealed malady was not one of the causes of that restless activity which hurried on the march of events, and in which originated both his elevation and his fall.

This internal enemy testified its presence, more and more, by an internal pain, and by the violent spasms of the stomach which it inflicted. Even in 1806, at Warsaw, during one of its agonizing crisis, Napoleon was heard to exclaim, "that he carried about with him the germ of premature dissolution, and that he should die of the same malady as his father."

Already, short rides in hunting, the most gentle gallop of his horse, fatigued him: how then was he to support the long journeys, and the rapid and violent movements preparatory to battles? Thus it was, that while the greater part of those who surrounded him concluded him to be impelled into Russia by his vast ambition, by his restless spirit and his love of war, he in solitude, and almost unobserved, was poisoning the fearful responsibilities of the enterprise, and urged by necessity, he only made up his mind after a course of painful hesitation.

The anxiety of mind experienced by Buonaparte before his departure from the French capital, seems to have been excessive; he hesitated whether the proper moment had arrived, or whether he should delay the invasion of Russia.

He was about to attack Russia, without having subjected Spain; forgetting the maxim of which he himself so often supplied both precept and example, "never to strike at two places at the same time; but on one only, and always in mass." Wherefore, in fact, did he abandon a brilliant, though uncertain position, in order to throw himself into so critical a situation, when the slightest check might ruin every thing, and where every reverse would be decisive?"

At that epoch, no necessity of position, no sentiment of self-love, could prompt Napoleon to combat his own arguments, and prevent him from listening to himself. Hence he became thoughtful and agitated. He collected accounts of the actual condition of the different powers of Europe; he ordered an exact and complete summary of them to be made; and buried himself in the perusal: his anxiety increased; to him all irresolution was a punishment.

Frequently was he discovered half reclined on a sofa, where he remained for several hours, plunged in profound meditation; sometimes he started up, convulsively, and with an ejaculation. Fancying he heard his name, he would exclaim, "Who calls me?" Then rising, and walking about with hurried steps, he at length added,

"No! beyond a doubt nothing is yet; sufficiently matured round me, even in my own family, to admit of so distant a war. It must be delayed for three years!" And instantly he dictated, with precipitation, the project of a detailed note, by which the emperor of Austria, his father-in-law, was to act as a mediator between Russia, England, and France.

We are further told, that it is wrong to impute to the counsels of Napoleon a large portion of the misfortunes of the French.

Napoleon was not a man to be influenced. As soon as his object was marked out, and he had made advances towards its acquisition, he admitted of no contradiction. He then appeared as if he would hear nothing but what flattered his determination; he repelled with ill-humour, and even with apparent incredulity, all disagreeable intelligence, as if he feared to be shaken by it. This mode of acting changed its name according to his fortune; when fortunate, it was called force of character; when unfortunate, it was designated as infatuation.

The knowledge of such a disposition induced some subalterns to make false reports to him. Even a minister thought himself occasionally compelled to maintain a dangerous silence. The former inflated his hopes of success, in order to imitate the haughty confidence of their chief, and in order, by their countenance, to stamp upon his mind the impression of a happy omen; the second sometimes declined communicating bad news, in order, as he said, to avoid the harsh rebuffs which he had then to encounter.

But this fear, which did not restrain Caulaincourt and several others, had no influence upon Duroc, Daru, Lobau, Rapp, Lauriston, and sometimes even Berthier. These ministers and generals, each in his sphere, did not spare the Emperor when the truth was to be told. If it so happened that he was enraged by it, Duroc, without yielding, assumed an air of indifference; Lobau resisted with roughness; Berthier sighed, and withdrew with tears in his eyes; Caulaincourt and Daru, the one turning pale, the other reddening with anger, repelled the vehement contradictions of the Emperor; the first with impetuous obstinacy, and the second with short and dry determination. They were often seen to end these altercations by abruptly retiring, and shutting the door after them with violence.

It should, however, be added here, that these warm discussions were never productive of bad consequences; good temper was restored immediately after, without leaving any other impression than redoubled esteem on the part of Napoleon, for the noble frankness which they had displayed.

I have entered into these details, because they are either not known, or imperfectly known: because Napoleon in his closet was quite different from the Emperor in public; and because this portion of the palace has hitherto remained secret. For in that new and serious court little was said: all were rigorously classed, so that one *salon* knew not what passed in another. Finally, because it is difficult to comprehend the great events of history without a perfect knowledge of the character and manners of the principal personages.

After alluding to some other events, Segur exclaims,

Such was Napoleon! Superior to the passions of men by his native greatness, and also by the circumstance of being controlled by a still greater passion! for when, indeed, were these masters of the world ever entirely masters of themselves? And thus was blood again about to flow; and thus, in the great career, the founders of empires press forward to their object like Fate, whose ministers they seem (and whose march neither wars nor earthquakes, nor all the scourges which Providence permits, ever arrest,) without deigning to make the utility of their purposes comprehensible to their victims.

The time for deliberation had passed, and that for action had arrived. On the 9th of May 1812, Napoleon, hitherto always triumphant, quitted his palace never to re-enter it victorious. From Paris to Dresden, his march was a continued triumph.

He had expressed a wish that the Emperor of Austria, several kings, and a crowd of princes, should meet him at Dresden, on his way; his desire was fulfilled; all thronged to meet him; some induced by hope, others prompted by fear: for himself, his motives were to feel his power, to exhibit it, and enjoy it.

In this approximation with the ancient house of Austria, he was ambitious to ex-

hibit to Germany a family meeting. He imagined that so brilliant an assemblage of sovereigns would advantageously contrast with the isolated state of the Russian monarch, and that he would probably be alarmed by so general a desertion. In fact, this assembly of coalesced monarchs seemed to announce that this war against Russia was European.

He was then in the centre of Germany, exhibiting to it his spouse, the daughter of its Emperors, sitting by his side. Whole nations had quitted their homes to throng his path; rich and poor, nobles and plebeians, friends and enemies, all hurried to the scene. There curious and anxious groups were seen collecting in the streets, the roads, and the public places; they passed whole days and nights with their eyes fixed on the door and windows of his palace. It was not his crown, his rank, the luxury of his court, but him—himself—on whom they desired to feast their eyes; a memento of his features which they were anxious to obtain: they wished to be able to say to their less fortunate countrymen and posterity, that they had seen Napoleon.

On the stage, poets so far degraded themselves as to make him a divinity. It was in this manner that whole nations became his flatterers.

There was, in fact, little difference between kings and people in the homage of their admiration; no one thought of imitating; the agreement was unanimous. Nevertheless, the inward sentiments were very different.

At this important interview, we were attentive in observing the different degrees of zeal which these princes exhibited, and the various shades of our chieftain's pride. We had hoped that his prudence, or the deadened feeling of displaying his power, would prevent him from abusing it; but was it to be expected that he, who, while yet an inferior, never spoke to his superiors but in the language of command, and who was now the conqueror and master of them all, could submit to tedious and minute details of ceremony? He, however, displayed moderation, and even tried to make himself agreeable; but it was obviously an effort, and not without allowing the *cunni* he experienced to be perceived. Among these princes he had rather the air of receiving them, than of being by them received.

On their side, it might be thought, that, knowing his pride, and hopeless of subduing him, except by means of himself, these monarchs and their people only humiliated themselves before him in order to aggravate the disproportion of his elevation, and by so doing, to dazzle his moral vision. In their assemblies, their attitude, their words, even the tone of their voice, attested his ascendancy over them. All were assembled there for his sake alone! They scarcely hazarded an objection, so impressed were they with the full conviction of that superiority of which he was himself too well aware. A feudal lord could not have exacted more of his vassal chiefs.

His levee presented a still more remarkable spectacle! Sovereign princes attended it in order to solicit an audience of the conqueror of Europe. They were so intermingled with his officers, that the latter were frequently obliged to take precautions against involuntarily crowding upon these new courtiers, who were confounded with them. It was thus that the presence of Napoleon made distinctions disappear; he was as much their chief as ours. This common dependency appeared to put all around him on a level. It is probable that, even then, the ill-disguised military pride of several French generals gave offence to these princes: they conceived themselves raised to an equality with them; and, in fact, whatever may be the noble blood and rank of the vanquished, the victor becomes his equal.

The wisest among us, however, began to be alarmed; they said, but in an undertone, that a man must fancy himself more than human to denaturalize and displace every thing in this manner without fearing to be involved in the universal confusion. They saw these monarchs quitting the palace of Napoleon with their eyes inflamed, and their bosoms swollen with the most poignant resentment. They pictured them, during the night, when alone with their ministers, giving vent to the chagrin by which they were devoured. Every thing was calculated to render their suffering more acute! How importunate was the crowd which it was necessary to pass through, in order to reach the gate of their proud master, while their own remained deserted! Indeed, all things, even their own people, appeared to betray them. While boasting of his good fortune, was it not evident that he was insulting their misfortunes? They had therefore come to Dresden in order to swell the pomp of Napoleon's triumph; for it was over them that he thus triumphed; each cry of admiration offered to him was a cry of reproach to them; his grandeur was their humiliation; his victory their defeat.

What a contrast does the return of Buonaparte through Germany present

to his glorious and apparently auspicious advance! But the destinies of man are fixed. He withdrew from Russia a fugitive, and subsequently this extraordinary individual died an exile on a rock in the ocean, where an ungenerous enemy compelled him to expiate, by a living death, his victories, his greatness, his renown. What an impressive lesson to sovereigns, especially to despots! What a lesson to humanity, of the vanity of life, and all worldly distinctions! We shall not follow the hero in his advance. The following details show us the manner in which Buonaparte preserved the affection of his soldiers, after having so often led them to glory and to conquest.

From Königsberg to Gumbinnen, he reviewed several of his armies; conversing with the soldiers with a gay, frank, and often abrupt air, well aware that, with such unsophisticated and hardy characters, abruptness is looked upon as frankness; rudeness as force; haughtiness as true nobility; and that the delicacy and refinements of the higher classes are in their eyes no better than weakness and effeminacy; they appear to them like a foreign language, which they do not understand; and the accents of which strike them as ridiculous.

According to custom, he promenaded before the ranks. Knowing in which of his wars each regiment had been with him, at the sight of the oldest soldiers he occasionally halted; to one he recalled the battle of the Pyramids; another he reminded of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, or Friedland, and always by a single word, accompanied by a familiar caress. The veteran who believed himself personally recognized by his Emperor, rose, in consequence, in the estimation of his junior companions, who considered him an object of envy. Napoleon, in this manner, continued his inspection; he overlooked not even the youngest soldiers; it would seem that every thing which concerned them was to him matter of interest; their least wants were familiar to him; he interrogated them: Did their captains take care of them? had they received their pay? were they in want of any requisite? he wished to see their knapsacks.

At length he stopped at the centre of the regiment; there being apprised of the places that were vacant, he required aloud the names of the most meritorious in the ranks; he called those who were so designated before him, and questioned them: How many years' service? how many campaigns? what wounds? what exploits? He then appointed them officers, and caused them to be immediately installed, himself prescribing the forms:—all particularities which delighted the soldier. They told each other how the great Emperor, the judge of nations in the mass, occupied himself with them in their minutest details; that they composed his oldest and his real family! Thus it was that he instilled into them the love of war, of glory, and himself.

The formidable aspect of the Emperor of the French may be conceived from the following remarks:

We were upon the verge of the Russian frontier; from right to left, or from south to north, the army was disposed in the following manner, in front of the Niemen. In the first place, on the extreme right, and issuing from Galicia, on Drogiczin, Prince Schwartzemberg and 34,000 Austrians; on their left, coming from Warsaw, and marching in the direction of Bialystock and Grodno, the King of Westphalia, at the head of 79,200 Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles; by the side of them was the viceroy of Italy, who had just effected the junction, near Marienpol and Pilony, of 79,500 Bavarians, Italians, and Frenchmen; next, the Emperor, with 220,000 men, commanded by the King of Naples, the Prince of Eckmühl, the Dukes of Dantzic, Istria, Reggio, and Elchingen. They advanced from Thorn, Marienwerder, and Elbing, and on the 23d of June had assembled in a single mass near Nogurisky, a league above Kowno. Finally, in front of Tilsit, was Macdonald, and 32,500 Prussians, Bavarlians, and Poles, composing the extreme left of the grand army.

Every thing was now ready. From the banks of the Guadalquivir, and the Calabrian sea, to the Vistula, were assembled 617,000 men, of whom 490,000 were present; one siege and six bridge equipages, thousands of provision-waggons, innumerable herds of oxen, 1372 pieces of cannon, and thousands of artillery and hospital-waggons, had been directed, assembled, and stationed at a short distance from the Russian frontier river. The greatest part of the provision-waggons were alone behind.

Sixty thousand Austrians, Prussians, and Spaniards, were preparing to shed their blood for the conqueror of Wagram, of Jena, and of Madrid; for the man who had

four times beaten down the power of Austria, who had humbled Prussia, and overwhelmed Spain. And yet all were faithful to him. When it is considered that one-third of the army of Napoleon was either foreign to him or hostile, one hardly knows it which most to be astonished,—the audacity of one party, or the resignation of the other. It was in this manner that Rome made her conquests contribute to her future means for conquering.

As to us Frenchmen, he found us all full of ardour. Habit, curiosity, and the pleasure of exhibiting themselves in the character of masters in new countries, actuated the soldiers, vanity was the great stimulant of the younger ones who thirsted to acquire some glory which they might recount with the attractive quackery peculiar to soldiers, these inflated and pompous narratives of their exploits being moreover indispensable to their relaxation, when no longer under arms. To this must be added, the expectation of plunder, for the exacting ambition of Napoleon had as often disgusted his soldiers, as the disorders of the latter tarnished his glory. A compromise was necessary ever since 1805 there was a sort of mutual understanding, on his part, to wink at their plunder—on theirs, to suffer his ambition.

After assigning the reasons of the objections to the war made by the Emperor's generals and officers, Segur says,

What chief had ever before so many means of power? There was no hope which he could not flatter, excite, or satiate.

Finally, we loved him as the companion of our labours, as the chief who had conducted us to renown. The astonishment and admiration which he inspired flattered our self-love, for these we shared in common with him.

With respect to that youthful *élite*, which in those times of glory filled our camps, its enthusiasm was natural. Who is there amongst us who, in his early years, has not been fired by the perusal of the warlike exploits of the ancients and of our ancestors? Should we not have all desired, at that time, to be the heroes whose real or imaginary history we perused? At that period of enthusiasm, if those recollections had been suddenly realized before us, if our eyes, instead of reading, had witnessed the performance of those miracles, if we had felt their sphere of action within our reach, and if employments had been offered to us by the side of those brave philidins, whose adventurous lives and brilliant renown our young and vivid imagination had so much envied, which of us would have hesitated? Who is there that would not have rushed forward, replete with joy and hope, and disdaining an odious and scandalous repose?

Such were the rising generations of that day. At that period, every one was free to be ambitious! a period of intoxication and prosperity, during which the French soldier, lord of all things by victory, considered himself greater than the nobleman, or even the sovereign, whose lands he traversed. To him it appeared as if the kings of Europe only reigned by permission of his chief and of his arms.

Thus it was that habit attached some disgust at camp-service others; novelty prompted the greater part, and especially the desire of glory, but all were stimulated by emulation. In fine confidence in a chief who had been always fortunate and hope of an early victory, which would terminate the war at a blow, and restore us to our firesides, for a war, to the entire army of Napoleon (as it was to some volunteers of the court of Louis XIV) was often no more than a single battle, or a short and brilliant journey.

They were now about to enter such a war to the extremity of Europe, where never European army had been before. They were about to erect the columns of Hercules. The greatness of the enterprise, the agitation of co-operating Europe, the imposing apparatus of an army of 400,000 foot, and 60,000 horse, so many warlike reports and martial clamours, kindled the minds of veterans themselves. It was impossible for the coldest to remain unmoved amid the general impulse, to escape from the universal influence.

Segur describes the preparations of the Emperor Alexander to resist so formidable an assailant, but we have given the details of them in our review of Boutourlin's work, to which we must now refer the reader.

When the French army was near the banks of the Niemen, we are informed, that

Napoleon, who had travelled in a carriage till that time, mounted his horse at two o'clock in the morning. He reconnoitred the Russian river, without dis-

guising himself, as has been falsely asserted, and under cover of the night crossed this boundary, which five months afterwards he was only enabled to repass under cover of the same obscurity. When he came up to the bank, his horse suddenly stumbled, and threw him on the sand. A voice exclaimed, "This is a bad omen; a Roman would recoil!" It is not known whether it was himself, or one of his retinue, who pronounced these words.

Although Napoleon hurried across the bridge, to plant his foot on the Russian territory, while the soldiers, who were animated by his looks, saluted him with their accustomed acclamations, he appeared somewhat oppressed and sad; but at length he suddenly put spurs to his horse—dashed into the country—and advanced above a league, surrounded by solitude: he appeared on fire to come into contact with the enemy. Some circumstances connected with the passage of the Niemen proved a melancholy prelude of subsequent misfortune, and seemed to cast "ominous conjecture on the whole success." When descending towards Kovno,

Some of the soldiers thought they heard the distant report of cannon. As we marched, we endeavoured to distinguish on which side the battle was going on. But, with the exception of some troops of cossacks that day as well as the ensuing, the climate alone displayed itself in the character of an enemy. In fact, the Emperor had scarcely passed the river, when a rumbling sound began to agitate the atmosphere. In a short time the day became overcast, the wind rose, and brought with it the inauspicious mutterings of a thunder storm. That menacing sky and unsheltered country filled us with melancholy impressions. There were even some amongst us, who, enthusiastic as they had lately been, were terrified at what they conceived to be a fatal presage. To them it appeared that those combustible vapours were collecting over our heads, and that they would descend upon the territory we approached, in order to guard its entrance.

It is quite certain, that the storm in question was as great as the enterprise in which we were engaged. During several hours, its black and heavy masses accumulated and hung upon the march of the whole army: from right to left, over a space of fifty leagues, it was threatened by its lightnings, and overwhelmed by its torrents: the roads and fields were inundated; the insupportable heat of the atmosphere was suddenly changed to a disagreeable chillness. Ten thousand horses perished on the march, and more especially in the bivouacs which followed. A large quantity of equipages remained abandoned on the sands; and great numbers of men subsequently gave way.

A convent served to shelter the Emperor against the first fury of the tempest. From hence he shortly departed for Kovno, where the greatest disorder prevailed. The claps of thunder were no longer noticed; those menacing reports, which still murmured over our heads, appeared forgotten. For, though this common phenomenon of the season might have shaken the firmness of some few minds, with the majority, the time of omens had passed away. A scepticism, ingenious on the part of some, thoughtless or coarse on the part of others, earth-born passions and imperious wants, have diverted the souls of men from that heaven whence they are derived, and to which they should return. The army, therefore, recognised nothing but a natural and unseasonable accident in this disaster; and far from interpreting it as the voice of reprobation against aggression, for which, moreover, it was not answerable, found in it nothing but a motive of indignation against fortune or the skies, which, whether by chance, or otherwise, offered it so terrible a presage.

That very day, a particular calamity was added to the general disaster. At Kovno, Napoleon was exasperated against the Vilsa, the bridge over which the Cossacks had broken down, and which opposed the passage of Oudinot. He affected to despise it, like every thing else that opposed him, and ordered a squadron of the Polish guard to swim the river. These picked men obeyed the order without hesitation. At first, they proceeded in good order, and when out of their depths, redoubled their exertions. They soon reached the middle of the river by swimming. But there, the rapidity of the current broke their order. Their horses there became frightened, quitted their ranks, and were carried away by the violence of the waves. They no longer swam, but floated about in scattered groups. Their riders struggled in vain; at length their strength gave way, and they resigned themselves to their fate. Their destruction was certain; but it was for their country; it was in her presence, and for the sake of their

deliverers, that they devoted themselves; and even when on the point of being engulfed for ever, they suspended their unavailing struggles, turned their faces toward Napoleon, and exclaimed, "*Vive l'Empereur !*" Three of them were especially remarked, who, with their heads still above the billows, repeated this cry, and perished instantly. The army was struck with mingled horror and admiration.

The conduct of Napoleon to Poland savours of that infatuation which is the constant forerunner of misfortune. Why did he not at once proclaim the independence of that country? He had only to say, "Let the kingdom of Poland exist," to attach to his fortunes a nation of heroes,—to secure the affections of the Lithuanian, through whose territory he was to march—to establish an indestructable base for his subsequent operations—to oppose a formidable barrier to Russia—to have in his rear a friendly and gallant people, upon whose country he could fall back in the event of sustaining reverses—and to kindle into fury that deadly hatred of the Muscovite race, which oppression had only partially smothered, not extinguished. If his expedition to Russia had not for its object ultimately to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, it had no legitimate object whatever; it was a mere aggression, as lawless and violent as the incursion of a Tartar or Calmuc horde, and merited the disasters by which it was overtaken. But had Napoleon proclaimed the independence of Poland, his cause would have been sanctified in the eyes of all Europe; public opinion would have sustained him amidst his most cruel calamities; and even these calamities would have been incredibly mitigated. The Poles had a right to this at his hand; and he proved false to his own fortune and renown, and probably accelerated his fall by temporising for the sake of Austria and Prussia, who, he ought to have known, were anxiously watching the moment when his star should begin to wax dim. How different might have been the fate of the subsequent campaign in Germany, had he roused to arms, by the watch-words of *Liberty* and *Independence*, a martial and high-spirited people, who would have rallied round his eagles, and felt all that was most hallowed in the name of country identified with his glory and success!

But we pass over this painful retrospect, as well as many of the details of the misery the army already experienced, and the cruel measures which necessity rendered expedient for the support of such masses of soldiers. The subsequent picture is quite appalling.

Napoleon was frequently compelled to shut his eyes to a system of plunder which he vainly prohibited; too well aware, also, of the attraction which that mode of subsistence has for the soldier; that it caused him to love a state of things which enriched him; that it placed him, by virtue of the authority which it often conferred, over classes superior to his own; that in his eyes it had all the charm of a war of the poor against the rich; in short, that the pleasure of being, and feeling that he was, the strongest, was, under such circumstances incessantly, repeated and brought home to him. Napoleon, however, grew indignant at the intelligence of these excesses. He issued an angry proclamation, and he directed moveable columns of French and Lithuanians to see to its execution. We, who were irritated at the sight of the pillagers, were zealous to pursue and punish them; but when the bread and cattle were taken from them, and they were seen slowly retreating, sometimes eying us with a hollow look of condensed despair, sometimes bursting into tears; and when they were heard to murmur, that, not content with giving them nothing to live on, all subsistence was taken from them, and that the obvious intention was to starve them to death; we, then, in our turn, accused ourselves of barbarity to our own people; the murmurers were recalled, and their prey restored. Indeed, it was imperious necessity which impelled to plunder. The officers themselves had no other means of subsistence than from the share which the soldiers gave them. A position of so much excess engendered fresh excesses. These rude men, with arms in their hands, assaulted by so many imperious wants, could scarcely remain moderate. They arrived famished at habitations; at first they asked, but, either for the want of being understood, or in consequence of the refusal or inability of the inhabitants to satisfy their demands, and their not being able to wait, altercations generally arose; then, as they became more

and more exasperated with hunger, they became furious, and after rifling both cottage and palace without finding the subsistence which they sought for, they, in the violence of their despair, accused the inhabitants of being their enemies, and took their revenge of the proprietors by destroying their property.

There were some who actually destroyed themselves rather than proceed to such extremities; others did the same after so proceeding: these were the youngest. They placed their foreheads on their muskets, and blew out their brains on the public road. But many grew callous; one excess led to another, as people often grow angry with the blows which they inflict. Among the latter, some vagabonds took vengeance of their distresses upon persons; in the midst of so inauspicious an aspect of nature, they became denaturalized; abandoned to themselves at so great a distance from home, they imagined that every thing was allowed them, and that their sufferings authorised them in making others suffer.

In an army so numerous, and composed of so many nations, it was natural also to find more malefactors than in a smaller one; the causes of so many evils induced fresh ones; already enfeebled by famine, it was necessary to make forced marches in order to fly from it, and reach the enemy. At night when they halted, the soldiers thronged into the houses; there, worn out with fatigue and want, they threw themselves upon the first dirty straw they met with. The most robust had barely spirits left to knead the flour which they found, and to light the ovens with which all those wooden houses were supplied; others had scarcely strength to go a few paces in order to light the fires necessary to cook some food; their officers, exhausted like themselves, feebly gave orders to take more care, and neglected to see that their orders were obeyed. A piece of burnt wood, at such times escaping from an oven, or a spark from the fire of the bivouacs, were sufficient to burn a castle or a whole village, and cause the deaths of numerous soldiers, to whom they might have given a miserable refuge. In other respects, these disorders were very rare in Lithuania.

It is evident that Buonaparte underrated the power and the opposition of Russia.

To these motives of the stay, perhaps too much protracted, which Napoleon made at Wilna, those who were nearest to his person have added another. They said to each other, that a genius so vast as his, and always increasing in activity and audacity, was not now seconded, as it had been formerly, by a vigorous constitution.

They were alarmed at no longer finding their chief insensible to the heat of a burning atmosphere; and they remarked to each other, with melancholy forebodings, the tendency to corpulence by which his frame was now distinguished; the sure sign of a premature debility of system.

Some of them attributed this to his frequent use of the bath. They were ignorant, that, far from being a habit of luxury, this had become to him an indispensable relief from a bodily ailment of a serious and alarming character, which his policy carefully concealed, in order not to excite cruel expectations in his adversaries.

Such is the inevitable and unhappy influence of the most trivial causes over the destiny of nations. It will be shortly seen, when the profoundest combinations, which ought to have secured the success of the boldest, and perhaps the most useful enterprize in a European point of view, come to be developed;—how, at the decisive moment, on the plains of the Moskwa, nature paralysed genius, and the man was wanting to the hero. The numerous battalions of Russia were then insufficient to defend her; a stormy day, a sudden attack of fever, were her salvation.

It will be only just and proper to revert to this observation, when, in examining the picture which I shall be forced to trace of the battle of the Moskwa, I shall be found repeating all the complaints, and even the reproaches, which an unusual inactivity and languor extorted from the most devoted friends and constant admirers of this great man. Most of them, as well as those who have subsequently given an account of the battle, were unaware of the bodily sufferings of a chief, who, in the midst of his depression, exerted himself to conceal their cause. That which was eminently a misfortune, these narrators have designated as a fault.

Besides, at 800 leagues distance from one's home, after so many fatigues and

sacrifices, at the instant when victory escaped from their grasp, and a frightful prospect revealed itself, it was natural to expect severity of judgment; and the judges had suffered too much themselves, to allow theirs to be impartial.

As for myself, I shall not conceal what I witnessed, in the persuasion that truth is of all tributes that which is alone worthy of a great man; of that illustrious captain, who had so often extracted prodigious advantages from every occurrence, not excepting his reverses; of that man who raised himself to so great an eminence, that posterity will scarcely be enabled to distinguish the shadow attached to a glory so brilliant.

The French army continued to advance, and the Russian army to retreat, cautiously and systematically avoiding a combat which the French Emperor so ardently desired, and drawing him on to his fate.

The emperor now decided; the course of the Düna and of the Boristhenes marked out the French line. The army was thus quartered on the banks of these two rivers, and in the interval between them; Poniatowski and his Poles at Mohilef; Davoust and the first corps at Orcha, Dubrowna, and Luibowiczi; Murat, Ney, the army of Italy and the guard, from Orcha and Dubrowna to Witepsk and Suraj. The advance posts at Lyadi, Vinkowo, and Velij, opposite to those of Barclay and Bagration; for these two hostile armies, the one flying from Napoleon, across the Düna, by Drissa and Witepsk, the other, escaping Davoust across the Berizina and the Boristhenes, by way of Bobruisk, Bickof, and Smolensk, succeeded in forming a junction within the interval bounded by these two rivers.

As soon as the Emperor had made up his mind, he returned to Witepsk with his guard: there, on the 28th of July, in entering the imperial head-quarters, he laid down his sword, and abruptly depositing it on his maps, with which his tables were covered, he exclaimed, Here I stop! here I must look round me; rally; refresh my army, and organize Poland. The campaign of 1812 is finished; that of 1813 will do the rest.

With the conquest of Lithuania, the object of the war was attained, and, nevertheless, that war appeared scarcely to have commenced; for it was places that were vanquished, and not men. The Russian army was unbroken; its two wings, which had been separated by the vivacity of the first onset, had now united. We were in the finest season of the year. It was in this situation that Napoleon believed himself irrevocably decided to halt on the banks of the Boristhenes and the Düna. At that time, he could much more easily deceive others as to his intentions, as he actually deceived himself.

We are told that the line of defence was already traced upon Napoleon's maps, and that

He was seen exploring Witepsk and its environs, as if to reconnoitre places where he was likely to make a long residence. Establishments of all kinds were formed there. Thirty-six ovens, capable of providing at once 29,000 loaves of bread, were constructed. Neither was the useful alone attended to; embellishment was also considered. Some stone houses spoiled the appearance of the square of the palace; the Emperor ordered his guard to pull them down, and clear away the rubbish. Indeed, he was already anticipating the pleasures of winter; Parisian actors must come to Witepsk; and as that city was abandoned, fair spectators must be attracted from Warsaw and Wilna.

His star at that time enlightened his path: happy had it been for him, if he had not afterwards mistaken the movements of his impatience for the inspirations of genius. But, whatever may be said, it was by himself alone that he suffered himself to be hurried on; for in him every thing proceeded from himself, and it was a vain attempt to seduce his prudence. In vain did one of his marshals encourage his hopes of insurrection of the Russians, in consequence of the proclamations which his officers of the advanced guard had been instructed to disseminate. Some Poles had intoxicated that general with inconsiderate promises, dictated by the delusive hope common to all exiles, with which they flatter the ambition of the leaders who rely upon them.

But Murat was the individual whose incitements were most frequent and animated. Tired of repose, and insatiable of glory, that monarch, who considered the enemy to be within his grasp, was unable to repress his emotions. He quit- ted the advanced guard, went to Witepsk, and, in a private interview with the

Emperor, gave way to his impetuosity. He accused the Russian army of cowardice; according to him, it had failed in the *rendezvous* before Witepsk, as if it had been an affair of a duel. It was a panic-struck army, which his light cavalry alone was sufficient to put to flight. This ebullition extorted a smile from Napoleon; but in order to moderate his fervour, he said to him: "Murat! the first campaign in Russia is finished; let us here plant our eagles. Two great rivers mark out our position; let us raise block-houses on that line: let our fires cross each other on all sides. Let us form in square battalion; cannons at the angles and the exterior: let the interior contain our quarters and our magazines: 1813 will see us at Moscow—1814 at Petersburg. The Russian war is a war of three years!"

It was thus that his genius conceived every thing in masses, and his eye expatiated over an army of 400,000 men as if it were a regiment.

That very day he loudly addressed an administrator in the following words: "As for you, sir, you must take care to provide subsistence for us in these quarters; for," added he, in a higher tone, and addressing himself to some of his officers, "we shall not repeat the folly of Charles the XIth." But his actions in a short time belied his words; and there was a general astonishment at his indifference to giving the necessary orders for so great an establishment.

But after all these appearances of winter-quarters, we are informed that

The moderation of the first discourses of Napoleon had not deceived the members of his household. They recollected that, at the first view of the deserted camp of Barclay, and of Witepsk abandoned, when he heard them congratulating each other, he turned sharply round to them and exclaimed, "Do you think then that I have come so far to conquer these huts?" They also knew perfectly, that when he had a great object in view, he never devised any other than a vague plan, preferring to take counsel of opportunity; a system more conformable to the promptitude of his genius.

In other respects, the whole army was loaded with the favours of its head. If he happened to meet with convoys of wounded, he stopped them, informed himself of their condition, of their sufferings, of the actions in which they had been wounded, and never quitted them without consoling them by his words, or making them partakers of his bounty.

He bestowed particular attention on his guard; he himself daily reviewed them, lavishing commendation, and sometimes blame; but the latter seldom fell on any but the administrators; which pleased the soldiers, and diverted their complaints.

He frequently sent wine from his table to the sentinel who was nearest to him. One day he assembled the *élite* of his guards, for the purpose of giving them a new leader; he made them a speech, and with his own hand and sword introduced him to them; afterwards he embraced him in their presence. So many attentions were ascribed by some to his gratitude for the past; by others, to his exigency for the future.

The latter saw clearly that Napoleon had at first flattered himself with the hope of receiving fresh overtures of peace from Alexander, and that the misery and debility of his army had occupied his attention. It was requisite to allow the long train of stragglers and sick sufficient time, the one for joining their corps, and the latter for reaching the hospitals. Finally, to establish these hospitals, to collect provisions, recruit the horses, and wait for the hospital-waggons, the artillery, and the pontoons, which were still laboriously dragging after us across the Lithuanian sands. His correspondence with Europe must also have been a source of occupation to him. To conclude, a destructive atmosphere stopped his progress! Such, in fact, is that climate; the atmosphere is always in the extreme—always excessive; it either parches or inundates, burns up or freezes, the soil and its inhabitants, for whose protection it appears expressly framed; a perfidious climate, the heat of which debilitated our bodies, in order to render them more accessible to the frost by which they were shortly to be pierced.

The Emperor was not the least sensible of its effects; but when he found himself somewhat refreshed by repose, when no envoy from Alexander made his appearance, and his first dispositions were completed, he was seized with impatience. He was observed to grow restless, whether it was that inactivity annoyed him, as it does all men of active habits, and that he preferred danger to the weariness of expectation, or that he was agitated by that desire of acquisition, which, with the greater part of mankind, has stronger efficacy than the pleasure of preserving, or the fear of losing.

It was then especially that the image of captive Moscow besieged him ; it was the boundary of his fears, the object of his hopes : possessed of that, he would possess every thing. From that time it was foreseen that an ardent and restless genius, like his, and accustomed to short cuts, would not wait eight months, when he felt his object within his reach, and when twenty days were sufficient to attain it.

We must not, however, be too hasty in judging this extraordinary man by the weaknesses common to all men. We shall presently hear from himself ;—we shall see how much his political position tended to complicate his military position. At a later period, we shall be less tempted to blame the resolution he was now about to take, when it is seen that the fate of Russia depended upon only one more day's health, which failed Napoleon, even on the very field of the Moskwa.

Meantime, he at first appeared hardly bold enough to confess to himself a project of such great temerity. But by degrees, he assumed courage to look it in the face. He then began to deliberate, and the state of great irresolution which tormented his mind, affected his whole frame. He was observed to wander about his apartments, as if pursued by some dangerous temptation ; nothing could rivet his attention ; he every moment began, quitted, and resumed his labour ; he walked about without any object ; inquired the hour, and looked at his watch ; completely absorbed, he stopped, hummed a tune with an absent air, and again began walking about.

In the midst of this perplexity, he occasionally addressed the persons whom he met with such half sentences as, " Well ! what shall we do ? Shall we stay where we are, or advance ? How is it possible to stop short in the midst of so glorious a career ?" He did not wait for their reply ; but still kept wandering about, as if he was looking for something or somebody to terminate his indecision.

At length, quite overwhelmed with the weight of such an important consideration, and oppressed with so great an uncertainty, he would throw himself on one of the beds, which he had caused to be laid on the floor of his apartments. His frame, exhausted by the heat, and the struggles of his mind, could only bear a covering of the slightest texture ; it was in that state that he passed a portion of his days at Witepsk.

But when his body was at rest, his spirit was only the more active. " How many motives urged him towards Moscow ! How support at Witepsk the *ennui* of seven winter months ?—he, who till then had always been the assailant, was about to be reduced to a defensive position ; a part unworthy of him, of which he had no experience, and adverse to his genius.

" Moreover, at Witepsk, nothing had been decided, and yet, at what a distance was he already from France ! Europe, then, would at length behold him stopped, whom nothing had been able to stop. Would not the duration of the enterprize augment its danger ? Ought he to allow Russia time to arm herself entirely ? How long could he protract this uncertain condition without impairing the charm of his infallibility, (which the resistance of Spain had already enfeebled,) and without engendering dangerous hopes in Europe ? What would be thought, if it were known that a third of his army, dispersed or sick, were no longer in the ranks ? It was indispensable, therefore, to dazzle the world speedily by the éclat of a great victory, and hide so many sacrifices under a heap of laurels."

Then, if he remained at Witepsk, he considered that he should have the *ennui*, the whole expense, all the inconveniences, and all the anxieties of a defensive position to bear ; while at Moscow there would be peace, abundance, a reimbursement of the expenses of the war, and immortal glory. He persuaded himself that audacity for him was henceforth the greater prudence ; that it is the same with all hazardous undertakings, as with faults, in which there is always risk at the beginning, but frequently gain at the conclusion ; that the more inexcusable they are, the more they require to be successful. That it was indispensable, therefore, to consummate this undertaking, to push it to the utmost, astonish the universe, beat down Alexander by his audacity, and carry off a prize which should be a compensation for so many losses.

Thus it was, that the same danger which perhaps ought to have recalled him to the Niemen, or kept him stationary on the Düna, urged him towards Moscow ! Such is the peculiarity of false positions ; every thing in them is perilous ; temerity is prudence ; there is no choice left but of errors ; there is no hope but in the errors of the enemy, and in chance.

Having at last determined, he hastily arose, as if not to allow time to his own reflections to renew so painful a state of uncertainty ; and already quite full of the plan which was to secure his conquest, he hastened to his maps ; they presented to his view the cities of Smolensk and Moscow ; " the great Moscow, the holy city ;" names which he repeated with satisfaction, and which served to add new fuel

to his ambitious flame. Fired with this prospect, his spirit, replete with the energy of his mighty conception, appears possessed by the genius of war. His voice deepens; his eye flashes fire; and his countenance darkens. His attendants retreat from his presence, struck with mingled awe and respect; but at length his plan is fixed; his determination taken; his order of march traced out. Instantly, the internal struggle by which he had been agitated subsided; and no sooner was he delivered of his terrible conception, than his countenance resumed its usual mild and tranquil character.

All the officers of Napoleon's household were opposed to his stupendous plan. Neither the tears of Berthier, nor the frankness of Lobau and Caulincourt, nor Duroc's disapproving, chilling silence, nor Daru's straight-forward and immovable firmness, were of any avail. The Emperor combated all their arguments in his own way, and then said to them,

"That he perceived clearly that their thoughts were dwelling on Charles the Twelfth; but that if the expedition to Moscow wanted a fortunate precedent, it was because it was deficient in a man capable of making it succeed; that in war, fortune went for one-half in every thing; that if people always waited for a complete assemblage of favourable circumstances, nothing would ever be undertaken; that we must begin, in order to finish; that there was no enterprise in which every thing concurred, and that, in all human projects, chance had its share; that, in short, it was not the rule which created the success, but the success the rule; and that, if he succeeded by new means, that success would create new principles.

"Blood has not yet been spilled," he added, "and Russia is too great to yield without fighting. Alexander can only negotiate after a great battle. If it is necessary, I will even proceed to the holy city in search of that battle, and I will gain it. Peace waits for me at the gates of Moscow. But with his honour thus saved, if Alexander still persists, I will negotiate with the Boyards, or even with the population of that capital; it is numerous, united, and consequently enlightened. It will understand its own interests, and comprehend the value of liberty." He concluded by saying, that "Moscow hated Petersburg; that he would take advantage of their rivalry; that the results of such a jealousy were incalculable."

After enduring great hardships, the state of the French army is represented in these words:

The soldiers complained of his non-appearance. "They no longer saw him," they said, "except in days of battle, when they had to die for him, but never when they required the means of existence. They were all there to serve him, but he seemed no longer there to serve them."

In this manner did they suffer and complain, but without sufficiently considering that what they complained of was one of the inseparable evils of the campaign. The dispersion of the various corps d'armée being indispensable for the sake of procuring subsistence in these deserts, that necessity kept Napoleon at a distance from his soldiers. His guard could hardly find subsistence and shelter in his immediate neighbourhood; the rest were out of his sight. It is true that many imprudent acts had recently been committed; several convoys of provisions belonging to other corps, were on their passage daringly retained at the imperial head-quarters, for the use of the guard, by whose order is not known. This violence, added to the jealousy which such bodies of men always inspire, created discontent in the army.

Respect, however, for the conqueror of Europe, and the necessity of circumstances, supported them; they saw that they were too deeply embarked; that a victory was necessary for their speedy deliverance from their embarrassment, and that he alone could give it them. Misfortune, moreover, had purified the army; all that remained of it could not fail to be its *élite* both in mind and body. In order to have got so far as they had done, what trials had they not withstood! Suspense, and disgust with miserable cantonments, were sufficient to agitate such men. To remain, appeared to them insupportable; to retreat, impossible; it was, therefore, imperative to advance.

The great names of Smolensk and Moscow inspired no alarm. In ordinary times, and with ordinary men, that unknown region, that unvisited people, and the distance, which magnifies all things, would have been sufficient to discourage. But these were the very circumstances which, in this case, were most attractive. The soldiers' chief pleasure was in hazardous situations, which were rendered more interesting by the greater proportion of danger they involved, and on which new dangers conferred a

more striking air of singularity ; emotions full of charm for active spirits, which had exhausted their taste for old things, and which, therefore, required new.

Ambition was, at that time, completely unshackled ; every thing inspired the passion for glory ; they had been launched into a boundless career. How was it possible to measure the ascendancy which a powerful Emperor must have acquired, or the strong impulse which he had given them—an Emperor, capable of telling his soldiers after the victory of Austerlitz, “ I will allow you to name your children after me ; and if among them there should prove one worthy of us, I will leave him every thing I possess, and name him my successor ?”

For an account of the movements of the French and the Russian armies, we must refer again to our review of Boutourlin. Ever since the arrival of the French at Vitepsk, Napoleon had employed two of his officers in sounding the sentiments of the Russians.

The aim was to instil into them notions of liberty, and to compromise them in our cause by an insurrection more or less general. But there had been nothing to work upon, excepting a few straggling savage boors, whom the Russians had perhaps left as spies amongst us. This attempt had only served to betray his plan, and to put the Russians on their guard against it.

This expedient, moreover, was repugnant to Napoleon, whose nature inclined him much more to the cause of kings than to that of nations. He employed it but carelessly. Subsequently, at Moscow, he received several addresses from different heads of families. They complained that they were treated by the lords like herds of cattle, which they sell or barter away at pleasure. They solicited Napoleon to proclaim the abolition of slavery. They offered to head partial insurrections, which they promised speedily to render general.

These offers were rejected. We should have seen, among a barbarous people, a barbarous liberty, an ungovernable, a horrible licentiousness : a few partial revolts had formerly furnished the standard of them. The Russian nobles, like the planters of St. Domingo, would have been ruined. This fear prevailed in the mind of Napoleon, and was confessed by him ; it induced him to give up all attempts to excite a movement which he could not have regulated.

Besides, these masters had conceived a distrust of their slaves. Amidst so many dangers, they distinguished this as the most urgent. They first wrought upon the minds of their unfortunate serfs, debased by all sorts of servitude. Their priests, whom they are accustomed to believe, imposed upon them by delusive language ; they persuaded these peasants that we were legions of devils, commanded by Antichrist, infernal spirits, whose very look would excite horror, and whose touch would contaminate. Our prisoners remarked that these poor creatures would not again make use of the vessels which they had used, and that they reserved them for the most filthy animals.

As we approached, however, our presence would have refuted all these clumsy fables. But behold ! these nobles fell back with their serfs into the interior of the country, as at the approach of a dire contagion. Property, habitations, all that could detain them, and be serviceable to us, were sacrificed. They interposed famine, fire, and the desert, between them and us ; for it was as much against their serfs as against Napoleon that this mighty resolution was executed. It was no longer, therefore, a war of kings that was to be prosecuted, but a war of class, a war of party, a war of religion, a national war, all sorts of war combined.

The Emperor, then, first perceived the enormous magnitude of his enterprize ; the farther he advanced, the more it was magnified before him. So long as he encountered only kings, to him greater than all of them, their defeats were but sport ; but the kings being conquered, he had now to do with people ; and it was another Spain, but remote, barren, infinite, that he had found at the opposite extremity of Europe. He was daunted, hesitated, and paused.

At Witepsk, whatever resolution he might have taken, he wanted Smolensk, and till he should be at Smolensk he seemed to have deferred coming to any determination. For this reason he was again seized with the same perplexity ; it was now more embarrassing, as the flames, the epidemic disease, the victims which surrounded him, had aggravated matters ; a fever of hesitation attacked him ; his eyes turned towards Kief, Petersburg, and Moscow.

In the article formerly alluded to, we have followed the retreat of the Russian, and the advance of the French armies, to the bloody field of Bo-

rodino or the Moskwa. When approaching this tomb of the brave, a Frenchman who had joined the army, and who gave them different kinds of intelligence, also related

That the arrival of Kutusof, on the 20th of August, at Tzarewo-zaimizze, between Viazma and Gjat, and the announcement of a speedy battle, had intoxicated the enemy with two-fold joy; that all had immediately marched towards Borodino,—not to continue their flight, but to fix themselves on this frontier of the government of Moscow, to root themselves to the soil, to defend it; in short, to conquer there or die.

An incident, otherwise not worthy of notice, seemed to confirm this intelligence: this was the arrival of a Russian officer with a flag of truce. He had so little to say, that it was evident from the first that he came only to observe. His manner was particularly displeasing to Davoust, who read in it something more than assurance. A French general having inconsiderately asked this stranger what we should find between Viazma and Moscow, the Russian proudly replied, “Pultowa.” This answer bespoke a battle; it pleased the French, who are fond of a smart repartee, and delight to meet with enemies worthy of themselves.

Though Barclay de Tolly fell into the utmost disgrace among the Russians, yet we are told by Segur that he deserved better treatment.

Thus Barclay had, singly against all, supported till the very last moment that plan of retreat which in 1807 he had vaunted to one of our generals as the only expedient for saving Russia. Among us, he was commended for having persisted in this prudent defensive system, in spite of the clamours of a proud nation irritated by misfortune, and before so aggressive an enemy.

He had, no doubt, failed in suffering himself to be surprised at Wilna, and for not considering the marshy course of the Berezina as the proper frontier of Lithuania; but it was remarked that, subsequently, at Witepsk and Smolensk, he had forestalled Napoleon; that on the Loutcheza, on the Dnieper, and at Valoutina, his resistance had been proportionate to time and place; that this petty warfare, and the losses occasioned by it, had been but too much in his favour; every retrograde step of his drawing us to a greater distance from our reinforcements, and bringing him nearer to his own: in short, all that he had done, he had done judiciously, whether he had hazarded, defended, or abandoned.

And yet he had drawn upon himself general animadversion! But this was, in our opinion, his highest panegyric. We thought the better of him for despising public opinion, when it had gone astray; for having contented himself with watching our motions in order to profit by them, and for having proved that, most frequently, nations are saved in spite of themselves.

Barclay showed himself still greater during the rest of the campaign. This commander-in-chief and minister at war, who had been deprived of the command that it might be given to Kutusof, voluntarily served under him, and was seen to obey with the same zeal as he had commanded.

At length the consummation of Napoleon's wishes—a battle with the Russians—seemed to approach. The Russian army halted at Borodino.

Napoleon announced a battle to his army; he allowed it two days to rest, to prepare its arms, and to collect subsistence. He merely warned the detachments sent out in quest of provisions, that “if they did not return the following day, they would deprive themselves of the honour of fighting.”

The Emperor then endeavoured to obtain some information concerning his new adversary. Kutusof was described to him as an old man, the ground-work of whose reputation had been formerly laid by a singular wound. He had since skilfully profited by circumstances. The very defeat of Austerlitz, which he had foreseen, added to his renown, which was further increased by his late campaigns against the Turks. His valour was incontestable, but he was charged with regulating its vehemence, according to his private interest; for he calculated every thing. His genius was slow, vindictive, and above all, crafty—the true Tartar character!—knowing the art of preparing an implacable war with a fawning, supple, and patient policy.

In other respects, he was a more adroit courtier than able general; but formidable by his renown, by his address in augmenting it, and in making others concur in this object. He had contrived to flatter the whole nation, and every individual of it, from the general to the private soldier.

It was added, that there was in his person, in his language, nay, even in his very

dress, his superstitious practices and his age, a remnant of Suwarrow,—the stamp of an ancient Muscovite, an air of nationality, which rendered him dear to the Russians: at Moscow the joy at his appointment had been carried to intoxication; people embraced one another in the streets, and considered themselves as saved.

When Napoleon had learned these particulars, and given his orders, he awaited the event with that tranquillity of mind peculiar to extraordinary men. He quietly employed himself in exploring the environs of his head-quarters. He remarked the progress of agriculture; but at the sight of the Gjat, which pours its waters into the Wolga, he who had conquered so many rivers, felt anew the first emotions of his glory: he was heard to boast of being the master of those waves destined to visit Asia,—as if they were going to announce his approach, and to open for him the way to that quarter of the globe.

On the 4th of September the army, still divided into three columns, set out from Gjat and its environs. Murat had gone on a few leagues before. Ever since the arrival of Kutusof, troops of Cossacks had been incessantly hovering about the heads of our columns. Murat was exasperated at seeing his cavalry forced to deploy against so feeble an obstacle. We are assured that on that day, from one of those first impulses worthy of the ages of chivalry, he dashed suddenly and alone towards their line, stopped short a few paces from them, and there, sword in hand, made a sign for them to retire, with an air and gesture so commanding, that these barbarians obeyed and fell back in amazement.

This circumstance, which was related to us immediately, was received without incredulity. The martial air of that monarch, the brilliancy of his chivalrous dress, his reputation, and the novelty of such an action, caused this momentary ascendancy to appear true, in spite of its improbability; for such was Murat, a theatrical monarch by the splendor of his dress, and truly a king by his extraordinary valour and his inexhaustible activity, bold as the attack, and always armed with that air of superiority, that threatening audacity, which is the most dangerous of offensive weapons.

After some successful encounters,

Napoleon then appeared on a height, from which he surveyed the whole country, with that eye of a conqueror which sees every thing at once and without confusion; which penetrates through obstacles, sets aside accessaries, discovers the capital point, and fixes it with the look of an eagle, like prey on which he is about to dart with all his might and all his impetuosity.

He knew that a league before him, at Borodino, the Kologha, a river running in a ravine, along the margin of which he proceeded a few versts, turned abruptly to the left and discharged itself into the Moskwa. He guessed that a chain of considerable heights alone could have opposed its course, and so suddenly changed its direction. These were, no doubt, occupied by the enemy's army, and on this side it could not be easily attacked. But the Kologha, both banks of which he followed, while it covered the right of the position, left their left exposed.

The night before the battle of Borodino, we are told

—that a cold mizzling rain began to fall, and the autumn set in with a violent wind. This was an additional enemy, that it was necessary to take into account; for this period of the year answered to the age on which Napoleon was entering, and every one knows the influence of the seasons of the year on the like seasons of life.

During that night how many different agitations! The soldiers and the officers had to prepare their arms, to repair their clothing, and to combat cold and hunger; for their life was a continual combat. The generals, and the Emperor himself, were uneasy, lest their defeat of the preceding day should have disheartened the Russians, and they should escape us in the dark. Murat had anticipated this; we imagined several times that we saw their fires burn more faintly, and that we heard the noise of their departure; but day alone eclipsed the light of the enemy's bivouacs.

This time there was no need to go far in quest of them. The sun of the 6th found the two armies again, and displayed them to each other, on the same ground where it had left them the evening before. There was a general feeling of exultation.

The Emperor took advantage of the first rays of dawn to advance between the two lines, and to go from height to height along the whole front of the hostile army. He saw the Russians crowning all the eminences, in a vast semi-circle two leagues in extent, from the Moskwa to the old Moscow road.

Napoleon, after having determined on his plan, —had returned to his camp, when Murat, whom the Russians had so often deceived, persuaded him that they were going to run away once more without fighting. In vain

did Rapp, who was sent to observe their attitude, return and say, that he had seen them entrenching themselves more and more; that they were numerous, judiciously disposed, and appeared determined much rather to attack, if they were not anticipated, than to retreat: Murat persisted in his opinion, and the Emperor, uneasy, returned to the heights of Borodino.

He there perceived long black columns of troops covering the high-road, and spreading over the plain; then large convoys of waggons, provisions, and ammunition, in short, all the dispositions indicative of a stay and a battle. At that very moment, though he had taken with him but few attendants, that he might not attract the notice and the fire of the enemy, he was recognized by the Russian batteries, and a cannon-shot suddenly interrupted the silence of that day. For, as it frequently happens, nothing was so calm as the day preceding that great battle.

Thus these two colossal foes, on the point of commencing their terrible contest, watched each other attentively, measured one another with their eyes, and silently prepared for a tremendous conflict.

The Emperor, who could no longer entertain doubts of a battle, returned to his tent to dictate the order of it. There he meditated on his awful situation. He had seen that the two armies were equal: about 120,000 men, and 600 pieces of cannon on either side. The Russians had the advantage of ground, of speaking but one language, of one uniform, of being a single nation, fighting for the same cause, but a great number of irregular troops and recruits. The French had as many men, but more soldiers; for the state of his corps had just been submitted to him: he had before his eyes an account of the strength of his divisions, and as it was neither a review nor a distribution, but a battle that was in prospect, this time the statements were not exaggerated. His army was reduced indeed, but sound, supple, nervous,—like those manly bodies, which, having just lost the plumpness of youth, display forms more masculine and strongly marked.

Still, during the several days which he had marched in the midst of it, he had found it silent, from that silence which is imposed by great expectation or great astonishment; like Nature, the moment before a violent tempest, or crowds at the instant of an extraordinary danger.

He felt that it wanted rest of some kind or other, but that there was no rest for it but in death or victory; for he had brought it into such a necessity of conquering, that it must triumph at any rate. The temerity of the situation into which he had urged it was evident, but he knew that of all faults, that was the one which the French most willingly forgave; that in short they doubted neither of themselves nor of him, nor of the general result, whatever might be their individual hardships.

He reckoned, moreover, on their habit and thirst of glory, and even on their curiosity; no doubt, they wished to see Moscow, to be able to say that they had been there, to receive there the promised reward, perhaps to plunder, and above all, there to find repose. He did not observe in them enthusiasm, but something more firm: and entire confidence in his star, in his genius, the consciousness of their superiority, and the proud assurance of conquest, in the presence of the vanquished.

Full of these sentiments, he dictated a proclamation, simple, grave, and frank, as befitted such circumstances, and men who were not just commencing their career, and whom, after so many sufferings, it would have been idle to pretend to exalt.

Accordingly he addressed himself solely to the reason of all, or what is the same thing, to the real interest of each; he finished with glory, the only passion to which he could appeal in these deserts, the last of the noble motives by which it was possible to act upon soldiers always victorious, enlightened by an advanced civilization and long experience; in short, of all the generous illusions, the only one that they could have carried so far. This harangue will some day be deemed admirable; it was worthy of the commander and of the army; it did honour to both.

"Soldiers," said he, "here is the battle which you have so ardently desired. The victory will now depend upon yourselves; it is needful for us: it will give us abundance, good winter-quarters, and a speedy return home! Behave as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, and at Smolensk, and afford to remotest posterity occasion to cite your conduct on that day: let it be said of you, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'"

The picture of the two armies before the awful battle, where so many brave soldiers fell, is one of the most lively, and yet solemn, of the whole work.

About the middle of the day, Napoleon remarked an extraordinary movement in the enemy's camp; in fact, the whole Russian army was drawn up under arms,

and Kutusof, surrounded with every species of religious and military pomp, took his station in the middle of it. He had made his popes and his archmandrites dress themselves in those splendid and majestic insignia which they have inherited from the Greeks. They marched before him, carrying the venerated symbols of their religion, and particularly that divine image, formerly the protectress of Smolensk, which, by their account, had been miraculously saved from the profanation of the sacrilegious French.

When the Russian saw that his soldiers were sufficiently excited by this extraordinary spectacle, he raised his voice, and began by putting them in mind of heaven, the only country which remains to the slave. In the name of the religion of equality, he endeavoured to animate these serfs to defend the property of their masters; but it was principally by exhibiting to them that sacred image which had taken refuge in their ranks, that he appealed to their courage, and raised their indignation.

Napoleon, in his mouth, was "a universal despot! the tyrannical disturber of the world! a poor worm! an arch-rebel, who had overturned their altars, and polluted them with blood; who had exposed the true ark of the Lord, represented by the holy image, to the profanation of men, and the inclemency of the seasons." He then told them of their cities reduced to ashes; reminded them that they were about to fight for their wives and children; added a few words respecting the Emperor, and concluded by appealing to their piety and their patriotism. These were the virtues of instinct with this rude and simple people, who had not yet advanced beyond sensations, but who, for that very reason, were so much more formidable as soldiers; less diverted from obedience by reasoning; confined by slavery to a narrow circle, in which they are reduced to a small number of sensations, which are the only sources of their wants, wishes, and ideas.

As to other characteristics, proud for want of comparison, and credulous as they are proud, from ignorance. Worshipers of images, idolaters as much as Christians can be; for they had converted that religion of the soul, which is wholly intellectual and moral, into one entirely physical and material, to bring it to the level of their brute and short capacity.

This solemn spectacle, however, their general's address, the exhortations of their officers, and the benedictions of their priests, served to give a thorough tincture of fanaticism to their courage. All, even to the meanest soldier, fancied themselves devoted by God himself to the defence of Heaven and their consecrated soil.

With the French there was no solemnity, either religious or military, no review, no means of excitation: even the address of the Emperor was not distributed till very late, and read the next morning so near the time of action, that several corps were actually engaged before they could hear it. The Russians, however, whom so many powerful motions should have inflamed, added to their invocations the sword of St. Michael, thus seeking to borrow aid from all the powers of Heaven; while the French sought for it only within themselves, persuaded that real strength exists only in the heart, and that *there* is to be found the "celestial host."

Dreadful was the anxiety of Buonaparte before the battle of Borodino: and yet his greatest distress seemed to be caused by the fear that the Russians would again make their escape without fighting. Many a messenger was sent to know whether they still kept their ground. On receiving assurance that they did, and having attended to the wants of his Guards, Napoleon went into his tent and soon fell into a doze.

Shortly after, he called once more. His aide-de-camp found him now supporting his head with both hands; he seemed, by what was heard, to be meditating on the vanities of glory. "What is war? A trade of barbarians, the whole art of which consists in being the strongest on a given point!" He then complained of the fickleness of fortune, which, he said, he began to experience. Seeming to revert to more encouraging ideas, he recollected what had been told him of the tardiness and carelessness of Kutusof, and expressed his surprise that Benningsen had not been preferred to him. He thought of the critical situation into which he had brought himself, and added, "that a great day is at hand, that there will be a terrible battle." He asked Rapp if he thought we should gain the victory. "No doubt," was the reply, "but it will be sanguinary." "I know it," resumed Napoleon; "but I have 50,000 men; I shall lose 20,000, I shall enter Moscow with 60,000; the stragglers will then rejoin us, and afterwards the battalions on the march, and we shall be stronger than we were before the battle." In this estimate he seemed to include neither his guard nor the cavalry.

Again assailed by his first anxiety, he sent once more to examine the attitude of the Russians: he was informed that their fires burned with equal brightness, and that by the number of these, and the moving shadows surrounding them, it was supposed that it was not merely a rear-guard, but a whole army that kept feeding them. The certainty of their presence at last quieted the Emperor, and he tried to take some rest.

But the marches which he had just made with the army, the fatigues of the preceding days and nights, so many cares, and his intense and anxious expectation, had worn him out; the coldness of the atmosphere had struck to him; an irritating fever, a dry cough, and excessive thirst, consumed him. During the remainder of the night, he made vain attempts to quench the burning thirst which consumed him. This fresh disorder was complicated with an old complaint, with which he had been struggling since the day before.

At last, just at five o'clock, one of Ney's officers came to inform him that the marshal was still in sight of the Russians, and wished to begin the attack. This news seemed to restore the strength of which the fever had deprived him. He arose, called his officers, and went out, exclaiming, "We have them at last! Forward! Let us go and open the gates of Moscow."

The account of the attacks and the changing fate of the various divisions of the opposing armies would little interest the general reader, who must be more anxious to become acquainted with its results. The battle was terrific, but the French had the advantage in the end, though they paid dearly for it. At one period of the fight, it would appear, from Segur, that the road was open to victory; but Murat, Ney, and Davoust were exhausted: they halted, and while they were rallying their troops, they sent to Napoleon for reinforcements.

Napoleon was then seized with a hesitation which he never before displayed; he deliberated long with himself, and at last, after repeated orders and counter-orders to his young guard, he expressed his belief that the appearance of Friand and Maubourg's troops on the heights would be sufficient, the decisive moment not appearing to him to be yet arrived.

But Kutusof took advantage of the respite which he had no reason to expect; he summoned the whole of his reserve, even to the Russian guards, to the support of his uncovered left wing. Bagration with these reinforcements reformed his line, his right resting on the great battery which Prince Eugene was attacking, his left on the wood which bounded the field of battle towards Psarewo. His fire cut our ranks to pieces; his attack was violent, impetuous, and simultaneous; infantry, artillery, and cavalry; all made one grand effort. Ney and Murat stood firm against this tempest; the question with them was no longer about following up the victory, but about retaining it.

The soldiers of Friand, drawn up in front of Semenowska, repelled the first charges, but when they were assailed with a shower of balls and grape shot, they began to give way; one of their leaders got tired, and gave orders to retreat. At that critical moment, Murat ran up to him, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "What are you about?" The colonel, pointing to the ground covered with half his troops, answered, "You see well enough that it is impossible to stand here."—"Very well, I will remain!" exclaimed the king. These words stopped the officer; he looked Murat steadily in the face, and turning round, coolly said, "You are right! Soldiers, face to the enemy! Let us go and be killed!"

Meanwhile, Murat had just sent back Borelli to the Emperor to ask for assistance; that officer pointed to the clouds of dust which the charges of the cavalry were raising upon the heights, which had hitherto remained tranquil since they had been taken. Some cannon balls also for the first time fell close to where Napoleon was stationed; the enemy seemed to be approaching; Borelli insisted, and the Emperor promised his young guard. But scarcely had it advanced a few paces, when he himself called out to it to halt. The Count de Lobau, however, made it advance by degrees, under pretence of dressing the line. Napoleon perceiving it, repeated his order.

Fortunately, the artillery of the reserve advanced at that moment, to take a position on the conquered heights; Lauriston had obtained the Emperor's consent to that manœuvre, but it was rather a permission than an order. Shortly after, however, he thought it so important, that he urged its execution with the only movement of impatience he exhibited during the whole of that day.

It is not known whether the doubt, as to the results of Prince Poniatowski and

Prince Eugene's engagement on his right and left, kept him in uncertainty : what is certain is, that he seemed to be apprehensive lest the extreme left of the Russians should escape from the Poles, and return to take possession of the field of battle in the rear of Ney and Murat. This at least was one of the causes of his retaining his guard in observation upon that point. To such as pressed him, his answer was, "that he wished to have a better view ; that his battle was not yet begun ; that they must learn to wait ; that time entered into every thing ; that it was the element of which all things are composed ; that nothing was yet sufficiently clear." He then inquired the hour, and added, "that the hour of his battle was not yet come, that would begin in two hours."

But it never began ; the whole of that day he was sitting down, or walking about leisurely in front, and a little to the left of the redoubt which had been won on the 5th, on the borders of a ravine, at a great distance from the battle, of which he could scarcely see any thing after it got beyond the heights ; not at all uneasy when he saw it return nearer to him, nor impatient with his own troops, or the enemy. He merely made some gestures of melancholy resignation, on every occasion, when they came to inform him of the loss of his best generals. He rose several times to take a few turns, but immediately sat down again.

Every one around him looked at him with astonishment. Hitherto, during these great shocks, he had displayed an active coolness ; but here it was a dead calm, a mild and sluggish inactivity. Some fancied they traced in it that dejection which is generally the follower of violent sensations ; others, that he had already become indifferent to every thing, even to the emotion of battles. Several remarked that the calm constancy and *sang-froid* which great men display on these great occasions, turn, in the course of time, to phlegm and heaviness, when age has worn out their springs. Those who were most devoted to him, accounted for his immobility by the necessity of not changing his place too much, when he was commanding over such an extent, in order that the bearers of intelligence might know where to find him. Finally, there were others who, on much better grounds, explained the whole by the shock which his health had sustained, and his violent indisposition.

There cannot be the smallest doubt that Napoleon was no longer the bold, decided, active general, he had proved himself in Italy and Egypt, at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Esslingen, and Wagram. His generals were not seconded in their mighty efforts to cover themselves with glory, and to complete a victory. Nothing could induce their chief to send them his reserves—his guard ; "he wanted to see more clearly upon his chess-board," was his comic answer, in the midst of danger and death. The explanation of this conduct is given us in these words :

Belliard, in consternation, returned to the king of Naples, and informed him of the impossibility of moving the Emperor ; he said, "he had found him still seated in the same place, with a suffering and dejected air, his features sunk, and a dull look ; giving his orders languishingly, in the midst of these dreadful warlike noises, to which he seemed completely a stranger !" At this account, Ney, furious, and hurried away by his ardent and unmeasured character, exclaimed, "Are they then come so far, to be satisfied with a field of battle ? What business has the Emperor in the rear of the army ? There he is only within reach of reverse, and not of victory. Since he will no longer make war himself, since he is no longer the general, as he wishes to be the Emperor every where, let him return to the Tuilleries, and leave us to be generals for him !"

Murat was more calm ; he recollected having seen the Emperor the day before, as he was riding along observing that part of the enemy's line, halt several times, dismount, and with his head resting upon the cannon, remain there some time in the attitude of suffering. He knew what a restless night he had passed, and that a violent and incessant cough cut short his breathing. The king guessed that fatigue and the first attacks of the equinox had shaken his weakened frame, and that in short, at that critical moment, the action of his genius was in a manner chained down by his body, which had sunk under the triple load of fatigue, of fever, and of a malady which, probably more than any other, prostrates the moral and physical strength of its victims.

Still, farther incitements were not wanting ; for shortly after Belliard, Daru, urged by Dumas, and particularly by Berthier, said in a low voice to the Emperor, "that from all sides it was the cry that the moment for sending the guard was now come." To which Napoleon replied, "And if there should be another battle to-

morrow, where is my army?" The minister urged no farther, surprised to see, for the first time, the Emperor putting off till the morrow, and adjourning his victory.

In another place we are informed, that after Napoleon

—had retired to his tent, great mental anguish was added to his previous physical dejection. He had seen the field of battle; places had spoken much more loudly than men: the victory which he had so eagerly pursued, and so dearly bought, was incomplete. Was this he who had always pushed his successes to the farthest possible limits, whom Fortune had just found cold and inactive, at a time when she was offering him her last favours?

The losses were certainly immense, and out of all proportion to the advantages gained. Every one around him had to lament the loss of a friend, a relation, or a brother; for the fate of battle had fallen on the most distinguished. Forty-three generals had been killed or wounded. What a mourning for Paris! what a triumph for his enemies! what a dangerous subject for the reflections of Germany! In his army, even in his very tent, victory was silent, gloomy, isolated, even without flatterers!

The persons whom he had summoned, Dumas and Daru, listened to him, and said nothing; but their attitude, their downcast eyes, and their silence, spoke more eloquently than words.

Napoleon's generals seem to have been excessively disappointed and chagrined at their leader's conduct.

Murat then exclaimed, "That in this great day he had not recognized the genius of Napoleon!" The vice-roy confessed "that he had no conception what could be the reason of the indecision which his adopted father had shown;" Ney, when he was called on for his opinion, was singularly obstinate in advising him to retreat.

Those alone who had never quitted his person, observed, that the conqueror of so many nations had been overcome by a burning fever, and above all by a fatal return of that painful malady which every violent movement, and all long and strong emotions, excited in him. They then quoted the words which he himself had written in Italy fifteen years before; "Health is indispensable in war, and nothing can replace it;" and the exclamation, unfortunately prophetic, which he had uttered on the plains of Austerlitz: "Order is worn out. One is not always fit for war; I shall be good for six years longer, after which I must lie by."

Napoleon subsequently rode over the field of battle, and we can believe Segur, that "never did one present so horrible an appearance."

Every thing concurred to make it so; a gloomy sky, a cold rain, a violent wind, houses burnt to ashes, a plain turned topsy-turvy, covered with ruins and rubbish, in the distance the sad and sombre verdure of the trees of the north; soldiers roaming about in all directions, and hunting for provisions, even in the haversacks of their dead companions; horrible wounds, for the Russian musket-balls are larger than ours; silent bivouacs, no singing or story-telling;—a gloomy taciturnity.

Around the eagles were seen the remaining officers and subalterns, and a few soldiers, scarcely enough to protect the colours. Their clothes had been torn in the fury of the combat, were blackened with powder, and spotted with blood; and yet, in the midst of their rags, their misery, and disasters, they had a proud look, and at the sight of the Emperor uttered some shouts of triumph, but they were rare and excited; for in this army, capable at once of analysis and enthusiasm, every one was sensible of the position of all.

The following melancholy anecdote shows the French Emperor in a very amiable light:

Amidst the crowd of corpses which we were obliged to march over in following Napoleon, the foot of a horse encountered a wounded man, and extorted from him a last sign of life or of suffering. The Emperor, hitherto equally silent with his victory, and whose heart felt oppressed by the sight of so many victims, gave an exclamation; he felt relieved by uttering cries of indignation, and lavishing the attentions of humanity on this unfortunate creature. To pacify him, somebody remarked that it was only a Russian, but he retorted warmly, "that after victory there are no enemies, but only men!" He then dispersed the officers of his suite, in order to succour the wounded, who were heard groaning in every direction.

The following description is quite horrifying :

Great numbers were found at the bottom of the ravines, into which the greater part of our men had been precipitated, and where many had dragged themselves, in order to be better protected from the enemy, and the violence of the weather. Some groaningly pronounced the name of their country or their mother; these were the youngest: the elder ones waited the approach of death, some with a tranquil, and others with a sardonic air, without deigning to implore for mercy or to complain: others besought us to kill them outright: these unfortunate men were quickly passed by, having neither the useless pity to assist them, nor the cruel pity to put an end to their sufferings.

During this melancholy review, the Emperor in vain sought to console himself with a cheering illusion, by having a second enumeration made of the few prisoners who remained, and collecting together some dismounted cannon; from seven to eight hundred prisoners, and twenty broken cannon, were all the trophies of this imperfect victory.

Segur remarks, that the Russian autumn had triumphed over Napoleon.

Had it not been for that, perhaps the whole of Russia would have yielded to our arms on the plains of the Moskwa; its premature inclemency was a most seasonable assistance to their empire. It was on the 6th of September, the very day before the great battle! that a hurricane announced its fatal commencement. Ever since the night of that day, a burning fever had dried up his blood, and oppressed his spirits; he was quite overcome by it during the battle, and the state of suffering he endured for the five following days arrested his march, and bound up his genius. This it was which preserved Kutusof from total ruin at Borodino, and allowed him time to rally the remainder of his army, and withdraw it from our pursuit.

The Russians made their retreat toward Moscow, without daring again to risk a second great battle.

Napoleon had remained for three days at Mojaïsk, confined to his apartment, still consumed by a burning fever, overwhelmed with business, and worn out with anxiety. A violent cold had deprived him of the use of his voice. Compelled to dictate to seven persons at once, and unable to make himself heard, he wrote on different papers the heads of his despatches. When any difficulty arose, he explained himself by signs.

There was a moment when Bessières enumerated to him all the generals who were wounded on the day of the battle. This fatal list affected him so poignantly, that by a violent effort he recovered his voice, and interrupted the marshal by the sudden exclamation, "Eight days at Moscow, and there will be an end of it!"

Meantime, although he had hitherto placed all his futurity in that capital, a victory so sanguinary and so little decisive lowered his hopes. His instructions to Berthier of the 11th of September for Marshal Victor, exhibited his distress: "The enemy, attacked at the heart, no longer trifles with us at the extremities. Write to the duke of Belluno to direct all, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and isolated soldiers, to Smolensk, in order to be forwarded from thence to Moscow."

In the midst of these bodily and mental sufferings, which he carefully concealed from his army, Davoust obtained access to him; his object was to offer himself again, notwithstanding his wound, to take the command of the van-guard, promising that he would contrive to march night and day, reach the enemy, and compel him to fight, without squandering, as Murat did, the strength and lives of the soldiers. Napoleon only answered him by extolling in high terms the audacious and inexhaustible ardour of his brother-in-law.

He had just before heard, that the enemy's army had again been found; that it had retired upon his right flank, towards Kalouga, as he had feared it would; that it was still retreating, and that his van-guard was already within two days' march of Moscow. That great name, and the great hopes which he attached to it, revived his strength, and on the 12th of September, he was sufficiently recovered to set out in a carriage, in order to join his van-guard.

Here ends the First Volume of Segur's work,—by far the most interesting of the two, on account of its numerous details respecting the Ex-emperor of the French. The Second Volume, however, is also filled with materials of an important nature; but having already devoted so many pages to the first, we shall endeavour next month to give a summary of the contents of the Second, occasionally entering into a few details.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Northern Regions; or, a Relation of Uncle Richard's Voyages for the Discovery of a North Passage, and his account of the Overland Journeys of his enterprising Friends.

The Journal of an Exile, descriptive of the Scenery and Manners of some interesting parts of France, especially among the Peasantry, in two volumes.

A gentleman of distinguished talent, long resident in that country, is about to publish the result of his observations among the higher orders there, under the title of "The English in Italy:" the work is to extend to three volumes, and to be ready in April.

The Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner, in England and Scotland, with Anecdotes of celebrated persons, visited by the Author, including most of the Literature of both countries, in 2 vols. 8vo., is expected to appear speedily.

A Peep at the Pilgrims in 1636, in 3 vols., is nearly ready.

Goldsmit's Natural and Artificial Wonders of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, are just ready.

A new edition of James's Naval History of Great Britain is preparing for publication. The forthcoming edition will be in 6 vols. 8vo., with diagrams of several of the principal actions.

Horace Walpole's Letters to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy to Paris, are announced for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Babington, a Tragedy, by T. Double-day, will be ready shortly.

The History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain, founded upon a Comparison of the Arabic MSS. in the Escurial, with the Spanish Chronicles, translated from the French, is in the press.

Specimens of the Ancient Architecture of Normandy, by Messrs Pugin and Le Keux, are announced.

The sixth volume of Lingard's History of England, containing the Reigns of James I. and Charles I., will speedily be published.

Lord Porchester has in the press, The Moor, a Poem, in six cantos.

The Diary of Henry Teonge, a chaplain on board the English ships Assistance, Bristol, and Royal Oak, from 1675 to 1679, containing a Narrative of the Expedition against Tripoli in 1675, and the most curious details of the Economy and Discipline of the Navy in the time of Charles II., from the original manuscripts, will speedily be published, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr White has in the press, A Compendium of the British Peerage, comprising the names, ages, and intermarriages of the two present generations; with the surnames, creations, residences, offices, titles, of honour, &c. &c.: arranged alphabetically in a tabular form, in 1 vol.

• A Series of Stories from the Old Chronicles, with Historical Notes, is announced for publication.

Robert Emmett, or the Resources of Ireland, is in the press.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron, by George Chnton, Esq., will be published in a few days.

A Series of Naval Sketches, by an Old Sailor, will be commenced in March, in 4to. parts.

An account of the Two Minns, and the Spanish Guerrillas, is announced.

Dr Luden, of Jena, announces his intention of publishing a History of Germany, by subscription, in 10 vols., and printed in four different sizes.

An Essay on the Principles of Military Combination and Movement, illustrated by the Events of the Peninsular Campaigns from 1808 to 1814, by an Officer, is announced as being nearly ready for publication.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, 2 vols. 8vo., is in the press.

Truth and Fashion, a Novel, 2 vols. 12mo., will appear this month.

Mr Blaquiere has in the press a Narrative of his Second Visit to Greece, including Facts and Anecdotes relative to the Last Days of Lord Byron; with Extracts from his Correspondence with the Provisional Government, Official Documents, &c. Also, a second edition of the Greek Revolution.

Mr Nichols' Collection of the Progresses, Processions, and Public Entertainments of King James the First, will be printed uniformly with the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, and will form 3 handsome volumes, to be published periodicaly, in separate portions, to commence on the 1st of June.

EDINBURGH.

Mr Chambers, Author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c., is engaged in making a collection of the Popular Rhymes of Scotland, which he designs to illustrate with Historical and Traditionary Notices.

A Third Edition of "Traditions of Edinburgh," No. I.; and a Second Edi-

ion of No. II., together with No. IV. of the same work, are preparing.

The Isle of Palms, The City of the Plague; and other poems. By John Wilson. A new Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Babington; a Tragedy. By T. Double-day. 8vo.

Preparing for publication, a new Edition of Lord Stair's Institutions of the Law of Scotland, with copious Additions and Illustrations. By George Brodie, Esq. Advocate. The first part of this work will be published in November next, and the following part in the course of the Summer Session 1826.

In the press, and speedily will be published, an account of various cases of Diseased Ovaria, detailing the successful result of operations performed for extract-

ing them from the Abdomen. By John Lizars, Surgeon, Author of the System of Anatomical Plates, &c. &c. The work will be printed on demy folio, and illustrated by Four Engravings from Drawings made immediately after one of the operations was performed, and will exhibit,

1st, The extent of the incision, with the appearance of the Viscera and enlarged Ovarium during the operation.

2d, The appearance of the wound when healed.

3d and 4th, Front and lateral views of the enlarged Ovarium, of its natural size, and which weighed five pounds.

In a few days will be published, a New Union Atlas for the use of Schools and Families, adapted to the principal Text-Books used in Academies.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

Testimonies in favour of Salt as a Manure, and a Condiment for Horse, Cow, and Sheep. By the Rev. B. Dacre. 8vo. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Bernard Gilpin. By W. Gilpin, A.M. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. F. Irving. 12mo. 3s.

DRAMA.

Shakspeare's Hamlet: a reprint of the edition of 1603. 8vo. 5s.

Massaniello; or, the Fisherman of Naples: a Play. By George Soane, Esq. 8vo. 3s.

Cadijah; or, the Black Prince: a Tragedy. By Mrs Jamieson. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Practical Observations on the Education of the People. By H. Brougham, Esq. 6d.

A Short View of the First Principles of the Differential Calculus. By the Rev. A. Browne. 8vo. 9s.

FINE ARTS.

The Connoisseur's Repertorium; or, Record of Arts and Artists, and of their Works. By Thomas Dodd. Part I. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Etchings; consisting of 39 Plates from the Works of Richard Wilson, the Painter. By Thomas Hastings, Esq. 4to. £.2.12.6d.

Museum Worsleyanum; or a Collection of Antique Basso-Relievos, Statues, Gems, &c.; with Views from the Levant. 2 vols. imperial 4to. £.12.12s.

HISTORY.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ASIA

LAST INDIES.—Dipities from Sir A. Campbell bring down the military operations against the Burmese, from the 7th June to the 5th August. Subsequent to the fall of Rangoon, the force under the command of Sir A. Campbell has been engaged in repeated affairs with the enemy, who favoured by the nature of the country, have around our outposts, and maintain a desultory and indecisive struggle without affording any opportunity of coming to a general action. Invariable success, however, has attended the numerous assaults of their stockades and fortified positions. The enemy have already lost several of their best troops, whilst the casualties on the part of our troops have been comparatively trifling. Three officers, Lieutenant Kerr, of the 36th, Lieutenant A. Howard, of the 13th, and Captain G. H. Isaac, of the 8th native infantry, have been killed, and Lieutenants Mitchell and O'Hallaran, of the 38th, Breckinridge, Captain Knox Barret, and Captain Johnson, of the 13th light infantry, wounded. Calcutta papers contain subsequent accounts of these operations to the 16th October. Several attacks had been made on the stockaded positions of the Burmese, in one of which our troops were repulsed with the loss of 21 killed, and 71 wounded. Among the former were Captain Allen and Lieutenant Bird, 31st light infantry, and among the latter Lieutenant and Adjutant Campbell and Captain Moncrieff, 1st battalion pioneers,

and Lieutenants Challen and Lindsay, 34th regiment. In describing this attack, the report of the action states—"Volleys of grape and musketry were discharged upon the party at the distance of 50 or 60 yards, with an effect and regularity hitherto unequalled in this country." On the other hand, the army under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell had taken Tavay, and many other forts on the coast of Sumatra. These captures were facilitated by a movement of the inhabitants, who mutinied against their Governors in some instances, and received the British with open arms. This feeling of the Burmese in favour of the British is in event of the highest importance to the ultimate issue of the war, and is highly important, as it would ensure an ample supply of provisions to our troops. It was expected that Sir Archibald Campbell would be enabled to advance against Ummerapoora, the capital of Ava, by the end of Nov. and should he succeed in his attempt on that place, it is supposed that the Burmese might be induced by it into submission. The force collected by the Burmese between Rangoon and Ummerapoora was estimated at 100,000 men, under the command of the Prince of Surinwaddy, the King of Ava's brother. Mr. Gouger, who was taken prisoner some time ago by the Burmese, remained in their custody, but had not suffered any further molestation. A number of fire rafts, filled with various combustibles, which had been constructed by the Burmese for the purpose of floating

down the Irrawaddy, and impeding the progress of the transports, had been destroyed by Sir Archibald Campbell. Upwards of 5,000 barrels of oil had been blown up.

Mutiny at Barrackpore.—The Calcutta Gazette, and private letters from that quarter, contain events of a serious mutiny among the native troops at Barrackpore, on the 2d of November, which was not quelled without the destruction, if the private letters may be credited, of several hundreds of them. The cause of discontent is described to have been a diminution of their batta, or marching allowance, with other privations as regarded the conveyance of the baggage, at the moment when they were about to commence a dangerous and fatiguing expedition. The first symptoms of insubordination were evinced on the morning of the second, on the muster of the 47th Native Regiment on the parade at Barrackpore, preparatory to their being marched to Dacca, on their road to the seat of the campaign in the Burmese territory. Barrackpore is distant about 16 miles from Calcutta. On this occasion it was remarked, that the troops appeared on the parade without their knapsacks; and on being questioned why they did so, avowed their determination not to march unless allowed bullocks and coolies to carry their moveables. Colonel Dalzel, the English officer commanding the mutinous regiment, expostulated with them on their conduct, and on their remaining refractory, rushed forward and attempted to seize one of those who appeared to take a leading part in the mutiny. He was warned, however, by some of the others to desist, they declaring their intention to shoot him if he persevered. He abstained, therefore, from personal interference; but on his requiring that all those who did not participate in this mutinous conduct should separate from their comrades, one whole company detached itself, and were followed by the native officers in command of the other companies. There was not, in fact, one officer even so low in rank as the havildar, or sergeant, who took any part in the mutiny. Colonel Dalzel, finding the remainder immovable in their resolution, and fearing the consequences that might ensue, as they were well supplied both with arms and ammunition, despatched couriers to the artillery station at Dumdum, and to the Commander-in-Chief, who was at Calcutta, who immediately repaired with his guard, and the body-guard of the Governor-General, which are cavalry and Mahometan troops, to the

neighbourhood of the place where the mutineers kept their position. At this time there was in garrison at Fort William the 1st Battalion Royal Scots, and the 44th Regiment; and, by great good fortune, the 47th (British) Regiment had dropped down the river in boats, on their route to Chittagong, only the evening before. By considerable activity, all these troops were collected near Barrackpore by day-break on the 3d, but their approach was managed with so much caution, that it remained unknown to the mutineers. These men were then once more addressed by their officers, and advised to a voluntary submission, but continuing refractory, the artillery and troops were brought to act upon them. On the first they threw down their arms, and fled in confusion. A great many precipitated themselves into the river, numbers were killed by the fire of the troops, and about fifty were secured in the attempt to escape. In the accounts of what ensued at this period of the affair, there is a singular discrepancy; some letters stating the killed and wounded of the mutinous regiment at 600, and others at no more than 40, but there is every reason for believing that the smallest number given is the nearest to the truth. The exaggeration is, without doubt, owing to the alarm which prevailed at Calcutta at the time, that place having been left under the protection of no more than 400 European troops during the period occupied in putting down the mutiny. A court martial had been formed to try the mutineers, and it is asserted in some accounts that fifty had been hanged; but we are inclined here also to take the more moderate statement, from which we learn, that five only, and those well known to be the ringleaders in the mutiny, had been put to death. No search after the fugitives had been instituted, with the exception of two or three, well known to have excited the discontent of the remainder, and for whose apprehension rewards had been offered. On the investigation that took place, some of the troops who were questioned respecting their motives for refusing to march, are said to have assigned as a reason, that they imagined the Burmese deal in witchcraft, and consequently that other troops could have no chance against magicians—a reason which is sufficiently characteristic of the superstitious ignorance of our native Indian troops.

AMERICA.

LIBERATION OF PERU.—Dispatches received from Bolívar's army announce the complete annihilation of the Royalist force in Peru, after some brilliant affairs which took place between the contending armies on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of December last. The battle took place at Guamanguilla, which is within three leagues of Guamanga. General La Suerre commanded the Patriot troops, Bolívar having gone to Lima to meet the reinforcements from Panama, and having conceived that the campaign for the time was finished, the Royalist troops having been driven across the Apurimac. General La Serna, however, intending to make a rapid movement upon Lima, left Cusco, and re-crossed the Apurimac with a force of from six to seven thousand men. Upon this movement, General Suerre detached General Lamar to occupy Cusco with a body of troops. General Suerre being thus left with the Colombian forces, amounting only to 6,000 men, the Viceroy conceived it a favourable opportunity to make an attack on him, which he put in execution at Guamanguilla. He was wounded early in the action, and taken prisoner. The greater part of his wing of the army was either killed or wounded. Very soon after, General Valdez was taken prisoner, with the troops under his immediate command. After these reverses, General Canterac rallied his division of the army, and gained a height about half a league from the scene of action. On the dawn of the day after which the battle was fought, General Canterac, seeing the total defeat which the army had experienced, and that all the chiefs and officers of distinction had fallen or had been taken prisoners, capitulated, with 2,500 men, and stipulated the immediate delivery of the castles of Callao, and the total evacuation of Peru by all the Spanish subjects. Accounts from Pisco, of the 19th of December, state, that at the date of the last accounts, all the Royalist Chiefs were prisoners in the custom-house of Guamanga.

Death of Mr Rowcroft, the British Consul at Lima.—"Mr Rowcroft was proceeding from Callao to Lima on the 11th of December, and was unfortunately shot by the advanced guard of General Bolívar's army. The Royalists, at the time of this distressing event, occupied Callao, and the Patriot forces the capital Lima. The advanced posts of the garrison of Callao, with two pieces of artillery, were very near to the advanced posts of General Bolívar. Mr Rowcroft having to cross from the one advanced post to the other, was hailed by the Patriot troops. Instead of answering the signal

and stopping his carriage, Mr Rowcroft got on horseback, and, with his servant, continued to proceed forwards. The sentinel again hailed, but received no answer, and conceiving, from the noise made by the trampling of the horse's feet, and the rattling of the wheels of the carriage, that the enemy, with two pieces of artillery, was advancing, fired two shots, and unfortunately one of them struck Mr Rowcroft, which occasioned his death. Miss Rowcroft, his daughter, was in the carriage, and returned to Callao with Mr Rowcroft, where he expired the next morning. It is stated that all the authorities, Spaniards, Patriots, and English, evinced the utmost concern for this unfortunate event, which appears to have been purely accidental. General Bolívar in particular appears to have shown an unusual degree of sympathy, and called himself upon Miss Rowcroft to console with her upon this unhappy event." The letters also state (and attribute in some measure this accident to the circumstance) that Mr Rowcroft was in the habit of riding in a military dress, with a sword, by which he was taken for an officer of the Royalists. Mr Rowcroft's remains were to be deposited at Lerenzó, but it was intended, when the new English Church was built, that the body should be removed thither.

BUENOS AYRES.—The National Assembly of Buenos Ayres met on the 12th of December. Three days afterwards, General Heras presented an address to the Assembly, setting forth, in flattering terms, the condition and resources of the Republic. He speaks with the highest praise of the "noble conduct of Great Britain," and anticipates a recognition of the independence of his country by all nations, in consequence of her example of sending out consuls;—the subsequent determination of our Cabinet will of course give still greater satisfaction.

MEXICO.—The United Provinces of Central America, forming a part of the immense "kingdom" of Mexico, and comprising Chiapa, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador, Guatemala, and Quesaltenango, have published a wise and useful decree for encouraging the influx of foreign settlers, the best material of power and prosperity in a free and half-peopled state. The geographical situation of these countries, a great portion of the coast of which is washed by both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, offers facilities to trade, and consequent temptations to industry and enterprise, which required only the prudent measure now resorted to by the Government of the Republic to bring into

immediate action. As the decree contains not less than twenty-eight separate clauses, many of them embracing a considerable variety of details for the arrangement and regulation of the rights of emigrants, our space will not admit of inserting more than an abstract of one or two among the principal provisions of the law.

It is open to every foreigner to exercise any business he may think fit, mining included, to have his name enrolled by the local authorities as a denizen of the Republic—after a given period, to become a citizen—to acquire and enjoy in the mean time any uncultivated lands—to make an agreement with the Majorities for forming a township, which township must contain within it fifteen married couples at least with a capacity of being increased by the accession of others. The oath of allegiance must be taken on the formation of the township but not before. Each married couple are to have in full property a lot of land assigned to them, a square of 1000 rods each way. A foreigner, unmarried, joining the township, may have the same quantity of

land, provided he marries within six years, and in case of his marrying one of the native aborigines, or a woman of colour, a double portion of land. Settlers wishing to join townships may, if they have become denizens within the first six years of its establishment, and if they were not included in the original contract, have a double portion of land. The land must be occupied within eight years from the date of the grant, on pain of being forfeited. Every settler may withdraw from the country when he pleases, and dispose of his property without hindrance or molestation. He may transmit his landed property by will. To those dying intestate the heirs at law succeed. Each new settlement is for twenty years free of all imposts whatever. No monopolies permitted in any new settlement. Exports and imports are to be free for twenty years. Municipal charges are not included in the above. No slaves to be admitted—the very act of introduction giving freedom to the slave. Such are the heads of this enlightened and salutary invitation to the civilized world.

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT

HOUSE OF LORDS—Feb 3—In the course of the evening, the Lord Chancellor intimated his intention to bring in a Bill relating to Joint Stock Companies, which he considers at this moment as carrying on to a most mischievous extent. Lord Lauderdale moved the revival of the Committee on the Scots Judicature Bill.

Feb 8—The Marquis of Lansdown moved an address to his Majesty for copies of the Despatches received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland relatively to Religious and Political Institutions in that country. He grounded his motion on the necessity of inquiry before passing restrictions tending to curtail the legal privileges of the subject in Ireland. The Earl of Liverpool regretted that the Noble Marquis had not waited a few days, to know the nature of the measure about which he was talking, as he was aware that it would be introduced in another place to-morrow. He declared that it was not founded on official information or confidential communications, but merely on the open proceedings of the Catholic Association, whose boast it was, that all they did was in the face of day. He also reminded their Lordships, that when they adopted a measure against Orange Societies, two years ago, no information had

been called for, but it had passed on the sole ground of the notoriety of the facts. He declared the present Bill to be an Irish measure, recommended by the Government of Ireland, and approved by that of England from a deep sense of its necessity to maintain the peace and prosperity of the country. Lord Holland supported the motion in a speech of considerable length. The Noble Lord contended that the Bill against the Orange Societies was no precedent for proceeding without inquiry, because it was merely an extension to Ireland of a law which had been more than thirty years before adopted in England, but not until after long and painful investigation. Lords Grosvenor and Carnarvon spoke shortly in support of the motion, and were replied to as briefly by Earl Bathurst. The Marquis of Lansdown's motion was in the end, rejected by a majority of 42 to 20.

10—The Earl of Liverpool proposed the revival of the Committee on the State of Ireland. The appointment of the Committee was unanimously agreed to. The members appointed were the same who sat on the Committee of last Session, with the exception of the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Clare, who are substituted for Earl Fitzwilliam and the Earl of Aberdeen.

14.—*Judicature of Scotland*—The Lord Chancellor said, that, in pursuance of the promise he gave on a former day, he had to present to their Lordships, for re-consideration a Bill passed by their Lordships last Session for the better regulation of Judicature in Scotland. He held it to be most respectful to their Lordships to bring in the Bill again as dropped last year; and if any of their Lordships had amendments to introduce in it, the latter might be proposed in a Committee of the whole House. Upon the motion of the Noble and Learned Lord, the Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

17—Lord Suffield presented a petition from the Magistrates of Norfolk, praying for a mitigation of the Game Laws. The Noble Lord expressed an earnest hope that the subject would be seriously considered in the course of the Session, but declared himself dissatisfied with the particular amendments which an Hon. Gentleman (Mr S. Wortley) had proposed in another place.

21—Earl Darnley, in presenting a petition from a person named Burridge, praying for an inquiry into the state of the navy, with respect to the mischief sustained from dry rot, took the opportunity to ask whether the subject had engaged the attention of the Lords of the Admiralty, and at the same time avowed his own conviction that the unfavourable reports circulated respecting our ships were greatly exaggerated. Lord Melville replied, that the whole of the navy had been lately examined with the most scrupulous and minute attention, and that all the reports of the several examining officers, among whom were the most skilful persons in the kingdom, concurred in stating that at no former time was the navy in so perfect a state of soundness and efficiency. Earl Darnley expressed his satisfaction at the answer of the Noble Lord, which, he said, coincided in all respects with the result of his own inquiries. It was mentioned, in the course of the conversation upon this subject, that the effect of the dry rot was at any time very limited, extending only to some vessels constructed of timber from North America and the North of Europe, and that even in these it has been nearly eradicated.

24—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Scotch Jury Bill, and took the opportunity to explain, that though the measure had been framed upon principles suggested in the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry, the House would, in the Committee, invite

the communication of information upon the subject of it. Read a second time.

Lord Suffield moved the first reading of the Bill for prohibiting the use of spring-guns as a means of protection for Game. He asserted that the sufferers by these deadly engines were rarely poachers, (because such persons knew how to avoid them,) but women, children, gentlemen, and other innocent and incautious persons, who strayed into danger without, perhaps, thinking either of the game or its proprietor. He mentioned that in this way a member of the Royal Family had nearly lost his life lately, and even allowing that poachers, and poachers only, were exposed to danger by these instruments, he asked whether private persons had in any way a right to take into their own hands the power of life and death in cases where the law had fixed a much lighter punishment, or whether any noble lord who heard him would willingly take the life of a fellow-creature in that skulking and assassin-like manner, because he had taken a pheasant. Earl Grosvenor expressed his entire approbation of the Bill, which was read a first time.

The Earl of Donoughmore presented the general petition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, praying for a participation in all civil rights. The petition, he said, was signed by one hundred thousand persons, and spoke the sentiments of all classes of the Irish people of every religious denomination, who were unanimous in wishing for Catholic Emancipation. He then proceeded to allude to some of the names annexed to the petition, amongst others, he particularly adverted to the signature of Lord Gormanstown, who was the descendant, he said, of a former Chief Governor of Ireland; observing, upon this circumstance, the Earl of Donoughmore reminded the House that he had once held the proxy of the present Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom, in favour of emancipation; and took occasion to compliment very highly the Government of Lord Wellesley, Mr O'Connell, and the Catholic Association. The Earl of Longford intimated that the Noble Earl had gone a little too far when he asserted that the Protestants of Ireland were favourable to Catholic Emancipation. The Earl of Donoughmore qualified, or rather retracted his assertion, so far as to exclude the Protestants.

The Marquis of Lansdown presented a petition to the same effect, from certain Protestants of Dublin and its neighbourhood. He dwelt with particular force upon the acquiescence in the prayer of the petition of some gentlemen descended

from Huguenot refugees, who gave this proof how much time and liberality had softened the austerity of their hereditary principles.

28.—The Irish Association Bill was read the first time, on the motion of the Earl of Liverpool. Lord Darnley protested against the measure. The Earl of Liverpool gave notice that he should move the third reading on Thursday next.

Several petitions were presented upon the subject of this Bill, and upon the general question of Catholic Emancipation. The Bishop of Bath and Wells presented a petition against submission to the demands of the Catholics, signed by the inhabitants of the city of Bath. Among other allegations of the petition, there was a complaint of the attempt now making by the Roman Catholics to restore the supremacy of the Pope. Earl Fitzwilliam expressed his disapprobation of the tone of the petition, and argued strongly against the Association Bill. Lord Holland spoke at some length on the same side. He denied that any attempts were making to restore the supremacy of the Pope. The Bishop of Chester maintained that such attempts are in progress, and cited, in proof of his assertion, a periodical work of extensive circulation and influence among the Catholics. Lord Holland explained, that he only meant to deny the open avowal of such design on the part of the Roman Catholics. The Earl of Carnarvon and Lord King retorted with some asperity upon the Church of England all the imputations of illiberality, coercion, &c. made upon the Roman Catholics by the petition. Lord Clifden professed to feel gratified that the Protestant Clergy exposed themselves by such petitions.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Feb. 4.—The House went into a Committee of Supply upon the Navy Estimates. Sir J. Yorke, Mr Hume, and Mr Maberly, canvassed most of the items as they severally came under discussion, but without eliciting any important information, or leading to any result of the least consequence. No division took place, and the Estimates, to the amount of nearly two millions, were in the end agreed to. The House then resumed the debate upon the Catholic Association. The Hon G. Lamb opposed the measure, as unnecessary, and only brought forward in a prophetic spirit, to meet evils which did not yet exist, and which the present laws were sufficient to suppress if they did appear. Mr Dawson contended that associations were all a curse to Ireland; and that, in particular, the Catholic Association

could not be tolerated, because it interfered with the course of justice, usurped the power of legislation, and collected revenue. Mr Carew did not approve of the proceedings of the Catholic Association, but thought they should be put down by justice and conciliation. Mr S. Rice also contended that the grant of Catholic Emancipation was the only way to restore tranquillity to Ireland. Mr Brownlow supported the bill, and maintained that the present quiet was owing to the government of Lord Wellesley. The grant of Catholic Emancipation would be ineffectual; for, when the Catholics were admitted into Parliament, they would next demand the great offices, and the church property, on the plea that they were the people. Sir James Mackintosh spoke at great length against the Bill. He admitted, that, in 1688, he should have been for restrictions; but now, circumstances were wholly changed. He said, the people of England were not averse to the complete emancipation of the Catholics, and that the great measure of the union was intended by Mr Pitt to effect that object, and could not be completed without it. He entered into an analysis of the address of the Catholic Association to the people, and endeavoured to shew, that in adverting them by their hatred of orangemen, they meant only of orange principles; as he himself hated toriyism, though he had the warmest affection for many Tories. Mr North pointed out the unconstitutional and inflammatory nature of the proceedings of the Association. It was held under the authority of the priests; and while from Dublin issued a stream of whatever was insolent and seditious in language, from the country there was a reflux of whatever was dark, narrow, and illiberal in principle. But allowing what had been asserted as to the peace of Ireland being the work of the Catholic Association, what was the value of such a peace, pregnant with future divisions and war, putting a sceptre into the hands of Mr O'Connell, and a reed into the Marquis of Wellesley's? If the great metaphysician and moralist who preceded him had adverted to the most simple but powerful reasoning, "do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" he would not have argued that peace and harmony could arise from the "hatred" of our fellow-men; and by Orangemen, all Protestants were meant. Dr Lushington contended that the whole proceedings of the Association

ought not to be condemned on account of some intemperate acts and speeches; as well might the University Club be put down in the lump, because the committee had ordered the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, a woman of pleasure, and declined the desire of a member for a Bible! The Chancellor of the Exchequer avowed the change which had occurred in his mind with respect to Catholic Emancipation, to which he was formerly adverse, but was now friendly, and for that reason he thought the Association ought to be extinguished, as operating by its violence against the success of that great measure. He defended the Cabinet from the charge of improper compromises on this question, and gave a history of its formation, which was a work of necessity, from the failure in forming an administration, including the Talents. He maintained that Parliament had done much for Ireland already, and would complete its work, if the Association did not stand in the way. Mr Hume said, the subject was not half exhausted. Mr Canning was ready to go to a division now, but would not preclude any Honourable Member from speaking, and therefore proposed to adjourn the debate till to-morrow. Agreed to. Lord Palmerston presented the Army Estimates.

15.—The debate on the Association Bill was then resumed. Sir Robert Wilson believed that the people of this country were not opposed to the Catholic claims, and defended the Dublin Association from entertaining any belligerent views; their measures were wholly defensive. Mr Lockhart and Mr Bankes, jun. both argued that the Association was dangerous, and must be put down. Sir J. Bridges supported the motion, but would not be precluded from voting in favour of the Catholics on other occasions. Mr Grenfell was of the same opinion, but would continue his support to the Catholic claims, without which, they ought never to be satisfied, and on his death-bed he would pray for their success. Mr Robertson was against the Bill, as was Sir J. Newport, who thought it would bring on a dangerous crisis. He was severe on the dissonant opinions on the other side, with respect to Catholic Priests and other matters. Mr V. Fitzgerald would vote for the Bill, in the firm belief that it would further the Catholic cause. Lord Althorp admitted that the Association was an evil, but it ought to be put down by concession. Mr W. Lamb contended that it

was not a safety-valve, but a furnace below, causing all the danger. Sir F. Burdett contended that the penal laws were the furnace under the Association. He eloquently excused the intemperance of language of the Association, on the ground of their hearts being bursting with wrongs; and they ought not more to be punished than the Orangemen for the ravings of Sir Harcourt Lees. Mr Canning urged the necessity of the measure, to secure tranquillity and vindicate the Government. No one had ventured to defend the constitutional character of the Association. Mr Brougham, at a very late hour, rose to oppose the motion, contending that it was of a most unconstitutional character. He not only approved of all the Association had done, but hoped they would continue. Mr Butterworth followed, but could scarcely obtain a hearing. He contradicted something stated by Mr Brougham relative to the methodist conference. Mr Goulburn also replied as to some facts, in which he was confirmed by Mr V. Fitzgerald. The House divided—For the Bill, 278; against it, 123. Majority 155. The Bill was read for a first time, (after some opposition from Mr Brougham, who had a petition from the Catholics, to be heard by Counsel against it,) and ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

17.—Mr Brougham presented a petition from the Catholic Association, praying to be heard by their Counsel against Mr Goulburn's Bill.

The same Hon. and Learned Gentleman presented another petition to the same effect, from three-hundred persons of the town of Newry; and after having very strongly urged the reasonableness of complying with the prayers of both petitions, he gave notice of a specific motion upon the subject.

Mr Stuart Wortley obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the amendment of the Game Laws.

Mr Sergeant Onslow moved the second reading of the Usury Laws Repeal Bill. Mr Hume supported the Bill, in a speech of some length. Mr Calcraft opposed the motion, adverting to the laws against Stock-Jobbing, Gambling, keeping Gaming-houses, &c. as complete answers to the doctrine upon which the proposed repeal rested, namely, that every man ought to be permitted to dispose of his money as he should think fit. The Solicitor-General pointed out all the evils which must follow the removal of restraints upon Usury at any time, and particularly at present, when the spirit

of gambling prevails to an alarming extent. He moved as an amendment, that the Bill should be read that day six months. The debate was prolonged by Mr Sergeant Onslow, Capt. Maberly, Mr W. Smith, and Mr Wynn, who supported the motion; and Mr Robertson, Mr T. Wilson, and Alderman Heygate, who opposed it. In the end, the Solicitor-General's amendment was carried by a majority of 45 to 40; so the Bill is lost for the present Session.

18.—Mr Brougham proposed the motion for hearing the Catholic Association by their Counsel and witnesses at the Bar, of which he gave notice. The learned gentleman argued at great length, to show that the Bill before the House was a penal and partial measure, which could not be justly enacted without evidence, of which the House had none, or without at least hearing the remonstrances of those against whom its operation was notoriously directed. With respect to the usage of Parliament in such cases, he cited the example of the hawkers and pedlars, who had been heard by Counsel at the Bar, against the tax imposed upon them; and some other similar instances; and in reference to the question of general policy, he called the recollection of the House to the first circumstances of the quarrel which ended in the loss of America; conjuring them to reflect how much calamity might have been avoided had the Parliament of 1766 received the American delegates in a spirit of conciliation. Mr Wynn denied the applicability of the precedents cited by Mr Brougham; because they all arose upon particular grievances, affecting particular interests; whereas the law against which the "Catholic Association" claimed to be heard, was intended to be a general law, affecting all classes equally and indifferently.

Sir Joseph Yorke opposed the motion, and condemned in strong language the insolent tone of the Catholic Association. He mentioned, as illustrative of the prospect of tranquillizing Ireland, an observation of an Irish sailor, which he once heard, namely, "that Ireland would never be quiet until it had lain twenty-four hours under water." Mr Hobhouse reproved the levity with which the last speaker treated the wrongs of Ireland, and then spoke at some length in support of the motion. The Solicitor-General opposed the motion; with regard to the question immediately before the House, he took nearly the same line of argument as Mr Wynn, showing that both *principle* and *precedent* opposed the admission of Counsel to argue at the bar against a general law. Mr Spring Rice cited some

Irish precedents in support of the motion. Mr Peel spoke at great length against the motion. He rebuked, with some indignation, the frequent, and insulting references which the friends of the Roman Catholics were accustomed to make to the American rebellion; and in illustration of the temper of mind in which "the Association" had issued its celebrated adjuration—"By your hatred of Orangemen," observed, that upon the very same day on which they sent that document throughout the country, they received into their body, with the most enthusiastic expressions of admiration and reverence, Mr Hamilton Rowan, a person who had been attainted of *High Treason*. The Right Hon. Secretary then ridiculed the motion that the House were bound to hear Counsel whenever it should please any individual person, or body of persons, to remonstrate against a general law. Such a rule, he said, would reduce them to the necessity of doing little else than listening to Gentlemen of the Bar, who (as it had been said of them by Mr Brougham, at the Queen's trial) being in duty bound to postpone the public interest to that of their clients, were perhaps not the best instructors for the Legislature. Mr C. Hutchinson eulogised Mr Hamilton Rowan. Mr Scarlett supported the motion; and drew a comparison between the "Constitutional" and "Catholic" Associations much in favour of the latter. On a division, the motion was rejected by a majority of 222 to 89.

21.—The Navy Estimates having been moved by Sir George Clerk, Mr Hume protested against building so many ships yearly, as if we were afraid of the sudden combination of all the world against us. On the subject of the dry rot, Sir George Clerk gave an explanation similar to that given in the House of Lords by the First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr Hume warmly approved of the course taken by Government, in retaining the more deserving part of the shipwrights in employment till they could find work elsewhere; and noticed with proper indignation, the misconduct of the workmen in different parts of the country since the passing of his Bill for the repeal of the Combination Laws. Such conduct, he distinctly hinted, would, if persisted in, lead him and many of their advocates to wish for the re-enactment of the old statutes. The Bill for the suppression of Unlawful Associations in Ireland was read a second time. Some Members, who could not obtain a hearing on the previous evenings of debate,

raised their voices against the Bill, but on the division the majority of votes was greater than ever. For the second reading there were 253, against it only 107, leaving a surplus majority in favour of the Bill of 146 Members.

22.—Sir H. Parnell obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law of landlord and tenant, as we understood, by restraining the power of underletting on the part of the tenant; and regulating the right of recovering rent from the terre tenant by distress on the part of the landlord. The same Hon. Baronet also obtained leave to bring in a Bill to regulate the Irish Magistracy; but with a hint from Mr Goulbourn, that that measure would probably be resisted in its progress by the Irish Government.

Mr Huskisson then moved to go into a committee upon the Association Bill. Mr Hume proposed as an instruction to the Committee, that a test should be imposed upon all persons now in office, or hereafter to be received into the public service, disclaiming connexion with any illegal society. His object, he said, was to deal impartial justice between Catholics and Orangemen. A debate of some length arose upon this proposition,

which was supported by Mr G. Lamb, Mr C. Hutchison, and Mr Denman. The second of these gentlemen justified the Rebellion of 1798, as necessary and laudable; and eulogised the martyrs who had fallen upon that occasion by the hands of the King's troops, or by the law. Mr Denman confessed his dislike to tests generally, but thought the particular case an exception to their general inpropriety. Mr Goulbourn exposed the absurdity of calling upon men for a declaration that they would not expose themselves to the penalties of a severely penal statute. Mr Plunket ridiculed the idea of swearing men to a point of law. Mr Peel argued that tests were always inoperative when they might be useful, and unnecessary where they would be likely to operate; the perjurer felt no restraint from one, while the man who respected an oath was not likely to violate the law without it. In allusion to Orangemen, he freely gave it as his opinion, that after the proposed Bill should pass into a law, no *Orangeman*, then continuing such, ought to be permitted to remain in office. Mr Hunne's motion was negatived without a division. The House went into a Committee, and the blanks filled up.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

FEBRUARY.

It appears from an official statement lately published, that there are 256 Catholic chapels in England, 71 charity and other schools, and 348 officiating priests; of these, 12 chapels, one school, and eight priests, are in the county of Hants; six chapels and five priests in Sussex; three chapels and two priests in Wiltshire; six chapels and six priests in Devonshire; seven chapels, one school, and eight priests, in Dorsetshire. In Lancashire there appears to be the largest number, there being 61 chapels, six schools, and 79 priests.

Mr. Kean.—This tragedian resumed his performances in Drury-Lane Theatre, on Monday evening the 24th ultimo, in the character of Richard III. The clamours of those who thought his sudden appearance, after the disclosures made on a recent trial, was indecorous, and the attempts of his friends to put down the opposition, was so dreadful, that not a line of the play was heard from beginning to end; and although Mr Kean made several attempts to obtain a hearing for himself, he was unsuccessful. The house

was tremendously crowded; but the whole performance passed off in dumb show. The same uproar was repeated on Friday the 28th. On Monday the 31st, the opposition was somewhat less violent, and Mr Kean having obtained an interval of silence, addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have already made as far concession to an English public as an English actor ought to do.—(*Uproar and applause.*) I hope, for the honour of my country, as I shall in the course of twenty nights take leave of you (*speaking with amazing emphasis*) for ever.—(*Much uproar, and loud cries of 'No, no, no!'*) I hope, for the honour of my country, that this persecution will never reach foreign annals."—(*Tremendous uproar of exclamation.*)—Mr Kean bowed the moment he concluded this address, and retired from the stage. His energies were greatly affected by the agitation of this scene; and he cast a glance at the audience as he quitted the stage, "more in sorrow than in anger." Since this address, Mr Kean has continued to perform twice a-week, and with less and less in-

terruption each night. On Friday the 14th instant, the contention had altogether ceased, and his performance received the usual attention, and the customary marks of applause.

Miss Foote.—One of the greatest audiences ever assembled in a theatre, was collected on Saturday night, the 5th instant, at Covent-Garden, to greet Miss Foote's return to the stage, in the character of *Letitia*, in "The Belle's Stratagem." On the entrance of the respective performers, who were favourites with the public,—Mr C. Kemble, Mr Jones, Mrs Gibbs, &c.,—great applause was given; but on the appearance of Miss Foote, the burst was like an electric shock, communicating to all the audience. When the applause subsided, a few dissentient voices were heard, but they were soon quieted, chiefly by manual force, that speedily convinced the remaining few that silence was most prudent. The performance then proceeded quietly, with the exception of the applause that attended the passages that could be brought into allusion to Miss Foote's peculiar circumstances. Hayne was in a private box.

Sales of Estates in Fife.—As there has probably been a greater transfer of landed property in the county of Fife, during the last twelve months, than in any other county in Scotland, we beg to subjoin the following list of estates sold during that period, which may be relied on as correct: Balgonie, £104,000; Earlshall, £68,000; Gilston, £42,500; Todhall, £31,200; Cruvie, £25,600; Woodmill, £29,000; Carslogie, £18,900; Kingsdale, £29,500; Airdrie, (half), £16,000; Denbrae, £22,000; Myres, £45,500; Plains, £7,000; Inchrye, £15,000; Glenartkie, £35,500; Luthrie, £13,050; Russell-Mill, £10,000; Edenshead, £19,600; Cairnsmill, £7,000; Wester Newton, £7,000. * Total £546,150. Besides the above estates, there have been several others sold to the amount of above £87,500, making together £633,650.

Joint-Stock Companies.—The accumulation of Capital which has been progressively going on, since the conclusion of the last peace, and the difficulty of new investing money to advantage, has given rise within these few months to the formation of numerous trading-companies throughout the country, with capitals of from £25,000 to half a million. In Edinburgh we have a New Banking Company, a New Insurance Company, a Wine Company, a Porter Brewery Company, an Equitable Loan Company, a Whale-fishing Company, Glass and Iron Manufacturing Companies, Cotton-spin-

ning Companies, and a variety of others which it would be tedious to numerate. No sooner was the prospectus of a new scheme laid before the public, than capitalists and speculators ran eagerly and filled up the shares; and it was no uncommon thing to see these shares, in the course of a day or two, selling at a high premium. Much money was lost and won upon this kind of Lottery; but the mania received a check from a trial which took place in the Court of King's Bench on the 4th instant, in the course of which it was declared from the Bench, that all Companies having transferable shares were illegal, by the Act of 6 George II. unless they were incorporated by Act of Parliament, or by a Royal Charter. It was estimated that the different new schemes on foot in London amounted to 114; and the capitals to be more than £1,055,000,000.—viz. Rail-roads, 20, capital, £13,950,000; Banking, Loan Investment, &c. 22, £36,760,000; Gas Companies, 11, £8,000,000; British and Irish Mines, 8, £3,600,000; Foreign Mines, 17, £11,565,000; Shipping and Dock Companies 9, £10,580,000; Miscellaneous, 27, £11,070,000.

18.—*Explosion at Stobbs Gunpowder Mills*.—Yesterday morning, at a quarter to eight o'clock, two awful explosions took place at these works, which threw all the neighbourhood, to the distance of several miles, into a state of the most dreadful consternation, by the damage which it occasioned, and which shook the country for twenty miles round. This manufactory, which has been carried on for many years by Messrs Hitchenner and Hunter, is situated in a deep ravine, about four miles south of Dalkeith, surrounded on all sides by a plantation of young trees. The works are extensive. The drying-house and the store-house are detached at a small distance from the other parts of the manufactory; they are separated from each other by an intervening ridge, probably about the distance of 30 or 40 yards. The first explosion took place in the drying house, just at the time when two of the workmen were conveying the material from this to the store; the horse and cart, or rather waggon, had just been loaded, when the explosion took place; both the men being then at the drying-house. One of them, of the name of Thomson, who has been at the work about nine months, was at the cart, and the other, Richard Cornwall, in the interior of the building. The second explosion, which destroyed the store-house, followed instantly, the flying embers penetrating the windows, and setting fire to the materials within. Both the men perished in the

first explosion; their bodies were blown to atoms, and fragments of them were found at half-a-mile distant from the scene of the calamity, in such a state that they could not be distinguished from each other. The horse which was in the waggon was thrown to the distance of about 30 yards, the body completely singed; and apparently pierced through by some of the flying materials, the shoes torn from its feet; the waggon was shattered into a thousand pieces, some of it being found at a great distance from the works. There were two other persons about fifty yards distant when the houses blew up, Mr Hunter, and one of the workmen who was loading a cart with wood. Mr Hunter was slightly hurt in the leg. The drying-house, which was of two stories, with a very high chimney, was completely levelled with the ground by the effects of the first explosion, not one stone being left upon another. The store-house was entirely overthrown by the second explosion, and in an instant converted into a mass of ruins, the stones being scattered, some of them to a vast distance, while others, being driven downwards, have left furrows in the earth to a great depth. The burning rafters of the building were scattered in various directions, and some of these being thrown on the top of the knowe, amongst the broom and whins, set fire to them, which being seen burning, added considerably to the alarm spread by this dreadful catastrophe. The adjoining trees are some of them torn up by the roots, while others are cut asunder about the middle, as if by the operation of a saw, the stump being only left standing; and altogether the adjoining country presents a striking scene of ravage and desolation, and gives fearful evidence of the prodigious power of the agency which could in a moment accomplish such terrible effects. In the adjoining village of Gore-bridge, the shock was powerfully felt; there is not a house that is not more or less damaged, and the windows have particularly suffered, the street being covered with the shattered panes. A shoemaker had his head hurt by a piece of glass forced out of his window. At greater distances, the shock occasioned a most severe concussion. The bells of Dalkeith tolled with the concussion. In Musselburgh, Tranent, Ormiston, and at the more distant towns of North Berwick and Haddington, the shock was felt, and the houses shook. The same effects were experienced in Edinburgh, particularly in the southern districts of the town, where the windows were shaken. The reports were distinctly heard, and resembled in depth,

and a sort of terrific loudness, the description which Captain Hall gives of the noise heard during some of the South American earthquakes. At Kirkcaldy, Leven, and even Cupar Fife, the shock was distinctly felt. The quantity of gunpowder exploded is estimated about 60 barrels, containing each 112 lib. The damage to the work is estimated not much to exceed £1000, as the buildings are slight. A dreadful explosion took place at these mills in 1803. On that occasion three lives were lost. Mr Hunter, a proprietor, was killed in his own garden, by a large stone, which carried away his arm.

21.—*A New Zealand Chief.*—In the *Urania*, Captain Reynolds, which arrived at Liverpool on Saturday night, from Buenos Ayres, came passenger, a King or Chief of one of the Islands of New Zealand. The *Urania*, on her voyage from Calcutta to the west coast of South America, passed through Cook's Straits. A great number of natives came off in their canoes to the ship, and, headed by this Chief, were permitted to come on board. His Majesty expressed an anxious desire to remain on board, and to proceed to England. Finding all endeavours to induce the King to return to his subjects unavailing, and not wishing to employ force to compel his departure, the captain permitted him to remain. The *Urania* then proceeded on a trading voyage to the west coast of South America: afterwards she sailed for Buenos Ayres, and arrived at Liverpool on Saturday night. The Chief is finely tattooed, after the fashion of his country, and is described as a very good-looking savage.

24.—*Fire in Edinburgh.*—On Tuesday evening, the 22d, this city was again thrown into a general state of confusion and consternation, by a most alarming fire, which broke out about eight o'clock, in a house of six stories high, at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd, on the west side, immediately behind the line of the High Street. The flames were first seen to issue from the middle flat of the tenement called Lady Lovat's house, having been once the residence of the widow of the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat. It was some time before the flames gained any ascendancy; but the period that necessarily elapsed before the engines and firemen could be collected and marshalled at their posts, was the fatal interval, during which the conflagration, being undisturbed, rapidly acquired such strength as to defy all opposition; and by half-past nine o'clock the whole building was

in a blaze, the flames bursting out with irresistible violence through all the windows. The mass of flame that was thrown out from these openings was at times prodigious, and it cast far and wide its lurid glare on the ancient tenements of the Old Town, as well as the more modern parts towards the south. At this time a deep sensation of awe and alarm seemed to prevail among the vast multitude assembled. The recollection of recent calamities gave the most gloomy impressions; it seemed as if our ancient city was to have no respite from its disasters; as if all that was antique in it was destined to perish by a continued course of conflagrations, against which no vigilance could provide a remedy. About half-past ten the roof fell in, carrying with it all the floors, and part of the southern wall. The effect of this catastrophe was most singular:—The burning materials being in an instant thrown down in one mass of indiscriminate ruin, the light appeared to be for a moment put out, leaving only a dull, red glare from the ignited wood; this was suddenly succeeded by an almost instantaneous eruption of the most brilliant flame, which again soon passed away; and it was now hoped that the calamity was at an end. This was, however, a vain hope. The burning tenement was connected, by a common stair, with one equally large, fronting the High Street. This stair, being all of solid stone, seemed to present a sufficient barrier between the houses; but at the top they were immediately connected by the roof, and here, unfortunately, the flames communicated from the one to the other. Before eleven o'clock, the top of the front tenement, and story below, was on fire, which continued to burn downward, though more slowly, until it destroyed successively all the floors, except the two above the shops. As the fire descended to the lower stories, the power of the engines began to take effect, and at the third story its fury was checked. By two o'clock in the morning it became evident that the firemen had obtained the mastery over the flames, and all fear of their extending farther was happily allayed. The engines, however, continued to play on the buildings till eight o'clock.

In the premises destroyed were the printing-office of Mr John Ritchie, which he had occupied as such for twenty-seven years, and the copper-plate printing concern of Mr Thomas Smellie. Not a single article was saved by either of these gentlemen, with the exception of their books,

and a few copper-plates. The distress, as may be supposed, from the nature of the tenements, mostly inhabited by poor people, is great. Many were glad to escape with their lives; every where persons were seen in great agitation hurrying away their furniture; some were anxious for relatives, and their lamentations, amid the stir and bustle of the unheeding crowd, gave an extremely touching effect to the scene. The only accident we have heard of happened to an artilleryman, who fell from a ladder, and had one of his limbs broken. The arrangements of the fire-engine department were better organised than formerly, and more efficient. The alacrity, boldness, and union of the firemen, as well as their skill and promptitude, could not be exceeded. They were daring to a fault, and on many occasions their positions were ably chosen. One new invention was exhibited in the fire-department with signal efficacy and success. This was an elevated triangle, having a pivot at the top, on which a pipe, attached to one of the fire-engines, was fixed. This pipe was turned to any point by means of very simple machinery, and, from its elevated position, it did great execution. This tripod is the invention of Mr Shields, a respectable confectioner in the Canongate.

The Edinburgh Theatres.—In the Court of Session this day, Mrs Henry Siddons, Patentee of the Theatre Royal, obtained an interdict against Mr Corbet Ryder, Manager of the Caledonian Theatre, late Corri's Rooms, "prohibiting and interdicting the acting, at the Caledonian Theatre, all interludes, tragedies, comedies, plays, farces, or other entertainments of the stage, or any part or parts thereof, including melo-dramas and burlettas, which have been, or shall hereafter be, licensed by the Lord Chamberlain."

28.—*Mails in Scotland.*—During the year 1824, the toll-duties levied on mail-coaches in Scotland amounted to £15,428. Of this the Glasgow and Carlisle mail paid £3101. The Edinburgh and Aberdeen, £2840. The Aberdeen and Inverness, £1650. Port-Patrick and Carlisle, £1528. The Edinburgh and Dumfries, £1431. The Edinburgh and Carlisle, £1168. Edinburgh and Glasgow, £839. Edinburgh and Berwick, £803. Edinburgh and Glasgow by Falkirk, £685. Edinburgh and Stirling, £602. Glasgow and Perth, £770. Glasgow and Greenock, £210.

• APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Feb. 2. John Earl of Hopetoun to be his Majesty's Lieutenant and Sheriff Principal of the shire of Linlithgow, in the room of the Earl of Hopetoun, deceased.

— His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of France, on the occasion of his Most Christian Majesty's Coronation.

— The Right Hon. Frederick Lamb to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of his Catholic Majesty.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Jan. 27. The Rev. James Nicol, A.M. was ordained by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy to the Church and Parish of Leslie.

Feb. 1. The Rev. William Ramsay, was ordained Minister of the United Associate Congregation, Crieff.

— The United Associate Congregation at Banff gave a harmonious call to Mr. William Paterson, Preacher, to be their Pastor.

2. The King has been pleased to present the Rev. Norman Macleod to the Church and Parish of Campsie.

— The King has also been pleased to present the Rev. Dr. Lawrence Adamson to be First Minister of the Church and Parish of Cupar.

8. The United Associate Congregation of Kilconquhar gave an unanimous call to Mr. George Kennedy, Preacher, to be their Pastor.

16. The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, agreed to present the Rev. Dr. Robert Gordon, Minister of Hope Park Chapel, to the New North Church, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Henry Grey to St. Mary's.

18. The King has been pleased to appoint the Rev. John Burrell to be second Minister of the Church and Parish of Cupar.

25. The Congregation of Queen-Ann-Street, Dunfermline, elected Mr. William Nicol to be their Minister, by a majority of two. There were three other candidates.

III. MILITARY.

2 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Caldwell, Capt. by purch. vice Lateward, ret. 20 Jan. 1825.

Cornet Stewart, Lieut. do.

C. B. Pitman, Cornet do.

1 T. W. Lloyd, (Riding-Master,) Cornet without pay 27 do.

1 Dr. Assist. Surg. Barry, from 75 F. Assist. Surg. vice Tisdie, 98 F. 20 do.

8 Cornet Lord Bradenell, Lieut. by purch. vice Murphy, ret. 15 do.

Cornet Miller, from R. Horse Gds. (Riding-Master,) Cornet do.

15 J. E. Alexander, Cornet by purch. vice Higge, ret. 20 do.

11 J. Kennedy, Cornet by purch. vice Gilpin, prom. 50 Dec. 1824.

15 Paymast. Leech, from 65 F. Paymast. vice Storey, h. p. 62 F. 27 Jan. 1825.

1 F. Capt. Le Guay, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Suckling, 90 F. 15 do.

Lieut. Stoyte, Capt. by purch. vice Dobbin, ret. 27 do.

2 Capt. Cash, Maj. by purch. vice Williams, prom. 26 do.

Lieut. Graham, Capt. do.

Ensign Berens, Lieut. do.

N. H. J. Westby, Ensign 28 do.

Assist. Surg. Campbell, from h. p. 95 F. Assist. Surg. 5 Feb.

6 Lieut. Walsh, from h. p. 3 Dr. Gds. Lieut. 19 Dec. 1824.

7 Ensign Moorson, from 69 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Paulet, prom. 12 Feb. 1825.

8 Assist. Surg. Ferguson, from h. p. 97 F. Assist. Surg. vice Scott, ris. 27 Jan.

1 J. V. Shelley, Ensign vice Beatty, 31 F. 26 do.

15 F. Serj. Hardy, from 1 F. Gds. Quart.

Mast. vice Clare, dead 15 Jan. 1825.

Lieut. Gamble, from 51 F. Capt. vice Byrne, 51 F. 26 do.

24 Serj. Maj. Rielly, (Acting Adj. Genk of Ensign without pay 15 do.

51 Capt. Byrne, from 20 F. Capt. 26 do.

Ensign Beatty, from 32 F. Lieut. vice Gamble, 20 F. do.

Assist. Surg. Sheppahl, from h. p. 93 F. Assist. Surg. 27 do.

45 F. Pigott, Ensign vice Hodgson, 55 F. 5 Feb.

54 Lieut. Woodgate, Capt. 11 Jan.

Ensign Considine, Lieut. do.

2d Lieut. Gascoyne, from Rifle Brig. Lieut. 12 do.

Ensign Dalgaty, from 70 F. Ensign 15 do.

Gent. Cadet G. Man, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign do.

59 Hosp. Assist. Kemlo, Assist. Surg. vice Thompson, 4 Dr. 20 do.

60 Bt. Maj. Schoelde, Maj. by purch. vice F. Im Thurn, ret. do.

Lieut. Elison, Capt. do.

2d Lieut. Fothergill, 1st Lieut. do.

G. Mason, 2d Lieut. do.

65 Capt. Bates, from h. p. 62 F. Paymast. vice Leech, 15 Dr. 27 do.

66 Bt. Maj. Baird, Maj. by purch. vice Lascelles, ret. 15 do.

Lieut. Clarke, Capt. do.

Ensign Dittmas, Lieut. do.

T. L. Goldie, Ensign do.

67 Ensign Sweetland, Lieut. vice Munro, dead 27 do.

C. W. James, Ensign do.

70 J. Skinner, Ensign vice Dalgaty, 54 F. 15 do.

79 Lieut. Campbell, from 67 F. Lieut. vice Crawford, h. p. 67 F. 5 Feb.

65 Ensign Hodgson, from 45 F. Lieut. vice O'Brien, dead do.

88 Lieut. Walpole, Capt. by purch. vice Hill, ret. 15 Jan.

Ensign Buller, Lieut. do.

89 Hon. G. W. F. Kinnaird, Lieut. do.

2d Lieut. Hon. C. D. Blaney, from Rifle Brig. Lieut. by purch. vice Bell, prom. 27 do.

90 Capt. Suckling, from 1 F. Capt. vice Cox, h. p. 15 do.

91 Capt. Hay, Maj. by purch. vice Walsh, ret. 5 Feb.

Lieut. Burne, Capt. do.

91 Lieut. Franklin, from h. p. 24 F. Capt. vice Craig, 2 Vet. Bn. do.

Assist. Surg. Lyster, from 7 Dr. G. Surg. vice Tilt, h. p. 27 Jan.

93 Capt. Beauclerk, from h. p. Unatt. Capt. vice Hill, 1 Vet. Bn. 15 do.

Rifle Brig. P. T. W. Campbell, 2d Lieut. vice Gascoyne, 54 F. do.

Ensign Shelley, from 15 F. 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Blaney, 89 F. 27 do.

1 W.L.R. W. Russell, Ensign vice Ellis, dead 3 Feb.

2 Lieut. O'Meara, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Paymast. vice Stopford, dead 15 Jan.

1 R.V.Bn. Capt. Hill, from 99 F. Capt. vice Le Guay, 1 F. do.

2 Craig, from 94 F. Capt. vice Macdonell, ret. list 20 do.

Unattached.

Lieut. Lord W. Paulet, from 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Unscar, R. Art. ret. 12 Feb. 1825.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

Maj. and Lieut. Col. Power, Lieut. Col. vice W. Division, dead 26 Dec. 1824.

Capt. and Lieut. Col. Smith, Maj. do.

2d Capt. and Major, Greene, Capt. do.

2d Capt. Sweeting, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.

Royal Artillery.

1st Lieut. Forster, 2d Capt. 26 Dec. 1824.
 ——— Glasgow, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
 2d Lieut. Mayne, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet Bingham, 2d Lieut. do.
 2d Capt. Coles, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Johnston, h. p. 1 Jan. 1825.
 1st Lieut. Mottley, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Creagh, dead 3 do.
 2d Lieut. Wilford, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet Walker, 2d Lieut. do.
 1st Lieut. Basset, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Blake, h. p. 25 do.
 ——— D'Arley, from h. p. Lieut. vice Miller, h. p. do.
 2d Capt. Maxwell, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Briscoe, ret. 12 Feb.

Royal Engineers.

Capt. Dixon, from h. p. Capt. vice Haldane, dead 12 Jan. 1825.
 1st Lieut. Hall, 2d Capt. do.
 ——— Elliot, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
 2d Lieut. Ross, 1st Lieut. do.
 1st Lieut. Williams, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Mudge, dead 13 do.

Medical Department.

Brevet Insp. Burke, Inspector 20 Jan. 1825.
 Surg. Collier, Brev. Insp. in Ceylon 3 Feb.
 Assist. Surg. Sampson, from h. p. 104 F. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. M'Dermott, Ceylon Regt. 25 Jan.
 Hosp. Assist. O'Donnell, Assist. Surg. vice Sibbald, dead do.
 Hosp. Assist. Pearson, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Assist. Surg. Mitchell, cancelled do.
 J. Paterson, Hosp. Assist. do.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. de Burgh, from 2 F. with Lieut. Col. Williams, h. p. Unatt.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Dodgin, from 66 F. with Major Patrickson, 99 F.
 Capt. Hutton, from 31 F. with Capt. Bray, 88 F.
 ——— Pasley, from 47 F. with Capt. Pennycook, h. p. 78 F.
 ——— Silver, from 53 F. with Capt. Conroy, 96 F.
 Lieut. Allan, from 7 F. with Lieut. Cordiff, 98 F.
 ——— Wood, from 14 F. with Lieut. Tinning, 67 F.
 ——— Snow, from 47 F. with Lieut. Ashe, 65 F.
 Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Capel, from 1 Life Gds. with Ensign Baring, 5 F.
 Ensign Ward, from 48 F. with Ensign Mackworth, 65 F.
 Paymast. Dawe, from 31 F. with Paymast. Monk, 53 F.
 Assist. Surg. Dudgeon, from 86 F. with Assist. Surg. Fitzpatrick, h. p. 4 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Lascelles, 66 F.
 ——— Walsh, 91 F.
 Major F. Im Thurn, 60 F.
 ——— Briscoe, R. Art.
 Capt. Lateward, 2 Dr. Gds.
 ——— Dobbin, 1 F.
 ——— Hill, 88 F.
 Lieut. Murphy, 8 Dr.
 Cornet Bigge, 13 Dr.
 Assist. Surg. Ferguson, 8 F.

Appointment cancelled.

Staff Assist. Surg. Mitchell.

Officers Wounded in the Expedition under Brigadier General Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B. against the Dominions of the King of Ava, between the 16th June and 12th July 1824.

Capt. Johnson, 13 F. severely and dangerously.
 Lieut. Barrett, 13 F. severely—arm amputated.

Dismissed (by the Sentence of a General Court Martial, held at the Cape of Good Hope on the 15th June 1824.)

Lieut. Atkinson, 49 F.

Deaths.

Major Gen. Powlett, Caversham, near Reading 8 Dec. 1824.
 ——— Sir E. G. Batler, late of 87 F.
 ——— Foley, late of Royal Marines, Worcester
 Lieut. Col. Fraser, h. p. 18 F. Jamaica 1 Nov.
 ——— Duff, h. p. 98 F. Bath 27 do.
 Lieut. Mackenzie, 13 Dr. Cape of Good Hope 4 June 1825.
 ——— Brome, R. Art. Jamaica 4 Jan. 1825.
 Major Mackenzie, 77 F. Jamaica
 ——— Newton, h. p. 1 Garrison Bn. Chatham 1 Jan.
 ——— Delius, h. p. 4 Line Ger. Leg. 25 do.
 Capt. Campbell, 91 F. Spanish Town, Jamaica 29 Nov. 1824.
 ——— Forbes, h. p. 56 F. Sloane-Street 7 Feb. 1825.

Lieut. Mudge, R. Eng.
 ——— Munro, 67 F. Fort-George, N. B. 14 Jan.
 ——— O'Brien, 85 F. Colombo 4 Aug. 1824.
 ——— Burton, Royal Afr. Col. Corps, Cape-Coast Castle
 ——— Weatherall, R. Art. at sea, on passage from the Mauritius 12 Sept.
 ——— Creagh, R. Art. Malta 7 Nov.
 ——— Kearney, h. p. 24 F. Dec.
 ——— Parker, h. p. 28 F. Barrack-Master at Drogheda, Drogheda 30 May
 ——— Fraser, h. p. 50 F. 15 April
 ——— Woodmeston, h. p. Royal Marines, London 22 Jan. 1825.
 ——— Siebold, h. p. 4 Line Ger. Leg. Hanover 25 Dec. 1824.
 ——— Hay, late 6 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh 1 Feb. 1825.
 ——— Fraser, h. p. 87 F. Edinburgh 20 June 1824.
 ——— Tudor, h. p. York Ran. 9 Oct.
 Cornet Hoste, h. p. 21 Dr.
 ——— Bleakley, h. p. Staff Cor. Cav. Inniskilling Dec.
 Ensign W. A. Ross, 50 F. Up Park, Jamaica 18 Nov.
 ——— Ellis, 1 W. I. R.
 ——— Handasyde, late 1 Veteran Bn. Hilsa 20 do.
 ——— Trimble, h. p. 103 F. Nov.
 ——— Baron von Poser, h. p. Chass. Britan. Mentz 14 do.
 Paymast. Dillon, h. p. 3 Vet. Bn. Plymouth
 ——— Lieut. Vincombe, 50 F. 22 Jan. 1825.
 ——— Lieut. Clarke, h. p. 84 F. Dublin 24 Dec.
 Quart. Mast. Stewart, h. p. 76 F. Banff, N. B. 12 Jan. 1825.
 ——— Blanche, h. p. Reay Fencibles
 ——— Clare, 15 F. Cork 15 Dec. 1824.

Commissariat Department.

Assist. Com: Gen. Rossiter, Demerara 30 Dec. 1824.

Medical Department.

Surg. Gill, 30 F. Jamaica 11 Dec.
 Staff Assist. Surg. Wiley, Jamaica 25 Nov.
 2d Lieut. H. Brahan, Ceylon Regt. Colombo 22 July
 Surg. Ripking, h. p. 3 Huss. Ger. Leg. Hanover 21 Oct. 1821.
 ——— Mingay, W. Suffolk, Mil. 30 May
 Assist. Surg. Dr Greig, h. p. 22 Dr. India
 ——— Grierson, h. p. 1 F. Dumfries 2 Jan. 1825.
 Hospital Assist. Carolan, h. p. Chatham 18 do.
 Dec.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1825.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck	1825.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal.	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Feb. 16	989	50 0 58 0	34 9	30 0 34 0	17 0 21 0	16 0 20 0	10	10	Feb. 15	429	1 3	56	1 2
23	861	30 3 37 6	34 7	30 0 34 0	17 0 21 0	17 0 21 0	10	10	22	509	1 3	40	1 2
March 2	830	31 0 40 0	35 8	31 0 35 0	18 0 25 0	18 0 22 0	10	10	March 1	475	1 4	48	1 2
9	806	30 0 41 0	36 0	30 0 36 0	18 0 26 0	18 0 22 0	10	10	8	517	1 4	49	1 2

Glasgow.

1825.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.	
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.				
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.				
Feb. 17	—	—	—	32 0 36 0	19 0 22 6	—	—	30 0 35 6	20 0 24 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
24	—	—	—	32 0 36 0	19 0 21 6	—	—	31 0 34 6	20 0 24 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
March 5	—	—	—	32 0 36 0	19 0 22 0	—	—	51 0 34 0	20 0 24 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
10	—	—	—	32 0 36 0	20 0 22 6	—	—	32 0 34 0	22 0 25 0	18 0 20 0	54 55

Haddington.

1825.	Wheat.								Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1824.	Oatmeal.					
	Bolls.	Prices.		Av. pr.	s. d.		s. d.							s. d.		s. d.		Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.						s. d.	s. d.	s. d.			
Feb. 18	666	27 0	37 6	33 7	24 0	32 0	15 0	21 6	15 19 0	16 0	20 0	Feb. 14	16 4	17 9	1 2				
25	479	30 0	37 0	34 1	24 0	32 0	16 0	23 0	16 20 0	16 0	21 0	21	17 0	17 9	1 2				
March 4	521	31 6	38 6	35 1	27 0	36 0	18 0	27 0	16 20 0	16 0	21 0	28	17 0	17 9	1 2				
11	539	29 6	40 0	34 11	28 0	36 0	17 0	25 0	15 19 0	16 0	20 0	March 7	17 3	18 3	1 2				

Dunkirk.

1825.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	
Feb. 14	48 78	36 40	31 49	20 27	24 32	42 60	35 48	46 50	35 37	60 65	52 60	10 1/2
21	50 78	36 40	31 48	20 27	24 31	42 59	35 48	46 50	35 37	60 65	52 60	10 1/2
28	50 78	36 40	31 50	20 27	24 32	42 59	35 47	46 50	35 37	60 65	52 60	10 1/2
March 7	50 78	36 40	31 50	20 27	24 32	42 59	35 47	46 50	35 37	60 65	52 60	10 1/2

London.

Liverpool.

1825.	Wheat, 70 lb.	Oats, 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Engl.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Feb. 15	4 6 10 5	3 6 3 9	5 0 6 6	35 38	44 52	38 56	48 55	46 52	20 25	32 56	30 53
22	4 6 10 8	3 5 8 9	5 0 6 5	35 38	42 52	38 56	48 51	46 52	20 25	32 53	30 53
March 1	4 6 11 3	3 7 3 11	5 1 6 6	35 38	42 52	38 56	48 56	46 54	20 25	32 56	30 53
8	4 6 10 9	3 5 3 11	5 4 6 6	35 38	42 52	38 56	48 55	46 55	20 25	32 56	30 55

England & Wales.

1825.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Feb. 5	66 7	40 1	34 11	23 5	40 2	44 2	—
12	65 1	41 4	35 2	23 2	38 11	41 8	—
19	66 1	40 7	39 2	23 7	39 2	40 11	—
26	66 0	40 9	40 6	23 3	38 8	40 4	—

Quarterly Average of Grain which governs Importation :

Wheat, 66s. 4d.—Barley, 38s. 3d.—Oats, 23s. 2d.—Rye, 39s. 11d.—Beans, 39s. 11d.
Peas, 44s. 1d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Feb. 1	M.26 A. 41	29.508 .961	M.42 A. 40	NW.	Rain morn. day fair.	Feb. 15	M.29 A. 41	29.684 .524	M.45 A. 44	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
2	M.21 A. 36	28.698 .879	M.38 A. 36	SW.	Sleet and rain.	16	M.35 A. 40	29.575 .478	M.41 A. 42	SW.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
3	M.22 A. 31	29.008 .889	M.21 A. 34	NW.	Keen frost, shrs. snow.	17	M.29 A. 42	29.538 .623	M.45 A. 41	W.	Dull, with shrs. rain.
4	M.23 A. 25	29.101 .265	M.31 A. 50	NW.	Keen frost, sunshine.	18	M.29 A. 42	29.773 .919	M.42 A. 45	W.	Frost, morn. fair sunsh.
5	M.24 A. 30	29.311 .529	M.37 A. 36	NW.	Keen frost, dull.	19	M.30 A. 40	29.905 .818	M.44 A. 42	SW.	Ditto.
6	M.25 A. 32	29.430 .762	M.44 A. 35	Cble.	Foren. frost, aftern. fresh.	20	M.35 A. 40	29.772 .929	M.41 A. 45	NW.	Foren. dull, aftern. cold.
7	M.26 A. 39	29.480 .489	M.38 A. 37	W.	Fresh, but dull.	21	M.32 A. 40	30.111 .112	M.44 A. 45	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
8	M.27 A. 39	29.504 .612	M.39 A. 37	NW.	Fresh, with shrs. hail.	22	M.35 A. 42	29.103 .942	M.43 A. 44	Cble.	Fair, mild, but dull.
9	M.30 A. 41	29.730 .818	M.40 A. 47	W.	Morn. frost, day fresh.	23	M.32 A. 40	29.868 .923	M.42 A. 45	W.	Ditto.
10	M.30 A. 45	29.938 .958	M.45 A. 43	W.	Dull but fair.	24	M.32 A. 37	29.999 .999	M.42 A. 40	E.	Rain, foren. fair aftern.
11	M.38 A. 45	29.991 .991	M.44 A. 45	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M.31 A. 37	30.105 .999	M.41 A. 39	Cble.	Fair, but dull and cold.
12	M.40 A. 45	30.155 .160	M.45 A. 46	W.	Fair, mild, but dull.	26	M.31 A. 51	29.761 .609	M.50 A. 57	S.	Moderate, sn. and sleet.
13	M.39 A. 46	30.164 .150	M.47 A. 46	NW.	Fair, but rather dull.	27	M.27 A. 58	29.268 .144	M.58 A. 41	NW.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.
14	M.41 A. 55	29.397 .392	M.44 A. 46	W.		28	M.30 A. 59	29.998 .998	M.41 A. 58	Cble.	Aftern. snow and sleet.

Average of rain, .618 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE operation of plowing met with no interruption from the 11th till the 26th of February: on that day, a heavy snow fell along the east coast, and sleet and rain in the inland parts of the country; this was followed with keen frost, which continued, with little variation, till the 7th of the present month. In the early districts, sowing of beans commenced about the 23d of February; the subsequent storm prevented that operation from being completed, and sowing was not again resumed till the 11th of March. In many instances, the soil is still too wet for that operation. Farm labour is in a forward state; plowing for seed-furrow is for the most part over; and sowing for oats will commence within a week, in early situations, if the weather permit. Vegetation is about the same stage of forwardness as at the same period last season. Wheat, in exposed situations, suffered considerably by the frosts in the beginning of February and March. The mean temperature of the two last weeks in February was 39°; of the first week in the present month, 34° 5'. Depth of rain and melted snow since our last, 2½ inches. Sheep are in a more healthy state than was expected, from the wet and variable weather in the early part of winter. Turnips for the feeding-byre are about over; those that still remain in the field are into flower-stem; consequently the bulb is of little use in feeding. Potatoes are scarce and high-priced, and few are used as substitutes for turnips, in feeding of cattle. The consequence is, a large supply of fed beasts have been brought to market, and prices have fallen nearly one shilling per stone. Milch Cows are lower-priced than in winter. Lean stock maintain good prices. Good draught horses brought very high prices at the late markets, nearly as high as at any time during the war. Sheep were plenty in the weekly markets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and fair prices were obtained. Wheat has advanced in price; in the Edinburgh market it is stated as high as 40s. In Perth and Dundee, 35s. has still been about the maximum. The demand for barley is brisk, and 32s. has been obtained for ordinary samples. In beans and oats there has been little alteration.

Perthshire, 14th March 1825.

Course of Exchange, London, March 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 36 : 11. Altona, 37 : Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 45. Bordeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, 151½, Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 46. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Dublin, 9½. Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3=17=9.—New Doubleons, £3=18=0.—New Dollars, 4s.=10d½.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s.=0½d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Home 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 00 00.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from January 19, to February 9, 1825.

	Feb. 16.	Feb. 23.	March 2.	March 9.
Bank Stock.....	—	240	—	—
3 ½ cent. reduced...	49½	39½	94½	—
3 ½ cent. consols..	94	49½	93½	92½
3½ ½ cent. do.....	—	—	—	—
4 ½ cent. do.....	—	—	—	—
Ditto New do.....	106	106½	106½	106½
India Stock.....	285	—	—	—
— Bonds.....	97	93	97	90
Exchequer bills.....	63	60	54	54
Consols for account.	93½	94	94	94
French 5 ½ cents...	103fr.50c.	—	103 fr. —	106 fr. —

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 21st of Jan. and the 19th Feb. 1825: extracted from the London Gazette.

- Anderson, J. Edward-street, Portman-square, tea-dealer.
Arnold, E. Upper York-street, Bryanstone-square, baker.
Aspinall, W. Halifax, wine-merchant.
Bales, W. Newmarket, innkeeper.
Beasley, E. Redwading, Worcester, glove-manufacturer.
Bendish, J. B. Regent-street, dealer.
Barnes, B. Weymouth-news, St. Marylebone, livery-stable keeper.
Boswood, J. Silver-street, Falcon-square, victualler.
Bowden, T. Museum-street, stationer.
Brimner, G. Strand-lane, stationer.
Broadhead, W. Ashton-under-Lane, and G. Broadhead, Manchester, stone-masons.
Butt, J. Motcombe, Dorset, cheese-dealer.
Chambers, C. Southampton-row, Russell-square, mason.
Clarke, G. B. New Shoreham, Sussex, brewer.
Cooper, J. Ashton-under-Lane, Lancaster, shop-keeper.
Crooke, J. Burnley, Lancaster, iron-founder.
Dean, J. Brompton, timber-merchant.
Draper, T. White-street, Southwark, dealer.
Eaily, S. P. Dean-street, Soho, dealer.
Fawcett, J. and P. White, Milk-lane, bottle-merchant.
Fletcher, J. Pilkington, grocer.
Ford, J. jun. Mortlake, linen-draper.
Forryth, C. Carlisle, draper.
Gaiside, S. Gribbun, York, cattle-dealer.
Glover, T. Wadour-street, bucklayer.
Golding, G. Knightsbridge, stable-keeper.
Goodall, W. and J. Birchall, Tithenrington, cotton-spinner.
Grimwood, J. Huxton, carpenter.
Grocock, S. Gray-linn Lane-road, oil and colour-man.
Hall, R. jun. Poulton in the Fylde, Lancaster, liquor-merchant.
Harding, T. and Son, and R. Harding, Bristol, brush-makers.
Harner, J. Great Surrey-street, stove-manufacturer.
Henderson, J. Shap, Westmoreland, corn-dealer.
Herbert, B. Cheltenham, silk-mercer.
Howe, R. Haymarket, job-master.
Hughes, T. Speldhurst-street, draper.
Jones, E. Newington-causeway, linen-draper.
Kingham, J. Croydon, linen-draper.
Knight, J. P. Fulham, hop-merchant.
Lasoux, T. T. De, Canterbury, colour-merchant.
Levo, W. Cheltenham, picture-dealer.
Levy, J. Southampton, grocer.
Lock, J. Baker-street, North, chemist.
Long, W. Little St. Andrew-street, Seven-dials, oil and colour-merchant.
Mallough, E. J. Belvidere-place, Walworth, merchant.
Marshall, T. Whitechapel-court, Cornhill, merchant.
Moore, J. U. City-road, bird-maker.
Morgan, J. T. Arlington-place, St John's-street road, jeweller.
Moseley, R. Goulston-square, Whitechapel, glass-merchant.
Nathan, M. George-street, Adelphi, bill-broker.
Newbank, J. Earl-street, Marylebone, stage-master.
Nickets, J. Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, upholsterer.
Osborne, T. Stouid, Gloucester, linen-draper.
Paris, A. A. Long-acre, junter.
Prescott, G. Southover, miller.
Rees, D. Liverpool, merchant.
Reeves, J. Eton, tailer.
Robert, P. P. H. Holborn, cheese-monger.
Robinson, J. H. and H. S. Homechurch, Essex, hay-salesmen.
Rowe, W. Plymouth, jeweller.
Rowland, H. W. Tottenham, stationer.
Rusel, C. Long-acre, linen draper.
Saunders, J. Holland street, Bankside, bacon-drier.
Savage, W. Feather-lane, victualler.
Seager, J. R. Stepney, plumber and glazier.
Shuttleworth, C. Birmingham, cabinet-maker.
Singer, N. P. Lave pool, haberdasher.
Smith, G. Southampton-street, Camberwell, grocer.
Smith, W. W. Holborn-hill, silk-mercer.
Smyth, H. Piccadilly, hatter.
Sparks, T. and J. Boley, Chancery-street, diapers.
Storer, J. Museum-street, Grosvenor-square, undertaker.

Strachan, R. Cheap-side, warehouseman.
Tooth, E. Hastings, haberdasher.
Turner, O. Chancery-lane, stationer.
Turner, R. Manchester, joiner.
Whaley, J. T. Edmonton, grocer.
Wilkinson, B. Leicester, draper.
Williams, W. B. Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor.

Willook, R. Lancaster, wine merchant.
Windett, J. Norwich, grocer.
Wingate, T. W. Bath, dealer.
Wood, J. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, silver-smith.
Wright, J. Charlotte-street, St. Paneras, cheese-monger.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced February 1825; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Alexander, Thomas, & Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.
Bucket, Alexander, junior, butcher and cattle-dealer, Newton-upon-Ayr.
Jenkinnes, William, coal-master and spirit-dealer in Glasgow.
Kyle, James, for Smith & Kyle, hardware-merchants in Inverness.
McGillivray, Robert, upholsterer in Inverness.
Meikle, Thomas, cattle dealer and cowteeder, Port Hopkoun, Edinburgh.
Menzies, Thomas, merchant, druggist and surgeon in Glasgow.
Sanders, Gilbert, hardware merchant, agent and accountant in Glasgow.
Smith, Andrew, draper in Ayr.
Tan-work Company, the New, Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Hamilton, Hugh, merchant in Greenock; by the trustee there.
Macalpine, James, merchant and trader, at Corrach, near Fort William, by J. W. Johnston, accountant in Greenock.
M'Ilac, Daniel, merchant in Nairn, by W. Clark, merchant in Inverness.
Phillips, Lawrence, manufacturer and merchant in Glasgow, by J. Birkeny, manufacturer there.
White & Co. brewers in Perth, by Thomas William Sandeman, merchant there.
Wilson, Anthony, merchant and ship-owner in Aberdeen, by Alexander Webster, advocate there.
Young, David, wright in Calton, Glasgow; by Alexander Mein, accountant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1824. May 5. At Cannanore, the Lady of Capt. Fulton, Deputy Judge Advocate General of Trinopolis, a daughter.
Nov. 29. At Kinsworth Lodge, Manchester Jamaica, the Lady of Dr George Dempster, a son.
1825. Jan. 3. At Madras, the Lady of Dr William Gourlay of Kincraig, a daughter.
6. At Anniston House, the Right Hon. Lady Ann Crankshank, a son.
— At Halifax, the Lady of Captain Houston Stewart, R. N., a son.
21. At Dalkeith, the Lady of Captain Robert Tait, R. N., a daughter.
21. At Kirkcudbright, Mrs Niven, of Glenarm, a daughter.
— At Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Winckworth, a son.
29. At Woodville, near Edinburgh, Mrs James Wilson, a daughter.
31. At Dewar Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Edington, junior, a son.
Feb. 1. At Haddington, Mrs Henry Davidson, a son.
— At Montrose, Mrs Smart, of Cononsyth, a daughter.
— At Edinburgh, Mrs Sprot of Garmark, a daughter.
5. Near Scarborough, the Lady of Captain Robert Bidwell Edwards, a son.
— At Ruchell House, the Lady of John Buchanan Sydesell, Esq. of Ruchell, a daughter.
4. Mrs Horsburgh, of Lochmalony, a daughter.
— Mrs Archibald Douglas, Great King Street, Edinburgh, a son.
5. At her house, in Pall Mall, London, the Countess of Mount Charles, Lady of the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a son and heir.
6. At Kirkcudbright, the Lady of D. Blair, Esq. younger of Bourgue, a daughter.
7. At 51, Frederick-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Keith, a daughter.
— In Dublin, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Macgregor, 68th regiment, a daughter.
10. At Lochgilphead, Mrs Captain M'Lachlan, a son.
11. Mrs Moncreiff, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
— At Woodend Cottage, Mrs Leith Hay, a daughter.
12. At Schivas, Mrs Forbes Irvine, a daughter.
13. At London, the Hon. Mrs Grant of Grant, a son.

May 14. In Upper Berkeley-street, London, the Lady of William F. Thornton, Esq. a son.
15. At Broomhall, the Countess of Ligin and Kincardine, a son.
— At the Manse of Aberdour, Mrs Bryce, a daughter.
18. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Robert Whigham, Esq. advocate, a son.
23. At the Union Hotel, St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, the Lady of the Hon. Capt. Elliot, R. N., a son.
24. At Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of James Hoad, Esq. younger of Newlands, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1824. Dec. 28. At Kingarar, Island of Mull, Peter M'Arthur, Esq. Ardara, to Flora, daughter of the late John M'Lean, Esq. of Langanmull.
1825. Jan. 17. At St. Stewarts Church, Exeter, Henry Passmore, Esq. merchant, Calcutta, to Emily Macleod, third daughter of the late John Rollo, Esq. M. D. Surgeon-General and Inspector of Ordnance Hospitals, Woolwich.
26. At Jedburgh, H. Brunell, Esq. Little Houghton, Northumberland, to Miss Mary Blackett, third daughter of the late Mr Richard Blackett, Nisbet.
31. At St. Mary-le-Bonne Church, London, Captain the Hon. Walter Forbes, Coldstream guards, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Forbes, to Horatia, daughter of Sir John Gregory Shaw, Bart. of Kenward, in the county of Kent.
— Adam Measer, Esq. surgeon, Lauriston Place, to Miss Cockburn, St. Andrew's Street, Edinburgh.
Feb. 1. At Glasgow. James Wylie, Esq. of Airelywright, Perthshire, to Isabella, daughter of the late Andrew Patton, Esq. Glasgow.
— At Glasgow, the Rev. Thomas Watson, of Cormiston, minister of Covington, to Eleonora, daughter of David M'Halls, Esq. of Overton.
3. At No. 6. Chandwick Place, Edinburgh, Walter Scott, Esq. Lieutenant in the 15th Hussars, eldest son of Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart. to Miss Jane Jobson, only child of the late John Jobson, Esq. of Lochore, in the county of Fife.
7. At Kirkcaldy, Thomas I. Dundas, Esq. R. N. to Margaret, third daughter of Dr Johnston, Kirkcaldy.
8. At Peel, the Rev. Nathaniel Paterson, minister of Galashells, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Robert Lakilaw, P. C. Selkirkshire.
— At Hurley, Berks, Captain the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby, R. N., fourth son of Lord Boston,

to Frances, second daughter of John Mangles, Esq.

Feb. 8. At Twickenham, Robert Jeffrey, Esq. to Mary Eleanor, widow of the late William Simpson, Esq. Madras.

10. At Abergford, William Mure, Esq. eldest son of William Mure, Esq. of Caldwell, to Laura, second daughter of the late William Markham, Esq. of Becca Hall, in the county of York.

12. In St. James's Church, London, Mr C. Lambert, to Jane, eldest daughter of Robert Spears, Esq. of Kinninmount, Fifeshire.

14. At Edinburgh, John Tulloch, Esq. of Arthursiel, county of Roxburgh, to Miss Helen R. S. Falconer, second daughter of David Falconer, Esq. of Carlowie.

15. At Thirlestane, the Rev. Walter Hume, of Yetholm, to Miss Jeanie Oliver, only daughter of Mr Thomas Oliver.

17. At Morningside, Daniel Mackay, Esq. of the island of Santa Cruz, to Mrs Muir, relict of John Muir, Esq. late of Demerara.

22. At Bo'ness, James Johnstone, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late William Scott, Esq. Musselburgh.

DEATHS.

1824. Aug. At Nagpore, in India, Capt. Wm. Hardy, of Charlesfield, eldest surviving son of the late Rev. Dr Thomas Hardy, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the ministers of that city.

10. At St. Thome, Madras, William, youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel Commandant Robert Macdowall, 7th regiment native infantry.

Sept. At Madras, Charles Fullerton, Esq. Judge at Chingleput.

25. At Madras, Captain Archibald Erskine Pattullo, commanding the Governor's body guard.

Nov. In New Hampshire, North America, Dr Ramsay.

20. At Paris, in her 86th year, Mrs Alice Morton, formerly the widow of John Crawford, Esq. of Gayfield Place, Edinburgh.

28. At Port Antonio, Jamaica, of yellow fever, John David Shurrefs, Esq. surgeon, eldest son of the late Alexander Shurrefs, Esq. advocate, Aberdeen.

Dec. 12. At Jamaica, James Scott, Esq. third son of the late Rev. James Scott, minister of Auchterhouse.

16. At Bellemont, Jamaica, George Willis, Esq. surgeon, son of the late Thomas Wilson, Esq. Kirkcaldy.

1825. Jan. 14. At Cummertrees village, Betty Shearer, at the advanced age of 99, having thus entered her hundredth year; indeed she was supposed by many of the old people in the neighbourhood to have been upwards of 100, but she had no document that could record the period of her birth. She was the daughter of two old faithful servants of the late Sir John Douglas of Kelhead. She retained all her faculties quite entire till within a short time of her death, and could joke and be amused with events that were occurring, and always brightened up when the feats of her youth were brought to her recollection. Never was a Highland vassal more faithfully attached to his chieftain, than she was to the family she had served so long; at the name of Douglas her heart ever warmed. At all merry-meetings Betty was a person of great importance, and nothing drew forth her sarcastic humour more forcibly than when she saw the farmers' wives or their daughters dressed finer than what she considered became their station. Betty was a keen Jacobite, and she often recounted with much enthusiastic delight having seen the unfortunate Prince Charles, as he passed Cummertrees, when on his march from Dumfries to England.

19. At Pentonville, near London, Alex. Tilloch, Esq. long the proprietor and conductor of the Star London evening paper. Mr Tilloch found leisure for philosophical pursuits, and published many useful works.

22. At Newton, Northumberland, Mrs Methven, wife of Captain Methven, R. N.

23. At Dunblane, Mrs James Milne, junior, son of the late Andrew Milne, Esq. Bo'ness.

24. At his house, in Bernard-Street, Leith, Mr George Brown, baker.

— At Paris, the Right Hon. Sackville, Earl of Thanet.

Jan. 24. At Linlithgow, in the 94th year of his age, Mr William Wilson, senior, shoemaker there, much and justly regretted by a numerous and respectable circle of friends and acquaintances. There were several occurrences in the life of this worthy old man deserving of record. He witnessed the battle of Prestonpans, and saw the fall of the brave and virtuous Colonel Gardner. He was on the plains of Abrahm with the immortal Wolfe, and bore a part of the arduous duties of the ever-memorable day when that lamented hero fell. He was also at the sieges of Havannah and Louisburg. His domestic life has been an unchequered scene of comfort and tranquillity, to which the rectitude of his conduct and equanimity of temper principally contributed. He was a kind and affectionate husband and parent, a true patriot, a sincere Christian, and an honest man. He used to remark that he lived in "three" Kings' reigns—saw "three" commanding officers fall—was a member of "three" mason lodges, and had "three" descendants in the direct line, all William Wilsons. He was highly respected in all the societies to which he belonged; and one of them, (the Hopetoun Lodge of Bathgate) cheerfully pays this tribute to his memory.

25. At Edinburgh, James Campbell, Esq., sometime Captain in the Edinburgh regiment of militia.

— Mrs M. Gray Russell, 10, South Hanover-Street, Edinburgh.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr John L. Virtue, merchant.

— At Melrose, Mr Charles Erskine, writer.

— At his house, 5, Piling-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Reoch, wife of Mr John Reoch, and on the 11th current, Margaret Martha, their infant daughter.

27. At Linlithgow, Jean, second daughter of Mr John Gibbeson, skinner, tanner, and glue-manufacturer there.

28. At New Deer, aged 30, William, eldest son of Mr John Brodie, merchant there.

— At her house, Buccleuch-Street, Edinburgh, at an advanced age, Mrs Margaret Grierson, daughter of the late James Grierson, Esq. wine-merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Park, Mrs Forbes of Blackford.

— At Penzance, John Gloag, Esq. of Limefield.

29. Aged 97, Maurice O'Connell, Esq. of Derrihane. His landed property (£4000 a-year,) he has bequeathed to his nephew, Counsellor O'Connell, and has divided equally between him and his brothers, John and James O'Connell, Esqs. £40,000 in money.

29. At Corbally Square, Troqueur, in her 79th year, Mrs M'Murdo, relict of the late Jas. M'Murdo, Esq. of Barbadoes.

— At Springmount, county of Antrim, Mrs Hood, senior, of Springmount.

30. At his house, Merchant-Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Ormiston, solicitor at law.

31. At Woodburn, near Kirkintulloch, John Buchanan, Esq. of Carbeth.

Feb. 1. At Bristol, Mrs Ann Spittal, wife of Mr David Souter, druggist, Aberdeen.

— At Aberdeen, Peter Hay, Esq. of Hayfield, aged 78.

— At Powis Farm, Miss Margaret Bruce, eldest daughter of the late John Bruce, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Clackmannanshire.

2. Mr John Bailhe, farmer at Old Moutrose, aged 69.

— At the Manse of Campsie, Mrs Elizabeth Ann Stirling, relict of the Rev. Mr Laplace, of Campsie, third daughter of the late Sir John Stirling, Bart. of Glorat.

5. At Selkirk, Mr William Borrowman, surgeon, aged 81.

— At Morton, Lieut.-General Alex. Trotter.

6. At Slacks, parish of Tinwald, Elizabeth Crighton, wife of Robert Farries, farmer, aged 78 years.

— At Crown-Street, Hutchesontown, Mr John Russell, merchant, Glasgow.

7. Mr George Scott, late of the Admiralty Office, London, eldest son of Mr Alexander Scott, Ormiston.

— At Scremerston, Mrs Elizabeth Hogarth, wife of Robert Hogarth, Esq. Scremerston.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Ann Allan, relict of the deceased George Robertson, merchant in Aberdeen, aged 74.

8. At Exeter, aged 62, Eliza Helen, widow of

James Lauder, Esq. of Whiteside, and daughter of the late John Turner, Esq. of Turnehall.

Feb 5. At Kirkcaldy, Mr John Malcolm, ship-owner, aged 80.

— Mrs Jean Morison, spouse of Dr Robert Hamilton, Professor of Mathematics in Marischal College, Aberdeen.

9. At Farniff, Miss Helen Paton, eldest daughter of the late George Paton, Esq. of Grandhome.

— At House of Hill, near Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Wilson, farmer there.

10. At Caen, in France, in the 10th year of his age, George Alexander, eldest son of Major-General Holket.

— At Stirling, Mr Thomas Paterson, merchant, aged 79, and sixteen hours previous, Agnes Miller, his spouse, aged 77, two of the oldest inhabitants of that town.

— At Kenzie, near Annan, Capt'n George Irvine, aged 76; upwards of 50 years a respectable ship-owner and master mariner.

— At 65, Nicolson-Street, Edinburgh, Margaret Lawrie, wife of Mr Alex. Henderson, goldsmith.

— At Springbank, near Stirling, Miss Margaret Mackillop, eldest daughter of the late John Mackillop, Esq.

11. At Edinburgh, Archibald M'Dougall, Esq. of Biddawn.

— His Highness Frederick IV. Duke of Gotha.

— Mrs Parker, wife of Charles Parker, Esq. of Park Nook, Cumberland. The Whitehaven Gazette, in noticing this event says—"In every relation of life, this amiable woman discharged her duties in a manner the most exemplary, as a wife, she was engaging and affectionate, as a mother, tender and anxious—imparting by her example the value of piety and true religion. She was the ready and liberal promoter of every institution having for its object the personal or spiritual comforts of her fellow creatures. Under her patronage a Sabbath school was established in the parish of Gosforth, of which she was not only a firm supporter, but gave her powerful aid as a teacher. 'To do good' seemed to be the business of her life; wherever she went the blessing of the widow and the orphan followed her, and her memory will be revered by the poor, when her ashes are mouldering in the earth. She has left three young children to deplore her loss, and a husband to mourn over happiness which must now be as the remembrance of a dream. Mrs Parker was the youngest daughter of Robert Allan, Esq. banker, of Edinburgh."

12. At Edinburgh, in the 10th year of his age, William, only son of Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunrobar.

— William Murray, Esq. solicitor supreme courts, and agent for the Church of Scotland, in his 77th year.

— At Leith, Mrs Frances Thom, wife to Mr Alex S. Bisset shipmaster, after a few days illness.

— At Hawick, Mrs Margaret Wilson, wife of Mr William Beek, manufacturer, in his 65th year.

— At Lothbury, aged 80, Mrs Barbara Campbell, relict of the late Jas. Campbell, Esq. Stewart-Park, an instructor of Major Campbell, royal marines.

— At Peeble, after a short illness, Mr James Carr, in the 84th year of his age. He was by profession an itinerant preacher, a profession which he had followed for about sixty years, and until within two years of his death. Many of our readers will recollect his black cowl, and the expression of his mild and sedate countenance, as he held forth in our streets, perched on a pro-

jecting stool, or on some heap of stones or rubbish. He took regular journeys every summer to the north, the south, and west of Scotland, most frequently on foot. He had at first been a preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists; but for many years had not been connected with any body of professing Christians. He was distinguished for a retentive memory—so much so, that he has been known to deliver to his audience out of doors almost verbatim the sermon which shortly before he had been hearing in the church. He possessed a cheerful disposition, was of sober habits, inoffensive in his conduct, and zealous and active in his calling. To the honour of his land he said, there is not on record a single instance of interruption to the labour of this pious and primitive character, either arising from clerical intolerance or the levity of the populace. He has left a widow, in the 6th year of her age, with whom he lived in the married state for the long period of sixty four years.—Dundee Advertiser.

Feb. 1. At Arbroath, aged 74 years, Isabel Goodall, wife of Mr Patrick Wilson, bookbinder.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Simpson, relict of James Megget, merchant in it.

1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Maria Metcalf, relict of Mr John Marshall, enter, Cambletown, South Carolina.

— At Whitehill, near Glasgow, John Carlyle, only son of Mr Robinson, Coast Crescent.

1b. At Edinburgh, John Menzies, Esq. Solicitor of Customs for Scotland.

— At Gatehill, Hugh Stewart, Esq. of Gatehill, aged 71 years.

17. Henry Wyrtchesley, Esq. M. P. for Brackley.

19. At Montrose, after a short illness, the Rev. Alexander Molleson, in the 77th year of his age, and 48th of his ministry.

— At Newtonstewart, Nathaniel Fullerton, Esq. writer there.

— At Wollington Square, Ayr, Agnes, youngest daughter of George Ranken, Esq. of Whitehill.

— At Edinburgh, Mary Ann Elder, daughter of Mr Robert Rattray, W. S.

— At London, Mrs Susannah Maria Bradford, relict of Lieutenant Colonel James Hunt, late of his Majesty's 27th regiment of foot.

— 20. At 17, Castle-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Rosina Home, relict of Mr Thomas Laing, and eldest daughter of the deceased Hon. George Home.

22. At Edinburgh, Miss Katherine Wedderburn, daughter of the late Thomas Wedderburn, Esq. Collector of the Customs, Inverness.

— At Mungall Cot-ager, Joseph Stanton, Esq. manager of the Crown Company.

24. At Edinburgh, after a short illness, in the 24th year of his age, Mr Thomas Cawens, student of medicine, from Dumfries-shire.

Lately, in St. Vincent, West Indies, George Granville Forbes, second son of the late Dr Forbes, of the county of Sutherland.

— At Sierra Leone, Mr Peter Coulthard, a native of Dornock, Dumfries-shire, and master of the Briton, aged about 70 years, and much respected. The Briton sailed from Liverpool some time since, with a healthy crew of about twenty men, not one of whom lived to return to their native soil. A boy only of the whole crew survives.

27. At Edinburgh, suddenly, Mr James Scott, builder.

— At Mary's Place, Stockbridge, Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr Parker.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

APRIL 1825.

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EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>			<i>Days.</i>		
<i>Morn.</i>			<i>Morn.</i>		
<i>Even.</i>			<i>Even.</i>		
<i>May 1825.</i>	<i>H.</i>	<i>M.</i>	<i>May 1825.</i>	<i>H.</i>	<i>M.</i>
Su. 1	0	54	Tu. 17	1	31
M. 2	1	43	W. 18	2	14
Tu. 3	2	29	Th. 19	2	51
W. 4	3	14	Fr. 20	3	31
Th. 5	3	56	Sa. 21	4	14
Fr. 6	4	40	Su. 22	4	58
Sa. 7	5	21	M. 23	5	47
Su. 8	6	10	Tu. 24	6	42
M. 9	7	0	W. 25	7	44
Tu. 10	7	59	Th. 26	8	51
W. 11	9	4	Fr. 27	9	59
Th. 12	10	8	Sa. 28	11	7
Fr. 13	11	4	Su. 29	—	—
Sa. 14	11	54	M. 30	0	35
Su. 15	0	15	Tu. 31	1	27
M. 16	0	57			

MOON'S PHASES.

<i>Mean Time.</i>		
<i>D.</i>	<i>M.</i>	<i>H.</i>
Full Moon, ... M.	2. 43	past 2 aftern.
Last Quart, ... M.	9. 4	— 9 aftern.
New Moon, ... Tu.	17. 49	— 11 aftern.
First Quart, ... W.	25. 35	— 6 morn.
Full Moon, ... Tu.	31. 42	— 11 aftern.

TERMS, &c.

<i>May</i>
12. Court of Session sits.
19. General Assembly sits.
29. King Charles II.'s restoration.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

APRIL 1825.

FURTHER EXAMINATION OF DR MACCULLOCH'S STATEMENTS, IN A SERIES OF
CRITICISMS ON THE "HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND."

IN our former article on the inimitable quartetto of volumes with the above title, we "wandered" a good deal at large "*among* the visions" of this voracious tourist, and endeavoured, in a general way, to give our readers a tolerably distinct and comprehensive view of the "*UNIVERSAL Guide*" to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, "by John Macculloch, M.D. F.R.S. L.S.G.S." &c. &c. &c. But the particular object we had then in view, as well as the enormous mass of stuff with which we had to grapple, rendered it impossible for us to enter much into detail, or to examine minutely a great variety of *soi-disant* facts, theories, and anecdotes, which careless persons may suppose to be true, because they were passed unchallenged. In the present article, we shall endeavour, as far as our limits will permit, to supply this defect, and, by a series of cursory criticisms, to convince the public that there is hardly a single statement in the work which can be safely admitted without examination, on the mere dictum of the author. At the same time, by way of relieving the irksomeness of a task, undertaken with reluctance, and from a sense of duty to a people who have been libelled in the mass by a scribbler who owes them nothing but gratitude for the kindness they showed him almost in spite of himself, we shall occasionally intersperse our criticisms with select flowers of rhetoric, intended to exemplify the transcendent success with which the Doctor has cultivated a style of writing in which few authors have hitherto shown much ambition to excel; and by help of bombast, bathos, and buffoonery, we hope to escape the misfortune of being dull, when we dissect statements which have often little interest besides what they may chance to derive from their being proved to be utterly false. *His præmissis*, we proceed.

I. The Doctor, after telling us that his "prejudices are IN FAVOUR of the people," and that in all he has said against them he "would, *fain imagine*" he "had only one object—*truth*," adds: "Nor in thus estimating the mass of the people, would it be just to withhold praise from their *superiors*. I have already noticed the obloquy which, from a narrow view of the progress of events, has been thrown on them. THAT CENSURE IS UNFOUNDED; nor, were it otherwise, is there good policy in exciting mutual discontent between the upper and the lower classes,—in LOOSENING, by FORCE and VIOLENCE, those BONDS OF UNION which have, unfortunately, a NATURAL TENDENCY already to dissolution," Vol. I. p. 12.

"That *censure* is UNFOUNDED!" How *tranchant* and decisive! A dictum so prettily and concisely delivered *ought* to be true; but it is not. *That censure* is *well founded*. Look to the facts. Is not the native population proscribed by "their superiors?" Do not these same "*superiors*" advertise their hatred of their countrymen in the newspapers? Have they not themselves broken every "bond of union" between them and the "*lower classes*," by reducing the latter to the condition of cottars and day-labourers;

crowding them in miserable hamlets*, taxing their labour, insulting their feelings, representing them as a race at once despicable and unimprovable, and condemning them to a state of thralldom and degradation worse than that of the Russian or Polish serfs? Do not these identical praiseworthy "superiors" occasionally eject a refractory tenant by fire, and sometimes, in their hurry, forget to remove the aged and the bedrid from the huts to which they have applied the flaming brand? Can the public have forgotten the facts which were brought to light on the trial of Patrick Sellar? And is it endurable, at this time of day, that the mouth-piece of the Highland "superiors" shall talk of the impolicy of "exciting mutual discontent between the upper and the lower classes," to those whose great ground of complaint against the former is, that they have excited discontent,—turned love and respect into hatred and abhorrence,—and from being the natural protectors, become the unnatural enemies and oppressors of the people? or that the advocates of a once brave, chivalrous, loyal, and affectionate race, should be accused of "loosening, by force and violence, those bonds of union which (the accuser himself, with his accustomed self-contradiction, admits) have unfortunately a natural tendency already to dissolution?" Who, we would ask, resorted to "force and violence?" The patrons and the promoters of ejectment by fire. Who have invariably condemned and execrated such abominable proceedings? A few independent men, who loved their country and their countrymen. Who have "loosened the bonds of union" formerly subsisting between the heads of great families and their tenantry, and "unfortunately" given them "a natural tendency to dissolution? The fire-worshippers. Who have endeavoured to counteract this *unnatural* "tendency to dissolution," and to persuade "the upper and the lower classes" in the Highlands that they had but one common interest,—that the former could not prosper while the latter were impoverished,—that a country cannot be improved piece-meal, but must advance *en masse*? The advocates of the people. Let the public then judge at whose door the accusation of "loosening, by force and violence, those bonds of union" which formerly subsisted between the people and their natural superiors, ought in truth and justice to be laid; and, in forming their judgment, let them, at the same time, not forget who is, in this instance, the accuser. For it will not surely be believed on the testimony of an arrogant and insidious libeller, whom we have already convicted, and shall still farther convict of every species of blunder and misrepresentation, and who overflows with the most rancorous hatred of the people he pretends to describe, that the honourable men who

* At p. 271, Vol. II., of his work, the Doctor presents us with a heart-rending picture of misery produced by the new system introduced into the Highlands; and it is of the more importance, as it is almost the only thing of the kind contained in his work, and must have been allowed to see the light from sheer inadvertence. He enters a wretched hut on the shores of Lochcarron, and finds "a poor woman cooking some shell-fish over a peat fire, attended by two children," while "on the floor, scarcely covered by a wretched supply of blankets, lay the husband sick of a fever;" and "except this bedding and the cooking apparatus," he saw no article of furniture in their wretched dwelling. This extreme misery the wretched inmates bore with uncomplaining resignation. "We found, on enquiry," he adds, "that *having been EJECTED from their farm, and having NO OTHER RESOURCE*, they had been suffered by a neighbouring farmer to build their hut from his woods, and to graze their only cow upon his waste; and thus, *with the assistance of shell-fish which they caught at low-water*, and some casual labour, they had contrived to live through that portion of the summer which was past. How the winter was to be surmounted, it was both too easy and too painful to imagine." "In the reforms of land for the purpose ofcrofting, on the new system, the ejected tenants have generally been provided with new *farms* (patches of land) on the sea-shores. *Let instances do and must occur, where a proprietor has no land to distribute; AND, IN SUCH A CASE, WHERE, FROM POVERTY OR OTHER CAUSES, THE PEOPLE CAN NEITHER MIGRATE NOR EMIGRATE, SIMILAR CONSEQUENCES ARE INEVITABLE!!!*" Then comes some twaddle and commoplace by way of apology for the system which has been productive of such misery. The curse of breaking and broken hearts is upon it!

lament the recent dislocation of society in the Highlands, and endeavour to point out the short-sighted policy of those by whom it has been produced, are actuated by the unworthy motives he chuses to ascribe to them, and are in reality labouring to "excite mutual discontent between the upper and lower classes." Such an idea could only have entered the head of a man who was equally incapable of imagining a better motive, or of ascribing a worse. But we must not suffer ourselves to forget that our present purpose is to exhibit a series of detailed criticisms, not to enter upon general discussions.

II. Speaking of the tombs in Dunkeld Cathedral, the Doctor says, "The most remarkable is that of CUMIN, the celebrated Alister More-mac-an-righ, better known as the Wolf of Badenoch." Vol. I. p. 25.

Now, an author who makes an ostentatious display of his learning,—such as it is,—upon every occasion, and who, in particular, sets himself forward as the corrector of all preceding Historians and Antiquaries, should not have been ignorant of what is known to every schoolboy in Dunkeld; namely, that "ALISTER MORE-MAC-AN-RIGH," that is, *Alexander, the King's son*, could not possibly have been a *Cumin*, as Scotland never had any kings of that family or name! The "celebrated" personage in question was *Alexander STEWART*, son of Robert II. of Scotland, by Elizabeth More. Yet such is the extreme stupidity of this presumptuous Geologist, that he actually quotes the inscription (" *Hic jacet Alexander Senescallus, filius Roberti Regis Scotorum et Elizabethae More, Dominus de Buchan et Badenoch, qui obiit, A. D. 1394,*") in the succeeding sentence, without discovering his blunder!

Again, in page 414 of the same volume, we are informed that "John of Strathbogie, a CUMIN, became Earl of Atholl in right of his wife." But "John of Strathbogie" was no more a *Cumin* than John Macculloch is a correct Historian. He was a descendant of Duncan Earl of Fife, and took the surname of Strathbogie from being proprietor of the district of that name, of which his family had been in possession from the time of William the Lion.

III. Turn we now to the theory of the "Battle of the Grampians" set forth by our renowned Historiomastix, and to the commentaries he has given us on the account of Tacitus. After inditing an incredible quantity of nonsense about the "Mons Grampius," and rating soundly the whole tribe of Antiquaries, from Richard of Cirencester to Sir Robert Sibbald, whom he is never weary of abusing, the Doctor thus developes his solution: "But to come back to master, Sir Robert, Sibbald. Dealgin Ross is a moor near Comrie; and Sir Robert being somewhat deaf, and not comprehending Donald's mode of pronunciation in his nose and throat, imagined he heard Galgachan. This produced Galgacus; and Richard's Grampian Chain, fortunately, suited any place; Fraserburgh, Stonehaven, Comrie, or Lochlomond; or Cape Rath, had it been in Sir Robert's way. Thus the battle of *Agricola* was fought at Comrie; and neither this learned personage himself, nor one of his hundred followers, ever thought of enquiring whether the Roman fleet was anchored in Lochearn or upon the top of Drummond Castle. Tacitus seems to have supposed that it must have sailed on the sea. He says, at least, that *Agricola* sent forward his navy to spread terror among the Caledonians, and that they were dismayed by the sight of this fleet, and that his camp contained seamen, as well as horse and foot. Lest he should have made a mistake, *Agricola* himself says, that he crossed IMMENSE arms of the sea; in plain terms, the firths (friths) of Forth and Tay. As to Galgacus, since Tacitus speaks for him, it is of less moment that he says, 'the Roman fleet is hovering on our coasts.' That *STONEHAVEN* must be the place, becomes, therefore, a simple case of dilemma, because none other will answer all the CONDITIONS." Vol. I. p. 39.

The intelligent reader will at once discover that this is substantially the theory which the worthy Mr Jonathan Oldbuck, called of Monkbarns, was in the very act of revealing to young Lovell, when he was so unseasonably interrupted by Edie Ochiltree. It may, therefore, appear a little

extraordinary, that we should be disposed to take up the matter seriously, and make it the subject of grave criticism. But as Historiomasix is in downright sober earnest himself, and as he has prefaced a theory, stolen without acknowledgement from the respectable Gentleman just named, with rather more than the usual quantity of petulance and abuse of those who have missed the good fortune of falling between the horns of his "dilemma," we deem it a duty incumbent upon us to prove, to the satisfaction of every scholar, either that the Doctor has not read Tacitus at all, or that, supposing him to have done so, he has not understood one word of what he read!

If we dismiss the miserable stuff contained in the beginning of the paragraph above quoted, we shall come at once to the Doctor's first tangible proposition; which is, that "*Agricola sent forward his navy to spread terror among the Caledonians; and that they (the Caledonians) were dismayed at the sight of this fleet, and that his camp contained seamen as well as horse and foot.*" Now here there are three distinct allegations; first, that "*Agricola sent forward his navy to spread terror among the Caledonians;*" secondly, that the Caledonians "*were dismayed at the sight of this fleet;*" and, thirdly, that Agricola's camp "*contained seamen as well as horse and foot.*" But the first of these only is true; the second and third describe what took place *the year before* the battle of the Grampians was fought, that is, A. D. 83. A short explanation will place this in the clearest light.

In the summer with which the *sixth* year of his command commenced, (*quæ sextum officii annum inchoabat,*) that is, A. D. 83, Agricola extended his views to the countries situate to the northward of the Forth; and, dreading a general combination of the more remote tribes, who had hitherto been disunited by their mutual hostilities, he ordered his fleet to survey the coast, and sound the harbours. Guided by the information derived from his naval commander, he himself soon after undertook his expedition beyond the Forth, the fleet attending on all his movements, "*ac sæpe isidem castris pedes, equesque, et nauticus miles (the marines) mixti copis et luetitiâ, sui quisque factâ, suos casus attollerent.*" At the same time he learned from the prisoners he took, that their countrymen were greatly alarmed by the appearance of the fleet, "*tamquam, aperta maris sui secreto, ultimum victis perfugium clauderetur.*" But by the time Agricola arrived among the Horestii, a people of Fife, the Caledonian Britons commenced offensive operations from the higher ground; first by assaulting the forts which the Roman General had left in his rear without adequate defence, and next by a bold and well-planned night-attack on the ninth legion. They were repulsed, however, after a desperate struggle, in which the skill of the Roman General, and the accidents to which a night-attack is liable, did more for the ninth legion than their own discipline and courage. Agricola then completed the subjugation of the Horestii, which *terminated* the operations of the year 83, being, as we have said, the *sixth* of his command.

In the beginning of the *seventh* summer, A. D. 84,* Agricola lost his infant son, but did not suffer this domestic calamity to divert his attention from the expedition he had resolved on, for the subjugation of the Caledonians. Accordingly, "*præmissâ classe, quæ pluribus locis prædata, mag-*

* The words of Tacitus are: "*Initio ætatis Agricola, domestico vulnere ictus, &c.*" All the commentators are of opinion that the word "*septimæ*," or the numeral VII., has dropped out in the course of transcription after the word "*initio.*" This opinion is confirmed by a consideration of all the circumstances, and particularly by the words which Tacitus puts in the mouth of Agricola. He *expressly* states, that the night-attack on the ninth legion was made in the *sixth* year of Agricola's command, and he makes that General, while haranguing his troops previous to the battle with the Caledonians, say, "*Il sunt, quos PROXIMO anno unani legionem turto noctis adgressor, clamore debellastis.*" This is decisive of the point, that the *summer* spoken of is the *seventh*, and renders the opinion, that the original reading was "*Initio septimæ ætatis, &c.*" almost demonstratively certain.

num et incertum terrorem fuseret, and having set out with his army equipped in what is now called light marching order, (*expedito exercitu*,) he came "*ad montem Grampium, quem jam hostes insederant*." A decisive battle immediately took place, the circumstances of which it is unnecessary to particularize.

Now, from this very brief statement, it appears that Historiomasix has confounded the events of the year 83 with those of the year 84, in which the battle with Galgacus was fought; that the dismay of the Caledonians, at the sight of the Roman fleet, is stated on the report of the prisoners (*ut ex captivis audiebatur*) who were taken in Fife the former year; that the intermixture of marines (*nauticus miles*) with the horse and foot in the same camp took place *the year before* the battle of the Grampians; and that as no mention is made of the recurrence of these circumstances in 84, they can never enter as elements in the solution of the question as to the site of that celebrated conflict. An attentive perusal of Tacitus will convince any one who is competent to read that concise and difficult author, that it was not on the direct and immediate, but on the indirect and general co-operation of the fleet, that Agricola relied in his *seventh* campaign,—on the distraction and terror which it would occasion by hovering on the coast, and making predatory debarkations at different points; and that there cannot be a greater error, than to suppose, as Macculloch, and a hundred others as careless or ignorant as himself have done, that the Roman fleet was *in sight* of the armies during the battle of the Grampians. If this had been the fact, it would unquestionably have been stated with a distinctness and precision commensurate with its importance. But it is not the fact; and every thing tends to confirm this inference. It is inconsistent with the idea Tacitus has given us of the generalship of Galgacus, to suppose that he would have *accepted* battle in a position so advantageous to his enemy, so discouraging to the Caledonians; nor does the illustrious son-in-law of the Roman General give the slightest countenance to such a notion. He makes Galgacus indeed say, "*ac ne mare quidem securum, imminente nobis classe Romana*;" but this, taken in conjunction with what he had stated a little before, can only be construed to mean the general co-operation we have already indicated: "Even the sea is no longer a defence, since the Roman fleet is hovering on our coast;" and, therefore, "*proelium utque armu, quae fortibus honesta, eadem etiam ignavis tutissima sunt*." But he does not say, or even hint, that the Roman fleet was in sight; a circumstance much too remarkable to have been passed over, had this really been the case. From all this, then, it follows, that the presence of the Roman fleet—the dismay of the Caledonians at the sight of this fleet—and the intermixture of the marines (not "seamen," as Macculloch erroneously says) with the land forces in Agricola's camp *at the time of the battle of the Grampians*, are assumptions totally without foundation, and to be rejected by every inquirer into the scene of that famous combat.

But our author proceeds: "Agricola himself says, that he crossed IMMENSE arms of the sea; in plain terms, the friths (friths) of Forth and Tay." Agricola says no such thing: his words are simply "*transisse aestuaria*:" he is enumerating, in a general way, the difficulties which the soldiers had surmounted, among which "*transisse aestuaria*" is one; and he tells them, that what at first view redounds so much to their honour, will, in the event of defeat, become the means of their inevitable destruction. If "*aestuaria*" here be not the plural for the singular, in conformity with the practice of the language, when a statement is meant to be general and indefinite, (and this is the more probable interpretation,) Agricola can only mean the friths of Solway and Forth; for the *Tau* of Tacitus (*Agricola* 42,) is, we think, the Solway Frith of modern times. Agricola subdued the different tribes as far as the *Tau* in the third year of his command in Britain, but did not penetrate into the countries situated "*trans Bodotriam*" (beyond the Forth) till three years hereafter. As to "*IMMENSE arms of the sea*," the reader must already have seen that the qualifying adjective is the exclusive property of the learned Theban, whose blunders we are now exposing.

Upon the whole, therefore, it appears that not one of the "CONDITIONS" which the Doctor has laid down, as determining the site of the battle of the Grampians at Stonehaven, is tenable; and, *e converso*, that wherever it was fought, the scene he has fixed upon must renounce the honour he intended for it.

IV. This somewhat lengthened detail we shall now endeavour to relieve, by presenting the reader with a sample of the Doctor's spleen and petulance. Among the rocks of the King's Pass, near Dunkeld, "tradition," he says "still shows a fissure, said to have been the den of an ancient Highland Cacus, called Duncan Hogg. "He (the said Duncan) is reputed to have dragged the cows, which he *lifted*, to this hole; to devour them, like a hyæna, at his leisure. There is much virtue in a term: *lifting* sanctifies the robberies of Duncan Hogg, as it did the whole tribe of Cearnachs, when *stealing* would have destined them to the halter; the language changed, the matter still the same. Thus, it is said that Duncan would not have taken a purse on the same road on which he would have lifted a cow, as being a dishonourable term; ALTHOUGH WE HAVE NEVER BEEN INFORMED WHEN THERE WERE ANY PURSES TO BE TAKEN IN THE HIGHLANDS, UNLESS IT WERE AN EMPTY SPLEUCHAN." Vol. I. p. 44.

On this precious morceau we must be indulged with a few remarks. We are very much disposed to believe the Doctor, when we can bring our conscience to a sufficiently accommodating state; but really, in the present instance, we cannot form even a conjecture as to the means by which Duncan Hogg contrived to drag cattle up to an elevated hole in the perpendicular ledge of rock which overhangs the Pass, unless he had borrowed, for the purpose, the windlass of a seventy-four; still less can we imagine how he managed, after he did raise them to the necessary height, to squeeze their carcasses through an aperture hardly wide enough to admit his own. But we can conceive it perfectly possible, that this "ancient Highland Cacus" might have slaughtered his prey in some convenient place, and carried the *disrupta membra* to his lair, "to devour them, like an hyæna, at his leisure." This is our solution, and we flatter ourselves it might be admitted by any Hogg, dead or alive. The Doctor, however, moralizes over his own marvels; "like Katerfelto, with his hair on end, at his own wonders wondering." "*Lifting*," says he, "sanctifies the robberies of Duncan Hogg, as it did the whole tribe of Cearnachs, when *stealing*" would have destined them to the halter!" Indeed, Doctor! Where did you discover that "*lifting* sanctifies robbery," or that an honest man, like Duncan Hogg, would be canonized for stouthrieff and hanged for theft? Has the law ever shewn any mercy to *cattle-lifters*? When did one of "the whole tribe" ever escape from the clutches of justice, after he was once fairly *fanged*?" Was not one of the poor fellows who had sheltered Prince Charles in his utmost need,—scorning the bribe of a vindictive Government, as well as the pardon with which it was sugared—mercilessly hanged like a common felon, for driving a clout from the grass of his enemy? What more would you have, Doctor? The law has, with exemplary impartiality, administered the halter to the cattle-lifter, and the mere ignoble thief, as often as they have fallen into its power; it has served out hemp sufficient for their purpose; and if now and then a rogue or two escape, why, 'tis the ordinary course of human affairs; and though the hangman is a loser in the first instance, the devil ultimately gets his due. But the reader may interrupt us, by saying that the Doctor has been writing arrant nonsense, and that it is not worth the trouble we have taken to expose it. Granted, courteous reader; but then you will have the goodness to observe, that the Doctor's work may be thus divided: one half sheer nonsense,—one fourth sheer malignity,—one fourth sheer error; and that it is impossible to deal with the malignity and the error, without making an occasional inroad into the domain of nonsense.

In the present instance, however, there is method in the Doctor's drivelling: it furnishes him with an opportunity of sneering at the supposed poverty of the country, and thus recommending his stuff to the especial favour

of that *liberal and enlightened* purchaser, John Bull. "We have never," says he, "been informed when there were any PURSES to be taken in the Highlands, *unless it were AN EMPTY SPLEUCHAN.*" This paltry sneer, we have no doubt, will be esteemed wit in an English pot-house; but a gentleman would be ashamed of it. In return for the Doctor's complaisance, however, we will tell him what *we* have been informed of. We have learned, "from abundant information," that not long ago, a person of some name in the scientific world, no matter who, was in the habit of spending five or six months every year in the Highlands; that being naturally of a miserly, parsimonious turn, and impressed with a belief that every person he had any intercourse with was a swindler and cheat, (which belief he took no pains to conceal,) he excited distrust and aversion wherever he went; that he was perpetually squabbling with the poor people he had occasion to employ about their hire, grumbling at the most moderate charge, and accusing them of fraud and extortion; that, after he became known, he "found it impossible to procure the services of any one, except for quadruple or quintuple the sum which would have been asked from any other person in similar circumstances; that, besides the disgust which had been excited by his unjust suspicions, niggardly parsimony, and harsh overbearing manners, he took every method to render himself hateful to the people, particularly by marauding for stills and smuggled whisky at the head of a posse of guagers with their satellites; that, notwithstanding all his endeavours to become odious, he experienced much kindness and hospitality from the gentlemen of the Highlands, whose minds he laboured to impress with a hatred of the native population, representing them as utterly incapable of being "contaminated with improvement;" that he was very generally regarded as a conceited pedant, who fancied he understood "all mystery and all knowledge;" that he became a perfect oracle with a certain class of proprietors, equally celebrated for giving excellent dinners, and "rouping out" their ancient tenantry; that no Sassenach ever entered the Highlands who was so much detested by the common people, and so little respected by their "superiors;" and that it was fully anticipated he would tell the world a vast number of strange, not to say incredible stories, traduce the people, exaggerate their bad qualities, deny or pass over their good ones, and, like Dr Macculloch, crack sorry jokes on the poverty of the country—on there being no "purses to be taken in the Highlands, unless it were an empty spleuchan!" We have not *said* to whom we now allude; whoever thinks the cap fits him has our full permission to put it on.

V. "Lastly comes the Earn, the MONARCH of a THOUSAND tributaries, which it would be endless to enumerate." Vol. I. p. 55.

If this be intended for poetry, it may pass; if for plain prose, it will be necessary to reduce the number of the "monarch's tributaries" by *nine hundred* at the very least.

VI. Speaking of "ancient Highland warfare," the Doctor observes, "They (the Highlanders) were always remarked for being afraid of cavalry, and to a degree which is sometimes described as being absolutely ludicrous; *as if the animal itself was to devour them.*" Vol. I. p. 84.

In our former article we had occasion to give some specimens of the Doctor's accuracy on military subjects, (for there is no conceivable subject on which he will not write and dogmatise;) and from these our readers will be prepared to expect the most egregious blunders, accompanied with a covert and insidious purpose to depreciate the martial character of the clans. The latter betrays itself in the passage we have now quoted. He picks up a Lowland nursery tale about the Highlanders being afraid the horses of the cavalry would *eat* them, and gravely sets it forth with the laudable view of rendering them "absolutely ludicrous." A few words will show how grossly the poor man has committed himself.

To irregular troops, whose mode of attack is to rush on the enemy sword in hand, and in line, regular cavalry must be peculiarly formidable, provided the attack be made, as at Culloden, on ground where they can act with efficiency. The impetus of a compact, determined charge of cavalry,

on a given point of a moving line, the continuity of which is liable to be interrupted by every little accident of ground, must in general be quite irresistible, even though that line were composed of the bravest men in the world. For this reason, the force of which military men will duly appreciate, the Highlanders showed their sagacity in dreading to encounter an arm which on favourable ground could bring such fearful physical odds against them, and if it succeeded in penetrating their line by the first shock, could, by the rapidity of its movements, assail them in the rear, and complete their destruction, before they could strike a blow in their own defence. To state gravely, at this time of day, that the Highlanders, whose country abounds in horses, ever believed that those on which troopers were mounted would "devour them"—that cavalry horses, in short, were anthropophagi—is a great deal too silly and contemptible to deserve any serious answer. The Highlanders were not particularly apt to imbibe childish fears; and if we may believe history, they sometimes, as at Killiecrankie, Gladsmuir, Falkirk, and even Culloden, made very short work with regularly-disciplined and veteran infantry. But they knew in what consisted the strength, as well as the weakness of their peculiar mode of attack; and they showed their military skill and sagacity in taking advantage of the former, and, wherever it was practicable, availing themselves of broken and rugged ground to cover the latter. But, on the other hand, where it was absolutely necessary to oppose cavalry, as at Gladsmuir, they proved their complete superiority to any panic terrors, and their admirable military qualities, by advancing fearlessly to the attack, and, what is much more remarkable, were oftener than once successful in these encounters.

Dr Macculloch's unaccountable antipathy to the Highlanders, and, above all, his eager desire to depreciate their military renown, has led him to commit the most extraordinary blunders in every thing he has written, either in regard to the warlike array of the clans, or the Highland soldiers of a later period. Of this we shall produce a very striking example:—In his former work on the Highlands, he says he can state, "from abundant information," (why does he not produce his authority?) that "Skye, with a population of 16,000, has not a man in the army." Now we are prepared to prove, that that island and another had near 4000 men under arms last war, including local militia!

When the Doctor's "abundant information" only leads to such grievous mis-statements, what are we to expect when he offers us nothing but his own crude fancies, impudent assertions, and petulant, overweening dogmatism? and how is it possible not to treat with derision, and speak contemptuously of his habitual arrogance, his reiterated pretensions to superior knowledge, and his perpetual demands on the public, to believe that he alone has cleared up all disputed points, and that we were in utter ignorance of every thing connected with the "Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland," till A. D. 1824, when we were first illuminated by the flood of light radiated from his four memorable tomes? Scepticism, in such a case, is akin to virtue, because it is on the side of truth, honesty, and common sense.

VII. In our former article, we inserted the Doctor's statement in regard to the village of St. Fillan's, and the wonderful change which had been produced on the outward condition of the inhabitants, by a little attention on the part of Lord and Lady Gwydir; at the same time remarking how completely it overthrew every thing he has said about the repugnance of the people to adopt improvements. But we forgot to give the conclusion, where the cloven foot again appears: "*Naturam expellat furca, tamen usque tuncurret.*" It is in these words: "*Were I the DEY OF ALGIERS, or a Highland Laird, I would enhance even on Lord Gwydir, and keep an officer of health, with power to wash Mr and Mrs Maclarty, and all their family, by force, or to fumigate them like rats, and, in default of ultimate reformation, to BURN THEM OUT.*" Vol. I. p. 128.

It is not safe to deny any thing within the limits of possibility. Were the present "*Dey of Algiers*" bowstringed, according to the immemorial usage of that enlightened country, there is no saying upon whom the choice

of a successor might fall. The Swedes elected as their King a French General, a Gascon by birth; and there is no reason in the world, so far as we can see, to hinder the Algerines from conferring a similar honour on an Anglo-Scotch Geologist, so justly renowned for that peculiar talent in which all Gascons excel. We shall rejoice to hear of the Doctor's promotion; and we venture to predict that the Grand Turk shall confirm the election. And as it is not the office that reflects honour upon the man, but the man that adorns the office, we are satisfied, that, were fortune to place him on the divan, he would speedily outstrip all his predecessors in the career of summary reformation. But in the event of our conjectures being realized, we advise him to think no more of "burning out;" "too much of fire hast thou already, poor Blackamoor; 'tis the poniard or the bowstring that, 'in default of ultimate reformation,' must serve thy turn." He may superadd a little "fumigation" now and then; and when not specially occupied with such weighty matters, occupy the leisure which even "Deys" must occasionally have at their disposal, by writing a commentary on the "Corsair." It will sell, we predict, which is more than can be said of many great works we could name.

VIII. Treating of the Highland dress, the Doctor informs us, that the philibeg "was first introduced at Tyndrum about a century past, by Rawlinson, the superintendant or agent of the lead mines, who, finding his Highland labourers encumbered with their belted plaids, taught them to separate the two into the present form." Vol. I. p. 181.

We readily admit, that it is no importance whether this statement be true or false, and that the subject is not worth controversy; but as our author delivers it with his usual confidence, remarking—"to such vile causes have great revolutions been owing, and by such trifles are ponderous theories overthrown," it may be as well to mention how the fact really stands.

In the first place, it is improbable enough that the Highlanders should never have discovered the convenience of dividing the belted plaid, till it was pointed out to them by an Englishman. In the next place, this opinion, that the kilt is of recent introduction, was, we believe, first broached by an anonymous writer in the SCOTS MAGAZINE for the year 1798, and has been adopted by many persons, and, among others, by our author, on no better authority than that now mentioned. In the third place, it is totally without foundation, for by the general statutes and canons of the Scottish Church, for the years 1242 and 1249, the clergy are prohibited from wearing tartan, or the *kilt*. "The ecclesiastics are to be suitably apparelled, avoiding red, green, and striped clothing, and their garments shall not be shorter than the middle of the leg;" (see "Remarks on the Chartularies of Aberdeen," by J. G. Dalyell, Esq.); and a number of other authorities might be quoted to prove that the *philibeg* is much more ancient than the time of Rawlinson. Lastly, Colonel Stewart, who is unquestionably the highest authority on such a subject, declares, "that, as far back as they have any tradition, the truis, *breuchan-na-feul*, (the kilted plaid) and *philibeg*, have ever been the dress of the Highlanders." ("Sketches," Vol. II. Appendix L.) We have reason to know that the gallant Colonel expresses the unanimous opinion of his countrymen; an opinion which has been adopted and acted upon by Government, in making the kilt a part of the dress of the Highland regiments: for, had it been conceived that there was a form more ancient, or more national, it would doubtless have been preferred. Till lately, it was never doubted that the kilt had, time out of mind, been part of the costume of the native Highlanders.

IX. We have already had occasion to notice the principle by which the Doctor seems to have been guided in praising or ridiculing the family seats of the Northern Nobility, and to remark, that his maxim seems to be "No pudding, no praise." In proof of this, we contrasted the incessant laudation of Blair-Athole, with the contemptuous description given of Taymouth, and the matchless effrontery which characterizes the observations on Burns, who, true to nature on this as on every other occasion, wrote as he felt, and wrote powerfully, because he felt strongly. But these

are not the only instances we might have adduced. "None of our thousand travellers and writers," says our author, "have (has) done justice to Drummond Castle. It is absolutely unrivalled in the low country, and only exceeded, in the Highlands, BY DUNKELD AND BLAIR." Vol. I. p. 139. Now, without any disparagement to Drummond Castle, we only infer from this, that the Doctor was a frequent guest at the noble owner's table; for if the reader turn to page 257 of the same volume, he will find him labouring to persuade the public that Inveraray, one of the most magnificent seats in Scotland, is altogether a paltry place, being destitute of picturesque beauty, and inferior to "a hundred other places which have had no advocate, which have not been puffed into fame!" But we happen to know, that the Duke of Argyll's doors did not open at the Doctor's approach, and that he never in his life spoke greater truth than when he said, "To me, at least, it was disappointment at my first visit; and, instead of improving on the second, at each time I have revisited it, the disappointment has been greater!" We should be ashamed to say one word in favour of such a place as Inveraray; as a secondary cause of the Doctor's feud against that princely residence, we may, however, mention, that the Duke of Argyll is one of the kindest and most generous landlords in Scotland, particularly to his small tenantry; that, instead of "rouping them out," like another noble Duke,—or burning their houses over their heads, like a noble Marchioness,—or driving them across the Atlantic, like a certain notorious, would-be chieftain,—or crowding people, who had been trained to agriculture, or sheep-farming,—into miserable fishing hamlets on a barren coast, like many others of the nobility and gentry of the North—he cherishes and loves them; and though in difficulties himself, will not suffer them to be impoverished for his relief. He seems to consider himself as their natural guardian and protector, and to hold the conduct pursued by the abettors of the new system as inexcusable as that of an unnatural parent who disinherits his children without cause. "MacCaillain Mor's heart is still warm to the tartan," and to those who wear it; and when it ceases to throb with this hereditary feeling of his race, "it must be as cold as death can make it."

But, while the Doctor's "disappointment" in not finding the "towers" of Inveraray entitled to the epithet "hospitable," taken in conjunction with the Duke of Argyll's humane and generous regard for the poor people on his estates, may have rendered the Geologist so "acerb" in his description of that mansion, it is but right to mention, that mere hospitality does not always secure his tribute of praise. For example, he was received and entertained by the late Lord Macdonald at Armadale Castle, of which, however, he says little or nothing; while he studiously avoids every opportunity of paying even a passing compliment to that noble person. The explanation of this apparent anomaly is simple. No admirer of the new system, the late Lord Macdonald, like his Grace of Argyll, considered himself the father of his people, by whom he was extremely beloved, and would have been bitterly regretted, had not his successor religiously followed the footsteps of his noble and worthy brother. This is not the puffery of a hireling apologist of oppression, who must be paid in solid pudding for his praise; it is the honest though humble tribute of one who loves his country, to the memory of a true patriot, and a man of virtue.

X. By the previous article it will be seen, that Dunkeld and Blair are the Doctor's standards for estimating the beauty of all other country seats in the Highlands; and that, as he cannot praise one person or thing without vilifying another, so he undervalues and speaks contemptuously of Taymouth and Inveraray, in order to aggrandize the family residences of the Duke of Atholl. But he ought at least to be accurate in what he says respecting the latter; and as he generally resides nearly half the year with the Duke of Atholl, and of course enjoys the best opportunities of acquiring correct information, there can be no apology whatever for blunders. Yet, with all these advantages, he cannot state a plain fact without committing mistakes! For example, speaking of Blair,—"*Such appearance of artifice as occurs in these grounds belongs to the period of 1742, at which they were*

laid out." Vol. I. p. 413. But it was not till 1748 that "these grounds" were "laid out," and the castle modernized, as it at present stands. In 1746 the garden was a peat-moss, from which the Innkeeper at Blair was supplied with fuel; and the grounds in front of the Castle were in tillage! This, to be sure, is a small matter, considered by itself; but what confidence can be placed in the statements of an author who blunders in regard to a place of which he boasts that he knows "each dingle bush, and alley green?" The Doctor, however, is too fine a writer to pay much attention to dates, which, in general, he very prudently suppresses; and he is much more *au fait* in cracking malicious and ungentelemanly jokes about the red nose of a respectable woman in whose house he was often kindly treated,* than in faithfully reporting facts known to all the old people in the country. But to proceed:

XI. "The remainder of the pass (of Lochawe) conducting the road and the river, is singularly wild; particularly near the bridge which is here thrown across this boisterous and rude river. *Here was fought the celebrated action between BRUCE and JOHN LORD of LORN*; the ratification, if not the original cause, of the downfall of that great family. This chief had taken the side opposed to BRUCE, and the impulse on the part of the King seems to have been revenge, as he had already gained the contested ascendancy. A detached party of archers having taken a commanding position on the hill, annoyed the Argyll men so much, that they retreated; and having attempted in vain to break down the bridge across the Awe, *they were defeated with great slaughter*. JOHN escaped by means of his boats on the lake. This defeat argues little for the military tactics of JOHN and his followers, as the pass of Loch Awe might easily be defended by a handful of men against a very superior force: it is a stronger position than even Killi-krankie." Vol. I. p. 265.

The confusion and ignorance that predominate in this passage are not apparent, but may be easily demonstrated. King Robert Bruce was born in 1274, crowned King at Scone in 1306, and died in 1329, in the 55th year of his age. But the first Lord of Lorn was Robert Stewart, eldest son of Sir John Stewart of Innermeath*, by Isabel, daughter and heir of Eugene de Ergadia of Lorn: he was one of the Commissioners appointed to treat with England for the release of James I, 1421; was one of the hostages for the payment of his ransom, 1424, and remained in England till 1429; was created a baron and lord of Parliament after his return; and is a witness, under the style of *Robertus Dominus de Lorn*, to a charter bearing date the 5th of September 1439. And his eldest son and heir, the *second* Lord Lorn, was the *first* person of the Christian name of JOHN who enjoyed that title. So that, in point of fact, *there was no such person extant in the time of King Robert Bruce, and for a century after his death, as JOHN LORD of LORN!!!*

But there *was* a "celebrated action fought" not far from the spot which the Doctor indicates. Bruce was crowned King, at Scone, on the 27th of March 1306, and on the 20th of July following was unexpectedly attacked at Methven, in Perthshire, by Aymer de Valence, the English General, at the head of a considerable army. After an obstinate contest, the King was defeated, and forced to flee to the north with the remainder of his forces. His mortal enemies, the Cumins, took advantage of his misfortune. In the course of his march, he was set upon, at a place called Dalree, in Breadalbane†, by MACDOUGAL OF LORN, aided by the Macnabs, who had adhered to the party of John Baliol; and there experienced a second overthrow. In the retreat from Dalree, the king was hotly pursued by one of the Mac-

* It is proper to mention, that Sir John Stewart of Innermeath, father to Robert, the first Lord Lorn, is designed John Stewart of Innermeath, Lord of Lorn, in Rhymers's *Foedera*, 1407, and in a charter 1412. But this will not serve Dr Macculloch's turn; for supposing Sir John to have been born in the year in which King Robert Bruce died, he would have been 83 years of age at the date of the Charter, 1412!

† BUCHANANI *Rec. Scot. Hist.* L. vii. . 30.

Macdougals, who seized hold of his cloak or plaid, which was fastened across his breast by a large brooch. The King turned round and killed the man with his battle-axe, but, in his haste, left the mantle and brooch, which were torn off by the dying grasp of Macdougall. This highly-prized trophy was long carefully preserved, but was said to have been destroyed when the Castle of Dunolly, the family residence, was burned, in the seventeenth century*. It is rather matter of surprise, that either Macdougall or Macnab were suffered to retain any part of their lands, and that the whole was not forfeited, as generally took place in the commotions of a subsequent period: yet such was the case. The estates of Lorn merged in those of two other great families, from natural causes. These facts require no commentary. We must repeat, however, that our author, who is unmercifully severe upon all other historians and antiquaries, cautiously avoids giving dates, which are so useful in the detection of error; and that he has not produced a single authority of any use or value, from the beginning to the end of his book. Whether this proceeds from neglect or intention, we leave it to the public to decide; but it obviously gives him an advantage, and sometimes keeps open a loophole of retreat, of which, however, we trust, that in the present, as in many other instances, we have deprived him.

XII. Our readers will recollect that, in our former article, we stated, in the strongest terms, our conviction that one and all of the conversations which the Doctor reports as having passed between him and the different Highlanders he accosted, were fictitious,—the mere coinage, in short, of his own extravagant fancy. A judgment so sweeping required of course to be clearly made out; but the internal evidence furnished by these wretched dialogues themselves appeared to us so perfectly conclusive, that we deemed it sufficient merely to extract one or two of the longest we could find, leaving it to those acquainted with the Highlanders to decide as to the justice of the charge. This was fair enough; we were at issue with Dr Macculloch on his own showing. But there are other proofs besides the villanous lingo, —neither Scotch, English, nor Erse, nor any known language under the sun,—which he puts in the mouths of the Highland interlocutors. Of these we shall produce one, which, we venture to say, will be decisive. In Vol. I. p. 373, the Doctor gives the following dialogue, as having passed between him and a Highlander, about a NEW and an OLD road to Aberfeldy:

“ ‘Which is the road to Aberfeldie?’—there were two branching from a point. ‘You may gang either,’ said Donald.—‘But the one looks better than the other.’—‘It is the most fashionable wi’ the gentry.’—‘And which is the shortest?’—‘The narrowest is the shortest.’—‘What is the use of two?’—‘They chused to mak’ a NEW ane,’—with a sneer and a huff. ‘Then I suppose the OLD is bad?’—‘We like the AULD ane best.’—‘Very likely.’—‘It is the shortest,’—trying to defend himself. ‘Which will take me to Aberfeldie soonest?’—‘The NEW one;’ in a surly tone. ‘Then it is the shortest?’—‘It’s three mile langer,’ said the advocate of antiquity. ‘But it is an hour shorter,—some NEW fashions are good.’—‘Hungh!’ said Donald, with a snort, and walked away!”

* COLONEL STEWART'S *Sketches*, &c. Vol. II. p. 369, 2d ed. The statement in the text is that which all the authorities we have consulted warrant. But observing in the newspapers that an antique gem, called the “Brooch of Lorn,” was a short time ago presented to the young Laird of Macdougall by General Campbell of Loch-nell, and surmising that, notwithstanding the current story of its destruction, the curious relic torn from the person of King Robert Bruce might have been accidentally preserved, we lost no time in making the necessary inquiries respecting the history of a jewel obviously considered of great value from some connection with the ancient family to whose actual representation it was, as it were, publicly restored. The result of these inquiries is, that, according to the *general belief* in the country, founded on traditional record, as well as from the peculiar form and fashion of the gem itself, the brooch given by Lochnell to the young Laird of Macdougall is the “Brooch of Lorn.” We cannot too highly commend the good taste and feeling that prompted the restoration of this singular trophy, which the first peer in the land might be proud to possess, but which belongs of right only to MACDOUGALL.

"Hungh!" say we; for true it is, and of verity, that *no new road has been made, in any one direction leading to Aberfeldy, WITHIN THE LAST NINETY YEARS!!!*

XIII. This, we take it, is a home-thrust, which will penetrate even the Doctor's epidermis. The story must be false. But still, we consider such falsehoods as absolutely innocuous, compared with the malignant slanders he has published against the people of the North, coating them over with a varnish of the most despicable hypocrisy, in order that the public may swallow them without suspicion. There is scarcely a mean, contemptible vice, in the long and black catalogue of human frailties, of which he has not, in some part or other of his book, accused them. They are liars, extortioners, sycophants, cheats; proud, vindictive, cowardly; inveterately indolent, filthy, and averse to earning their bread by honest labour; and, worst of all, sacrilegious barbarians, who plunder their churches, and desecrate the tombs of their ancestors. And if, to give a colour of plausibility to these heavy charges, he is compelled to notice any good quality for which they have got credit, he labours to turn it into ridicule, and furbishes up every worn-out tatterdemalion jest, every disgraceful and spiteful tale, the coinage of ignorance and folly, to assist him in creating a disbelief in their virtues.

To take a few examples, from hundreds that might be produced. He admits that, in one or two instances, the Highlanders have shown something like true courage, and have even had the impudence sometimes to charge regular troops sword in hand, and put them to flight; but then he takes care to add, that they were terribly afraid of cavalry, believing that the horses would eat them; and he repeats, in every possible form, that the native Celt is a cowardly, ignoble animal, and that the military spirit of the Highlanders is extinguished. He tells us, that "as to want of civility, generally speaking, those who have met this must have provoked it;" yet, by his own account, he appears to have met with nothing but *incivility*, and a fifth part at least of his book is filled with tales, (traveller's tales,) the obvious meaning and purpose of which is to represent the people as a rude, savage, repulsive race, inferior to the Russian boors, and very little better than Calmuck Tartars. And, as if all this were not sufficient to neutralize his own statement, and to leave an ultimate impression on the reader's mind, that the Highlanders are a rude, uncivil race, he travels back to an account of Scotland in 1670, slumbering among the cobwebs of the Harleian MSS., in which "it is said, that the Highlanders are so currish, that if a stranger inquire the way in English, they will 'only' answer in Erse, unless by force of a cudgel;" a mode of expiscating information which we should not have considered eminently safe for general practice, laying altogether out of view the difficulty of compelling a man, even "by force of a cudgel," to answer a question which he did not understand, in a language of which he was ignorant. As to extortion again, it is the *maludie du days*: the most cunning process of cross-examination cannot, he says, extract truth, even in regard to the simplest matters of ordinary occurrence; and you are every hour, and every minute, liable to be overreached by some "knavish Gael, prowling about in quest of prey, or, like the devil, seeking whom he may devour." He informs us, that "virtue is a good thing, (a wise saw!) arise from what it may;" but in the same breath he denies the Highlanders all manner of credit for their unparalleled fidelity to Prince Charles Edward, and the unhappy exiles of Forty-five, assuring us, that "it was the VIRTUE of the ERA, RATHER THAN OF THE PEOPLE!" "I may say the same," he adds, "of their HONESTY with regard to exposed property, WHICH HAS BEEN FOOLISHLY RIDICULED."

Now, we have here a bright specimen of the Doctor's master *ruse-de-guerre*. For whenever he wants to exhibit any thing in a light "absolutely ridiculous," he hints that it *has* been "ridiculed," subjoining some qualifying epithet, to mask his malignity, and prevent suspicion. We beg leave to call the particular attention of the public to this circumstance, because it furnishes a key to all that this author has written in disparagement of our brethren in the North, and exhibits the paltry device upon which he has

fallen, in order to gratify his malice, by insinuating what he durst not openly and boldly state. The "honesty" of the Highlanders has been "ridiculed;" *ergo*, it is "absolutely ridiculous." This is Macculloch's logic, stript of its verbiage. Now, we apprehend, that "honesty" is never ridiculed except by thieves, who, we have no doubt, indulge in a vast deal of pleasantry on the subject,—upon the same principle that courtizans make a mock of chastity, courtiers of patriotism, renegades of consistency, profligates of sobriety, infidels of religion. But, are honesty, chastity, patriotism, consistency, sobriety, and the fear of God, on that account, "ridiculous?" Is virtue to be scoffed at and discountenanced, because of the ribald profanity of hardened and inveterate guilt? Who will dare, even by innuendo, to answer in the affirmative? Yet—but no; we will leave these things to make their own impression.

Strange as it may seem to those who have perused what we have written on this subject, the Doctor has the unparalleled effrontery to describe himself as a *friend to the Highlanders*! Thus, in vol. III. p. 157, he says, "I want to *prove* to you (he is addressing SIR WALTER SCOTT!) that, instead of being ACERB, *I am the very best FRIEND the Highlanders ever had*:" and again, in Vol. IV. p. 177, "It is I that am always their *steadiest FRIEND* and *APOLOGIST*." This is the *ne plus ultra*—the climax—the acmé—the apex—the every thing of cool, assured, brazen-faced impudence: it is unique of its kind, and would be spoiled by the ablest commentary.

XIV. Speaking of Schichallien, and adverting to the deaths of Smeaton, Maskelyne, and Playfair, the Doctor adds: "Time, too, has clutched the knavish Donachie, who erected himself to the post of my guide uninvited. There was some ingenuity in *this particular vulture*, entitling him to a distinction among that *new class of Cearnachs*, now to be found wherever a Saxon traveller is seen or expected. Why he concluded that I was an astronomer or a mathematician, I know not, unless, he saw the mark of a parabola, or a *sinister aspect*, in the third house of my face. But he talked of zenith distances, and of Dr Maskelyne, and was, I doubt not, very profound when he was in proper company. He should be happy to accompany me if I would permit him; he would meet me on the morrow and explain every thing. I wanted no explanation; I suppose he thought otherwise, for the next day he was at my elbow. I thought this somewhat too much; however, *for the honour of astronomy, I gave him a crown*. I found that he had expected a guinea, which, assuredly, was perfectly mathematical; because if the former was a proper fee for *two hours of hire*, what reward could be sufficient for him who had generously volunteered his services? As he turned off grumbling, I prepared for my own departure, *when I discovered that this scientific scion of Clan Donachie had taken care to arrive at the inn the night before, WHERE HE HAD REGALL'D HIMSELF WITH ALL THE DELICACIES HE COULD PROCURE, repeating the same process in the morning, and, for the third time, HAVING ORDERED DINNER TO BE REGISTERED IN THE ASTRONOMICAL BILL*. This was the very cube of Highland knavery; but unless he and the landlord solved the equation between them, it remains undetermined to this day." Vol. I. p. 436.

The only person in Rannoch at all answering to the above caricature was a man of the name of John Roy Robertson, who died about four years ago, at the advanced age of 82. He lived a little above Mount Alexander, at a place now called Colyear Town, where he had a house and some acres of land rent-free from the late Colonel Robertson of Struan. This individual had received an uncommon education for his time and rank in life, possessed a very tolerable share of knowledge in the mathematics and in practical astronomy, and had attended Dr Maskelyne during the time he was performing his celebrated experiments to determine the attraction of Schichallien. In his youth he had been in easy circumstances; but having involved himself in difficulties, he latterly became a pensioner on Struan's bounty. His spirit, however, continued unbroken, in spite of the two great evils of age and poverty; he was respected by every body in the country; and his superior information and accomplishments made him a

welcome guest wherever he went. Such really *was* the person (for it could not be any body else) whom Macculloch describes as a “knavish Donachie,” and a “vulture.” That John Roy Robertson, the long-established cicerone of the district, and, by the time this author saw him, far advanced in garrulous old age, may have proved a little more communicative than that learned Theban may have relished, we can well imagine; that he ever fingered a farthing of the Doctor’s cash we do not believe—and for the following reasons: first, he would have considered himself insulted by the offer of money; and, secondly, this was perhaps the only insult the Doctor would have spared him. As to his “regaling himself with all the delicacies he could procure” at the inn, (of Kinloch Rannoch,) and ordering a dinner “to be registered in the astronomical bill,” the Doctor might have passed this proceeding *sub silentio*, seeing he left the “scientific scion of Clan Donachie” to pay for the good cheer with which he had indulged himself; at least such we take to be his meaning when he says, that “this was the very *cube*” of Highland knavery, but unless he (Robertson) and the landlord (Donald Sinclair) solved the equation, *it remains undetermined to this day.*” But without wasting more words on the subject, we shall state at once, that we regard the dinner-ordering part of the story *as worse than apocryphal*; that we do not discredit it merely on *presumptive* evidence; that we do not believe John Roy Robertson received a crown from the Doctor “for the honour of astronomy;” and that we regard the whole as a miserable compound of falsehood and malignity †.

XV. Vol. II. p. 11. “The principal feature in Loch-goyle is Carrick Castle, an *ancient* seat of the Dunmore family, and, even now, a very perfect ruin.”

Carrick Castle has always been a seat of the Campbells, and could not be an “*ancient*” seat of the Dunmore family, because that family is not *ancient*. The first Earl of Dunmore was Lord Charles Murray, second son of John, first Marquis of Atholl. He was raised to the dignity of the peerage on the 16th of August 1686, when he was created Earl of Dunmore, and Viscount Fincastle, these titles being the names of two places in the district of Athole.

XVI. “Eilan-gherrig, at the entrance of Loch Rìdan, is a spot of historical celebrity, having been fortified by the *unlucky* ARCHIBALD DUKE OF ARGYLL in 1685.” Vol. II. p. 24.

There was no Duke of Argyll in 1685! Archibald, the tenth Earl of Argyll, son to Archibald the ninth Earl, the illustrious martyr in the cause of liberty, was the first Duke of his house. In consideration of his eminent services, and unalterable attachment to the principles of the Revolution of 1688, King William advanced him to the dignities of Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Kintyre and Lorn, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lochowel, &c. with remainder to his heirs male, *by patent, dated at Kensington, 23d June 1701!!*

* “The *cube* of Highland knavery!” This is a sample of the execrable lingo which this man mistakes for smart writing; but it is nothing in comparison to another which has just turned up. At page 121, he tells us, that “the idle visions of his lost and wasted hours,” and “the toys and trifles that *crossed* his path,” were “uncared for as the grouse that rose before him, *while he was* EXTRACTING THE SQUARE ROOT OF A MOUNTAIN WITH HIS HAMMER!!!”

† As we have occasion so frequently to give a flat contradiction to this man’s stories, it may be proper to take one at random, and leave it to speak for itself. A robust young Highlander had accompanied him as a guide to Ben Nevis, and during the excursion, they were involved in a little snow-drift:—“When my guide found himself in a whirlwind of fog and snow, so thick that we could scarcely see each other, and without the prospect of any thing better, *he began to cry*; lamenting that *he should never see his mother again*, and reproaching himself for having undertaken the office.” Vol. I. p. 237. A Highlander blubbering and “greeting for his mammy,” because he found himself in a snow-shower!!!

The arch blunderer whom we are now exposing, alludes to Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll*, who died by an iniquitous sentence, on the 30th of June 1685, and whose memory will ever be dear to his native land; for he perished in the glorious martyrdom of liberty, watering with his blood that Plant of Renown, which has since grown up to be a goodly tree, under whose shadow we have sat, and of which we have eaten the pleasant fruits. Who, possessing ought that is high or hallowed in his nature, would have applied a trivial or disrespectful epithet to such a man? His very enemies were constrained to bear testimony to the meek fortitude, the unobtrusive heroism, the unaffected greatness with which he encountered his unmerited fate,—more than redeeming, by the glory of his death, and his steadfastness in the good cause, whatever weakness he had shown, whatever errors he had committed, in the course of an active and chequered life. The prophetic anticipation, contained in the following lines, taken from the epitaph which he composed for himself in prison, the day before his execution, was destined to be more speedily accomplished than this great and good man perhaps dreamed of—

On my attempt though Providence did frown,
His oppressed people God at length shall own;
Another hand, with more successful speed,
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head.

We are not foolish enough to imagine that your modern Geological Tourists can have no sympathy with such matters as these, or that they are ever likely to die martyrs to any thing, except, perhaps—the gout!

XVII. The Doctor has indited a long chapter, or rather dissertation, on that most novel topic of controversy,—the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian; but we must be excused from boring our readers to death by an exposure of the thousand and one errors into which he has fallen, and of the glaring anachronisms and inconsistencies crowded into almost every page. It is proper to remark, however, that the reader will have some difficulty in discovering on which side the Doctor has ranged himself, so dense is the haze in which his dogmatism is enveloped. At one time, he rates Mr Laing, and *appears* to contend for the perfect good faith of James Macpherson, and of course for the genuineness of the poems which that worthy person “translated;” at another, he veers about to the opposite side, and falls into the most deplorable scepticism. Recovering himself again, he gives up a portion as fabricated, arguing for the authenticity of the remainder; but he seems so much puzzled to determine what that remainder really is, that he may with perfect truth be described as fighting on both sides at once. First, we are assured the poems are Irish; secondly, Scotch; and, lastly, that the Irish and the Scotch were originally one and the same people. And, in truth, it is only towards the close that we begin to catch a glimpse of the *object* the author had in view, in twaddling so long and so woefully on a subject in regard to which little or nothing remained to be said. “I believe,” says he, “I may as well *end* this discussion (he had better not have *begun* it) in which *I would willingly defend the Ossianic poetry, if I could,*

* The particulars of Argyll's unfortunate invasion are well known. He was earnestly urged to land in the Lowlands, where the bigotted tyranny of the Government had been most severely felt, and where alone he had any chance of success; but this advice he unhappily rejected, judging it more advisable to proceed through Argyleshire. He accordingly landed his arms and ammunition at Ellengreig Castle, which he fortified; but the garrison fled on the approach of two English frigates, and the stores fell into their hands. This severe blow ruined his enterprise. He proceeded to Glasgow; but on the 18th of June his followers dispersed at Kirkpatrick, and Argyll being refused an asylum in the house of an old servant, was forced to recross the Clyde, and was the same day taken by some militiamen at Inchinnan. He was immediately carried to Renfrew, thence to Glasgow, and, on the 20th of June, led bareheaded, with his hands tied behind his back, and preceded by the public executioner, to Edinburgh Castle. Ten days thereafter was perpetrated the last act in this woeful tragedy.

no less from its injudicious friends than its enemies. *I hope, at least, that it will be accepted as a proof of good wishes by all the worthy Donalds whose petty errors have occasionally come across me.*" Vol. II. p. 221. This, we believe, is the most extraordinary avowal ever made by any controversialist. He defends, to a certain extent, the authenticity of Ossian, not because he considers it defensible, but "that it may be accepted as a proof of good wishes by all the worthy Donalds whose petty errors have occasionally come across him!" The reader will probably by this time be convinced, that a few of the Doctor's "petty errors" have "occasionally come across" us in the course of our examination; but we can honestly declare, that we are more shocked by this pitiful hypocrisy, than by all the egregious and unpardonable blunders into which he has fallen.

As to the Ossian of James Macpherson, the opinion of the public seems to be irrevocably fixed. That he was an impostor, incurably addicted to literary fraud, is proved by his deliberate vitiation of the documents he consulted in the composition of his history; and it is not a little surprising that any thing in which he dabbled should still be made a subject of discussion, since the question which Johnson so properly asked,—when these poems were first given to the world,—has not, till the present hour, received any satisfactory answer. Let it be marked, however, that the Ossian of James Macpherson is, and ought to be, totally distinct from the veritable remains of ancient Highland poetry and song, the real objects of enlightened curiosity, though they have somehow been strangely overlooked in the preposterous warfare which has been waged by the acrimonious assailants, and furious defenders of that gross imposition.

XVIII. Now for nonsense of the first order. A chapter, or letter, or whatever else it may be called, (*quocunque nomine gaudet*), entitled "Loch Hourn—Winds—Education," commenceth thus: "This embarking to plough the salt-sea in a black ship, for two or three months, is very like (a whale!) *jumping out of bed in a cold frosty morning*; notwithstanding all the coming pleasures. To see "*Neptunum procul e terrâ furentem*," and to quit the "tangling woodbine, musk-rose, and eglantine," for hard lurches and bilge water, is like the first blow. But it is half the battle also; and thus, when once we have begun, we plough on, till we find ourselves in St. Kilda, or elsewhere, almost wondering how. So much does the inertia of mind resemble that of matter; so like is a man's head to a tennis-ball. Give either of them a *kick*, and they continue in motion for a time proportioned to the impulse, minus the friction, (of a man's head!) and other impediments. Let the kick be given by the Devil, and *the soul and body depart together at a tangent*, crossing all obstacles, till they are stopped by a *Fi, fa*, (fum,) or knock their brains out against the gallows. An insufficient impulse from some casual principle, generates a logarithmic spiral, which, after a few diminishing turns, falls into a centre of rest. The more fortunate concurrence of forces produces a revolution of order,—and thus the world goes round!" Vol. II. p. 226.

The devil it does!—at least he must be a cunning fellow, who, after so many "kicks" from the Doctor and the Devil, with the risk of knocking out the brains of his soul against the gallows, or whirling along "a logarithmic spiral," "till he be stopped by a *Fi, fa*, (fum,)" knows any thing at all about the matter. *Quarimus*—Was the Doctor ever tossed in a blanket, or—(*cactera desunt*)—?

XIX. "The feeling of the value, as well as of the necessity of education, is less general in the Highlands than in the Lowlands." Vol. II. p. 237.

The fact is notoriously the reverse; and we have Dr Macculloch's own authority for saying so. In the very next sentence he adds: "Wherever the Highlanders have access to schools, *I have observed the same anxiety* to educate their children!" It is very odd, that the man cannot be consistent. "It is as easy as lying." No people on earth feel "the value, as well as the necessity of education," more deeply than the Highlanders; none makes greater sacrifices to obtain it. We could prove this by a statistical argument, were it necessary to produce evidence in support of a pro-

position which Dr Macculloch admits in the very same breath in which he denies it.

XX. We formerly noticed the extraordinary statement, in Vol. II. p. 291, that "there is not a garden from Barra Head to the Butt of the Lowes, nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath," and that our author "*never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind.*" We have nothing to add to what we have already written in answer to the first part of this averment; but with regard to the second, namely, that the Doctor "*never saw such a thing*" as a garden, "*nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind,*" we are authorised to state, that Captain Neil Macleod of Gesto, Skye, was in the magnificent garden at Armadale Castle, in company with Dr Macculloch,—that both dined at Lord Macdonald's hospitable table,—that the "*culinary vegetables*" were of course the produce of his Lordship's garden,—and that the fact could not be unknown to Dr Macculloch, unless he disbelieved the combined evidence of his eyes, his ears, and his palate! We have conversed with Captain Macleod on this subject, and use his name *by his own express permission!* We are also authorised to state, that Mr Gregerson of Ardtornish was with Dr Macculloch at the house of Mr Macpherson of Portree, who has one of the finest gardens in Scotland. The Doctor remained a week there, in the course of which time he was frequently in the garden!

And to make the contradiction we have now, as well as formerly, given to Dr Macculloch's statement, triumphantly complete, we shall produce against him the testimony of a gentleman, a friend of his own, we believe, who travelled in the Highlands at the same time with the Doctor, and who thus describes a place they both visited in the same season*; we mean the seat of Mr Macdonald of Tanera, on Loch Inver, near Lochbroom, Ross-shire.

"The house seen on the shore is occupied by Mr Macdonald, the proprietor of Tanera, who carries on an extensive fishing concern in herrings, cod, and salmon. A stranger, who has wandered among the pathless and rugged wilds of the neighbouring Highlands, cannot fail to be agreeably surprised on descending to this sequestered and *well-cultivated* spot, the *abode of an hospitable family, surrounded with the comforts and elegancies of life.* The plantations formed by Mr Macdonald are in a very healthy state; and there is a GARDEN attached to the mansion, enclosed, according to the custom of Scotland, by a substantial stone-wall; the portion reserved for the culture of CULINARY VEGETABLES is *very productive*; and the ORCHARD yields a fair crop of *apples, pears, cherries, and small fruit* of various kinds, especially *gooseberries and currants*, which are here comprised under the general denomination of *berries*. Two green islands, near the entrance of the bay, afford pasture for some flocks belonging to Mr Macdonald, and from the nutritive quality of the herbage, probably improved by the saline spray which occasionally irrigates it, his table is never wanting in a supply of excellent mutton!†" DANIELL'S *Voyage round Great Britain*. Vol. 4. p. 74.

* It would even appear, from an incidental allusion in Macculloch's book, that he and Mr Daniell not only visited Loch Inver in the same season, but *together*; for speaking of a gale of wind which he encountered in the Loch, says, (Vol. II. p. 354.) "Your friend Daniell *passed under our stern* in the commotion; and made a narrow escape of becoming somewhat more intimate with the sea than was necessary for his aquatintas."

† The above extract shows how a man of honour and veracity is in the habit of writing in regard to the places he visits, and the circumstances which fall under his observation. Dr Macculloch also favours us with a description of the country about Loch Inver: "It would not be easy," he says, "to find a more dolorous-looking country than is all this rocky division of Ross and Sutherland. Of TREES, HOUSES, or CULTIVATION, there is not, of course, a SUGGESTION or a RECOLLECTION: THERE IS NOT EVEN A HINT OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH A THING." Vol. II. p. 244. Now, judging from the account of Mr Daniell, the reader will perhaps be in-

XXI. "Learned pedants," like our author, "much affect" Latin quotations, but then "learned pedants" are generally accurate in what they quote, and would rather slay one of the king's lieges than murder a line of Virgil. The Doctor is not so fastidious. "I do not profess myself," says he, writing of Caledonian music, "a great admirer of the 'fortem Gygen tortemque Cloanthum, of 'Fy let us a' to the bridal.'" A scholar would not have written this nonsense, in the first place, and, in the second, he would probably have quoted the words correctly, thus: "fortemque Gyan, tortemque Cloanthum." Again, in the same profound dissertation, he says, "The 'exiguus mus' is indeed the mountain bringing forth, the mouse." The "little mouse" is indeed the mountain bringing forth the mouse! Admirable! A little mouse is at one and the same time a mountain, and brings forth itself! Who will say that this mouse was a "ridiculus mus?" But we have no time to purvey for bad Latin, or worse Greek; the scholars of England will detect them at the first glance.

XXII. The Doctor, we have said, contradicts every body, particularly himself, so true is it, that error is never consistent. Of this we have a striking example in Vol. III. p. 6, where, speaking of Barra, he says, "*It is difficult to conceive how people do contrive to live without land in this country, nor, in fact, is it possible for them to do more than exist miserably. The men caught fish, and the women and children were all employed at low water in digging cockles; but all the vegetable food they could have had to take out this duct, was to be procured from an ACRL of land which the proprietor had given them from his own farm. If I have represented the Highlanders as deficient in industry, I have also admitted that this fault is neither universal nor irremediable.* (In complete disproof of this, we refer the reader to the chapter or letter, entitled "To-morrow," Vol. IV. p. 299, where he asserts the very opposite*, as well as to every one of the anecdotes scattered throughout the work)" "*It is, not only JUST, but USEFUL, to point out instances of activity, as it may lead those who DESPAIR OF ROUSING THIS PEOPLE TO EXERTION, OR CULPABLY NEGLECT THAT DUTY, to make the attempt, instead of abandoning the pursuit as hopeless. If a Highland proprietor imagines that his tenant will not exert himself in draining or improving his farm, in cultivating his fishery, or in working his quarries, it is certain that by IMPORTING lowland, or foreign, tenants, fishermen, or labourers, HE CUTS OFF ALL HOPE FROM HIS PEOPLE, and is not entitled to pronounce that AN INCORRIGIBLE STATE, which is in a great measure IOSTERED BY HIS OWN IMPATIENCE OR WANT OF EXERTION.*" I wish they would all recollect what has been said by one who

clined to believe, that Mr Macdonald's residence, with which the Doctor is well acquainted, might have supplied both "a suggestion" and "a recollection" of "trees, houses, and cultivation," or at least "a hint of the possibility of such a thing," even in this "dolorous-looking country," but such is the perverse obliquity of the man's mind, that he sets down, without the slightest qualification, the words we have now quoted, in the very same breath in which he proclaims his acquaintance with the respectable gentleman just named, talking of him, at the same time, as if he were a Highland gilly, and calling him *his aide-de-camp*! A rare mixture, this, of impertinence, vulgarity, and misrepresentation!

* For convenience, we have in the text referred to the letter or chapter where the subject is regularly treated in the Doctor's most elaborate manner. The following passage has just turned up: fifty of a similar description might be culled from different parts of the work. "I shall only add, that so strong is the AVERSION to steady labour among the Highlanders, and so great their INDOLENCE, that it is doubtful if any other system could extract from them that exertion which is no less necessary for their own interest, than for that of the proprietors of these estates." Vol. III p. 157 Nay, in some parts, so inveterately lazy are the men, that when they go to dig peats, they compel the women, if we may believe Dr M'C, "to supply the place of horses," to which, he says, they are "regularly trained:" "he was also informed that they did actually draw the harrows, but this (he adds) he did not witness." He was indemnified, however, for missing so "harrowing" a spectacle, by seeing "a lazy fellow ride his wife across a ford!"

has concealed much sound philosophy under the cap of folly ; ‘ comme en-fant nouvellement nay, les fault allaiter, berceur, esjouir ; epargner, restaurer, appuyer, asseurer.’ They are children ; and *kindness and care might do much for them*. To say that the Highlanders are incapable of being roused to industry is as *injurious in its effects* as it is *UNTRUE* ; it is often difficult, but *time, patience, and method, WILL EFFECT A GREAT DEAL*. It is those with whom this power lies (the landlords) that are *deserving of censure* ; not the critical traveller, who excites their anger, chiefly because he pricks their consciences,—who merely tells useful truths, and who points out faults only in the hope that they may be corrected.”

Had we not quoted chapter and verse, no one, we are convinced, would have believed that the passage here given is the composition of the “critical traveller” with whose work we have been so long and painfully occupied. *O, si sic omnia dixisset !* But it is vain to wish, when the sad reality is before us. There is only another passage of the same tenor and spirit as this in his work, and we have already quoted it in a note to p. 386. How the Doctor proposes to reconcile these with the “scope and tendency” of his book, we cannot even conjecture ; they show, however, that truth, like murder, “though it hath no tongue, yet doth it speak with most miraculous organ,” and prove that, when under the influence of his better nature, and for a moment emancipated from the thralldom of theory and playing the apologist of oppression, he can shew himself not absolutely insensible to the misery which he must so often have witnessed—aye, and felt in his heart, too, that it was the offspring of that system of which, with the two unaccountable exceptions here noticed, he is the constant and strenuous defender. And had he confined himself to a mere defence of that system, on economical grounds, without mixing up every species of abuse and misrepresentation, for the purpose of vilifying and exciting odium against a whole people,—persecuted and oppressed, yet valuable and useful subjects,—we should not have followed in his wake, for the disagreeable and ungrateful purpose of invalidating his statements; exposing his blunders, showing up his conceit and dogmatism, deriding his pretensions, and demolishing his credit as an historian and scholar. But he who gives with the sword has no reason to complain if he get with the scabbard. The Doctor has given the Highlanders the right of retaliating ; and they have no intention to forego it. He anticipates as much himself, and has of course girt up his loins for the struggle. We shall not flinch him a bit when he is perfectly ready—*Mais revenons*.

XXIII. In Vol. III. p. 101, our author says, “The small tenants, by a due and gradual application of that labour which is now unoccupied, or of that time which is spent in idleness, might gradually improve their pastures, as they have recovered from the waste their arable lands. From them no outlay of capital is required, and they would unquestionably be recompensed for their labour. *It is true that, having no leases, they have neither temptation nor security for improvement, according to popular opinion*. But I have a better opinion of Highland landlords than to consider this a valid objection ;” “I sincerely believe, that the smallest tenant, at rack rent, as they all virtually are, *has as good security as can be desired, IF HE CONDUCTS HIMSELF WELL !*”

With the first part of this statement we cordially agree ; but we are most decidedly of the “popular opinion” in regard to the necessity of “leases.” No improvement ever has been, or ever will be affected, where the tenant may be ejected at the pleasure or caprice of the landlord. Had the ancient confidence, which the Highlanders reposed in the honour and good faith of their superiors, remained unbroken, we can easily imagine that small tenants might have readily undertaken the improvement of their lands, without the legal security of a lease ; but to talk of the will and pleasure of landlords, who have wantonly destroyed that confidence, being “as good security as can be desired,” or indeed any “security” at all, argues a woe-ful ignorance of the present state of the Highlands, or a wilful blindness to facts of every-day occurrence. Suppose that ten small tenants, renting

contiguous farms, have improved them in the way our author recommends ; and after they have done so, and are about to be recompensed for their exertions, suppose, further, that some "great capitalist" appears, and offers for the whole ; will Dr Macculloch pretend to say, that, assuming the offer to be advantageous, the landlord would hesitate a single hour to eject the small tenants in order to make way for the intruder ? This is what takes place every day, and is matter of notoriety to all ; nay, more, it is what *must* take place, because it is a result of principles of universal operation, and does no more depend upon the "better opinion" of Dr Macculloch, than the growing of the grass, or the ebb and flow of the tide. If you wish the people to improve, make it their interest to do so ; but there can be no interest where there is no security, and, as bitter experience has shown, no security without leases. What person in his senses would take any patch of land, however small, in the Lowlands, without a lease ? Can it be shown that there is any reason in the nature of things why the Highland tenant should be denied the security granted, as a matter of course, to his Lowland neighbour ? Granting leases was, is, and ever will be, the first step to improvement. It is quite ridiculous to talk of "opinion" in regard to an admitted, self-evident principle ; and it is not a little presumptuous, in the fire-worshippers of the North, to call upon the people to shut their eyes to proofs strong as those of Holy Writ, that they are undeserving of confidence and attachment ; and to act with all the implicit and unsuspecting reliance of a patriarchal age, now numbered with the years beyond the flood. The days of chivalry and feudalism are past, and those of pounds, shillings, and pence, have come in their stead. Bargains are not now made by "prolling thumbs," nor lands let by word of mouth. Men have become more enlightened, more selfish, more suspicious. Bills and bonds have succeeded to the simple usages of our forefathers—because the circumstances of the world required them ; and no man *now* places his rights at the mercy of another, or adventures his labour and capital upon an "opinion." The smallest tenant must *now* be as firmly secured by his lease, as the landlord by the muniments of his estate ; and it is right that he should. Nay, more,—it is expedient. But right and expediency are worth more than Dr Macculloch's "better opinion."

In these observations, we have of course alluded to the Highland proprietors *as a body* ; and we mean them no disrespect when we say, that they are no longer fit to be the custodiers of the people's rights, and to have them at their mercy. We know, however, that there are still not a few men of rank, name, and property, in the Highlands, for whom the people deservedly cherish an unbounded attachment. But these men are exceptions to the general rule ; and their conduct is more likely to be admired than imitated. In truth, they are fast dying out, while the hopeful scions of the modern school are ripening into all the wisdom of political economy, and ready to step into their place. Twenty years hence, and every thing will be as it should be.

XXIV. We must make room for another of the Doctor's innumerable self-contradictions. "This," says he, "is the true Highland hospitality, *never boasted of, yet never failing*. In all the wilds I ever visited, I never yet entered the blackest hut without having what was to be given—the best place by the fire, the milk-tub, the oat-cake, the potatoes, the eggs, if it was possible to persuade the hens to do such a deed, and a glass of whisky, if it was to be found." Vol. III. p. 106.

This seems pretty strong ; yet it only prepares the way for an attempt to persuade us that hospitality is *not* "a national virtue" among the Highlanders. This is the Doctor's approved and regular mode of procedure. Whenever he makes an admission favourable to the people, he is never at rest till he contradict both it and himself. He is alarmed lest he should be thought serious in his praise,—lest his readers should, even for an instant, cherish a friendly sentiment towards the Highlanders. So in the present instance. He first says of the Highlanders *in cumulo*, what Ledyard has only said of women ; then he proceeds : "Birt was *not* an unjust judge ; his *impartiality*, I verily believe, may be admitted ; and he tells us that

'there is one gasconade of the people hereabouts, which is extraordinary. They are often boasting of the great hospitality of the Highlanders to strangers,' and so on; proceeding to quote some of his own *experience* on the subject, *which may be paralleled at present on any day!*" Next, he broadly insinuates that hospitality is no longer "a part of the Highland character;" and he finishes in this fashion: "Were I to make that which is proverbially odious, (a comparison,) I should say that this virtue (of hospitality) *actually* flourishes in Orkney and Shetland, AS IT IS SAID TO DO IN THE *Highlands*."

XXV. "The Tartars of Thibet believe that the Lama is immortal, the Catholics that the Pope is *infallible*." Vol. IV. p. 78.

The Catholics believe no such thing. They hold that the decision of a General Council of the whole Church, which God has promised to surround with a "wall of fire," and to enlighten with his "glory in the midst of her," must be *infallibly* true; but they never maintained the "infallibility of the Pope," or of any thing in the world, but the aggregate body of the Christian Church. No matter whether this dogma be well or ill-founded; that is totally a different question; it is *unfair*, however, to ascribe to the Catholics a tenet which they never maintained.

XXVI. We dare not grapple with the dissertation on the "Gaelic language," because we cannot now afford to write an essay as long as his own, to expose the egregious errors into which he has fallen, and the laughable assurance with which he dogmatizes in regard to a form of speech of which he is entirely ignorant. According to him, it is the poorest and most wretched of all conceivable languages. "It is immeasurably *behind* the Arabic." (Who has ever maintained that it was *before* the Arabic?) "It has borrowed from modern languages innumerable terms, which it *ought* to have possessed." "It does not distinguish sea bays, firths, (triths) and lakes; still less, as it ought, the varieties of these. (This is not true.) It is the same for rivers: (this is very odd, seeing that almost all the rivers in Scotland are known to this hour by Gaelic appellations): it is the same for colours." "It possesses but one name for many birds, and thus *beyond enumeration*." Vol. IV. p. 196. The Doctor, we presume, would consider it a proof of the barbarism of the Hebrew, that it has no name for a steam-engine or a spinning-jennie. Yet his argument, if it proves any thing, leads to the conclusion, that the Celtic was the parent of the Greek; (see p. 204;) while those who spoke the latter language were Goths! But let us attend to a different authority. "The Celtic," says the late Dr Murray, "possesses an unrivalled and striking *originality* in its words, a resemblance to the oldest varieties of language, and internal evidence that it is derived from the earliest speech of Europe." But we find we must not get into a subject which would lead us to prolong these cursory remarks to an extent incompatible with the limits of this Journal. We shall probably return to it, and examine, in detail, the Doctor's statements in regard to the "Origin and Races" of the Highlanders, as well as their language.

Here, then, we must stop for the present. The Doctor has occupied a considerable portion of our time and attention; but if we have succeeded in proving his utter incompetency to state the simplest fact accurately—his inveterate hatred of the people whom he undertakes to describe—his incessant misrepresentations and perversions of truth—his anxiety to defend a system which has been carried into operation by means which no good man can approve—his ignorance on the most elementary topics—his self-contradiction, dogmatism, petulance, and abuse of all who have written on the subject of the Highlands, except Pinkerton, and others of the same kidney, who indulge in the deglutition of some rabid slaver at the name of Celt,—in short, the utter faithlessness and worthlessness of the book, we shall not have written in vain. For though we may have contributed to make it better known than it would ever have otherwise been, we shall have administered the antidote with the bane, and done our part to enable the public to appreciate the nature of Macculloch's claims to their attention.

DON GIOVANNI*.

PERHAPS the most anxious period of an author's life is that which immediately precedes his first appearance before the public. When he looks back on the past, all is enchantment; his former raptures of inspiration rise before him; and, confident that his success will correspond to his most sanguine expectations, and that the enthusiasm of the reader will equal, if not surpass, the transports of the writer, he instantly determines to shake off the encumbrances of modesty, to burst forth amidst all the splendours of genius, and to seize the prize which he thinks so justly due to his superior talents and unremitting assiduity. When, however, the ardour of his feelings is cooled down to a proper temperature, by the suggestions of common sense,—when he reflects on the numbers who have suffered shipwreck in the vast ocean before him, and thinks that what has happened to others may possibly be his own fate,—then Hope loses her power to charm, dark clouds overcast the horizon, and, instead of the bright visions that formerly allured him, he sees nothing, in his reception with the public, but frowns, contempt, and disappointment; nothing in reviewers but “Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.” It is not surprising that a young writer, when under the influence of these feelings, should carefully survey the aspect of the heavens before he commences so hazardous a voyage; or that he should stand, with lingering hesitation on the shore, like Cæsar on the bank of the Rubicon, or the arch fiend on the verge of chaos.

These dire forebodings, at the outset of an author's literary career, are chiefly of modern growth. At no period, indeed, could genius have been insensible to fame; but, in former ages, many of the fearful anticipations, which now accompany its first entrance upon the theatre of glory, must have been unknown, since the causes from which they originate were not then in existence.

The temple of Fame was, indeed, of difficult access; but no host of reviewers stood in formidable array to guard the approach. The path was strewn with thorns; but it was not yet marked with blood. The pilgrimage was long; but, no banditti infested the road: nor had the critic made the important discovery, that to engage in this literary warfare, was the surest means of saving the public and enriching himself.

But these halcyon days, in the world of letters, were not stamped with the impress of immortality. The love of wealth was destined to break the tranquillity of the golden age; the sword of criticism was yet to be directed by the hand of Plutus; and candidates for literary fame were to be arrested and assailed at the very commencement of their progress. Hence it became an object of importance to discover how they might shun or repel the dangers to which they were exposed. To some, the soft, insinuating smile, accompanied with a candid acknowledgment of their imperfections, and a humble modesty of demeanour, seemed the most effectual means of propitiating their foes; while others, made of sterner stuff, rushed to the field with defiance on their brows, and “whistling aloud, to keep their courage up,” publicly announced their determination to disregard the puny assaults of their adversaries, or to paralyze them with the frown of contempt. These artifices, however, did not produce the effect that was intended. The Cerberuses of literature were neither to be cajoled nor overawed; they were found equally inaccessible to the allurements of the soporific cake, and the terrors of the brandished sword. When the war was in this stage of its progress,—when many a wretched wight had bit the ground, and there was no probability of matters coming to a speedy issue, some superior genius, in a lucky moment of deep cogitation, stumbled on the effectual expedient of converting

* Don Giovanni, a Poem; and other Pieces. Edinburgh: West & Co. 1825.

open warfare into stratagem and ambuscade.

Such, then, are the means by which most authors of the present day attempt to ascertain their claims to distinction. Whoever wishes to feel the pulse of the public, takes the necessary precautions to render himself invisible. The advantages he thus obtains are of the most important kind. Like Æneas in the cloud, he is concealed from observation, while he overhears the conversations of the multitude respecting himself. Inspired with confidence by the security of his situation, he looks forth without apprehension on the dark clouds that are gathering around him, and hears the tempest spend its fury, while he is comparatively sheltered from its effects. If, however, the sweet notes of praise break upon his ears, he may dissolve the enchantment, or continue to listen, in secret, to the melody of the Siren's voice.

But the anonymous mode of publication is not without its utility to the reviewer himself. As there is no cause to give improper excitement to his feelings, he can enter, with impartiality, on the discharge of his duty. The stream of criticism will not be polluted in its source, and the love of truth, unbiassed by personal considerations or party feelings, will equally prevent the effusions of unmerited severity and extravagant applause. Besides, the concealment, of which the author avails himself, is as advantageous to the reviewer's purse as to his principles. It supplies him with copious materials for the exercise of his own ingenuity, and the amusement of his readers. If he can say little of the work, he may say a great deal of the author; and as no subject is so fertile as that, respecting which nothing can be advanced with certainty, he may bring forward innumerable arguments to prove, whether the incognito is male or female, young or old, fair or dark, Whig or Tory. For our own part, we have been laboriously, and, as we think, successfully employed in attempting to ascertain all these particulars, and many more, respecting the author of Don Giovanni, and we shall state

the important results of our profound speculations, at the same time concealing the different steps of the process by which we arrived at each conclusion. We think, then, that the writer must be included under the rule "*Quæ maribus solum*"—that nearly twenty summers have rolled over his head—that his complexion is dark and his temperament melancholic—that he is prone to musing, and sometimes satirical—that Cupid pressed him into his service before he had seen three lustrums—but that he has determined to engage in a different kind of warfare, and to brandish, in future, not merely a figurative sword, but one made of steel. Now, it is quite possible that most, if not all, of these conjectures are erroneous, and that the circumstances on which they are founded were thrown out by the author, with the intention of misleading the simple reader, and the no less simple reviewer. Perhaps the author is not an embryo son of Mars, but some veteran lawyer, whose complexion is the colour of his wig,—who is melancholy only when there is a scarcity of fees,—who never muses except over a brief, and is never satirical except at a judge. But it is time to leave these speculations, and to introduce the reader to some acquaintance with the work. We shall begin with Don Giovanni, as it stands foremost in the volume.

Don Giovanni, then, the hero, is a person of rather a forbidding character. He had been dismissed from Pandemonium, to prevent him from corrupting the morals of its inhabitants. Having recrossed the Styx, he visits Edinburgh, where he has the bad fortune to lose his own heart, and the good fortune to steal that of another. His dulcinea, of course, feels the smart of Cupid's arrow much more severely than he does. Like all lovers, she becomes wondrous pale, and is sent off to the country for change of air. His state is not quite so melancholy; he feels his misfortune like a man, but bears it like a hero. We shall, however, give the author's own words, as they afford a tolerably-good specimen of his powers in describing the ludicrous:

When he, poor fellow, heard his bird was
 flown,
 He acted, just as mad-cap lovers do,—
 That is, he sigh'd a sigh, and groan'd a
 groan,
 Curs'd all mankind, himself, and rail'd
 at cru-
 El fortune, for cutting him such capers—
 Then went to Oman's Hall, and read the
 papers. *Canto I, 60.*

It was too much, however, for the
 Don's fortitude to remain in Edin-
 burgh when his love was absent.
 He went to Roslin in pursuit of her,
 and was successful in his search. At
 the passage in which the discovery
 is mentioned is written with great
 beauty of description, we shall make
 no apology for presenting it to the
 reader.

It was that pensive, calm, and stilly hour,
 When night's first tints intrude upon the
 day,

When heaven's dew first tips the closing
 flower,

When in the west appears the sun's last
 ray,

It was that soft hour when night seems
 day to greet,

Soft twilight hour, to lovers doubly sweet.

Such was the hour when Henri, (alias
 Giovanni) first espied

His love reposing on the verdant green ;
 There, as she sleeping lay, she might have
 vied,

In woman's beauty, with the sea-born
 Queen,

When first from out the purple wave she
 rose,

And robb'd great Ammon of his breast's
 repose.

In Henri's eye, her unclasp'd robe dis-
 closed,

In spotless purity, her gentle breast ;
 And there in bliss a half-blown rose re-

posed,
Tinting with crimson its soft home of rest.

Calm was her virgin sleep—her dream
 was love,

A dream in which her Henri's form was
 wove.

About her sigh'd the gentle murmuring
 trees,

Inviting softest slumber—all around
 Embosom'd seem'd in peace—the even-

ing breeze
 Hallow'd the stillness with its plaintive

sound ;
 Nought broke the silence—save, ever and

anon,
 The distant echo of some rustic's song.

Canto 2.

After the Don's interview with his
 mistress, the narrative draws near its
 close. It is needless to add, that Isa-
 bella falls a prey to his villany, and
 dies of a broken heart.

The reader will easily perceive that
 the tale—if tale that may be called,
 which tale has none—is deficient in
 incident ; but, what is worse, its
 unity is frequently broken by di-
 gressions, which are not always hap-
 pily introduced. Besides, the author
 seems to have forgotten that he in-
 tended the poem to be of the ludi-
 crous kind. In the first canto this
 quality is preserved, but in what fol-
 lows it is entirely dropped. Perhaps,
 however, his readers will not be dis-
 pleased at this change. His attempts
 at wit, are, in general, too artificial
 to be pleasing. It is in the deline-
 ation of his own feelings that he has
 been most successful. Whenever he
 gives vent to his aspirations for glory,
 or breathes forth the pure devotion of
 love, or expresses his indignation at
 the treachery of pretended friends,
 then the poet appears—then we meet
 with the “ thoughts that breathe and
 words that burn.” To show that our
 praises are not unmerited, we shall
 quote an apostrophe to a young lady,
 who is represented under the ficti-
 tious name of Zoe.

Oh that I were some viewless, airy sprite
 To hover ever round thee—all woe !

To watch thy steps by day, thy sleep by
 night,

To hear thy every sigh—to guide thy
 dream ;

That even in thy slumbers nought unkind
 Should in thy breast a moment's refuge
 find !

And I would bear thee to some lovely
 land,

A land of Paradise, where eternal spring
 Should bloom around thee, and where
 fairy hares.

The choicest gifts of Heaven to thee
 should bring,

And lay them at thy feet—and all to
 thee

In fond idolatry should bend the knee.

And thou shouldst dwell in Love's own
 bow'r of bliss,

(There of the fairest thou wouldst be
 most fair.)

The balmy zephyrs thy soft cheek should
 kiss,

And woo thee into slumbers—through
 the air

The soul of melody should float along ;
Sweeter than Houris or the Peti's song.

Canto 1.

The passage we shall next quote is one in which the author takes farewell of Britain.

Land of my sires ! whose deeds recorded stand

In honour's page, a long, a last adieu !

A long adieu, thou wild, romantic land.—

Adieu thy heathery plains, thy waters blue,

Thy lofty mountains, where the thistles bloom,

Thy shapeless crags' interminable gloom !

England, my country ! where first I breath'd the air,

Thou land of freedom, land of liberty !

Where all is bright, all beautifully fair,

With aching heart I bid adieu to thee :

But Glory beckons—calls me from the shore

Which I perchance am doom'd to see no more !

"No more !"—cold sound those accents in my ear ;

Well, if I fall, God ! let me fall renown'd !

Oh ! when my corpse reposes on my bier,

May my pale brow with honour's rays be bound,

In glory let me die—and grant me fame,
One boon, one precious boon—a deathless name !

Canto 2.

The rest of the volume consists of smaller pieces. Azim and Lilla, a fragment of a Persian tale, though deficient in incident, is superior to Don Giovanni in the construction of the story. It contains many beautiful passages, but we must content ourselves with producing only one.

Oh ! lives the man on earth who has not felt

The power of love—his soul in raptures melt—

Dissolve away into a voiceless sigh,

When viewing woman's bright and sunny eye,—

When gazing on her mild and heav'n-lit face,

Where beauty lingers with each smiling grace ?

Who hath not felt the gentle, sov'reign pow'r,

Of woman's smile in bleak misfortune's hour ?

Who hath not felt, in misery and distress,
A healing balm in woman's loveliness ?

We don't know what gentlemen will think of this passage, and others of a similar kind, but we can almost venture to predict that they will soon be found in the common-place book of many a fair nymph.

"The Soldier's Return" is often beautiful in the sentiment, but it suffers materially from having been written in blank verse. In reading it, we could not divest ourselves of the idea, that it is intended as a delineation of what would be the author's feelings, should he return, at some future period, and find his Zoe in the possession of another.

But it is time to bring not only our quotations, but also our remarks to a conclusion. Upon the whole, we think that the present volume is highly creditable to the abilities of the author. If to feel deeply, and to express emotion in language at once simple, vigorous, and beautiful, are indications of poetical talent, he is a poet. We would advise him, however, to pay a little more attention to the mechanical part of versification, and not to violate the established pronunciation of words, or stretch his verses beyond their proper length. We take leave of him, with expressing our gratitude for the pleasure which he has often afforded us, and wishing that it were in our power to say, that the moral tendency of his works were always equal to their poetical merit.

CONTRAST.

The Departure.

"My native land, good-night."—Byron.

In almost every young Scotsman there is an enthusiastic ambition to be distinguished, or perhaps a discontent of home, which prompts him

to forsake the country he loves, and to seek his fortune in a foreign land. Time, it is true, often sobers their ideas, but at the outset, every youth

resolves to be a soldier, or a sailor, or an adventurer, in some part of the globe, no matter how remote, from the scenes where his infancy has been passed. Like my companions, I early imbibed this desire to go abroad, but, unlike many of them, this inclination remained as I grew up; and while I saw others gradually settling into advocates and physicians, the desire to try my fortune abroad remained unaltered. As my parents had several other children, they did not discourage this inclination. My mother, it is true, did not seem to relish it much, but my father was not rich, and he justly thought that one of his family might be spared with advantage to the rest. Thus, sanctioned by them, and encouraged by all my friends, it was early resolved that I should push my fortune in India.

I have said that my father was not rich, and a poor man has seldom much influence at the India House. Year followed year without any appointment being obtained, and when I entered my twentieth year, my friends began to hint about there being many eligible situations at home. At this crisis my father received notice that I would be sent out as a cadet, and that my presence was instantly required, as the last India ship was to sail in about a fortnight.

When a person has at length obtained the wish of his heart, he is seldom so happy as he had anticipated. For years did I tease the gods for a cadetship. I had now obtained one, but, alas! I was far from being contented: I perceived how dear were my home and friends to me, now that I was about to lose them, and I almost wished to be allowed to remain where I was. But the die was cast; I had put my hand to the plough, and to look back now was in vain.

It was only at moments, however, that I thought thus. So suddenly was I called up, that I had only two days to remain at home, and these were passed in such a perpetual bustle, that the whole almost appeared to me a dream. Still I felt a pang as I left each house, and said "farewell" to its inmates—a pang which every one must feel when leaving a friend he is never again to see. To me those friends were for ever to be

as dead, and I felt as if I were losing them all at one blow.

It was now the evening before I sailed, but there was one thing which yet remained to be done; it was to bid a last farewell to Mary. Oh God! how my heart burst within me when I thought that I was to see her no more, that the star which had illumed my life was for ever to be withdrawn from my eyes! Oh! how I loved that girl! Never was there a lovelier creature in this world, and never was there a better. Her blue eyes, beamed with the tenderness of an innocent heart; when she looked at me, I saw she was all my own; for who could look at that countenance, and believe that it harboured deceit? I felt that she was dearer to me than the whole world; and yet I was about to leave her for ever. What a strange, inconsistent being is man! To think of taking her along with me was vain. At that time a voyage to India was nearly as formidable as a voyage to the Pole; and besides, Mary's delicate frame would have wasted and withered away beneath a tropical sun.

Mary resided at her father's house, which was situated a short distance from town. Thither I accordingly repaired, and soon found myself sitting in the old-fashioned parlour where I usually met her. There stood her harp, over which I had often hung enraptured, drinking in love and sweet music, till I was almost intoxicated with delight; it was now mute,—to me it would be silent for ever: there lay a landscape I had asked her to paint, but which I was never to see completed. Alas! thought I, in this very spot others will listen delighted as she sings, and gaze at her as she works, perhaps, at this little picture, whilst I, poor I, forgotten by all, am burning away my life beneath the influence of a tropical sun. At this moment, casting my eyes upon a large mirror, I could not help smiling at my woe-begone visage; so, rallying a little, I awaited the arrival of Mary.

It was only that forenoon that poor Mary had been told of my intended departure, and she now entered the room with a cast-down, dejected air. She approached me with something between a tear and a smile; but when

our eyes met, when I said I had come to bid her farewell, the big tear started to her beautiful eyes, and, throwing herself into my arms, she wept aloud in an agony of grief. I am now an old man, and many a sorrow have I felt; but these two hours were the bitterest I ever knew; and yet, strange as it may seem, there is a sort of pleasure in melancholy. Sad as I was, my heart was filled with a soothing sweetness, like that which fills the soul when we listen to some old melody we love;—there is surely some mysterious connection between music and melancholy, for the nature of their effects on the feelings is the same.

It was long before I could think of leaving her. Often I tried to say farewell, but as the sound trembled on my tongue, an entreating look from Mary again drove away the half-formed words, and so I sat still, while we talked of the pleasant hours we had passed together, hours which absence was so soon to render sacred. But at last I had to depart,—and, as the wretch on the scaffold, through very desperation, flings off the fatal handkerchief, so, straining my Mary to my beating heart, I kissed her with a deep, a last kiss, and then rushed to the door. The interview was over; I saw her no more. About an hour after, I received a small packet;—it contained a lock of dark brown hair, with the words—“Keep it for the sake of Mary.” Poor Mary! she had been weeping when she wrote it, for the paper was still wet with her tears.

When I returned home, I found my parents sitting with the rest of the family, all anxiously waiting for me. I felt that I had been unkind in spending so much of the night away from my own family. What little time I had should surely have been devoted to my poor old father and mother. Others I might see again, but long before I returned their heads would be laid beneath the green turf. I daresay all our reflections were sad enough. My father tried to rally our spirits, and smilingly talked of the time when I should return to be the support and joy of his old age. But the attempt was vain; it was but a mockery of cheerfulness, and we were sadder

than before. At length we had to separate. I bade them all an affectionate good-night, and promised to see them before I departed in the morning. But that promise was meant to spare us the pain of parting. When all was quiet, I silently quitted my chamber, and glided along the passage. As I passed my parents' room, I perceived that there was still a light in it. I was tempted to look through the key-hole. I saw my mother on her knees, and, doubtless, she was praying for me. Oh! how I longed to fly to her arms, to indulge in the satisfaction of at least bidding her adieu! but restraining my feelings, I took a last look, and then went on. I could not leave the house without visiting our little parlour—that room where we had all spent so many a happy hour. Never, never on earth was that happy circle to be again re-united. As I looked round, the tears sprung to my eyes, and, overcome by my feelings, I laid my head on the table and wept. But the clock struck two—it was the hour of my departure, and dashing away the tears, I quickly stole out of the house. When I gained the outside, I took a last, long look,—the light was still burning in my mother's room; in my heart I invoked a blessing on her, and on them all,—and thus, sorrowful and in silence, I quitted my once happy home.

The Return.

After sojourning nearly forty years in the East, I found I had amassed a fortune exceeding even the sanguine anticipations of youth. Still I hesitated, whether to return to Britain. I had been so long in India that it now appeared to me my home, and friends had grown up around me from whom I felt unwilling to part. I felt that, in returning to Scotland, I was going, as it were, to a strange land; my parents, and brothers, and sisters were dead, and after so long an absence, the few friends of my youth who still remained would in all probability have forgotten me. But in spite of all this, I felt a something within me which prompted me to revisit the scenes of my youth, and though nearly sixty, I confess I had a desire to see once

more my first, my only love, my dear Mary. To say I loved her would be nonsense; love will seldom survive a separation of forty years; but I still thought of her with tenderness, and in revisiting my native country, she was the only one whom I felt happy at the thought of seeing,—the only one who, I expected, would be happy again to see me. Like me, she could never again love,—like me, she was still unmarried. At length I returned to Scotland.

The feelings of youth had long been calmed by age, and I reached my native place without those agitating, but delightful emotions, which many will imagine the sight of home was so calculated to produce. I thought, with a melancholy smile, of the grief I had felt when I left it. Aye, all are gone, said I; in my father's house I am a solitary stranger; for what end was I to toil away my life in a foreign land? that I might return rich and happy to my friends: rich I am, but where are the friends with whom I was to have spent the evening of my days? Alas! they are gone, and my life has been passed in vain.

In the same spirit did I wander along the streets of my native town. I felt myself an isolated, lonely being. Every one seemed happy except myself; every one had his pursuits, every one had his companions and friends. I alone had none; a new generation had sprung up, and those whom I had formerly known as young men, were now strangely metamorphosed into grave-looking gentlemen, with grown-up families, and many of them with grand-children. Such as they were, however, I was glad to meet with them, though I often could not help wondering that they looked so old.

The town itself, too, seemed no longer the same I had left behind me. Magnificent buildings had succeeded to old-fashioned habitations, and the fields over which I used to shoot were now loaded with dwellings like palaces. It was a proof of the prosperity of the place, and yet I was half angry at the alteration. Had I, been a magician, I should have restored the town to the state I remembered it to have been in when I left it forty years before.

On reaching home, I found that

Mary Lindesay was in the country; but when she returned, my first care was to visit her. I have said that she was still unmarried, and though I had long ceased to love, yet I felt my heart beat as I approached the well-remembered house. I pictured to myself the transport with which she would throw herself into my arms, and fondly believed that the joy of our meeting would repay us for the misery of parting.

My heart began to beat more quickly as I gently knocked at the door; and when the servant appeared, I could hardly ask him if Miss Lindesay was within. "Miss Lindesay—Miss Lindesay," said he, slowly repeating the name, as if uncertain whom I meant; "O yes, Sir," and then shewing the way, I soon found myself alone, and seated once more in the old-fashioned parlour. It was the only thing I had yet seen which was still the same as I had left it.

Looking about me, I soon discovered old friends in the pictures which were hanging round the room. There was but one new one,—it was the landscape I had asked her to paint, and there it was hanging, half finished, exactly as I had last seen it. At the other side of the room was the portrait of a youthful and beautiful face, which I at once recognised to be Mary's. I could scarcely help thinking that all that had passed for the last forty years was nothing but a troubled dream, so completely did the scene carry me back to the days of my youth.

In a short time the door opened, and my heart again beat quick,—but it was a false alarm, only the servant sent to say that Mrs Lindesay would be down presently. Good God! thought I, is the old mother living yet! she must be a very aged woman by this time: let me see, when I left this in the 17— she was at least—but here my calculations were cut short, for the door again opened, and the old woman herself entered the room.

The old lady's face flushed as she approached, and she seemed embarrassed. I was astonished to perceive that she looked as young as when I saw her last, but making a respectful bow, I congratulated her upon her good looks, and then eagerly

inquired after Mary. The old lady smiled. "Indeed, William," said she, and I started at the voice, "indeed we have both paid, the tax for growing old: in the aged woman who speaks to you, you see your once-loved Mary." At that moment, casting my eyes in the direction of the mirror, I saw the reflection of a withered old man. I remembered what I had been when I looked there last, and I now saw that I was as much altered as even poor Mary, or, as she now termed herself, Mrs Mary Lindsay. And yet, so gently and gradually had Time laid his hand upon me, that till that moment I never thought myself half such an antique as in reality I was.

Here, then, was an end to all my dreams. The hope of returning to Mary was what cheered me when I left home,—it was that which sus-

tained me while in India. I foolishly believed that I was to find her the same fond, blushing girl, that I had left her; and never reflecting that time would rob the face of its youth, and the deepest love of its romance, I expected that when I returned there would be many a year of happiness and love in store for us. These delightful visions were baseless. I came home an old man, and found Mary—an old woman.

A short time, however, blunted the edge of my disappointment. Reconciled to old age, I may say that I am happy. Mary and I have for several years been man and wife; we have retired to a sweet spot away from the bustle of town, and if we do not feel the raptures of a youthful love, we at least experience the happiness which springs from a well-founded friendship.

THE CORONATION OF HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

THE greater portion of the various objects of human industry may be ranged under the several classes of the useful, the ornamental, and the frivolous. We purposely omit a fourth division, the noxious, because our present subject is not particularly connected with the matters which would specially require its comprehension. The first class includes all those beneficial operations, whether mental or corporeal, whose results are the formation of productive capital, or of things capable of being rendered instrumental in the creation of other things; the second, those operations which, although less practically useful, are highly essential to the interests of civilization,—such as, for example, the labours of the poet and sculptor; and the last, that numerous family of busy doings which exclusively minister to the prurient appetite of folly, nonsense, vanity, and extravagance.

There are particular periods in the history of human affairs in which each of these several classes of action

predominate. In saying this, we are not to be misunderstood as asserting that in any period hitherto experienced, any one of them has ceased to operate; but we wish our observation to be taken as merely pointing to certain marked differences in different times, in their respective combinations. In referring to those times, it is necessary to alter the order of the above enumeration. The ornamental has decidedly the preference in the earliest triumphs, or among the first fruits of civilization. In that season, the one certainly not the most favourable for sober reflection, men are exhilarated by the dawning light and the beautiful prospect: not yet depressed by the knowledge of a thousand inconveniences, which, in our present imperfect stage of existence, surround even the happiest results of our wonderful mental organization, they indulge with rapture, unchastised by the chilling suggestions of caution, in the enjoyments of the time. The lighter and more amiable creations of mind are there

* The Coronation of His Most Sacred Majesty King George the Fourth, solemnized in the Collegiate Church of Saint Peter, Westminster, upon the 19th day of July 1821. Published by his Majesty's Special Command, by Sir George Naylor, Garter Principal King of Arms. London 1824. Price 40 guineas.

most highly esteemed. A Homer, a Phidias, a Demosthenes, prescribe laws to the general industry as well as to the popular taste, whose tendency is to place each of the great masters, in his turn, on the very pinnacle of human glory. Utility, taken in the severe sense in which the term is circumscribed by political economists, was among the polite ancients only a secondary object of attention: ornamental arts and sciences, ornamental literature, were favoured by them with a decided preference. That portion of past time which is known under the denomination of the middle ages, was almost equally unfavourable to the predominance of the ornamental and the useful: many of the preceding fruits of the operations of mind were lost or forgotten; and an illiterate people were left pretty much to their own hair-brained inventions. In this period, FAIVOLITY established his empire, and was puffed up with delight in the contemplation of the crazy superstructure. The constitution of society, its occupations, its amusements, were the formation of his busy, misdirected hand. Factionitious gradations,—an injurious system of hereditary distinctions,—of exclusive privileges awarded generally to the most vicious and the most worthless,—of legitimacy, in fact, with all its unreasonable and nonsensical pretensions, were the lords of the ascendant: mock splendour, absurd pageantries, monstrous fashions, universal prostration of intellect, servility in the abstract, docility under the inflictions of tyranny, and, by the same hand, oppression, grinding and unrelenting, dealt out to inferiors,—these were some of the blessed fruits of those merry days and good old times, in which the frivolous predominated over the ornamental and the useful.

Last in order appears the age of utility. The ornamental is not disregarded, but is reduced to its proper subordinate station among the elements of human action; the frivolous is pushed from its vantage-ground, and is, for all important ends, in fair course towards a final ejection. Men begin to look more to what has a tendency to promote their real happiness, than to what can, at best, afford them only a moment-

ary, perhaps a criminal, gratification. Whatever is best in government, in legislation, in policy, is sedulously sought, and, with more or less appearance of impatient zeal, pursued with steady, fixed views, of ultimate attainment, in spite of intervening obstructions, in spite of the concentrated ~~how~~ of inveterate prejudices, which owe their baleful existence to times of defective experience.

Literature and the other productions of mind are particularly subservient to this order of progression. We still appreciate the merits of a Byron and a Chantrey, who revive in our recollection the beauties of ancient art; but in our estimate of the true benefactors of mankind, we give the preference to those really superior minds, which are capable of inventing machines to diminish the severities of human toil; to the men of godlike prowess, who may most truly be said to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to shelter the houseless; who, while the feeble hand of Charity doles out its ineffectual mite to the individual sufferer, crumble the bonds of misery in the mass, and relieve countless generations from the fell thralldom of poverty and vice. But while the balance inclines in favour of the useful to the diminution, in a just proportion, of the ornamental, no room is left for the bare toleration of the purely frivolous,—to that class of mental production (if mind has any thing to do in the case) which rejects both what is chaste, tasteful, and beautiful, in ornament, and what is noble and desirable in utility; and offers us nothing in their stead but that *caput mortuum*, the residuum of the follies and nonsense of a half-witted age.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the consideration of that stupendous production, "The Coronation of his Most Sacred Majesty, by Sir George Naylor, Garter Principal King of Arms." A brief, and, we trust, candid account of its contents, will decide under which of the three heads pointed out in our preceding hasty analysis it ought to be classed. But first, a word or two with respect to the compiler. The coronation took place during the lifetime of the late respectable Garter Sir Isaac Heard; and Sir George

Nayler (then recently and unexpectedly promoted from the junior post of York Herald, to that of Clarenceux King of Arms) acted upon the occasion as his deputy. The appointment to these offices does not rest with the Crown, but in consequence of one of those antiquated anomalies in the distribution of power which still remain for reformation, with the chief of the Norfolk family, who holds the hereditary post of Earl Marshall: it is proper to state this, by the way, to exonerate Government from the charge sometimes erroneously made, of having acted in this instance with undue partiality, the present Garter having been suddenly, and without any perceptible ground, raised above the heads of three or four gentlemen very much his seniors. The principal, if not the professed object of the book under review is, to exemplify, with the help of costly, coloured plates, the various grotesque vestments, partly fashioned after the usage of the earlier times of our history, which the Court had directed to be worn by the several ranks and individuals who graced the procession. Every thing else connected with the speculation is evidently auxiliary to this singular purpose. In the first part, now lying before us, there is exhibited, indeed, sundry figures, purporting to be likenesses of particular Dukes, Earls, &c.; but they are introduced with no other view than to fill the necessary office of *pegs*, whereon to hang the clothes, or, to speak more reverently, the "superb habiliments," as it delighteth *our King* (of Arms) to style them*. Nothing can be conceived more jejune, or ill-arranged, than the letter-press; and when we come to look upon this extravagantly-priced folio, undazzled by the glitter of a most gaudy style of colouring, or with the judgment uninfluenced by the somewhat pleasing accompaniments of a most royal margin, and certainly a beautiful type, we behold little more than a highly-deco-

rated tailor's pattern-book, which, however liable to be contemned by the trade of the present generation, might have been considered a valuable acquisition by a master artist in the less fastidious days of the Plantagenets, or of good Queen Bess.

It is not necessary to say another word to prove, with reference to the classification with which we set out, that this work is as widely removed from the ornamental as the useful, and that its appropriate department is unquestionably the purely frivolous. If its intrinsic qualities failed in pointing this out to the most undiscerning, the fact, openly avowed, of extraordinary aid having been found necessary to promote the momentous parturition, instead of its being suffered to stand or fall, as in all common cases, by its own proper merits, must be considered decisive of the question.

The pomposity and folly of the author's dedicatory address are in perfect keeping with all the other points of this wonderful performance. It is a work, according to him, designed for posterity; the duty of compiling it is honourable and gratifying, he has laboured in its completion (his own language) with the proudest anxiety; and in consequence, he acknowledges himself to be that individual of "His Most Sacred Majesty's brave, affectionate, and loyal people," who has been judged worthy of *favour*. In short, the presumption and slip-slop of the thing alluded to is quite marvellous and astounding; and if it be not the dainty composition of the honest knight himself, as is charitably supposed, from his well-known literary deficiencies, it must have been that of some sly mischievous wag, who, under the specious pretence of lifting him along his weary road, has by this device purposely attracted to his undertaking the attention of criticism, which, from its really humble and insignificant character, it might otherwise have escaped.

* It is not a little singular, that, in the print of the "Ceremony of the Homage," the figure designed to represent the King is a striking likeness of his Majesty's late Royal Consort. We presume (but we say this without being much conversant with the flatteries current among courtiers) that this was not meant as a compliment to the august personage to whom the work is dedicated.

REPLY TO C. C.'S DEFENCE OF THE DOCTRINES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Part I.

Catholic Religion politically considered—Inadmissibility of Catholics to Power.

“*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*”

“How few of all the ills that men endure
Are those which kings and laws can cause or cure !”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In noticing C. C.'s defence of “*Irish Miracles*,” which particular circumstances have prevented us from doing earlier, we shall begin at the end ; observing, thereby, the maxim—“That the first shall be last, and the last first.” We have many reasons for this ; but one of them, and not the least, is, to gratify the *mania* raging at present in Parliament, and through the nation, by directing their attention to one of the finest bursts of eloquence any where to be found, on the admissibility of Roman Catholics to power, and a full participation in the blessings of the Constitution.

This burst of impassioned eloquence is to be found in pages 694 and 695 of your Number for December last, and is in these words : “We incessantly hear a great deal of plausible *nonsense* about the glory of the British Constitution, as they fancy it, as if it consisted in those penal laws which disfigure it, or as if no part of it had existed antecedently to those blots of humanity and religion which stain the fair charter of British freedom. Who ever heard of liberty by restraint ? Who ever heard of a free Constitution of pains and penalties, of *tithes*, and the glorious ascendancy ? Yet this is the blessed Constitution which has been ‘*forced*’ upon the Irish nation, and because they spurn at it, they are declared incapable of freedom ! ‘The essence of the Constitution is, to make all who live under it free and happy ; and the hoary bigot, or selfish monopolist, who would *exclude* us from it on account of our religion, neither understands that religion, nor the law of Nature, which has been written, not with ink, but with the finger of the living God, on the fleshly tablets of our hearts. Such a one does not, cannot understand the heart-burnings of a high-minded man, who is unjustly excluded from his rights, nor that first-fruit of the law of self-preservation, which makes us love our country, reject whatever could diminish her glory or independence, and labour to make her free and happy. When I am told that I am unfit for freedom, on account of the religion which I profess,—when I have considered all that has been said in support of so heinous a proposition, I feel amazed and confounded, and ask, Is it possible that any man could suppose, that, were I in possession of the rights and privileges of a British subject, that all the power on earth would induce me to forego them,—that I would be influenced by any consideration to reject the first and clearest principles of my religion,—to hate my country,—to subject her to the sway of a stranger,—to destroy my own happiness and that of my kindred ? No ; I conclude it is impossible that any rational man could suppose that Catholics, under equal laws, would be less loyal, less faithful subjects than any others.” The followers of the religion of a Wallace, of a Bruce, of a More, and of a Fenelon, incapable of freedom, and ‘the dupes of a barbarous and slavish superstition !’ Those who say so have every claim upon our pity, but their sentiments must receive the reprobation of our unqualified contempt. The eloquent writer from whom I have so often quoted, in his address to the Marquis Wellesley,

* Vind. of the Civil and Religious Principles of the Irish Catholics by J. K. L. pp. 28, and 29.

thus speaks of our creed: 'It was the creed, my Lord, of a Charlemagne and of a St. Louis; of an Alfred and an Edward; of the monarchs of the feudal times, as well as of the Emperors of Greece and Rome; it was believed at Venice and at Genoa; in Lucca and the Helvetic nations, in the days of their freedom and greatness: all the barons of the middle ages, all the free cities of later times professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my Lord, that the charter of British freedom, and the common law of England, have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitutions of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the middle ages? Who imported Literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the new world, and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, of music? Who invented the compass and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear again little less than the angels? Were not they almost exclusively the professors of our creed? Were they, who created and possessed Freedom under every shape and form, unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world, and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition? But what is there in our creed which renders us unfit for freedom? Is it the doctrine of passive obedience? No; for the obedience we yield to authority is not blind, but reasonable; our religion does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution which is not opposed to the laws of Nature, *unless it be altered by those who are entitled to change it.* In Poland, it supported an elective Monarch; in France, an hereditary Sovereign; in Spain, an absolute or constitutional King *indifferently*; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared that he who was King '*de facto*' was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors, there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their Prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the Constitution required it; the same was exhibited by them to the *ungrateful* race of Stuart; but since the expulsion of James, (foolishly called an abdication), have they not adopted, with the nation at large, the doctrine of the Revolution, that the crown is held in trust for the benefit of the people; and that, *should the Monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance?* Has there been any form of government ever devised by man, to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated? Is there any obligation, either to a Prince or to a Constitution, which it does not enforce?"

Such is the splendid passage which is the *nucleus* of all the glowing declamation on "Catholic Emancipation," both *in* and *out* of Parliament, and which, by its tinsel litter, has deceived many. But eloquence and truth are two different things. That Catholicism has existed under every form of government,—that great men have risen up in countries where it was professed,—that the arts of architecture, painting, and music,—that poets, historians, jurists, and men of deep research and profound learning, have flourished under popery, is not denied; but we do most positively deny, and shall be able to show, that in no country did it ever "*create freedom*," but, on the contrary, created "*despotism*;" that instead of promoting the arts and the sciences, it was the only drawback upon them; and that whilst it produced learned canonists or jurists, the first principles of civil and religious liberty were hid from Christendom till the time of the Reformation, and then, and then only, promulgated by reformers, and by reformers *alone*.

A short commentary on the above passage will make all this clear. We pass over C. C.'s plausible nonsense about the glory of the British Constitution, about its existing "*antecedently*" to pains and penalties, "which disfi-

gured" it, about "liberty by restraint," "*tithes*," "the glorious ascendancy," "and the Irish being declared incapable of freedom." All this we pass over as mere *cant*,—as the ebullition of passion and disappointed ambition, which will not stand the test of a sound and constitutional investigation, or the application of those maxims which have ever been considered, by the wise and the good, as *first truths* in the science of legislation. "The *essence*," C. C. says, "of the Constitution is, to make all who live under it free and happy." And this, we affirm, is not only the essence of the British Constitution, but its practical and daily result, towards all who embrace it. There is a quibble in the words, "all who live under it," as used by this author; he cannot mean that it makes "free and happy" any but those who *accept* of its blessings; nor will he aver, that those who spurn its privileges, and despise its institutions, are entitled to its honours, emoluments, and rewards. To "live under" a Constitution is to acknowledge it,—to revere and obey it; and, if it be such a one as ours, consisting of "CHURCH and STATE," to support both with heart and hand. If any refuse to do this, it "excludes" them, not on account of their religion, but on account of their *non-compliance* with the laws. If the *dogmas* in their religious creed be the causes which prevent them accepting of place and office, they may, if they chuse, call it persecution, for their religion's sake; but, in doing so, it is *misnamed*. As well might the RADICAL say his exclusion is a persecution of radicalism, as for the Catholic to assert that his exclusion from a participation in the honours and rewards of the State is a persecution of Catholicism. The persecution, if there be any, is in his own creed. The Constitution throws wide her portals to all who chuse to enter according to her terms. The entrance is never shut. All are invited into her Temple of Fame, who are inclined to accept of her gracious offers, and comply with her just demands. From the most dignified and lofty station, she bars none who will qualify themselves for her favours; while to all such, be they peasants or peers, she holds forth her most splendid rewards—her noblest honours. But if they will not comply with her rules, she cannot help it. Suppose, for instance, a clergyman, learned and wise, and admirably skilled in the science of Jurisprudence, were to present himself to the Faculty of Advocates, and say, Gentlemen, *annihilate* your corporation-charter. I wish to plead at the Bar. The rules of your corporation, which demand certain requisites, and insist on knowing whether I am learned or not,—ignorant or skilled in the laws,—and whether I will conform myself to your regulations;—all this I object to. I disapprove of close corporations, and therefore I must insist, that you shall relax your charter, and make a law to do it away, so as that every body who chuses to put on the gown, and plead as an Advocate, may do it, without any test or trial. What would the Faculty say to this? What would Mr *Jeffrey* and his brethren say to it? Would they not say, and say justly,—even to J. K. L., that learned Prelate and Jesuit,—“Sir, you must qualify. The rules of our Society require it,—the honour and respectability of our *order* demand it,—and the safety of the *lives* and *property* of his Majesty's lieges render it imperative on us to see, and be assured, that no *ignoramus*, or *quack*, or *unworthy* and *unqualified* person, shall come among us, to the injury of the public, and the disgrace of our learned profession.” If this would be the answer of the Faculty, and of every learned incorporated body in the land, to those who should thus demand admittance, why should it not be the language of Government to the Catholics? Why may not Parliament say, “Gentlemen, conform to the laws—comply with the existing Constitution, and then, and not till then, will we receive you. If you object to the *wise* institutions of your country now, how could you, consistently, after you are admitted, support them in the case of others?” To admit Roman Catholics, without *securities*, and without safeguards, and without due *qualifications*, to administer a Protestant Constitution, which they despise, in order to enable them to have a share of “the loaves and fishes,” would be about as *foolish* as to admit a Popish robber into the house of an Orangeman, whom he hated, and who, notwithstanding his protestations of reconciliation and

anxiety for alliance, had resolved, the very first opportunity he had, to turn the rightful owner out of his property, and to enjoy the whole of it himself.

Guided by these principles, we affirm, that whatever *disabilities* keep Catholics from sharing in the Constitution, they are disabilities created *solely* by themselves, or their religion, not by the State. Under these circumstances, if Catholics will have *political* power, without qualifications, there is just a choice of evils:—Either they must give up with those *bigoted* principles, or the State give up with its Protestant Constitution. Betwixt these there is no alternative. We must either yield to Papists, and give up with that Constitution which was formed by the wisdom, and cemented by the blood of our forefathers, and under which Great Britain has risen to a rank among the nations unparalleled in the history of the world, or we must preserve it entire and unimpaired, to their exclusion.

That Constitution, wonderful as it may appear, contradicts the *vituperation* of C. C. It permits, nay, makes Catholics themselves to live “*free and happy*” under it, if they would. With the exception of being excluded from the Bench, the Parliament, and a few of the great offices of State, it enables them to enjoy every degree of freedom. Their liberty is more extensive than even the members of the Established Church of Scotland. No Presbyterian can, at this moment, go into the navy, or the army, or enjoy any place under Government, without taking the *test*. Neither have they so extensively the elective franchise as Irish Catholics. With a soil three times worse, Scotchmen are three times heavier taxed than they are; the English markets are open to the Irish, but shut against many articles of the Scotch. The Catholics of Ireland can enter into the army and navy, and hold in them commissions, without taking any oath but that of allegiance; Presbyterians cannot. Every man, with a forty-shilling freehold, has a *vote* in Ireland for a member to represent him in Parliament. Presbyterians have no such thing. The direct taxes of Ireland are all swept away, while those of Scotland remain. In a word, the imposts of Ireland, notwithstanding clamour, are fewer than in any country, even the most favoured in Europe! She has the same advantages in the English markets which the English have themselves; while, in respect of religion, Catholics are as *free* as the birds in the air! They may worship God according to their consciences, in whatever way they please;—invoke the *Virgin Mary*, and all the Saints, every hour, if they like;—believe in all the absurdities of “*Purgatory*,” “*praying for the dead*,” “*Transubstantiation*,” “*the real Presence*,” and the sacrifice of the Mass,” without any one to make them afraid. With these facts before us, it is plain that there never was a *fouler calumny* sent abroad, than that which represents Catholics under restraint of conscience in the article of their religion. We repeat it, that, with regard to their religion, they live “*free*,” and if they are not “*happy*” in its consolations, it is not the fault of Government or of the laws.

The abusive epithet of “*hoary*” *bigots*, applied to Protestants, cannot affect them. We leave it to the rightful owner, the advocate of superstition, and the defender of the worst errors of the church of Rome, and proceed to notice another passage of this author:—“The hoary *bigot* or *selfish* monopolist,” says he, “who would exclude us from it,” (the Constitution which they reject,) “on account of our religion, neither understands that religion, nor the law of Nature, which has been written, not with ink, but with the finger of the living God, on the fleshly tablets of our hearts.”

This may be fine writing; but it is nonsense for all that. We have heard of the finger of God “*doing marvellous things*,” but never before of writing religion on the fleshly *tablets* of our hearts. If this were so, where, we ask, was the necessity of writing the *ten commandments* on stone? where the need of a Divine revelation,—of the successor of St. Peter,—or the Church of Rome? The *heart* is round; a *tablet* is a flat, level surface. But we must not criticise. Such sublime bursts of eloquence, like flashes

of poetry, are not to be scanned by ordinary men, else we might be led to believe in absurdities as great as Transubstantiation. Take an instance of fine poetry—

“When the sun’s perpendicular height had illumin’d the depths of the sea,
Then the fishes, beginning to sweat, cried, Dang it, how hot we shall be!”

Now, this is just as true as this burst of eloquence. We do not believe that “the fishes” said any such thing; neither do we believe that the Romish religion is “written by the finger of God on the fleshly tablets of our hearts.” But C. C. tells us we do not understand his religion; and if it be like this, we frankly confess that we do not. So far as we understand it, it is every thing, or nothing, just as its rulers chuse to make it. We have sought for it in Scripture; but it is not there, they tell us. It is found, say they, in Scripture and *Tradition* together. Well, when we go and examine these, they *contradict* each other! We are *next* told that it is in their creeds it is to be found, as explained by the fathers. But here, again, we are as bad as before, for we have father against father. We are next referred for its faith and discipline conjointly to the Canons made by Councils and Popes; but here “we are still out at sea, nor see the shore;” for we find Council against Council, Pope against Pope, and Doctor against Doctor, anathematizing and excommunicating one another lustily. So much for her *infallibility*.

We expected, however, to find greater consistency and *good faith* in modern times. But in this, too, we were deceived. We found, even among her dignitaries, tergiversation,—choosing to-day what they refused to-morrow,—allowing their consent and concurrence to the *Veto* to be stated in Parliament this year, and rejecting the *Veto* the next; and all this under the apprehension that they were granting something to this nation which might be hurtful to the interests of the Church of Rome! You see the same strange conduct in its champions. *Dr Milner*, even the *Pope* himself, and the whole of his Cardinals, while they allow the examination of their “*Rescripts*” to Poland and Russia, and other nations, will not, most inconsistently, allow the same right of examination to our King’s Ministers! The words of his Holiness Consistency, as stated by Cardinal Litti, are these—“The examination of Papal Rescripts by his Majesty’s Ministers,” his Eminence says, “cannot even be made a subject of negotiation.” He asserts, that “such a permission cannot be granted;” and that “where it is practised, it is an abuse, which the Holy See, to prevent greater evils, is forced to bear and tolerate, but can never approve*.”

This single excerpt displays the whole *arcana* of Romish policy. That is tolerated which Popes cannot, through weakness, prevent; they bear long; they suffer all things, endure all things; but, when the day of power returns, then return all their claims, their insolence, tyranny, cruelty, and oppression. The rack, the gibbet, and the block, are then not long left unemployed! There is nothing that will bind them but their temporal interests and aggrandizement, the splendour of dignitaries, and the stability and power of the Papal throne! Give them these, and make their religion the religion of the State, and then Catholics will, as *J. K. L.* tells us, “Support in ‘Poland’ an elective Monarch; in ‘France’ an hereditary Sovereign; and in ‘Spain’ an absolute or constitutional King *indifferently*!” She will be all things to all men, and be the humble servant of every established Constitution under heaven—but a Protestant one.

If Kings make her their leading star,
With Governments she will not w&ar;
But let them *Heiticks* become,—
Then swift “*Anathema’s*” their doom;
Rome’s lightnings flash,—her thunders roar,—
Paris, Madrid, are in uproar;

* See Butler’s Memoirs, Vol. II., pp. 203, 204.

Th' Armada sails ! to make us slaves,
 Or make our land a land of graves ;
 QUEEN BESS must die, and, in her stead,
 A Papish Sovereign be our head ;
 When lo ! th' Armada, boast of Spain,
 Is sunk, or scatter'd o'er the main ;
 Angels rejoice at Heaven's decree,
 And sing, "*Britannia* shall be free !"

But "the law of Nature," it would seem, too, has written "on the fleshly tablets of their hearts" a right to the privileges of our Constitution. This is just another *figment*. The "law of Nature" does no such thing. It knows nothing about either the Constitution of Great Britain or any other. The law of Nature bids man roam, at large, in woods and wilds. The religion of Nature "sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind," but not in society.

The moment that the children of the world form themselves into a society, each gives up a part of his natural freedom, in order to obtain some greater good than can be found by living alone. In forming a Constitution, they may adopt any of the *four* kinds of Government : pure Despotism, an Aristocracy, a Republic, or a mixed Monarchy. Any of the different forms of Christianity they may incorporate with that they like best, and which the majority deems most accordant with the spirit of their Civil Constitution. For example, Despotism, acting on this principle, would, in all likelihood, associate with it Popery ; Aristocracy establish Episcopacy ; and Republics Presbytery ; whilst a mixed Government, founded on civil and religious liberty, might confine itself exclusively to Episcopacy.

In this selection, she would find it her duty to see, that not only the creed, but the discipline of the Church preferred was consonant to her civil institutions ; and, especially, that no foreign power, under the pretence of *Spiritual* superintendence over her clergy, should exist ; lest, through this interference, the decretals of the *Thouleries*, or the mandates of the *Autocrat* of Russia or Vienna, might find their way through the Rescripts of the Vatican, to poison the nation, and forward the designs of its enemies !

Along with this power, at the settling or remodelling of its Constitution, every nation has a right to say, whether certain qualifications shall be made the *test* of office, or the pre-requisites for carrying on its administration. This it has an undoubted right to do. It may make property, rank, talents, age, or experience, tests. It may say to the soldier and sailor, you shall not be permitted to hold a commission, either in the fleet or army, till a certain age, or till you have been a certain number of years in the service ; and it may prescribe to the Senator, not only a certain education and rank, but the possession of certain principles, by which society may have an ample pledge of his attempting nothing against her rights and privileges. But whilst a nation, at settling its Constitution, can do all this, still it has no right to impose upon those who want the qualifications required for holding those public offices, and places of trust, to inflict any pains or penalties, or to compel them to attend the Established Church, in violation of their inclinations and the rights of conscience. But having fixed the pre-requisites, for those called to fill the offices and perform the duties of Church and State, every one not having these qualifications ought to go free, and to enjoy every other civil and religious privilege. In doing this, the State does them no injury. She is willing to receive them the moment they qualify themselves ; and if they will not qualify, they must blame themselves, not the Constitution.

This is the view which an excellent Constitutional writer has taken of this question, when commenting upon the Act of Queen Anne, 1707, c. 7, respecting the Scotch Universities, and "the principles of the persons that are to be admitted into them, as Professors, Principal, Regents, Masters, and others bearing office ; all of whom are, according to the Act, bound to profess and subscribe the Confession of Faith as the confession of their

faith, and to conform themselves to the worship presently in use in the Church, and to submit themselves to the Government and Discipline thereof, and never endeavour, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion of the same."

Approving of this Act, he says, "To inflict any punishment upon an individual, for non-conformity to the Established Church, is unjust and unlawful. But the exclusion of Dissenters from offices is a measure to be weighed on the footing of *EXPEDIENCY* alone. It affects not their *perfect rights*. All have no right to what can be enjoyed by a *few only*. Men did not enter into society that they might be Generals, or Judges, or Members of Parliament, but that their properties and lives might be protected. Under *all* governments, that of *Athens*, as well as any other, certain qualifications were required for holding offices. What this criterion shall be,—whether wealth, or age, or religious opinions, is a thing entirely discretionary: it is a question of *expediency*, not of justice. The Scottish establishment has not the support of a Test Act, and it has never found any prejudice from the want of it. The English, on the contrary, has that security, and is not, on that account, guilty of persecution or intolerance."

Such are the views of this respectable author. They must, we apprehend, meet the approbation of every one who thinks dispassionately on the subject. It may be a matter of *expediency* to alter our Constitution, and admit Catholics to a full participation of it, under proper *securities* and *safeguards*, or under none, if the nation will; but it is clearly not a *natural right*; and, therefore, as it is not a natural, unalienable right, there can be no injustice, nor cruelty, nor inhumanity, in refusing to admit those into Parliament who will not conform to the laws.

Far be it from us to say that Catholics are "not fit for *freedom*, on account of their religion." They are unquestionably fitted to enjoy all the liberty which the Church of *Rome* allows them, and no more. If the question had been, are they fit to enjoy the freedom of the British Constitution? we would unhesitatingly say, they are not. That Constitution is made up of "Church and State;" and it is surely a *novel* idea, to suppose that we enjoy the *whole* by sharing only the *half*! yet the whole laws of the land must be altered before they can enjoy more. The revenues of the Church, and Professorships or Chancellorships in our Universities or Schools, they cannot obtain. We do not say that they are disqualified by any natural law or impediment from holding those; but we do affirm, that they are, as Catholics, disqualified from accepting orders in a Protestant Church, or in our Universities. Before, therefore, they can obtain a full participation in *all* the blessings of the Constitution, the Church and the Universities must both be thrown open to them. The same arguments which demand for them a seat in Parliament, and on the Judicial Bench, demand, also, for their Prelates, a seat on the Bishops' Bench.

To think that the Catholics will be satisfied with *less*, the moment they obtain political power, and can command a majority of both Houses of Parliament, is deep delusion. Yet, to *coax* the nation to let them into Parliament, and to show how able they are to enjoy liberty, C. C. exclaims, "The followers of the religion of a Wallace, of a Bruce, of a More, and of a Fenelon, incapable of freedom, and the dupes of a barbarous and slavish superstition!"

Surely the eloquent author, when he wrote this, forgot, if he ever knew, that Wallace was a *Lollard of Kyle*, a sect which despised the Pope, and preached against the corruption of the Priesthood; and that Bruce was tainted with the same errors. He surely knew that More wrote the *Utopia*, which contains many Anti-Catholic doctrines; and that Fenelon's work on *Quietism* was condemned and burnt by order of the Pope, and himself exiled from court, through the intrigues of *Bossuet*, and confined to his ecclesiastical residence at Cambray. Instead of being "dupes of a barbarous and slavish superstition," every one of these four, to a certain extent, condemned it openly, though, for very good reasons, the two last remained through life in communion with the Church of Rome.

"The creed of a Charlemagne and of a St. Louis, of an Alfred and an Edward," is more unluckily brought forward as connected with freedom. Verily they were great men, yet all of them were absolute despots, led and guided, with the exception of Alfred *, by the Pope and his legates, as they thought fit. Charlemagne, considered one of the greatest of these kings, though a lover and promoter of learning, and above the prejudices of the age, was not only a tyrant, but under the power of a degrading superstition, as the following acts abundantly testify. A capitulary was made by the Synod of Frankfort in 794, held under Charlemagne, "where it is said, that, in the last famine, the ears of corn were found empty, having been devoured by devils, and that the voices of those infernal spirits had been heard, reproaching them with not having paid the tithes †."

Does not something of the Pope and his clergy smell here? We give another quotation. St. Eucherius, Bishop of Orleans, had a vision which frightened all the princes of that time. Having been snatched up into heaven, he saw Charles Martel tormented in the bottom of hell, by order of the saints, who are to assist with Jesus Christ at the Last Judgment; found that he had been condemned to this punishment before the time, for having stripped the Churches of their possessions, and thereby rendered himself guilty of the sins of all those who had endowed them; that King Pepin had held a council upon this occasion; that he had ordered all the Church-lands he could recover to be restored to the Church; that he issued out letters called *præcuria* in favour of the Churches for the remainder, and made a law, that the *Laity* should pay a *tenth*-part of the Church-lands they possessed, and *twelve deniers* for each house," &c.; and that for the truth of this vision, "a great many of them heard the whole related by Lewis le Debonnaire, the father of these two kings ‡."

These extracts speak for themselves, and enable every one to satisfy himself, whether Charlemagne and his compeers were or were not the dupes of a barbarous and slavish superstition, or capable of enjoying freedom.

C. C. next speaks of what we never heard before,—the *liberty* of "the Barons of the middle ages!" This is really astounding. What *civil* liberty, in the name of wonder, did they enjoy? Were they not a band of predatory savages, awed by no power but the terror of spoliation, and living like so many barbarians, "hateful and hating one another," and not daring even to pass their own boundaries, without being guarded by their vassals? Where, too, did he find it, that "all the *free* cities of later times professed the religion they (the Catholics) now profess?" What! is Popery the religion of the *Hanse Towns*,—of Altona, Hamburg, and Leipsig? Is not the Lutherean form established there as well as at Dresden?

But the most modest of all his appeals is that to the Marquis Wellesley. "You well know, my Lord," said he, "that the charter of British freedom, and the common-law of England, have their origin and source in Catholic times." So they had; but does C. C. mean to insinuate, that it was any *principle* in Catholicism which obtained that charter from King John? This he will not, dare not venture to avow. He knows well that it was a feeling the very reverse of a respect for Popery or the Holy See. It was indignation against a wanton act of oppression and degradation.

JOHN, (Lackland,) the object of detestation to all his subjects, "had

* "The clergy had not, in Alfred's reign, begun to extend their authority over the throne; but a series of succeeding princes were the obsequious slaves of their tyranny and ambition."—See *Elements of General History*, by Lord Woodhouselee, Vol. II., Part 2, Sect. 12, p. 59. Edn. 1805.

† Synod of Frankfort. Balarius' edition, p. 267, Art. 23.

‡ See *Annals of Metz*. Year 741, Fredegarius. This vision gained the point. The clergy got back their Church-lands and the Tithes. May not Catholics, when once in power, have some such vision or miracle, to get back their old Churches, and Tithes, and splendour?

made the Pope his enemy, by an avaricious attack on the treasures of the Church. After an ineffectual menace of vengeance, Innocent III. pronounced a sentence of interdict against the kingdom, which put a stop to all the ordinances of religion, to baptism, and the burial of the dead! He next excommunicated *John*, and absolved his subjects from their allegiance*, and finally deposed him, and made a gift of the kingdom to Philip. *John*, intimidated into submission, declared himself the Pope's vassal, swore allegiance, on his knees, to the Papal legate, and agreed to hold his kingdom tributary to the Holy See! On these conditions, which ensured the universal hatred and contempt of his people, he made his peace with the Church.

"His subjects, thus trampled upon, and sold to the Church, rose and vindicated their rights. The Barons of the kingdom assembled, and binding themselves, by oath, to an union of measures, they resolutely demanded from the king a ratification of a charter of privileges granted by Henry I. *John* appealed to the Pope, who, in support of his vassal, prohibited the confederacy of the Barons as rebellious. These were only the more resolute in their purpose, and the sword was their last resource. At length, *John* was compelled to yield to their demands, and signed, at Runymede, 19th June 1215, that solemn Charter, which is the foundation and bulwark of English liberty—*MAGNA CHARTA*†."

Every one of these facts puts to shame the insinuation to the Marquis, that it was the spirit and the religion of Popery that formed the charter. Were we to ransack all history, we could not find a stronger instance of Popery's debasing, and enslaving, and grasping power. How terrible are its impious pretences! It deposes Kings,—absolves subjects from their allegiance,—lays a whole nation under an interdict,—and, acting on its blasphemous pretensions, that "*All power in heaven and on earth is committed to the Pope, as the vicar of Christ,*" it reduced *John* to be the Pope's vassal, declaring, at the same time, the nation to be his, and permitting, with great condescension, its rightful owner and lord to become a tributary to the See of Rome! And to all this the Papal legate and the clergy gave their consent. Yet this writer produces it as an instance that Catholicism is favourable to freedom! Can Britons allow themselves to be thus deceived, thus gulled, and cheated out of their *Protestant* rights and liberties, by such Jesuitical sophistry and mis-statement? When the truth of history is thus perverted to secure their ends, what will not Catholics do? Give them the same power they once had, and the same pretensions will again be set up, the same scenes again transacted. Let us not be deceived. "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and this will be verified, if, in Parliament, Papists be united with Protestants. They are *Antipodes* to each other in their views, principles, and interests, and can never agree. But C. C. is not less *misleading*, in his imputing to Catholicism the restoration of literature and science, and the introduction of the fine arts into the western world, than he is arrogant in attributing to it the formation of *Magna Charta*.

That those who introduced the fine arts were, by *profession*, Catholics, we admit, though, in their introduction of them, they were *Anti-Catholic in practice*: their inconsistency, in patronizing them, was as obviously opposed to the maxim, "that ignorance is the mother of devotion," as the professions of our worthy friends, the Whigs, who have the Constitution

* Here is the practical proof; the doctrine of the Pope's having the power of deposing Princes, and absolving their subjects from their oaths of allegiance. From the year 1076 to 1585, the Popes excommunicated, in succession, above fifteen Emperors, Kings, and Princes, and freed their subjects from their allegiance! If these facts do not establish the doctrine, that, *when Popery is in power*, it keeps no faith with disobedient princes and *heretics*, we know not what can establish it. Is excommunicating, deposing, and burning Heretics, keeping faith with them?

† See Lord Woodhouselee's Elements of General Hist. Vol. II. Part 2. Sect. 15. § 9. p. 83.

for ever in their mouths, while, at present, they are exerting themselves to annihilate freedom's strong-hold, and to raze it to the foundation. Take an example from one of the first patrons of literature, and see in it the proof that Catholicism neither could give rise to them, nor could support them, when introduced. *Alfred*, mentioned above by C. C., was one of the very earliest promoters of learning. Considering the cultivation of letters as one of the very best means for eradicating the barbarism that surrounded him; and which Popery had created and nursed, he invited the learned, from every part of Europe, to come and settle in his dominions. The deserving he brought to Court,—loaded them with honours,—established for them schools,—and founded, it is said, the University of Oxford. An accomplished scholar himself, for the age he lived in, he led the way, both in poetry, history, and philosophy. The institutions that he formed for keeping science alive, and nursing it to maturity, were admirable. But instead of the Pope or the Priesthood supporting them, he was no sooner gone, than they were disregarded, and the reign of ignorance and barbarism returned. The clergy, whom he restrained, and shamed, by the light of science, (which discovered more clearly their ignorance and superstition,) began again to shoot out their horns,—to extend anew their authority over the *Throne*,—and to reduce, as they did, a series of succeeding Princes to become the obsequious *slaves* of their tyranny and ambition, down to the very time of Henry VIII.

The introduction of the fine arts into Europe arose, not from any tendency in Popery towards them, but because they were likely to support and increase her influence over the human mind, and to rivet more closely than ever their attachment and adherence to the Pontiff and See of Rome. Already fond of *images* and *statues*, of pomp and splendour in their churches, the Popes saw instantly the advantages which architecture, painting, and music, would give them over the mind, when accompanied with their imposing ceremonies and solemn services. Pope Leo X. therefore, with the whole Priesthood, had become their steady patrons and promoters. The lofty cathedral, they readily perceived, would inspire reverence,—sculpture and painting they also knew would delight the eye,—while the organ's solemn sound would enchant the ear. Accordingly, the religion of Rome being, before this, the religion of the senses, became still more so; the masterpieces of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and a Titian, drew crowds of enthusiastic admirers to their temples.

But as Popery introduced not the fine arts, so neither did it continue them. The churches were soon filled with pictures and statues. Music, in a little, was carried to all its practical heights. The houses of the nobility and the wealthy were soon furnished out. The market by-and-by became glutted,—the demand ceased,—and Raphaels, and Angelos, and Titians, disappeared. *Poetry*, which was hailed by the Pontiff and the clergy, at first, fell soon into discredit. Like most of the painters, and sculptors, and musicians, the poets of that age discovered the want of likeness in the clergy's lives to that of the Good Shepherd drawn in scripture. In defiance of the thunders of the Vatican, and the menaces of the Inquisition, they held up their vices to ridicule and reprobation, to the distress of the Priesthood, and the gratification of the Laity. Innumerable instances of this might be given from Rowley and Sannazarius, down to later times. We shall take an instance or two from *Dante*, as one of the first of poets, and living under the undivided influence of Papal authority. Those whose curiosity would lead them to know more, may consult Petrarch, Boccace, Gawin Douglas, and George Buchanan's Franciscan. Dante, to prove that the Pope, as Pope, was not superior to the Emperor, and had no manner of authority over the Empire, says, in his "*Purgatory*,"

"So now the Church of Rome, through wild ambition,
 Confounding the two Governments in one,
 Falls in the mire, and fouls herself and brethren."—*Canto 19.*

In his *Poem* of "*Paradise*," he complains, "That the Pope, of a *shep-*

herd, is become a wolf, and has led the sheep astray to devour them." And, in his "*Inferno*," he represents the Pope as that infamous personage described in the Revelations xvii, which did corrupt the earth with her abominations!—

" 'Twas you, O Pope! th' Evangelist foresaw,
 " When he beheld the Harlot on the floods,
 " Wh—re with the Kings and Monarchs of the earth;
 " Her who bestrode the seven-headed beast,
 " From the ten horns receiving power, till God
 " Exert his justice, and his word fulfil."

These instances are sufficient to account for the fact, that the poetry of these times was not a great favourite, and that painting, and music, and sculpture were idolized; though, as already noticed, their professors seemed to breathe, too much for them, the air of freedom. Hence the maxim, "The arts cannot exist without liberty." But this maxim is unfounded. The fine arts, like courage, and strength, and patriotism, may exist, when our country is invaded, or the honour of our nation is at stake, though the King be a despot, the religion Paganism, and the Priests the servants of Jupiter Ammon. The same observation applies to all the arts of invention in other things; such as the art of printing, the discovery of gunpowder,—the mariner's compass,—the discovery of a new world,—and the opening a passage to the East. All these are separate from the principles of the mind, and the love of civil freedom; they may and do exist in the midst of slavery. If patronizing and cultivating a taste for the fine arts were a proof of the purity and tendency of the Catholic religion to liberty, then Paganism would be the best religion to embrace. For under what form of religion have they flourished more, or risen to higher excellence? Greece had her *Homer*, her *Demosthenes*, and *Aristophanes*; and ancient Rome her *Virgil*, her *Cicero*, and her *Plautus*, whilst her sculptors, and painters, and musicians, abounded. The argument, therefore, of C. C. drawn from the fine arts, in favour of Catholicism, would be stronger in the mouth of a Heathen than in his, for incorporating Paganism and its disciples with the British-Protestant's Constitution. Greece and Rome, too, had their "*historians*" and their "*jurists*," and "men of research and profound literature,—who exalted human nature, and made man appear little less than the Angels," and who are our models in taste, and fine writing, and elegance, to this very hour. "They created and possessed freedom;" but when or where did Catholicism do this? "I am weary of conjectures."

"Our religion," says C. C., "does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution which is not opposed to the laws of Nature, unless it be altered by those who are entitled to change it*." In Poland," he adds, "it supported an elective Monarch; in France, an hereditary Sovereign; in Spain, an absolute or constitutional King indifferently; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared, that he who was King "*de facto*," was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors, there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their Prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the Constitution required it. The same was exhibited by them to the ungrateful race of Stuart."

* The casuistry found in the words printed in *Italics* is admirable. It is a reserving clause full of meaning, and well understood by Jesuits. The Pontiffs have all power in heaven and in earth, and when they can bring this power to act on us, they will soon find their title to change our Protestant free Constitution, for that of Popery, Primacy, and unlimited and absolute Sovereignty—spiritual and temporal.

What he means by a Constitution opposed to the laws of Nature we cannot fathom; for from what follows, it would seem that Popery is suited to all Governments.

Here every kind of Government but one is mentioned: Elective, Hereditary, Absolute or Constitutional. All these, he tells us, Catholicism supports "indifferently;" and then, with an air of triumph, he asks, "Has there been any *form* of Government ever devised by man to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated?" Yes, there is one; "A Protestant Government!" To it, Popery never has, and never will, willingly submit. Every other kind and form of Government it can bear. It could bear with England and her worst of kings in feudal times; but the moment she became Protestant, all was in uproar; the Vatican thunders,—Henry and Elizabeth must be excommunicated and deposed,—Missionary Priests, *alias* Jesuits, must be sent over, to stir up insurrection and rebellion,—an Armada must be fitted out, (as we have seen,) and plot after plot, and conspiracy after conspiracy, formed to destroy them, and, in after times, to confederate to blow up the Parliament, and to restore, at one and the same moment, Popery and tyranny, by placing Lady Margarine and the Pretender on the throne. Yet, in the face of all these facts,—in the face of unquestionable history, which proves the recklessness of Catholics, and their activity to overturn the Protestant throne of these realms, from the day of Henry VIII. throwing off the Papal yoke, down to the Rebellion in 1745; nay, in their unwillingness, now, to submit to the Constitution, as fixed by law, and their exertions, at present, to have that Constitution to yield to their wishes;—in the face of all this,—in the face of refusing the *Veto*, does C. C. dare to come forward, and ask, "Is there any obligation, either to a Prince or to a Constitution, which it (Catholicism) does not enforce?" We answer, None—but to a Protestant Constitution. This, in its eyes, is the one "opposed to the laws of Nature," and which ought to be altered as soon as those are able (the Pope and his Cardinals) "who are entitled to change it."

These are our comments upon this *eloquent* passage, which, splendid as it is, contains more false facts, Jesuitical glosses, and misleading statements, than are to be found in the same compass of any other production that we know. We have dwelt on it, not only to point out its spirit, but to show the futility of all the declamation and argument upon the Catholic claim for emancipation. The whole of their speeches are highly wrought up and coloured, with a turgid, but imposing eloquence, exceedingly specious; running down Orangemen and the Government, and holding up Catholics as the perfection of human nature. While the "hoary bigot," J. K. L., has been exceedingly anxious to show how Catholicism agrees with all Constitutions, it afforded us no small degree of satisfaction, to see him going round and round, enforcing the innocency of Catholicism, in submitting itself to all Governments, and enumerating them carefully; while, all the time, he takes the utmost care not to name, among the multitude, the *Protestant* Constitution of Great Britain! Is not this pretty plainly telling us that it is the one which is opposed to the law of Nature, to which it cannot bow?

The present attempt to restore Catholics to Parliament reminds us of the language of some of our forefathers in 1597. It was the very same kind of question they were then called on to discuss. It respected the Bishops having a vote in the Scottish Parliament. Melville, Buchanan, and Ferguson, opposed it keenly. The latter was the *oldest* Minister of Scotland at that time. He "discoursed upon the travels the Kirk had taken, both by doctrine from pulpits and in Assemblies, to purge the Kirk of Bishops. But now," saith he, "I perceive a purpose to erect them of *new* again; which is conveyed after such a manner, as I can compare the conveyer to nothing more fitly than to that which the *Grecians* used for the overthrow of the ancient city and town of *Troy*; busking up a braw horse, and, by a crafty *Sinon*, persuading them to demolish a part of the walls with their own hands, to receive in that, for their honour and welfare, which served for their utter *wrack* and destruction. Therefore," adds he, "I will, with the two brethren who have already given warning, cry, '*Equo ne credite, Teucri.*'"

The Jewish Sanhedrim said, on a memorable occasion, "If we let *Him* thus alone, all men will believe on him; and the *Romans* shall come, and take away both our place and nation." They, therefore, did not let *Him* alone; yet, this act, on which they considered their chief safety depended, was their ruin. It, and it *alone*, brought upon them the Romans. And, in like manner, if we let not the Catholics alone, and leave them not to remain as they *now* are, but will let them into Parliament, the thing which we fear will also come upon us: and the *Romans* will come upon us, and take away both our civil and our religious rights. Like Samson, they will lay hold on both pillars, and pull down the house about the ears of the Lords of the Philistines—

And, with her wonder-working lies, •
Again bid Babylon arise.

If, however, they shall be brought into Parliament, one step more is necessary; and that is, that the King must be freed from his Coronation oath, and be obliged to be a Protestant no longer than he shall so please. The doctrine laid down by J. K. L., "That should the Monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance," is one perfectly correct. But then the reverse of this must also hold, viz. "That if the people violate their compact with the Monarch, the King is freed from the bond of his oath, which he gave them, to be a Protestant King." The Constitution bound him to be this; and that he might be it, and conduct the affairs of the nation on Protestant principles, it gave him a Protestant Parliament, and surrounded him with Protestant advisers, who should be responsible, with their heads, for the advice that they gave him, if any way injurious to this Protestant Constitution. But if they shall violate this part of the contract,—if they shall give him a Protestant Parliament, in whole or in part,—and if they shall surround him with Catholic advisers, they have violated the contract. He is no longer able to rule as a Protestant Prince,—to direct all his measures for Protestant ascendancy,—and, therefore, as the nation has freed him from his engagement, he is left at liberty to become a Catholic Prince whenever he chuses. He was only bound to remain a Protestant so long as the Constitution was purely and exclusively Protestant; and that not being the case, when Catholics are admitted into Parliament, it follows that he is free; for it is an essential and fundamental rule in all contracts, that the one cannot be bound, and the other get free. Both must be bound, or neither.

This liberty to him, sound policy must dictate, the instant that Catholics come into power, and are elevated to be Legislators. One of the greatest causes of complaint is, that though now they, as Catholics, enjoy perfect religious liberty,—though they are admitted to the magistracy,—to the elective franchise,—may purchase land,—and enjoy every other privilege with the rest of his majesty's subjects; yet, the few places from which they are excluded, they maintain, fix upon them and their religion a *stigma* which they can ill bear. It is the badge of degradation.

But if exclusion from the Bench, the Parliament, and some high offices of places and emolument, be a *stigma* upon them and their religion, surely, then, to be excluded from the Crown, if the Heir-Apparent were a Catholic, would be a still *greater stigma*; and, therefore, to remove every cause of complaint,—to gratify them (as they have been of late) even like spoiled children, Parliament should enact, that not only the Parliament and the Cabinet should be open to them, but also the Crown itself. Without this, there will remain a painful and debasing distinction between Protestants and Catholics; and therefore they will plead, that justice, reason, humanity, and religion, call for its removal. And why not? May not a Catholic King rule a Protestant people, as well as a Protestant King rule a Catholic population of six millions of souls? There is no end to this reasoning. It is as solid and reasonable as any now used for a seat in Parliament. Let us, therefore, do a just and generous act once: put down all distinctions; and that henceforth there may no stigma, even in imagina-

tion, rest on, or be felt by Catholics, as to their eligibility to all offices, let us thus declare them eligible to the throne, and laugh at our forefathers as a parcel of fools, for spending their blood and treasure to place the House of Hanover on the Throne of James II. Let us break down every fence and safeguard our ancestors reared for the triumph and security of the Protestant Religion, for fear of the Catholics.

And what good would this do for liberty? how would it promote toleration? how banish from the mind of Catholics that there is no harm in Heresy, as they call Protestantism? or how would it free them from *tithes*, and all the burdens of supporting another Church, which, they say, presses upon them so severely in Ireland? But we should like to know if their admission into Parliament would destroy and annul the Articles of Union with Scotland, or allow Catholics to get into her Courts of Law, into her Churches, and into her Universities? If not—where, in Scotland, would there be an equality,—a community of interests and feelings, all leading to conciliation and harmony? While one class of mankind hold *exclusively* the loaves and the fishes in any country, such a class must be the objects of envy, and the cause of discontent, to all those who are eager to share them with their possessors. Unless, therefore, Parliament be resolved to break the *Articles of Union* with Scotland, and to open to Catholics the Bench of Bishops,—the Universities,—all Ecclesiastical Corporations,—and even the way to the Throne itself, we cannot see how this concession is to give content, and shut out farther claims. To admit them into Parliament, and the high offices of the State,—to put power into their hands, and, it may be, the resources of the country,—and to shut them out, in Scotland and England, the Church and the Universities, appear to us not wise.

In whatever way the question is looked at, there is, we confess, nothing but a choice of difficulties. With the concessions that have already been granted, wisdom would pause; and were Lord Bacon alive, he would hint, probably recommend, the propriety of trying the *experiment*, and stopping to see the effect of all those concessions on the great body of the Irish Catholics which have of late been granted them. As prosperity is flowing in upon Ireland,—as its situation is ameliorating,—as trade and manufactures are extending with education,—and as signs of general improvement are appearing in that Island,—why not give a little leisure to see the combined results of all these operating causes? May not these change the Irish character, even that of the Catholics?

The Catholicism of Ireland strikes the contemplative mind with astonishment. In so far as her general population are concerned, they seem to be living in the dark ages. The scenes of cruel barbarism, which, from time to time, take place among them, fill with loathing the man of humanity. Why is Catholicism in Ireland more gloomy, dark, and superstitious, than in other Catholic countries? Why is there one set of RAGGAMUFFINS, rising up after another, and exhibiting every where scenes of rapine and murder? We answer, and we do it fearlessly: It is not the system of middlemen, nor of tithes, nor of landed proprietors not living on their estates. All these, no doubt, have their deadening influence; but all of them put together equal not the effects of their religious system. The Bible is kept from them. Their children have improper school-books put into their hands, which vitiate their morals, and deprave their characters; fed with legendary lore,—the wonders and efficacy of relics,—and all the dismal stories which overawed and fettered the mind in the worse period of Romish superstition and bigotry, they cannot become a moral people under this system. Misgovernment and misrule, together with poverty, and a rancorous hate against Orangemen, have lowered their character, and often plunged them into vices and crimes. But of all the causes which have tended to form the Irish character, there has been none like their religion. Correct it, and all will be well. Make Catholicism the established religion of Ireland; bid the Episcopalians and them change sides; restore to them the patrimony of St. Peter, as enjoyed by their Popish ancestors; and in temper, manners, and contentment, the Irish

will equal the Catholics of other states, where that religion is professed, patronized, and cherished by the State.

At the time that James ascended the throne of England, there was a violent attempt by the Bishops and the Sovereign to establish Episcopacy. The cry then was, "No Bishop, no King." It was imagined that if the Presbyterians got into power, they would form a commonwealth, Monarchy, as it was represented, being hateful to them. It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the fact. They obtained, however, political power, and have, notwithstanding all the prophecies and all the fears, been as loyal to their King and country as the Episcopalians. And may not this be the case with the Catholics? May they not 150 years hence prove as loyal, as enlightened, and intelligent as the Presbyterians, if you make them, in Ireland, the established Church, as Presbytery was then made in Scotland?

Our answer to this is, with all our friendship for the Catholics, that the thing is impossible, whilst they hold their present religious tenets. The principles of Presbytery tend, each and all of them, to liberty. The principles of Popery, with the whole discipline of the Church, tend to tyranny. This is the secret,—the key to the whole; and if the Catholics be brought into Parliament, with their principles, it will be necessary, if we wish to retain liberty, to allow all the Dissenters and Sectarians the same privilege; and then, what a delightful Assembly will it be! Horace's picture will be realized.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?

The proof that Catholics are not yet fit for the full participation of the British Constitution, and of coalescing cordially with Protestants in the administration of public affairs, we should now proceed to show, from the *theological* principles of C. C., and from his advocating the strange doctrines of "Purgatory,"—"prayers for the dead,"—"the invocation of the Virgin Mary and Saints,"—"Transubstantiation,"—"the real Presence,"—and "the sacrifice of the Mass," &c. &c. But as this paper is already too extended, we must claim a corner in one of your future Numbers. F. A.

Scottish College Hours.

No. II.

ANACREON.

To Love.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ Φιλεῖναι,
Χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ Φιλεῖναι.

HAVING lov'd not is an ill,
Having lov'd another still;
But how keener far the pain,
'Tis to love and love in vain!
Nought to love is pride of birth,—
Love now tramples to the earth
Manners mild, attainments high,—
Wealth alone charms woman's eye.
Ruin seize him who, of old,
Cherish'd first the love of gold,
Through which brothers are no more,—
Parents love not as before;
Murders dire and bloody fields
Are the blessings money yields;
And, far worse! from riches flow
Lovers' fears and lovers' woe.

To the Old.

Φιλῶ γέροντα τετρυνον
Φιλῶ νεον χορευτῶν.

Sprightly old men I like to see,
And young ones frisking merrily;
But when an old man, full of glee,
Lightly through the dance is whirling,
Though grey hairs are o'er him stealing,
He is young in soul and feeling.

To Cupid.

Αἱ Μῦσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα
Δήσασαι σεφανοῖσι.

The Muses having Cupid bound
With linked garlands wreath'd around,
The little god to Beauty gave;
While Venus hies to free the slave,

And longing for her darling one,
Brings ransoms to redeem her son.
But still the bondage he will bear,—
The silken chains are light to wear
Which Beauty weaves around the heart ;
• Oh, Love and Beauty ne'er can part !

—
To Bathyllus.

Παρά τῇν σκίην Βάθυλλε
Καθιδόν· καλον το δειδρον.

Tranquil on grassy pillars laid,
Bathyllus ! rest beneath the shade,
Where pliant boughs of verdant trees
Wave their soft ringlets to the breeze ;
And lulling fountains flowing near,
In whispers steal upon the ear.—
Who, having seen this calm retreat,
Could pass a resting-place so sweet ?

—
To Cupid.

Ἰακινθίνῃ με ῥάβδῳ
Χαλεπῶς ἔρως βαδίζων.

Strutting with hyacinthine wand,
Young Cupid issued a command,
And boldly bade me by his side
Trudge on, and take him as my guide ;
But while I thus my way pursued
Through rapid torrent—tangled wood,
I felt a water-serpent bite—
My heart leapt to my nose with fright,
And panting heavily for breath,
I languish'd at the point of death :
Then Cupid said, as he began,
With downy wing, my brow to fan,
And o'er my fainting frame to hover,
“ Indeed thou canst not be a lover.”

—
To a Vision.

Διὰ νύκτος ἐγκαθιδὼν
Ἀλκοφρυοῖς ταπεινῇ.

One stilly night, while calm I lie
On tapestry of sea-purple dye,
And joyous with my draughts of wine,
To rest my merry soul resign,
On tiptoe tripping light, I seem,
By fiction of an airy dream,
To fly along with rapid pace,
And rival virgins in a race.
Taunts I hear from envious boys,
Who, softer than the god of joys,
Tease me, alas ! because I share
The mirthful hours of maids so fair ;
But while the lovely girls I chase,
And have them caught in my embrace,
Fond to kiss them in their flight—
The fair ones vanish from my sight.
Awake, forsaken, and distressed,
I wish to sink again to rest.

To Himself.

Δότε μοι, δότ' ὃ γυνεῖκες,
Βρομιον πῖνιν ἀμυσί.

Wine, oh, ladies ! give me, give !
Let me freely drink and live,
For exhausted here I lie,
Breathing deep—I faint—I die,
Sultry heat my strength consuming ;
Bring those flowrets freshly blooming !
For the garlands, which are now
Wreath'd across my burning brow,
Wither with the heat and fade—
But what screening, cooling shade,
Tell me, can I weave above
This, my bosom, parched with love ?

—
To Gold.

Ὁ Πλούτος ἔγχε χερσού
Το ζῆν παρῆγε θνητοῖς.

If wealth could but extend the span
Of fleeting human life to man,
Then should I hoard the golden store,
Redeem the past, nor riot more,
That Death, if he should e'er come nigh,
Might take a bribe and pass me by.
But since 'tis not in mortal power
To buy the being of an hour,
Why do I thus lament and sigh
In vain ? for, since we all must die,
Where's the profit or the pleasure
To be found in golden treasure ?
Let then the happy lot be mine
Still, still to quaff the mellow wine :
And with a draught so sweet, to blend
The sweeter converse of a friend,
And the glorious banquet crown
With Venus, upon beds of down.

—
To Himself.

Ὅταν ὁ Βακχος ἔσθλ' ἔλθῃ,
Ἐυδουσιν αἱ μεριμναί.

When Bacchus dwells within my breast,
Then all my cares are hush'd to rest ;
Methinks I'm rich as Lydian king,
And merrily I long to sing.
I scorn the world, and lay me down
Encircled with an ivy crown,
Arm ye who will, let drink be mine ;
Boy ! bring the cup of rosy wine ;
For since the floor must be my bed,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

—
To a Girl.

Μή με Φυγῆς ὀρώσα
Ταν πολίαν ἔθειραν.

Shun me not, oh maiden fair,
Though you see my hoary hair ;
Nor, because thy cheeks are smooth,
Blooming in the flower of youth,
From my fond carresses fly :
Lo ! how pleasing to the eye
Are the chaplets we compose,
Twining lilies with the rose !—E. R.

 EDUCATION OF SCOTTISH CLERGYMEN*.

Overtures from the General Assembly to the several Presbyteries of Scotland, respecting a New System of Education for Aspirants to the Church, &c.

THE reader will recollect, that these overtures are under the fostering care of Dr Chalmers, though they did not originate with him; for he has declared, that he was indebted to a brother of Glasgow for the idea of them at first. But it is a matter of trivial consequence who may be their real father; it is at least certain, that, to all intents and purposes, they are the Doctor's by adoption; we must therefore consider him as engaged in their support, from an internal feeling of the usefulness of the object which they have in view,—as giving his decision, after a serious and impartial examination of the subject, in their favour.

We have as high an opinion of the talents and judgment of this Reverend Gentleman as most people; and in his views of the proficiency which theological students generally attain, under the present system of education, in those branches of knowledge to which their attention is directed, and the consequent state of learning which is found in the Church, we give him our most cordial acquiescence. We recollect, in 1821, to have read in the newspapers what was seemingly a

pretty full report of a speech which he delivered in the General Assembly, on the above topics; we read with that pleasure which the display of his powers is fitted to awake in the mind of others, and were feelingly alive to the truth of much which his remarks embodied. The gloomy picture which he drew of the listless ignorance which pervades our seminaries of theological instruction, was more a faithful picture than a caricature; and one, while he read, might well have been disposed to ask, if the dense cloud which hung over the Church, between the ninth and twelfth centuries was yet dissipated? We will even go farther than Dr Chalmers. We will join issue with him, as far as ecclesiastical education is concerned; and, moreover, venture to state, that not a little of what he urged as applicable to it, may not improperly be extended to university-education in general. It is too notorious to be denied, that many who have attended our colleges show but little of that enlightened understanding and liberal spirit which it is the object of these seminaries to confer. Of consequence, their superiority over the generality of mankind is very far from being decided, but, on the contrary, is of so very equivocal a nature, that it may only expose them and the said seminaries to the sneers and contempt of such as have

* The above article was sent us anonymously, which circumstance of itself furnishes an insuperable objection to a majority of the communications sent us: but it is written in so calm, dispassionate a style, and displays so much moderation and good sense, that we have resolved to infringe our general rule, and give it a place in our Journal.

Our constant readers will observe, that the concluding remarks, in regard to the Society recently instituted for improving the system of church-patronage in Scotland, differ *toto coelo* from the opinions expressed in a late article, entitled "The Kirkman and Dissenter." Now, nobody, we presume, will be so absurd as to suppose that slight discrepancies of this sort are inconsistent with the unity of design and general harmony of tone which ought to characterize a periodical work; far less ascribe every shade or variety of opinion entertained and expressed by his contributors to the Editor himself. It is not possible, nor, if it were, desirable, that all the writers for a Journal of this kind should think alike in every respect, and on every variety of subject; nor will such a nice squaring and adjustment be expected by any reasonable person, unless from those who are the retainers or advocates of a particular party or sect,—a species of vassalage from which we boast a proud and total exemption. We state these things once for all, because the Editor has observed opinions expressed on a particular subject, in itself totally indifferent, and scarcely deserving an opinion of any sort, gravely and formally ascribed to himself.—*Editor.*

not enjoyed the benefits of like instruction. A few detached shreds of literature and science can be but little serviceable to the possessor himself, or to society; and they will be a particularly poor acquisition, if, during the time of acquiring them, the student, immured within the walls of a college, and conversing only with books, shall forget or allow his attention to overlook the manners of the world, and the conventional forms of life. The coarse and keen satire of Burns is very applicable in such a case:

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asscs,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

In fact, the dulness and formality of colleges, which are found as well among Professors as students, the teachers as the taught, have been the topics of general complaint and regret. Poet Gray, who filled a Professor's chair in Cambridge, saw so much of them around him, that even respect for his Alma Mater and brother Professors was insufficient to restrain him from the open expression of his disapprobation, as is to be seen in the fragment of his intended Address to Ignorance. But while we cordially agree, not merely with Dr Chalmers, but with the thinking world generally, that serious imperfections, whatever may be their cause, attach to the most approved seminaries of learning, both in this and in the southern part of the island, and that it would be particularly desirable to have our clergy more intelligent and instructed than they are, (although, in general, they are far from contemptible in these respects;) still we are not disposed to grant, that the proposed new code of theological instruction, the natural consequence of the present overtures, provided that they are approved of, is calculated to secure the ends which it is held out as fitted to attain. And it appears that many respectable members of the Church are of

this opinion, for when Dr Chalmers, in last General Assembly, proposed to have the overtures recommended for the opinion of the Presbyteries against another year*, he experienced so warm an opposition, that a man of little nerve, or less steadiness to his purpose, might have allowed the cause to fall to the ground, and sleep in peace. It is clear from this circumstance, from sentiments which clergymen have delivered in various quarters, but more particularly from the fact, that a majority of the Presbyteries of the Church, if they did not disapprove of the overtures transmitted for their consideration, at least made no returns declaratory of their approbation, that the proposed change in theological education is not likely to be palatable to a great body of the Church, and if it takes place, will be rather a boon to the importunity of solicitation, than a measure in which her members went cheerfully hand in hand, from a deep feeling of its necessity, or even of its likeness to benefit. It would be unfair, however, on such grounds, to conclude, that the overtures embrace objects of an injudicious or useless tendency; the farthest that we can yet fairly go, is to detect a possibility of their doing so; but in order to decide confidently of them, we must first see what they are, and reason from their nature.

They are founded on the principle, that attendance on the instructions of a Divinity-Hall must necessarily be more serviceable to the student than private study and reflection; and the qualifications of such as have obtained settlements in or connected with the Church, being beyond the province of legislation, they have merely a prospective reference; they would render the rising generation of clergymen more intelligent than their predecessors, their instructors in the Universities remaining what they are; unless, indeed, the increasing illumination of their pupils shall prompt them to greater exertions and new attainments—as if the branches of a tree, while they bud and germinate

* It is a principle in the Constitution of the Church of Scotland, that no overture can pass into a standing law without, at least, the approbation of forty Presbyteries. i. e. of the majority of the Presbyteries of the Church.

with vigour, should convey nourishment and support to the parent stock, instead of its promoting the growth of them. By the present code of theological instruction, which, in their wisdom, the General Assembly have established, the student in divinity may finish his education in four sessions of regular attendance on a Divinity-Hall, or even in three regular and one partial session; or he may accomplish the same object in two regular and three partial sessions; or in one regular and five partial sessions; or, lastly, it is in his power to chuse six partial sessions. By a partial session, is meant a day or two of attendance, in which the student enrolls himself in the College books, and has his subjects of discourse prescribed to him, or performs the exercises which he had received in a former year. With this mode of study, the overtures which we have under consideration would do away entirely, or at least provide for three sessions of regular attendance; and besides this change, they would farther have it enacted, that before students were allowed to enter into a Divinity-Hall, they should undergo a strict, searching examination into their qualifications, by the Presbyteries of the districts where they resided; and be admitted only on the attestations of these guardians of the Church, that they were satisfied with their characters and literary attainments, who, at the same time, would remit back to College those who were found deficient, that they might perfect themselves in the study of philosophy.

It appears, then, that the safeguards for the respectability of the Church, which Dr Chalmers, or a friend of his, has devised, are the voice of the Presbyteries, and a regular attendance on a course of theological instruction. From the first of these, viz. the voice of the Presbyteries, we are not sanguine in our anticipations of much solid good. It will be observed, that the Presbyteries have a voice at present in the admission of members into the pale of the Church; but as no candidates appear before them till they have completed the term prescribed for their education, the Presbyteries may well be disposed to lenience; for where, or for how long a time, are

they to remit a man to his studies, who is found not thoroughly grounded in those branches of philosophy and science which have been settled on by the learned as the proper handmaids to theology? Shall they remit them to a Philosophy College, since a Divinity-Hall has not the established means of supplying their desiderata? This would be a sentence in many respects severe; and the case seems analogous to the criminal code, which, where it is bloody, often defeats the ends of justice, and allows criminals, whom society, if their punishment was to be less severe, would be disposed to convict, to escape; for people will rather suffer wrong, if that wrong is not of an aggravated kind, than become the instruments of depriving a fellow-being of life. But when students, after having gone through the usual course of philosophy, appear at the bar of an Ecclesiastical Court, to take their trial as candidates for the study of theology, the hardship and disgrace of remitting them for a session or so, is comparatively little; and, again, when the same persons, after having attended the usual course of theological instruction, appear at the bar of such courts to solicit a license to preach, a small prolongation of their studies may be resorted to, without the appearance of undue severity. It is to be considered, too, that the ordeals which await them will have the effect of quickening the exertions of students during their studies at both Universities, the Philosophical and Theological; and taking all these things into consideration, we would have no objection to see such a plan converted into a standing law of the Church, though, as we have already stated, we are not sanguine in our anticipation of the good which would consequently ensue. For, supposing the state of literature to be low in the existing Church, is it to be expected that Presbyteries will call on young men who appear before them, fresh from study and the technicalities of science, for a greater share of classical and philosophical knowledge than ever fell to their own share? And we believe that it is now a pretty general maxim with an enlightened community, that Presbyteries are apt

to be under a wrong bias, and so are not fitly to be trusted with much power. This, at least, plainly appears to be the maxim of the General Assembly, on ordinary occasions ; for seldom a year passes in which that venerable body, during their sedentary of ten days, do not pass some vote of censure on some Presbytery or other of the Church, or repeal decisions which had been given by Synods or Presbyteries. Indeed, the Parochial Schoolmasters are indignant at being subjected to the judicature of Presbyteries, without the right of appeal to a higher court ; and in the draught of a Bill, which we have seen, to be brought into Parliament, during the present Session, have showed their wish for the repeal of that clause in the last Schoolmasters' Act, which exposes them to such arbitrary Ecclesiastical rule. In the proposed new code of instruction for aspirants to the Church, the decision of Presbyteries, on the qualifications of those who appear before them, must either be final, or the degraded students are to have the right of appeal. If the former shall be the case, how is the General Assembly to reconile the extensive discretionary power which they shall thus vest in Presbyteries, with their treatment of those Reverend Courts in other respects ? And if the students shall have the right of appeal to the higher Ecclesiastical Courts, we anticipate nothing but trouble, confusion, and wrangling, which must from thence ensue.

As for the second and more important safeguard which it is proposed to establish for the respectability of the Church, viz. a regular course of attendance, for four years, on theological instruction, we must be plain to say, that we disapprove of the innovation in toto, for reasons which we shall now proceed to detail.

The branches of knowledge which are taught in Scotch Colleges of Divinity, and which form the aggregate of Ecclesiastical instruction, are comprehended under Hebrew and Oriental languages, Ecclesiastical History, and Theology. The reader is perhaps aware, with respect to Hebrew and Oriental languages, the first of these, that an University is

not the only vehicle through which an acquaintance with them is to be attained. And the best proof of this is, that the generality of clergymen may be said to be totally ignorant of them ; and when, on licensing a student to preach, a Presbytery has to go through the form of making him read a portion of a psalm in the original Scriptures, it is often no little puzzle to find out one of their members who is qualified to perform the part of an examiner. In fact, it is urged, and we have good reason to think with too much truth, that those who are appointed to teach these languages in our Universities are, for the most part, lamentably deficient in the knowledge requisite for discharging the tasks which they undertake. Who is there of them who can initiate the student in Arabic, that useful, but difficult language, which, in its earlier form, as exhibited in the Koran of Mahomet, approaches pretty nearly to the Hebrew ? The most, perhaps, which they can do is, to give a small smattering of Hebrew, and a still less smattering of Syriac, which differs from the former in nothing almost but in its alphabet. We have no doubt that there are individuals who never had an ecclesiastical education at all, who would far outstrip the common run of these Professors of Orientalism, who yet preserve some credit for knowledge, because they dabble in dead languages, for which the taste is so low, that few are able to convict them of ignorance. With his Grammar, Lexicon, and Hebrew Bible, the student in divinity, in the retirement of a country residence, may soon pick up a much greater acquaintance with the language than he could be expected to acquire from the superficial instructions of a public University-class. This much may be applied to make out, in a satisfactory manner, the position, that a course of regular attendance on a Divinity Hall is not indispensably necessary for the acquirement of as much Hebrew as may be requisite for those who would enter into the Church ; and we do not despair of also making out to the satisfaction of the reader, that public instruction is not more

necessary for proficiency in Ecclesiastical History and Theology. As for Ecclesiastical History, it is known that, till within a few years back, it was not necessary for the regular student to produce to the Presbytery where he sought a license, a certificate of his attendance on such a branch of instruction; and had it not been for preserving order and decorum in our Universities, and preventing endowed chairs from becoming sinecures, the case might have continued so still. Indeed, any one who has the slightest notion of the materials from which the history of the church is compiled, must allow, that a course of prelections fitted for a class-room will give but an imperfect and indistinct impression of the subject. The Professor's field of labour will be great and extensive, if he shall consult all the Fathers and genuine sources of authority with his own eyes; and if he shall take them at second-hand, his time would be employed as profitably to himself, and more so to his pupils, were he to read to them from some approved writer, such as Moshcim, whose labours have been successful in unravelling the progress of religious opinion. But in whatever manner the Professor shall discharge his duty, whether ably or no, the student must be more than a listener, in order to make a respectable progress: he must think, read, and examine; and the study will be more to his taste, and the events which it treats sink deeper into his mind, if he shall dip into the Latin and Greek writers, in the first ages of Christianity, as far as his leisure and means of information will admit. And since he has to remain in ignorance, or instruct himself, what matters it whether he be at College or in the country, a regular or a partial student, provided that, in the circumstances in which he is placed, he is not excluded from proper books—helps which the labour and genius of individuals have enabled them to bequeath to those who shall tread in the same steps with themselves.

We come now to inquire, in respect to Theology, properly so called, whether it may be acquired in pri-

vate, as Ecclesiastical History and Hebrew, or nowhere but within the verge of a Divinity-Hall. We may begin by observing, that no small part of its province, viz. the sects and controversies which have agitated the Christian world, has considerable affinity to the branch of Ecclesiastical education which we have just now been considering, and is only to be understood by studying the history of the Church. It is true, that the judgment which is to be formed of these will, in most instances, belong to reason and discriminating reflection, over which the facts of history have no controul. The Scriptures form the only sources from which a knowledge of religion is to be derived. The precepts and instructions which they contain are delivered in terms plain and simple, so as to be level to the most ordinary capacities. The obscurity and doubt which have given rise to different sects and denominations among believers, originate only with the pride of man, who, in the confidence of wisdom, will reduce revelation to a system of which he settles all the parts with mathematical clearness and precision, and speculate on subjects which lie beyond the limited range of his faculties. Out of the perplexing labyrinths which theologians, with the most perverted ingenuity, have formed to entangle themselves and others, who is to be our guide? Ecclesiastical History will serve us in pointing out what is to be done; but without the prelections of a Divinity-Hall, must we despair of working out our way? An affirmation would be ridiculous. There is reason to suppose, that professional instructors in Theology do not all the good which they might, because they attempt too much. They must make every thing plain, and leave nothing unsettled, and, in consequence, distort and mis-explain particular passages of Scripture, to make out a system. It will be understood, that we speak not of religious controversy in general; for many of the heresies which were in the Church, or now adhere to it, show so palpably gross, that they cannot for a moment preserve their hold before the vigorous exercise of reason and reflection. But, in the differences be-

tween the Arminianists and Calvinists, we are afraid that no single system can be framed which will not be found liable to very serious objections. We do not mean that the leading doctrines of Christianity cannot be exhibited as a help to the faith of its professors; for this has already been successfully done, in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland; but we assert, that he undertakes a ticklish task, who sits down to reconcile these systems with our ordinary notions of what is right, and the free agency of man. It has been our lot to listen to many laboured disquisitions, whose object was to set Calvinism on an eminence where the cavils of objectors could never reach it,—where, like a complete edifice, it left the heart nothing to dislike, and nothing more to desire; we listened with feelings of satisfaction, and admired the ingenuity and profundity of the speaker; but we think of the reasoning now, and it has lost its attraction; baseless, it has left no wreck behind. The secret things belong to the Lord; it will be our wisdom not to pry too far and earnestly into them.

It will follow from the above remarks, that the truths of our religion may be attained anywhere, by means of reading and reflection. But perhaps the mode of imparting these truths to others, and religious instruction in the gross, is too much an art to be within the reach of private study. And if we consider the style and manner in which religion is pretty often handled, there will appear room for the supposition. We recollect once to have heard it urged as an apology for the barbarous language of the law, that every profession had its technicalities, and divines their jargon as well as civilians. Is regular attendance at College to be enforced for the sake of this Shibboleth of the profession? Who would support an abuse, or assist to perpetuate what it were desirable should die the death? The learned and ingenious Foster, in one of his Essays, has shown how much the progress of pure evangelical religion is retarded by the peculiar phraseology of those who inculcate

it. Technical terms, he well observes, have been the lights of science, but, in many instances, the shades of religion. The nearer that the language of religion approaches, we do not say to the style of fashionable intercourse, but to that of life, and the more that it is purified from the barbarisms of scholastic theology, the more generally acceptable it will be to the world. It is true, that there are expressions in our version of the Scriptures, which, wanting generality, are thought to ally religion to the systems of divines; which, however, it would appear over fastidious, or, perhaps, would be imprudent to alter in quotation, for they are sanctioned by long use, and good taste does not revolt at them.

Hitherto we have defended the present system of ecclesiastical education against the advocates of innovation, by an appeal to reason, in respect to the subjects which are at issue: but we might go farther; we might appeal to fact for the soundness of what has been advanced. Which, pray, is the more intelligent and better educated of the two,—the stripling who runs the *Curriculum Academicum*, without let or pause, for the term of eight sessions,—or he who, during a longer period of study, has conversed with the world, and thought for himself? In general, there is no comparison between the two. The former is shallow and giddy, one in whom no wise man would be disposed to repose a weighty trust: the necessity laid on him of providing for himself has rendered the latter thoughtful and sedate, and habits of application are natural to him.

But perhaps it may be urged, that if all this be as we have stated, public establishments for Ecclesiastical education are no better than useless. We deprecate such a conclusion. Our Theological Colleges are the safeguards of the Church; they detect heresy and error, and furnish approved models of orthodoxy; and while they enable those who have the inclination and means, to finish their studies in a comparatively short time, they serve as beacons to point out the course which the private and partial student should pursue.

In maintaining the propriety of continuing, for students in divinity, the present system of partial attendance, let it be considered, that, in the event of relinquishing it, an entrance into the Church must necessarily be denied to many to whom the clerical profession is at present open. All poor students, who fight their way by means of teaching, either in schools or gentlemen's families, must then give up their prospects, and, (which is a consideration likely to weigh as much with those who favour the interests of the Established Church,) dissenting students would have an opportunity to engross much of the business of private tuition, and so to connect themselves with the landed interest and better classes of society; for we can hardly suppose, that the preachers of the Established Church could succeed to the whole province, which has hitherto been divided between them and her students. When we consider that the settled Clergy are aware of these circumstances, and that they have publicly been stated in Presbyteries and elsewhere, as arguments against the overtures which are under consideration, we are astonished to see, that Presbyteries, where there are members who entertain such sentiments, have unanimously given their assent, to be transmitted to the ensuing Assembly, to these overtures, and to the change in the mode of theological instruction, which it is their object to bring about. Do our Clergy dread the idea of being thought singular, and will they make no stand for private opinion, except where pluralities and their personal interests are concerned? Indeed, it is a bounden duty on every man to look to himself; and philanthropic considerations of the general good may be thought to imply principles too romantic to be acted on, but with considerable caution.

To come to a conclusion. We would seriously urge on Dr Chalmers, and the advocates of his opinions, that no good can possibly be done to the Church by the overtures of his fostering care; or, at least, the good to be attained will not compensate the evil which must be incurred. The listlessness and ignorance complained of, and which no

candid inquirer will deny to pervade the Church in general, as well as our Divinity-Halls, arise from another source than is contemplated; and the overtures remind us of the case of a medical practitioner, who, ignorant of the seat of a disease, applies his remedies to the lower extremities, whereas they should be directed to the heart and head. • Man is a rational agent, and external circumstances invariably influence his conduct. What inducement has a body of men to endeavour at being accomplished scholars, when their profession is such, that neither talents nor learning can place them in a situation beyond the reach of want? By the Constitution of the Church of Scotland, and the pernicious system of patronage, those only can obtain settlements who have influence, by family connexions, or are lucky enough to be able to recommend themselves to those who have the power to promote them. With Church-patrons, it is never a question, if Mr Such-a-one be properly qualified for a church,—a pastor who will feed as well as shear his flock; but—How do private obligations call on me to act? By taking this step, am I likely to add any thing to my political influence? Few of these gentlemen, we believe, actually sell churches; but they do what is equivalent; they barter with neighbouring gentlemen, give them churches to their tutors, for votes in the case of parliamentary elections, and other favours. In this state of circumstances, it is pleasing to see that a Society has been established in Scotland, for the purpose of improving the system of Church Patronage, by vesting the election of clergymen, in every parish, in the heads of families. Let the opponents of the plan decide it as chimerical and impracticable, and, indeed, it is not likely that either Government, or the nobility and gentry, will be disposed to give up their patronage, for it has hitherto been a useful political engine; yet still the ideas of those with whom the Society originated are right; and were its objects carried into effect, we would soon have a very different and much-improved system of preaching in the Established Church. In fact, this Society has directed its ef-

forts to the root of the evils which the overtures of Dr Chalmers cannot destroy. Where a field is open, and encouragement given for the display of merit, there merit will be found. It may be said, that popular preaching is seldom good preaching; but we deny the truth of such an assertion. The people are generally shewd enough; and for diction and manner, which they may not admire, they are yet disposed to show due lenience: but matter with them is indispensable,—we mean doctrinal matter: and he only prostitutes his talents, at the same time that he shows a want of versatility of mind, who will treat them only with moral harangues, which he ought to know cannot please, and should be a secondary object with a minister of the gospel. If Dr Chalmers, and the advocates for a change in the system of Ecclesiastical instruction, would indeed improve the Church, let them join issue with the Society now mentioned, or act on some collateral plan. We know that the Dissenters in Scotland provide regular employment for their aspirants to the Church, after they have received licenses to preach. Perhaps this is too much to expect in the Church of Scotland; but is it impossible to hold out encouragement

to the more deserving of those young men who would enter into her pale? We know the exertions which the members of the Established Church make to provide handsomely for the widows and children which they may leave behind them; the funds for such provision, which have not come out of their own pockets, have arisen from church property; and the community at large has never been burdened for them, unless we conceive contributions, in the way of collections at church doors, to be a tax on Christians: we therefore applaud our Clergy for their foresight and philanthropy; but we would think still better of them, if they showed a little more sympathy and regard for those who are candidates for the profession in which they have obtained appointments. Aspirants to the Church have already discouragement enough to struggle with; and if the overtures pass, something will be added to their burdens. We would call upon the reflective and benevolent *frayer leur route*, as the French would say, to the Church,—to hold out encouragement to them, and their intellectual acquirements will in consequence improve; a consummation which a more rigorous code of discipline for students in divinity will not bring about.

CLASSICAL CRITICISM.

SIR,

THE "Classical Dreamer," whose reveries you occasionally publish, must be a very happy fellow. In imitation of yourself, I ought perhaps to have given him the more mysterious appellation of "Reveur." "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*," as every body knows, and a word which we are not in the habit of seeing, may excite the same kind of curiosity as a traveller from a distant country. But I like plainness; and as, in the present instance, the foreigner possesses no discoverable advantage over the native, I patriotically prefer a home production. Be this, however, as it may, "to read Virgil for weeks in the open air—amongst the mountains—under the canopy of white cloud and blue sky—amongst woods

and wilds—green nooks and heather-bells"—what a beautiful picture of calm and peaceful enjoyment! "*Oh rus quando te aspiciam!*" "*Nou tamen invidio.*" Nevertheless, my fate is very different. Immured in "a gloomy and dusky chamber"—far from the inspiring air of the mountains—o'ercanopied by lowering clouds of smoke and vapour, and exposed to the never-ceasing din of cars, and carts, and carriages, and city cries—he and I are, as it were, antipodes to each other. Our labours, therefore, will naturally partake somewhat of the diversity of our situation. His reveries will be light and airy; my researches will smell of fogs and fatness*, instead of that "enlightened and elegant scholar-

* *Pingue pecus domino facias et cætera præter Ingenium.—Hor.*

ship" by which he is distinguished, I may be expected to solicit your attention in the garb of the critic, and with the heaviness of the commentator. While he, like his own sky, is all blue and cloudless, I will be all gloom and dulness. At all events, I aim not at rivalling him in his higher characteristics. "Sunt et quos arbusta juvant", humilesque myricæ." My flight shall be less venturous, and my aim gained if I shall succeed, even at the expence of a little pedantry, in throwing some light on one of those "loci difficiliore" which have hitherto baffled the ingenuity and learning of all the editors and critics. The passage to which I beg to call your attention, at present, is as follows: Livy, xxii. 48. "Hasdrubal, qui ea parte præerat, subductos ex media acie Numidas, quia segnis eorum cum adversis pugna erat, ad persequendos passim fugientes mittit: Hispanos et Gallos pedites, jam Afris prope fessis, cæde magis quam pugna, adjungit."

These words are sufficiently plain and simple in themselves. The veriest tyro could not fail to hit the meaning in a verbal translation; but commentators have with one voice pronounced them to be at variance with the preceding narrative of the battle of Cannæ. In order, however, to put you at once in possession of their opinion, and the grounds of it, it may be well to transcribe Crevier's note, which contains the substance of all that has been written on the subject: "*Hasdrubal, qui ea parte præerat. Hæc, et quæ sequuntur, omnino corrupta sunt, et pro deploratis habenda. Primo enim Hasdrubal non hac parte, sed læva præerat. Deinde, quonam modo subduci possunt ex media acie Numidæ, qui in dextro cornu locati fuerant? Postremo, quid necesse est adjungi Afris in media acie Gallos Hispanosque pedites, qui in ea semper fuere?*" Now, is it at all likely that Livy, who is so remarkable for the clearness and accuracy of his descriptions, should have been guilty of three such gross blunders in the space of almost as many lines? But let this pass. Cre-

vier next gives us, on the authority of Polybius, what he supposes Livy—to avoid contradictions—ought to have written; but unsupported by MSS., does not venture to remodel the text so as to express his notions. "Rem," he adds, "clare ex Polybio discimus. Hasdrubal, qui in lævo cornu Hispanis, Gallisque equitibus præerat, quum occidione occidisset Romanum equitatum, transit in dextrum cornu, et, conjunctus Numidia sociorum equites in fugam vertit. Eos deinde persequendos cædendosque permittit Numidis. Ipse cum suis Gallis, Hispanisque equitibus Romanos pedites, cum Afris tum maxime pugnantes, a tergo invadit. Hoc procul dubio voluerat Livius. Sed ad hunc sensum ejus verba refingere sine librorum ope frustra tentaverimus." Gronovius says, "Desiderabatur tale quid; *Hasdrubal, qua parte præerat, victor, lævum quoque Romanorum cornu adortus pari fortuna, Numidas, quia segnis eorum cum adversis pugna erat, ad persequendos passim fugientes mittit. Hispanos et Gallos equites jam Afris prope fessis, cæde magis quam pugna, adjungit.*" Perizonius proposes that we should read, "Hasdrubal qui victor ad eam partem penetraverat subductos ex acie Numidas," &c. Dr Hunter copies the two first notes, without expressing any opinion of his own, unless we are to consider him as approving of Gronovius' conjecture. Various emendations of less importance have been brought forward by others. None of these, however, seems to have proved very satisfactory. The change which they would make is too great to be introduced on the slight grounds which are alleged in its favour, and, on a nearer inspection, may perhaps be found unnecessary. We at least think it may be shewn, that the present text, when properly explained, involves no contradictions, or, at all events, that harmony may be restored by one or two very trifling alterations. Let us then make the attempt.

We begin by endeavouring to ascertain the reference of the words

* There is no violation here of Carson's "Rules for the construction of the relative with the subjunctive mood." The precise subject to which I allude is quite well known and defined; I mean myself. *Carson*, p. 6.

"*ea parte*." All the learned men above-named explain them as applying to that portion of the army whose engagement is described in the preceding part of this chapter. Here we think them mistaken, and from this source naturally flow all the difficulties with which they have puzzled themselves and their readers. Look back for a moment to the history of this memorable contest. In narrating the arrangements for the battle, and the battle itself, Livy speaks generally of these divisions of the army, — the right, the centre, and the left. According to him, the engagement commenced on the right wing of the Romans, where it was not of long duration; the cavalry, who were chiefly engaged, being almost immediately defeated and driven off the field. He next proceeds to relate the events of the centre. In this quarter the Romans, at first, had the advantage; but following up their success incautiously, were surrounded by the enemy, and nearly cut to pieces. Two divisions of the army being thus disposed of, the fate of the left wing remained to be narrated. Here also, as we learn from the preceding part of this chapter, the Romans had the worst of it, having suffered great loss, and being thrown into the utmost terror and consternation. We are not, however, to suppose that those events occurred separately, and in the same order, as they solicit our attention. It is more than probable that the whole line was engaged at the same moment. Livy, indeed, finds himself obliged, for the sake of clearness and precision, to take their movements in detail. But the combatants were not bound by the same rules as the historian, and we may be sure, that each party rushed forward to the strife, without waiting till the fate of its neighbour was determined. After giving this particular description, our author goes on to state the general result of the engagement. In doing this, he neglects the threefold division, and henceforth considers the army as consisting only of two parts, one of which was flying with the utmost precipitation, and the other continuing the battle with the obstinacy of despair. "*Quum alibi terror et fuga, alibi pertinax in mala jam spe proelium.*"

It is scarcely necessary, we imagine, to spend a moment in shewing this to be the proper light in which the passage ought to be viewed. The two "*alibis*" will not admit of any other reference. They cannot be confined to the Roman left wing, for it does not appear that it had yet begun to fly; and, even if it had, "*alibi*" is not used by Livy except when speaking of the whole army. We must, therefore, of necessity, understand them to comprehend the entire line of battle. Should this be granted, it will be equally clear, that "*ea parte*," which correspond to the first "*alibi*," will have the same extensive signification, and denote that part of the line where flight and terror prevailed, in opposition to that which still maintained its ground. This view, in our opinion, at once removes every difficulty; and Hasdrubal will be represented, not as opposed to the Roman left, but to the fugitives, who, as we learn from the preceding narrative, were the right, and perhaps part of the centre. Now, it is in this very quarter that he is said to have been stationed, and where, of course, we would expect to find him.

What has now been stated is further confirmed by the words "*altera parte*" at the beginning of the following chapter. These are evidently contrasted with "*ea parte*." The two expressions mutually correspond to each other; and consequently, if the latter signify the Roman left, the former must signify the Roman right. But this cannot be their meaning; for the cavalry who were stationed *there* were dragged from their horses, and defeated at the very commencement of the battle; whereas we find, that it was not till the very conclusion of the engagement that the Consul Paullus ordered those whom he commanded to dismount. Besides, if Livy had continued to speak of the left wing in opposition to the other two divisions of the army, "*altera*" would be improperly employed; for, "*alter*," every school-boy knows, never signifies but "one of two." We conclude, then, that as this cannot be the meaning of "*altera parte*," it must refer to the second "*alibi*;" while, at the same time, the expressions, "*pertinax in mala jam spe proelium*," and "*proelium, quale jam*

haud dubia victoria hostium, fuit," the one connected with "alibi," and the other with "altera parte," mutually correspond, and lead us to explain these words of the same individuals. Consequently, as "altera parte" relates to those who maintained the battle with the obstinacy of despair, the contrasted term "ea parte" must refer to the first "alibi," or to that part of the army which was flying; and Hasdrubal was not engaged with the left wing, as has been generally supposed. Thus the first inconsistency which has been charged on Livy's narrative, disappears;—a new light dawns on the passage; and the present reading, so far from requiring emendation, is found to suit the context better than any which has hitherto been proposed.

After what has been said, we shall not be long detained by the alleged discrepancies which still remain. Livy having now ceased to speak of the contending armies as composed of three divisions, "media" ought, perhaps, agreeably to the opinions of commentators, to be expelled from the text. Owing, indeed, to the changes which had taken place, it is possible that the Numidians, although originally stationed on the right wing, had now reached the centre. But it is more probable that "media" has taken possession of a place to which it has no claim. As, in the preceding chapters, it had occurred so frequently in connection with "acies," the copyist, on perceiving the latter, had also repeated the other, in the hurry and inadvertency of transcription.

With respect to the third objection, Crevier seems to have mistaken our author. It is not said that Hasdrubal sent the Spanish and Gallic infantry to assist the Africans in finishing the battle. That was already ended. The slaughter had ceased, and nought remained but to make the most of the victory. The meaning plainly is, that he ordered them to join the Numidians in the pursuit of the flying enemy. For thus the Africans were unable, as

they had been fighting all day, and were now wearied with their exertions. It is probable, however, that in place of "pedites," we should, as has been generally supposed, read "equites," both because cavalry would be more useful in following the fugitives, and because the Gallic and Spanish horse had obtained an easy conquest, whereas the infantry had been defeated. On the whole, then, it appears that by two very slight changes, the erasure of "media," and the substitution of "equites" for "pedites," the integrity of a passage, which was supposed to be buried in hopeless corruption, may be restored. Even these alterations do not seem altogether necessary, although the introduction of them might add to the perspicuity, and perhaps to the purity of the text.

Before concluding, I may just remark, with respect to "quam mallem" in the next chapter, that there seems no good grounds to doubt with Dr Hunter "*de sanitate loci.*" We are to suppose the words pronounced with a sneer. Hannibal, when informed of what he considered a piece of great folly on the part of the Roman Consul, exclaimed, in a tone of contempt, "He might as well have delivered them to me in chains. By dismounting, they are as much in my power as if their hands were tied behind their backs."

My observations are offered with diffidence. However just they may appear to myself, they will likely be viewed in a different light by others. Attention, however, may, by means of them, be drawn to the passage. And if yourself or your correspondents have any thing better to propose, I, for one, will thankfully listen to your suggestions, and candidly weigh your opinions.

"Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere
mecum,"

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient Servant,
E. N.

Edinburgh, 19th March 1825.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.*

Or all the imitative arts, the histrionic is that in which the fame of excellence is the most fleeting and evanescent. The poet secures immortality in his lays, and the painter on his canvas. The genius of the sculptor is fixed in the marble to which he imparts all the beauties of form, and descends to countless generations, after the hands which directed the chisel are mouldered into dust.

But he who frets his hour upon the stage,

Can scarce extend his fame to half an age;

Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save;

The art and artist share one common grave.

The names of Garrick and Henderson, those great masters of the scenic art, are now almost as little known to our theatrical critics, as if three thousand years had elapsed since the era of their existence; and, in truth, we who, now-a-days, prate of these matters, form just as inadequate ideas of the peculiar measure or qualities of those excellencies by which Garrick delighted our fathers, as we do of the Garricks and Kembles, "who slumber yet in uncreated dust." We can believe the former to have been endowed with great powers of versatile genius, upon the same evidence on which we believe Queen Mary to have been endowed with great personal charms. All means of comparison, in either case, being alike denied, we must be content with limiting our admiration to those beauties, and to such Garricks, as the present age has produced. The actor may indeed find consolation for the lack of posthumous fame in this,—that while his full portion of honours, with its more substantial concomitant, is decreed him on the spot, and attends him throughout the career of his achievements, the fame of aspirants in the other arts has been too often doomed to wait confirmation from the tardy awards of posterity, long after the ear is for ever deaf to the soothing influence of applause.

We believe our annals record no one who afforded the lovers of scenic exhibition, in the present generation, such general delight as John Philip Kemble—certainly none who, in talents and personal character, accomplished so much towards redeeming the stage from the thralldom of impurity and prejudice, and improving and rendering it at once an intellectual and moral enjoyment. His name and his talents are associated with our earliest and fondest recollections; and memory still lingers with delight on days when the appearance of his name in capitals on the walls of our city, operated upon us like the spell of an enchanter. Then, and until the appointed hour of enjoyment, betwixt impatience for, and anticipation of the pleasure awaiting us, we could do nothing, and we could think of nothing but Kemble; business and dinner were alike bores; the table had no pleasures for us comparable with those on the boards of the stage; the strains from the orchestra were unmelodious; and after the prompter's bell summoned up the curtain, each actor's prattle was tedious, until our senses were gladdened by the noble figure of Kemble—as if the genius of old Rome still lingered in our island, surrounded by that halo which the lapse of ages imparts.

Then in Brutus, or Coriolanus, or in Cato, he identified himself with those master-spirits of antiquity, and in imagination carried us to Rome itself. We could have sat for days, and witnessed Kemble perform Coriolanus, in which he reached the very summit of the actor's art. In spite of the ravages of time, he still exhibited this haughty patrician with undiminished energy—his erect chest, haughty lip, and dark rolling eye, beaming forth unutterable things. In personal appearance alone, it was impossible not to admire the noble proportions and majestic grandeur of his figure—the expression of his Roman countenance—the tasteful folds of his classical dra-

* *Memoirs of the Life of John Philip Kemble, Esq.*, including a History of the Stage, from the time of Garrick to the present period. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1825.

perty—the scarlet robe hung over his shoulder, as if it gloried in the form which it decked—all in perfect unison, composing a most superb and commanding *tout ensemble* of the human form, and such as Canova might have studied as the *beau idéal* of a Roman. He was worthy of being surrounded with lictors, and tribunes, and fasces, and of having crowds shouting around his chariot wheels. He wore the oaken garland, and it became him. He passed under a triumphal arch, and his figure adorned it. With such a combination of all the properties of his art in person, utterance, attitude, expression, and sound judgment, never could the grand conceptions of Shakespeare find a more congenial imagination—never, perhaps, equal powers to embody the creations of his fancy, and exhibit the workings of passions, which writhe, corrode, subdue, or excite emotions of lofty and heroic grandeur, with such sublime and imposing effect.

“ We shall not look upon his like again.”

With these feelings, and with these recollections of Kemble, we waited with some anxiety for the volumes of which we are now to treat, not without apprehension of their falling short of what we had a right to expect; ; namely, a work which should at once exhibit a faithful and spirited history of the stage, since the time of Garrick, and, as far as the pen is capable, deal even-handed justice to Mr Kemble in the central groupe, by presenting a somewhat permanent record of the virtues of the man, and the distinguished talents of the actor. Generally speaking, Mr Boaden's work will be found to satisfy all reasonable expectations. His volumes are replete with curious information, amusing anecdote, occasionally graphic and spirited sketches; and will be perused with much interest by readers attached, like ourselves, to the subject.

With some exceptions, to which we shall advert anon, Mr Boaden appears tolerably well qualified for the task he has undertaken; he was not only himself a writer for the stage, the companion of the principal dramatic authors and of the performers,

and, as such, acquainted with many of the shiftings and evolutions practised behind the curtain, but also on terms of intimate friendship with Mr Kemble, during a period of thirty years; and, (to tell the rest in the words of his own preface,) “ in the almost childish season of life, he imbibed that fondness for the stage, which compelled him to attend to it with constancy and passion; it constituted his *sole* amusement and principal *expensæ*; he studied, as though he had been to make it a profession, &c.”

Thus, with the biography of Kemble, we have a continuation of the annals of the drama from their only authentic sources, until Mr Kemble emerged from the comparative mists of provincial obscurity, into meridian splendour at Drury-lane, in 1783. From this date, he becomes inseparably identified with the Metropolitan stage, until the curtain closed upon his theatrical career in June 1817,—a period of forty years. In that time, as far as our observation serves, nothing of any importance connected with the stage has been allowed by Mr Boaden to pass unnoticed. The contemporaries of Garrick, authors and actors, who survived him,—the demise of these,—the pretensions of others who succeeded them, either rising into fame, or instantly retreating into merited obscurity,—the lurking principles of life or of death, which nursed their efforts to healthy manhood, or consigned them to instant damnation, are each and all exhibited, in strict chronology, by a hand evidently qualified and prepared for the task;—their merits and demerits being appreciated without any tediously-lengthened detail, and, in many instances, sketched with a *naïveté* peculiarly characteristic and summary. Mr Boaden has thus produced a work, interesting in itself, and calculated to become of some value to the future historian.

But with these concessions in its favour, the work is far from being faultless. In his laudable enthusiasm in behalf of Kemble, we think we can at times detect in Mr Boaden a tendency to underrate the pretensions of others, who, in some situations, contested the palm of excellence with his friend and hero. It is true, as

already hinted, that Kemble secured himself in some of the loftier situations in the drama, from which he could look down with contempt on the efforts of all living contemporaries, and "laugh their siege to scorn;" but in other situations, Mr Boaden might have called a parley, and held council. In the picture he exhibits, these are somewhat unsparingly thrust into the shade, in order that Mr Kemble may stand in full relief, with all the sunshine that Mr Boaden's pencil can bestow. For instance, poor George Frederick Cooke is almost never brought forward, except to decry his talents, or when the author can push him upon the stage in a *reeling* condition. We all know that Cooke—the eccentric, splendidly-gifted, and erring Cooke,—a great drunkard, was also a great actor*. However much it might puzzle the physiological capabilities of Mr Boaden, we could tell him, from our own experience, that sometimes when more than half-way to intoxication, Cooke hit points, and introduced master-strokes of his art, as effective as many that cost the differently-organized heads of others much sober incessant study. This matter of fact might, at the same time, solve to Mr Boaden the seeming inconsistency with which he brands public criticism, in its estimation of Mr Kean's merits; that he studied hard, while his admitted habits were so totally at variance with any thing like regular study, as to create a belief that such a thing was impossible.

The Porter in *Macbeth* (though not introduced upon the stage) discourses of such matters with a more "learned spirit" than Mr Boaden. Of Mr Kean's pretensions to the perfect gentleman, compared with those of Kemble, the less we say here the better. The world knows already too much of the dark side of the picture; yet we have often been told, that his ear and his purse are ever open, with no stinted liberality, to the calls of distress. As to the qualifications of the actor, while we readily admit there is quackery in his acting—somewhat too much of those sudden jerks at sharp angles, in voice, in look, and attitude—those clap-traps, which take an audience by surprise, and force the "young Osricks" to applaud as "palpable hits," because there is in them something of novelty; yet in spite of all these, the fact is undeniable, whether he studies or not, that Kean is an actor imbued with no small portion of genius,—that he has sounded chords of the human heart, whose vibrations, "sensible to feeling as to sight," merit a stronger meed of applause than that which Mr Boaden somewhat tardily bestows, using not his own, but the words of Kemble:—"One thing I must say in Kean's favour—he is at all times terribly in earnest."

As to Mr Boaden's political bias, we have no intention to find fault with the slavish sycophancy he betrays, or the frequency and fervour of his prostrations to power; but

* Cooke, in his professional excursions, became at once a source of revenue to the treasury, and of perpetual uneasiness to the minds of Provincial Managers; for when his name had filled their theatres with *bumpers*, those Managers could not always reckon in what condition Cooke would appear, or even if he would appear at all. Our former Edinburgh Manager, Mr Rock, knew well his trim, and knew also how to *cook* him; for he generally secured the actor's person at dinner, in his own house, on the days he was to perform, and primed him no further than the proper pitch. On one of these occasions, Mr Rock happened to be called out of the dining-room for a little, upon some matter of business, forgetting that an unemptied bottle of brandy remained upon the sideboard, which Cooke soon espied, and discussed. On his return, Mr R. found his charge completely overcharged. However, with the application of vinegar to his temples, and doses of strong coffee to his stomach, Cooke got into walking condition. We remember on one occasion his performing the part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, with such brilliancy of execution, and such unwonted energy, as to call forth incessant applause. It was immediately announced for repetition, and we returned on the appointed evening, eager to enjoy the rich treat again. But, alas! it was the evening of the brandy-scene. The spirit of the Actor, quenched by that of the sideboard-bottle, was not there, and poor Cooke walked through the part, and spoke it as if quite unconscious of what passed his lips.

when he indulges in sneers at some of the most illustrious names which adorn the annals of our country, we feel nothing but contempt for the audacity of such a puny whipster, in constituting himself a censor, or imaginary superior to men beneath whose orbit he revolves at an immeasurable distance. As one instance of this, we may mention, that, were it not for the facts that Mr Sheridan sometimes spoke in the House of Commons, and wrote such things as the "Critic" and "the School for Scandal," (all of which we happened to know before,) and for retailing some of the worst samples of his wit, we could gather absolutely nothing of him in Mr Boaden's pages except that he was a cold-hearted, selfish, unprincipled, and perpetually-blundering proprietor of Drury-lane.

Mr Boaden might have considerably improved his work, by submitting his pages to the operations of the "slender clerk;" for though many of them exhibit point, betokening much care, others are no less slovenly, while his style is singularly incorrect, and vicious. Sometimes, in aiming at brilliancy, he is content to revel in absolute mystification. On other occasions, his sentences are so inconsecutively constructed and arranged, as to render it impossible to extract any thing like meaning. Take the following example, by no means the worst of the kind :

His sister, Mrs Siddons, personated that glorious creature the Princess Elizabeth, to whom her dying father commended his last farewell to the Queen, her mother, together with the assurances of his inviolable fidelity and affection. The vulgar assassins of that day had, it is said, formed the gracious design of placing her as an apprentice to a button-maker, but the sufferings of her family sunk so deeply into her tender mind, that their malice was disappointed—

"She died, a most rare child of melancholy."

Our first impression, on reading the above, was the melancholy one of the death of Mrs Siddons. But, in another place, Mr Boaden assures us she is still alive, and that he is preparing materials for her biography. We hope he will avail him-

self of the hints we now give, and avoid the too frequent use of such affectedly quaint phrases, as "the Siddons," "the Juliet," "the Nell," "the Jordan," &c., and study more tasteful and correct phrasology than the following : "The beauties which she ALONE struck out (elicited) in Imogen :—" "The play had not been done for (acted once in) twenty years :—" —talking of a singer, "In a room, I heard that (I heard, that, in a room) she was delightful." Again, on the disinterment of a corpse, supposed to be that of Milton : "About this time an occurrence which may, I hope, be termed singular, frightened the whole island, from its propriety," &c.—"It was a leaden coffin, and reposed upon another of wood, conceived to contain the body of his father," &c. What may be the drift of the following twaddle about Cooke, we do not even pretend to conjecture.

Before dinner was served up, I fell into conversation with Mr Cooke in the library, and if I had not acquired too decisive evidences of his indiscretion to doubt the charges against him, from anything done or said by him on that day, I should never have suspected his firmness, but have left him thoroughly a convert to his well-informed mind and gentlemanly manners.

Here follows matter of pleasantry :

My friend Reynolds, on the 29th of October, presented to the town one of his annual pleasantries called *Fortune's Fool*, made up from the results of a Trip to Gretna, and the trickery of a match-making woman. The reader is by this time aware of the grand secret, and therefore ready to burst in upon me with, "Well, but tell me what was Lewis in the piece?" and, "Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns, once, and a million." Mr Lewis, Sir, I answer, since you will not allow me to tell Reynolds's story—(indeed I never knew a man who could tell *one* of his stories after HIMSELF)—Mr Lewis was a Welch gentleman, of great sprightliness, named Haphazard;—Mr Quick cultivated the black-letter; Mr Fawcett,—but enough, I see you understand much of his design, and can guess at its execution.

This attempt to be *funny*, we think just as pitiable as ever the most stupid merry-andrew exhibited in his fantastic tricks, for the amusement

of the gaping and grinning peasantry at a country fair*.

We resume now the more agreeable part of our task,—that of doing some justice to the real merits of Mr Boaden's work, which, but for these objections, must have commanded our unqualified praise. Our best and only remaining course is to extract a few of the numerous passages we had marked for our pages. We have, in a former Number of this Magazine, (August 1819,) recorded our recollections of the peculiar merits and the style of Mr Kemble's acting, and we now spare our readers any outline of his personal history, from the notices Mr Boaden supplies. Mr Kemble, while living, had many Biographers, whose details appear never once to have disturbed his stoical apathy. In these so many anecdotes of him have been retailed, that the world knows much more of his history than he did himself.

It is pretty well known that the parents of Kemble were both actors, and the managers of a strolling company of performers. They had seriously resolved that none of their children should become actors; but one and all of them resolved otherwise, and actors they became. In this unavailing attempt of the parents, little could the elder Kemble foresee the extent of that proficiency and public applause which was to crown the matchless efforts of Siddons and Kemble in the dramatic art. The following portrait of those amiable parents may not be deemed uninteresting.

As, in the course of our friendship, he took an opportunity of introducing me to his father and mother, the reader who

loved Kemble may thank me here for the impression made by the persons and minds of those from whom he sprung. It will readily be conceived, that children, so remarkable for dignity of form and expression of countenance, did not proceed from parents deficient in both. Indeed those qualities were merely transmitted.

I only knew them in their decline of life, and although certainly not surprised, yet I can safely say that I never was more struck than by the sight of his venerable parents. His father had the same style of head as his own, except that the features were more delicately finished, and somewhat less energetic. But his countenance excited reverence beyond any that I have seen; to which the silver curls of his hair contributed, and the sweet composed and placid character of his deportment.

He was sitting in his son's library, and from a peculiar costume that he had adopted from liability to take cold, (a partial silk covering for the head,) he looked to me rather like a dignitary of the church two centuries back, than a layman of the present age. Our introduction to each other was at once simple and expressive. "This, sir, is my father." And to the old gentleman, "Allow me to present to you my friend, Mr Boaden." He received me with the benignity suitable to his age, and addressed himself to me occasionally in a way that confirmed my first impression at entering the room.

His mother had been a distinguished beauty in her youth, and had once been tempted by a coronet. What remained of her was of the highest order. She had very uncommon vivacity and point in her conversation. As I sat next to her at dinner, I had full opportunity to remark and enjoy the soundness of her judgment, and the peculiar energy of her expressions. I should fancy, among her own sex, that she must have been deemed,

* There cannot be two opinions respecting Mr Boaden's style: it is execrably bad in every respect. His fondness for sesquipedalian words, pomposity, and tustian, cannot be better described than in the words of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd—

Dreadfully pouring,
 Rending and roaring,
 Send them with bombast loaden,
 That all below
 May tremble to know
 There's none so mighty as Boaden !
 There's none so mighty as Boaden !
 There's none so mighty as Boaden !
 That all below
 May tremble to know
 There's none so mighty as Boaden !

Queen Hynd.

like Dr Johnson, a tremendous converser. Her husband being a Catholic, led her to the subject of religious toleration, on which she spoke with great feeling and propriety. She was pleased to find that I could cordially esteem one who was sincere in the profession of opinions different from my own. On the subject of modish affectation, I even yet recollect the poignant severity of her language. Her utterance was, like that of Mrs Siddons, deliberate, careful in enunciation; and her diction had a nervous and exact propriety, such as we have all admired in her son.

I remember, too, that in the course of the afternoon the old gentleman, less animated than his wife, had receded to the fire-side; and she took the opportunity to speak to me, aside, of his merits as an actor. He did not hear our conversation, and she finished a pretty extensive range of dramatic characters by a touch of valuable discrimination. "There sits, unconscious of our remarks, the only *gentleman* Falstaff that I have ever seen." I may incidentally observe, that, among our artists, Falstaff is exhibited as a low and beastly buffoon; they forget, that though he is Jack with his familiars, he is Sir John with all Europe. It is in this very point of gentility that Mr Fuseli's picture of him differs from every other.

The reputation of their children may render these slight sketches of the parents of some value. They seemed to feel for their son the greatest esteem as well as affection; and his manner of addressing THEM was a model of filial deference and consideration. I never beheld a family group more interesting; and he no doubt designed to oblige me highly, when he that day took me home with him, without a formal invitation.

The following scene occurred in York. It exhibits Mr Kemble in provincial training for the scenes he was destined to encounter afterwards in one of the larger theatres of London;—we mean the brutal outrages of what was termed the O. P. war in Covent-Garden.

On the 13th of April 1779, Murphy's tragedy of Zenobia was performed, and a Mrs Mason was the heroine of the evening. The stage-box was unfortunately occupied by a lady of some distinction, whose ill-nature vented itself in the form of criticism; and Mrs Mason became the object of her derision, which she expressed by loud and ill-bred laughter, to the annoyance of the poor victim, and of every body but the persons in her immediate suite.

Mr Kemble, too, because he perhaps could not *shout* like Cummins, or because he had a dark complexion; because he had the reputation of learning, or because the lady cared not about a reason when she wanted to amuse herself, he also became a mark for this silly woman's annoyance.

I do not suppose that she was aware of Dr Johnson's opinion of Zepobia, that it had too much Tig. and Teri. in it, (the names of two of the characters being Tigranes and Teribazus); but Mr Kemble performed the part of the latter, who is the lover of the piece, and shared with Mrs Mason the contempt and derision of Miss S. and her party. In the interesting scenes of the last act, she found full gratification for her spleen, as both her objects were together upon the stage, and she redoubled her efforts to cover them with disgrace. The actress had made little impression on any body, but Kemble was shocked at the brutal treatment she received. As for the insults designed for himself during the evening, he had retorted them by looks of infinite disdain. His sensibility was noticed in the box by loud and repeated peals of laughter from the lady and her echoes. At this, Kemble suddenly stopped, and being called upon by the audience to proceed, with great gravity and a pointed bow to the stage-box, he said, "he was ready to proceed with the play as soon as ~~that~~ lady had finished her conversation, which he perceived the going on with the tragedy only interrupted."

The audience received this rudeness of the stage-box as an insolent attempt to controul their amusements, and with shouts which could not be laughed down, ordered the lady and her party out of the theatre.

That an actor, however, should presume to resent the conduct of a lady of family, was an outrage not to be endured; and some officers of the militia, at her desire, undertook to obtain a full and public reparation of the affront. They went round to the manager, and tried to alarm him on the side of his interest. He appears on this occasion to have done Kemble justice; to have urged to them his education, his talents, his spirit, and gentlemanly feeling; and to have shown how vain it would be to expect from him any submission where, in truth, HE was the injured person.

Mr Kemble attended these gentlemen in the manager's room, and very coolly and temperately repeating his provocations, refused compliance with their demand. The officers returned to the lady, and reported their failure. The audience

in the meantime having made up their minds to support him, Kemble, upon their vehement call, coming on, was saluted with the words, "No apology,—No apology," from various parts of the theatre. The boxes, however, obtained him a hearing, and he proceeded to represent his grievance, and to touch with great feeling and propriety, in a vein of elocution, not often heard from the stage, upon the mortifying circumstances to which his profession was subjected. This, as it little suited the purpose, so it probably passed the comprehension of some of his persecutors. They, therefore, in terms too vulgar to bear repetition, told him to put an end to his impertinent and impudent harangue, and ask pardon immediately.

Mr Kemble on this, with the greatest firmness, and with some of that mingled astonishment and disdain, which he threw afterwards into Coriolanus, exclaimed, "Pardon! ask pardon! no, Sirs,—NEVER," and immediately quitted the stage, attended by the acclamations of the liberal part of the audience.

Attempts were renewed on the Saturday, when Mr Kemble acted Douglas, in Miss Moore's play of Percy, to humble this intractable trigedion; and again on the following Thursday; when after Macbeth, in which not Kemble, but the manager, performed the thane, the offender acted the master in Dodsley's Toy-shop. His friend Dr Burgh, a gentleman highly respected for his abilities, and General St Leger, who was then fortunately at York, acted as mediators between the exasperated gentry, who made a common cause against the comedian, and the indignant "Roman actor," who refused to compromise either his profession or his character.

All that Kemble could be made to yield was this: "Let me be heard before I am condemned; if, when I have explained my conduct, any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, will say, in that character, that I have acted unworthily, I shall cheerfully make any reparation that they may judge proper." To this there could be no reasonable objection, and he was heard. His fine address, his clear statement, his modesty and manliness, carried the cause, and contributed essentially to his progress in the public favour.

Miss Eleanor S—e was the daughter of a baronet, and her family is accurately known to me. However blameable her conduct on this occasion, I shall not more distinctly commemorate her folly.

A few years after, when this silly and offensive being read the success of Mr Kemble in the metropolis,—when she

found him honoured with the notice, even, of Majesty, admired and followed by the first in rank and talent, how severely must she have smarted at the recollection of her malice or her bad taste, or both; and how vainly wished that on this unlucky night, at least, her petulance had annoy'd only her domestic circle, or, at farthest, her select and fashionable acquaintance!

The account of Mr Kemble's first appearance before a London audience, in *Hamlet*,—his new readings,—the contentions of the critics,—and the alteration of that play by Garrick, is so interesting, that we would gladly have introduced it here; but its length, occupying twenty-five pages of Mr Boaden's volume, would require the space of a separate article.

Our tragedian had to surmount obstacles in his profession even after being recognized as the first performer of his time.

Mr Kemble repeated his *Hamlet* on the 2d, 4th, 6th, 13th, and 29th of October.

There was something remarkable in the management of that period, and which would have materially injured any actor but himself. I mean he was expected to keep his ground in tragedy, *alone*, against the amazing attraction of his sister, Mrs Siddons. On the 9th of October she commenced her performances, that season, with the character of Isabella, by royal command. The regulations of the theatre did not allow Mr Kemble to dispossess any actor of his accustomed parts. He was not permitted to strengthen either himself or his sister by acting with her. In *Isabella* the Baron was Smith, who retained also the Osmyn in the *Mourning Bride*. The Hermit and Lothario of the *Fair Penitent* were preoccupied, and Mr Brereton and Mr Bensley were the Jaffier and Pierre of *Venue Preserved*. In *Jane Shore*, Hastings and Dumont were equally and majestically appropriated. And even on the 3d of November, when *Isabella*, in *Measure for Measure*, was performed by Mrs Siddons, the Duke was acted by Mr Smith, and nothing whatever was yielded to Mr Kemble, on the ground either of his genius or the supposed influence of his sister.

He was therefore compelled to take his position upon some "removed ground," and got up Shirley's Edward, the Black Prince, which had sunk under Garrick, and the wits of the time called the revival a miracle,—the resurrection of the dead.

They allowed him the aid of one sister, Miss E. Kemble, a lady of a beautiful figure and very expressive face; but, like Miss F. Kemble, (the late Mrs Twiss,) doomed to fade away, before the amazing brilliancy of Mrs Siddons.

The Hamlet, notwithstanding, kept its ground, thus thwarted and opposed. It became so clear and undeniable a proof of rare and genuine talent, that Mr Harris, the ablest of generals, started Henderson's as a rival attraction; and the two greatest actors of their day were drawn into a competition, highly enjoyed by the town, and productive of much dispute, some research, and criticism sometimes vague, and sometimes partial and even blind.

It was a common thing to style the one all nature, and the other all art. To be sure, this was done with strict reciprocity; for two epigrams, I remember, appeared on the same day, addressed to the two Hamlets;—the writers agreeing in the attributes, only bestowing them upon different persons. I cannot be certain that the same muse did not, in this manner, pay court to each of the rivals.

To Mrs Siddons circumstances appear at one period to have been still more unpropitious.

What an astonishing change had taken place in the course of seven years, as to her powers themselves, or the public sense of them, or both! It was, on the 29th November, 1775, that she made her first appearance at Drury-lane theatre in Portia in the Merchant of Venice. It was once only repeated. She acted the Lady Anne in Richard III. to Mr Garrick's Richard, and under the terror with which he impressed her, hung back a little when they advanced together, from the back of the stage. She has been heard to say, that the glance of reproach that he threw at her was distressing long after to her recollection. He had clearly never seen the genius concealed under her timidity; and her other characters under his management were mere compliments to her personal loveliness. She acted in Colman's revival of Epiconè, the Black-moor washed white, which was damned; Love's Metamorphoses, acted for the benefit of Mrs Wroughton and Mr Vernon; Emily in Mrs Cowley's Runaway, a character rising early and walking in a garden to be courted in a most trifling and apropos way. But this was not the climax of her walking talent; she walked as Venus in the procession of the Jubilee; and, at the end of the season, had the usual courteous permis-

sion to walk any where else; or, in plainer language, was discharged.

The following is the best specimen of Sheridan's never-failing readiness and wit which Mr Boaden presents:

The return of Palmer again to Drury was a subject of infinite importance, in a theatrical point of view, both to himself and Sheridan. The meeting between these men of address was therefore expected to produce something remarkable. Palmer made quite a scene of it. After his profound bow, he approached the author of the School for Scandal, with an air of penitent humility; his head declined, the whites of his eyes turned upwards, his hands clasped together, and his whole air exactly that of *Joseph Surface* before Sir Peter Teazle. He began thus—

"My dear Mr Sheridan, if you could but know what I feel at this moment
"—HERE" (*laying one hand upon his heart.*)

Sheridan, with inimitable readiness, "Why, JACK I you forget I wrote it," stopped him.

Palmer, in telling the story himself, added, that the manager's wit cost him something; for, said he, "I made him add THREE pounds per week to the salary I had before my desertion."

In his situation of Stage-manager at Drury-lane, Mr Kemble's temper, famed as he was for equanimity and good nature, appears to have been often put to trial on account of the stinted means, and the indolent, unbusinesslike habits of Mr Sheridan, in all matters connected with his own interests, as a proprietor of Drury. The following scene borders upon the ludicrous:

Mr Kemble, with the greatest difficulty, was induced to retain his situation. Matters were carried in defiance of his judgment, and thus there were persons encouraged to contemn his authority. I was present one night in Suffolk-Street, when he denounced his fixed, his unalterable determination. He expected Sheridan there after the house should be up, and aware of the great disarming powers of the orator, in a sort of inarticulate murmur, alarmed the party with the prospect of a scene; and as some very excellent claret was near him, he proceeded to fortify himself for the engagement. At length Sheridan arrived, took his place next to Mrs Crouch at the table, looked at Kemble with kindness, but the kindness was neither

returned not acknowledged. The great actor now looked unutterable things, and occasionally emitted a *humming* sound like that of a bee, and groaned in the spirit inwardly. Crouch whispered two words in Sheridan's ear, which let him know, I believe, the *exact* cause of the present moody appearance of his manager. A considerable time elapsed, and frequent repetitions of the sound before mentioned occurred; when at last, "like a pillar of state," slowly up rose Kemble, and in these words addressed the astonished proprietor: "I am an *FAGGLE*, whose wings have been bound down by frosts and snows, but now I shake my pinions, and cleave into the general air, unto which I am borne." He then deliberately resumed his seat, and looked as if he had relieved himself from insupportable thralldom. Sheridan knew the complacency of man under the notion of a fine figure, and saw that his eagle was not absolutely irreclaimable; he rose, took a chair next to the great actor; in two minutes resumed his old ascendancy. The tragedian soon softened into his usual forgiving temper; and I am ashamed to say how late it was when, cordial as brothers, I took one arm of Kemble, and Sheridan the other, and resolutions were formed "that melted as breath into the passing wind."

And such was the power of Sheridan upon this and every occasion. With Kemble he might be said to have a friend in the citadel, for that good man's veneration for him was extreme; and most certainly I never heard him speak with equal warmth of any other existing talent. Of politics he knew absolutely nothing, of passing events scarcely anything. Newspapers he did not read: so that when I occasionally repeated to him what I had heard from Mr Pitt, or read in the publications of Burke, he always recurred to his grand theme, the eloquence of Sheridan; and, as Mrs Kemble often said, on that subject he was an inveterate idolater. Yet he sometimes threw off his allegiance. "I know him thoroughly," he said, "all his sophistry, all his paltry artifices—but I will become a member of his own society, the *FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE*, and when he rises to speak, I'll put him down." These were only the ebullitions of disappointed attachment and rooted affection.

And, in our estimation, *very like* the ebullitions of an extra dose of the "very excellent claret!!!"

Mr Kemble was afterwards compelled to act with more firmness,

But I have already given ~~some~~ strong indications, that whatever opinion had been formed of Mr Kemble, it was impossible even for HIM to be left to the direction of his own judgment. Influence, in a variety of ways, thwarted him; absurd schemes annoyed him; and, above all, difficulties arising from old debts, and the building of a new theatre, really took him more time to remove, though only for the passing day, than all the proper business of his station, twice told. A variety of pleasant billets announced to the treasurer, that "a leading actor or actress would not *go on*, without the arrears of salary were paid up." One of the stage furnishers would not supply an article essential to a coming novelty, on all the pledges of the proprietors, unless Mr Kemble would pass his word for the payment." His good nature often led him into such engagements; and, usually, money was found to keep him harmless. At length, I well remember my friend had the mortification to be arrested on one of these engagements, and his indignation was extreme, to be so wickedly disgraced. When the duty he had to discharge was considered, perhaps a *veat* should have been provided in a certain assembly, to secure the public appearance of the manager upon all occasions, by the inviolability of his person. If ever there was one individual more particularly than another scrupulous as to fair dealing in the world, that one was Mr Kemble; but his ways and means were all simple and direct. He was, through life, a child even in the forms of business, but, in the literal sense of the terms, a punctual paymaster and strictly honest man. On this occasion the person got his money, and Mr Kemble relinquished the management.

One more scene, in which Sheridan is introduced:

On the 9th of June, Mr Richardson, one of the proprietors of Drury-lane, died from the effects of a ruptured blood-vessel. I formerly touched with regret upon the early close of a life that might, under a change of habits, have been highly useful, as it was certainly ornamental. I noticed that he had his full share in the classical pleasures of his time. He was a contributor, with Ellis and Dr Lawrence, to the *Rolliad* and *Probationary Odes*. My pleasant and constant friend through life, Mr Taylor, knew Richardson well before the spell of Sheridan took hold upon him, and has fondly described him to me as one of the gayest spirits about town. A man of lively imagination, great reading, sound judgment, and

possessing an almost unerring perception of character.

Richardson once said a strong thing of Sheridan: "It was his sincere conviction, that could some enchanter's wand touch him into the possession of fortune, he would instantly convert him into a being of the nicest honour, and most unimpeachable moral excellence." Riches are so often quoted as the corrupters of our nature, that I could not suppress even a *fancy* of their moral efficacy.

Sheridan had for Richardson all the affection that a careless man can have for any thing. He made a point, therefore, of going down to Egham, to see the last offices performed over his remains. Mr Taylor says, they arrived too late by about a quarter of an hour. The clergyman had just retired from the grave. Sheridan was in an agony of grief at this disappointment; but his powerful name, properly enforced upon the rector, procured a polite and humane repetition of the close of the service, to enable the tardy orator to say that he had attended the funeral of his friend.

The party dined together at the Inn, and after the cloth was removed, their kindness for the deceased broke forth in *designed* testimonials to his merits. Dr Combe was to choose the kind of stone for his mausoleum, and Sheridan himself undertook to compose a suitable inscription; but no curious stone ever covered his remains, and the promised inscription never was written. Such are the hasty pledges of recent grief, and the performances of indolent genius.

The following may possess some interest to those who are aware of the circumstances attending the first production, and the failure, of Coleman's piece called the Iron-Chest.

The author was severely annoyed by the treatment of his play, and wrote a very angry preface, which the *good-humoured* world valued at a GUINEA! and though it has been long omitted, I should yet be afraid, in a sale-room, to mark the comparative prices of the Iron-Chest *with* the bloody knife of the author's vengeance, and of one *without* it. Among the very unusual things in this play is a passage describing some of the antiquarian pursuits which were attributed commonly to the great actor: the anticipated application of them, I fancy, *disconcerted* the author too much to allow him to question their delicacy or wisdom.

"Tilward is all deep-reading, and black-letter;
He shews it in his very chin. He speaks
More dictionary; and he pores on pages
That give plain men the head ache. 'Scarce and
curious'

Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain
Is cramm'd with mouldy volumes, cramp and
useless,
Like a librarian's lumber room."

The object of all this is not in the play. Mortimer is no such person. The "black-letter" was in daily use in his time, and long after. The "scarce and curious," too, of the library wanted TIME, to become "baits for learning to nibble at." It is obvious *modern* satires, and, where it stands, is an anachronism. I heard this, at the time, from one person interested in the play; but it was certainly not Mr Kemble, who, I verily believe, would have spoken the lines, had he found them in his part, so perfectly insensible was he to what the multitude might think of him or his pursuits. With a very sincere regard for both these gentlemen, I yet determined, that it would be unmanly to avoid the subject altogether. Mr Kemble never replied to the preface *himself*; there were, perhaps, too many, eager to thrust themselves into the order, which the French, with characteristic equivocation, call *avocats officieux*.

Mr Colman brought out his play at the little theatre, and certainly established there, that the *most* vigorous health was required to sustain the almost infernal agonies of the hero. Never did any actor in my time make such dreadful exertions as were made by Elliston, then in the vigour of his youth, and in the command of a voice unequalled, perhaps, in power. I remember well the effects he produced; he will forgive me, but the *melancholy shade of original greatness* was not there; the *fiendlike composure of calculated falsehood*, and the internal struggles of *not quite annihilated principle*, were not to be seen, as a palsy upon the countenance, that should have awed by purity and beauty. No; these were only to be found in the art, or wonderful expression of Kemble. So identified, I may say, was he with Sir Edward Mortimer, that, if his voice had utterly failed him, and he had been merely able to *act* and *look* the part, he would have conveyed a more graphic exhibition of it, than all the actors, from 1796 to the present hour, have been able to supply. But it was quite impossible for the play to recover itself at Drury-lane Theatre. Some years elapsed, I believe, without the least approach of the parties to reconciliation; and Mr Kemble himself told me, that such a thing was impossible, and I must leave it where it stood: however, to Lord Mulgrave and to Frank North, he at last yielded up the point,—the parties met,—"*wine exerted its natural power upon dramatic as well as other kings*;" and he, I am quite sure,

excused what was *too gross* in the attack, and at all events *unjust* to his talents, by considering the usual irritability of authors, and the absolute injury of his own unlucky indisposition. Mr Kemble knew, too, that he had really taken very great pains in the preparations for this play, and studiously decorated it with all the truth of scenery that the studies of Capon could supply. It would be folly to ascribe these aids to any other taste or zeal than those of Mr Kemble. The artist invariably worked by his instruction. For Voigtgen, let me say, he only *altered* two scenes. For the Iron Chest, he executed an ancient *baivual hall*, the architecture of the times of Edward IV. and Henry VI. The library of Sir Edward Mortimer, from the most perfect specimens of the Gothic in existence. The vaulting of the groined ceiling, taken from a part of the beautiful cloister of the monks of St Stephen, Westminster; the very book-cases had similar antiquity and beauty.

Mr Boaden appears to have no peculiar admiration of Mr Elliston, whom he delights to exhibit as a master of puffery and bam.

The summer season produced little noticeable, except the beginning *address* of that extraordinary man Mr Elliston. On the 10th of September he solicited the public to countenance a *benefit* at the Opera House—the little theatre being too small either for his attraction or his hopes. He announced Pizarro, with Love Laughs at Locksmiths, and it was one o'clock in the morning before the doors of the theatre could be secured. Any temporary *invasion* of this region of fashion has always been precious to the visitors of our common theatres; they consider it, in short, as a *cheap* luxury—they enter the almost forbidden circle of the higher orders, and imagine raptures in the experiment “that they never know.”

But as the half-guineas at a pit-door of the opera are rather deliberately laid down, and no money can ever be taken in its season at the box-door, the architect of the house never planned any securities, to keep the people from entering too rapidly. They in truth *dropt* rather than *rushd* in. On the present occasion, a multitude assembled at the doors, before whose pressure they ere long gave way, and all the petty impediments of the Italian gentry were swept aside: some paid their money and got no *cheques*; others threw down bank-notes and took no *change*,—many were carried in by a torrent, that was too rapid even for the operations of the plunderer.

Our inimitable friend came forward to

notice that the *terms of admission* had in very many cases not been complied with. “Good phrases,” says Bardsolph, “surely are, and ever were, very commendable.” His appeal to the *honour* of the audience was most liberally answered on their parts. Some of his friends, with *pettier plates* in their hands, collected through the pit; and the most assiduous churchwardens never heard the offerings of *charity* clatter more cheerfully. The honour of our hero was pledged to supply change for the *notes* that had been taken; and in spite of accidents, he was said to have received, at least, £800 that evening.

After *bleeding*, quiet usually is restored to the agitated frame: but no sooner was the curtain up, than the stage was found almost covered with people standing ten rows deep. A violent storm once more arose among the visitors in the body of the house, who figured to themselves what a business Pizarro would make of it, with at least three hundred *English* in the Peruvian army. But Elliston turned a nuisance into *perfume* by a second address, as to “the necessity of accommodating those who had done him an honour, the remembrance of which would never be eradicated from his heart.” He added, “I humbly trust, therefore, that to a Briton you will not deny that favour, which your spontaneous goodness formerly granted to a Foreigner.”

The plea of course was irresistible; not that the present audience knew one title of the case that was cited for their emulation; which, in fact, was an opera benefit for Madame Banti; when, in truth, it little signified who were on or off the stage, so as she *herself* was but there.

The close of the little theatre called for more of his dexterity,—for they had somehow dispensed, in the latter part of the mountaineers, with both *Sadi* and *Agnes*. On he comes, and, as usual, to the purpose. Hear him—

“To this I believe I may impute that partial disapprobation which I have just heard. The circumstance might have been *glossed over*, but we always prefer speaking the TRUTH.”

When he comes to return thanks for the *MANAGER*, he silly takes credit for the *copta verborum* of his own compliments. “It is difficult (not for HIM) to vary the expressions of gratitude which your favour has so repeatedly excited.”

“The PERFORMERS, ladies and gentlemen, join with me in acknowledging the *fullest force* of your liberality and support; and we most respectfully, most gratefully, and most affectionately, bid you farewell.”

I should be afraid to trust such spon-

taneous flow with deliberate composition. Mr Pitt was said not to be quite felicitous upon *paper*. I almost wish that Elliston would refuse even to write an *order*.

My pleasant bustling friend is supposed by some people to be rather too fond of these *personal appeals*, and there have been occasions, on which even his prudence in making them seems rather questionable. Besides, from his success, a fashion attaches to such things: and now, "every puny whipster gets his sword;" but I can safely afford him the praise of being the great and unrivalled master of all *moving accidents*; the courageous captain of *compliments*; the *standing* advertisement of his own success; and the happiest *sedative* that was ever exhibited to an unruly body.

This, we think, is rather ill-natured on the part of Mr Boaden: he had no sort of right to dress out "his pleasant bustling friend" for public exhibition, merely on account of his oratorical infirmity. *En revanche* we shall put Mr Boaden himself *en spectacle*, by extracting some of his choice recipes for dressing a ghost fit for the stage. The worthy gentleman is perfectly in earnest, though to us he appears as positively mad on this subject, as if "the buried Majesty of Denmark" had actually risen in appalling apparition before him.

Notwithstanding, therefore, his alarm at venturing within that circle, which none but Shakespeare had hitherto trodden with success, Mr Boaden decided to make his experiment, and ascertain whether the failure of others had not proceeded from defective preparation as to the supernatural incident, or from its imperfect or vulgar exhibition. I have, early in this work, stated my opinion, that nothing ever was more tasteless than the stage exhibition of the ghost in Hamlet. The great author has written with his highest power; he has displayed unbounded knowledge of effect; he has given to frequent repetition the absolute power of novelty; and yet, as far as the royal shade himself is concerned, all this charm is dispelled by the heavy, bulky, creaking substantiality of the spirit. Whereas the whole of this "gracious figure" should look as if it was collected from the surrounding air, and ready, when its impression should be made, to melt into "thin air" again.

Perhaps the sublimest effort of painting is the figure of the Royal Danc, as he appeared in the large composition of Mr Fuseli for the Shakespeare Gallery. It

has what seems *person*, invested in what seems to be armour; it bears the regal sceptre; its countenance is human in its lineaments, though it inspires more awe than mere humanity can excite. How is all this produced? By recollecting some of the known principles of the sublime. By the artifices of the pallet; by keeping down all too positive indications of substance; by the choice of a cold slaty prevalent colour, touched slightly with the pale silvery tone of moonlight; by a step gigantic in its extent, and action of the most venerable dignity and command.

So much of the theory; now for the practice.

I have already ventured, some pages back, to interest the reader in the discussion, how the supernatural may best be exhibited upon the stage; and I, at the same time, showed that the author of Fontainville Forest (Mr Boaden,) meditated some improvements which were suggested to him by the sister art of painting. How far the stage execution might correspond with his notion was matter of experiment. A ludicrous misconception of his instructions might have ruined his whole design. Perhaps the reader may find some amusement in the *miseries* of an author. The great contrivance was, that the spectre should appear through a blueish-grey gauze, so as to remove the too corporeal effect of a "live actor," and convert the moving substance into a gliding essence.

As, to speak the absolute truth, any great effect in this play depended on the management of the ghost scene, Mr Harris ordered a night rehearsal of it; that the author might judge how happily the stage had seconded his conceptions. Mrs Fope had charmed us with, the pathos of her recitation,—the entrance of the spectre approached. On came good, honest, jolly Thompson, "in his habit as he liv'd," with the leathern pilch, "time out of mind the player's armour"—as thick nearly as he was long,—

"And over all, that he might be
Equipt from top to toe,
His *grey gauze* *veil*, as buckram stiff,
Right manfully did throw."

No; never, except a river-god in some procession, with all his *sedg* about him; never did I behold such a figure! I was rivetted to my seat with astonishment. Mr Harris, who sat in the front by my side, said he thought the effect very good. But not staying to dispute this opinion, I made no secret of my distress and alarm; and clearly explained to him what my own idea really was. He laughed heartily

at the mistake, and we soon found, across a portal of the scene, a proper place for the gauze worn by old Thompson. The clumsy effect of the traditional stage armour he did not so soon admit, and asked at last, rather briskly, how it could be made better? I told him, that, in the first place, the present ghost must be laid, and a much higher spirit be invoked, and at length we found the tall, sweeping figure, that was to freeze the spectator with horror, in the person of Follet, the clown so royally celebrated for the eating of carrots in the pantomimes. Follet readily agreed to lend his person on this momentous occasion;—his stride might have delighted Mr Fuseli himself, his figure was of the heroic height, his action whatever you chose to order. But notwithstanding all these requisites for the part, there occurred one formidable difficulty:—The ghost had but two words to utter, “*PENISH'D HERE*”;—now “that will be exactly the case with the author,” said Follet, “if I speak them.” The fable had taught every body, that though the animal might be concealed, the voice would betray him. We therefore settled it, that, in imitation of the ancients, he should be only the *MIME*, to make the action on the stage, and that poor Thompson, disencumbered from the pulch of the Majesty of Denmark, should yet at the wing, with hollow voice, pronounce the two important words; to which the extended arm of Follet might give the consentaneous action.

All that remained now was to dress the spirit; for which purpose I recommended a dark-blue grey stuff, made in the shape of armour, and sitting close to the person; and when Follet (of course unknown) was thus dressed, and faintly visible behind the gauze, or crape, spread before the scene, the whisper of the house, as he was about to enter,—the breathless silence, while he floated along like a shadow,—proved to me that I had achieved the great desideratum; and the often-renewed plaudits, when the curtain fell, told me that the audience had enjoyed

“That sacred terror, that severe delight,”

for which alone it is excusable to overpass the ordinary limits of nature.

For a whimsical dilemma that occurred, I may be excused in speaking of myself. I can only add, that the public was extremely indulgent to my effort, and that I found the author's receipts very considerable indeed.

Mr Kemble's efforts in literature were not so numerous as those of

Garrick. Besides the revival, or adaptation for the stage, of several of Shakespeare's plays, the efforts of his pen appear to have been limited to a tragedy called *Belisarius*,—the Female Officer, a comedy,—a farce from some Spanish plot,—and the first act of a tragedy on the subject of atheism;—an occasional prologue or two,—a volume of fugitive pieces of poetry,—and an Essay on the characters of Richard and Macbeth. The two latter are, we believe, all of these which were ever printed. Here is a small morsel for the Bibliomaniacs.

These poems are to be found in a very small collection of fugitive pieces, published at York in 1790. I have read a ridiculous story, that he was so hurt when he saw them in print, that he endeavoured to suppress them, and “at one fell swoop” destroyed 250 copies. This, by the way, was fifty more than the whole impression. 200 only were printed, and his publisher continued to sell these, quite unmolested by the author, down to the year 1803. I have his own authority for saying that, at that time, about a dozen copies remained in his hands, which Mr Kemble begged of him, and upon receiving them he certainly put them, with much tranquillity, into the fire, a fate which, since then, invariably attended any straggling copy which he begged from a friend, and I believe even bought at any sale which contained it. In the year 1818 he found two or three copies still in York; he bought them at £.1, 11s. 6d. each, and there, I believe, closed his fury persecution of these fugitives.

The following scene after the fire, which reduced Covent-Garden Theatre to ashes, is given as characteristic of Kemble.

In the morning after the fire, as soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to Great Russel-Street, to ascertain the state of the sufferers, and give any little aid that I might be able to render. Honest John Rousham in silence let me in, and walked up stairs before me into Mr Kemble's dressing-room. He was standing before the glass, totally absorbed, and yet at intervals endeavouring to shave himself.

Mrs Kemble was sitting in tears upon a sofa, and on seeing me, exclaimed, “Oh, Mr Boaden, we are totally ruined, and have the world to begin again!”

His brother Charles, wrapt up just as he came from the fire, was sitting atten-

live, upon the end of the sofa; and a gentleman, much attached to Mr Harris, who in and about the theatre was familiarly styled *old Dives*, with his back to the wall, and leaning upon his cane, sat frowning in a corner. It was not a situation that called for speech; our salutations were like those at a funeral. I took a chair, and sat observing the manner and the look of Kemble. Nothing could be more natural than for Mrs Kemble to feel and think of their *personal loss* in this dreadful calamity. Her husband, I am convinced, while I saw him, never thought of *himself* at all. His mind was rather raised than dejected, and his imagination distended with the pictured detail of all the treasures that had perished in the conflagration. At length he broke out in exclamation, which I have preserved as characteristic of his turn of mind.

"Yes! it has perished; that magnificent theatre, which for all the purposes of exhibition or comfort, was the first in Europe. It is gone, with all its treasures of every description, and some which can never be replaced. The LIBRARY, which contained all those immortal productions of our countrymen, prepared for the purposes of representation! That vast collection of MUSIC, composed by the greatest geniuses in that science,—by Handel, Arne, and others; most of it manuscript, in the original score! That WARDROBE, stored with the costumes of all ages and nations, accumulated by unwearied research, and at incredible expense! SCENERY, the triumph of the art, unrivalled for its accuracy, and so exquisitely finished, that it might be the ornament of your drawing-rooms, were they only large enough to contain it! Of all this vast treasure nothing now remains, but the ARMS of ENGLAND over the entrance of the theatre,—and the ROMAN EAGLE standing *solitary* in the market place!"

We should greatly exceed our limits were we to give more extracts, however curious and interesting they may appear to ourselves; indeed we have done so already, and must now close our account of Mr Boaden's volume with a short summary of the impression which the character of his hero has left upon our mind. Mr Kemble appears to have been gifted with talents which would have secured him eminence in any profession. To that actor his mind had been directed by its earliest bias. To the improvement of his own art, and the perfection of the drama, he appears through life to have directed his un-

remitting studies; and that high degree of excellence which he attained was not, as has sometimes been supposed, the mere result of a combination of physical capability, and a congenial imagination: on the contrary, while he was no enemy to the social or convivial qualities, much of his time was devoted, to severe study; and to whatever pitch of excellence he had attained in any of his delineations, he appears never to have thought that excellence incapable of improvement. In his personal character, he was at once the scholar and the gentleman. With the highest notions of honour, Mr Kemble was totally incapable of a mean or a sordid action. Avarice has sometimes been minted as a besetting sin in his family. Mr Kemble might not, indeed, throw away his earnings in indiscriminate and eccentric profusion; but examples are not wanting which exhibit him both as a just and generous man. One circumstance in his life we shall here advert to, as it reflects equal honour upon Kemble, and upon the nobleman whose name is connected with it. We allude to the very delicate and handsome manner in which, as some compensation for the destruction of his property by the burning of Covent-Garden Theatre, the Duke of Northumberland proffered Kemble the loan of £10,000 upon his personal bond—* but Mr Boaden must tell the rest.

The proprietors and their friends on this great day dined together; and Mr Kemble rose with the most grateful emotion to address them. He held in his hand a paper, which had been that moment delivered to him from His Grace the Duke of Northumberland. It notified the business of the day, as rendering it one of the proudest in Mr Kemble's life, and conveyed his Grace's determination to make it one of the *happiest*; and as no doubt the joy of all concerned would demand and justify a bonfire on the occasion, he begged that Mr Kemble would use the enclosed (his bond for £10,000 cancelled) to light the pile.

In the accounts that have been given of this transaction, Mr Kemble is made, with the utmost regularity, to pay the interest as the *quarters* became due; and the world may properly give my friend the credit of doing to the *syllable* every thing that ought to be done upon such an occasion. But as the writers themselves

very accurately state; that the loan took effect soon after the burning of the theatre on the 20th of September 1808, and the bond itself was returned cancelled, on the 31st of December of the same year, it is certain that the noble Duke did not permit any vast exercise of Mr Kemble's punctuality, as the *quarters* became due.

We have already mentioned, that some of Mr Boaden's sketches of famous authors and actors are occasionally graphic and spirited. We can only spare room for his account of Henderson; premising, however, that the tragic talents of this admirable actor have been rated higher in other accounts we have read from the pens of his contemporaries.

Mr Henderson was at this time, perhaps, the greatest master of the art; he resembled his illustrious predecessor in his versatility. His tragedy, however, was certainly inferior to his comedy. In the former, he had comparatively fewer requisites. His understanding was of the highest order, and his feelings could be instantaneously excited; but his person was without either dignity or grace; and his eye, though well placed for expression, wanted colour, as his face, though rather handsome, was too fleshy to shew all the muscular action in which expression resides. He was neglectful, too, of such aids as might have been had to his figure. He paid not the slightest attention to costume, and was indifferent even as to the neatness or fitting of his dress. He affected to care nothing about it. He pleased himself that he could at length make you forget the want which needed not to have existed. All his excellencies were perfectly concomitant with propriety of dress. Had he studied appearance, his Lear might have been *venerable*. Although his Hamlet could not be the "mould of form," it might easily have been "the glass of fashion;" but he never looked even to the linings of the suit he wore; and once boasted that he had played, I think, ten characters consecutively in the same coat. His conceptions were grand, and beautiful, and just; but they were often baffled by his execration of them. When Henderson's Lear was first discovered, he looked like Falstaff sitting as Henry the Fourth; and when Lear speaks in his sleep, and fancying himself on the point of gaining the battle, exclaims, "Charge, charge upon the flank!" the tones were exactly those with which Falstaff encourages Hal in the combat with Percy; and excited a titter from so unsuitable a recollection.

He had indeed made Falstaff his own, and the jolly knight seemed rather too kindly to have returned the compliment; for that vast soul of humour more or less informed all his other characters.

The power of Henderson was analytic. He was not contented with the mere light of common meaning—he shewed it you through a prism, and refracted all the delicate and mingling hues that enter into the composition of any ray of human character. Besides the philosophic ingenuity of such a design, he had a voice so flexible, that its tones conveyed all that his meaning would insinuate. I will try at least to make this clearer by an instance, and it shall be taken from a common book, "The Sentimental Journey," which every body has read to *himself*; and few, who have heard Henderson, would, I should think, venture to read to *another*. It opens with this trite remark: "They order this matter," said I, "better in France." As it stands, it is a plain assertion, nothing more. As Henderson contrived to speak it, you felt that vanity was trying to take credit for foreign travel, without having stirred from home,—that it was not hearsay which he would deliver, but personal experience that he would insinuate. You knew from him distinctly, that it was a truth *finessed*. Let any other reader try, this, and he will find what a task he has undertaken, and how little he can do. Often with powers of mimicry, that used to be thought exact, have I tried to give to my ear once more what it received from his utterance; but I am sure that something was wanting in every effort.

He would sometimes delight to shew, without language, the rapid and opposite emotions, as they rise and chase each other in the mind. A masterly effort of this kind was Falstaff's reading the letter from Mrs Ford, in the presence of the "foolish carrion," Mrs Quickly. First, you saw that he had "his belly-full of Ford;"—her messenger even was an object of detestation. He glanced over the beginning of the letter, and pished at its apologies. He turned again to the messenger, to see how her air was in unison with the language of her mistress. The cudgel of Ford then seemed to fall upon his shoulders, and he shrunk from the enterprise. He read a sentence or two of the letter,—a spark of lechery twinkled in his eye, which turned, for confirmation of his hopes, upon love's ambassadress; and thus the images of suffering and desire, of alarm and enjoyment, succeeded one another, until at last the oil of incontinency in him settled above the water of the Thames, and the "divinity of odd

numbers determined him to risk the *third* adventure."

In this bow of Ulysses few actors of the present day presume to shoot. Munden once told me, "he had been all his life trying to make up his mind to it." I am quite sure that he would stand the next to Henderson in the part. But he may, and probably will, close his career, and leave Falstaff unattempted.

While treating of the comic powers of Henderson, I may be allowed to allude to those sportive effusions which constituted a great charm in his society. One of his scenic inventions was the following: He represented Mr Garrick in full preparation for the Jubilee at Stratford, calling upon his old master Johnson, to recite to him the Ode to Shakespeare. The Doctor was occupied *sartorice*, repairing some part of his dress,—a favourite cat was sporting about his chair; and the apprehensive author was trying to cover, by his brilliant recitation, the literary defects of his Ode. He gave you the most perfect imitation of Garrick. The critic thundered out his objections, and the writer timidly defended his composition. The sage rejoined with new point and more decisive manner; the reciter fluttered in hopeless and breathless alarm; and the style of Johnson's criticism was as like as the voice and action of either pupil or master. I could wish that this effort, in particular, had been taken down as he delivered it. There have been few imitations of the Johnsonian style of criticism so exact, and none so diverting. The Ode lay sufficiently open to an acute critic, and Henderson had well studied the remarks of the Doctor upon some of the minor poets.

There were many other pleasantries which my late amiable friend, his widow, used to remind me of, as we sat together viewing the past,—and I frequently requested her to write what she recollected of these *jeux d'esprit*; but I fear nothing was ever done. Who, besides, was there in existence to give them voice and gesture, and preserve, as he did, faithful copies of the distinguished originals? He used to revive his Garrick also in some of the busy scenes of his management. His interviews with ladies of distinction,—his interference for them with the box-office; and mixed up a bustle of so much anxiety and smartness, importance and politeness, as shewed the infinite details of theatrical superintendence in his time, and the restless diligence with which Garrick attended to every thing conducive to his success. I believe most of these exhibitions to have been grounded upon actual occurrences.

Such were the attractions in my early years. They have left impressions never to be effaced. I cannot expect to have many readers, who remember these exhibitions of talent; nearly forty years have passed away since they delighted and instructed us: all, therefore, that I can hope to do, is to keep the memory of them alive, till some great and original master of the art arise among us; that he may catch, from what has been done, the ambition to renew so refined an enjoyment, and redeem us as a people from *minor* amusements, which degrade at once our morals and our taste, and render the chance of better things rather an object of our prayers than our expectations.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE REV. DR WILLIAM TAYLOR, MINISTER OF ST. ENOCH'S, GLASGOW, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND.

THE Rev. Dr William Taylor, of St. Enoch's, Glasgow, was descended from a respectable family in Perthshire, and born at the village of Crieff, on the 28th of February 1748. His parents early perceived the aptitude of his mind for instruction, and eagerly, in their parental fondness and solicitude, extended towards him those advantages of education which the country at that time afforded. He attended the school of his native village, and successively those of Stirling and Perth, then under the conduct of zealous and successful teachers. The early instructions, however, which he ever most valued, he

afterwards received at the seminary of Foulie, then under the enlightened superintendence of an individual of the name of Coldstream, who enjoyed an extended celebrity, and in the variety and profoundness of his classical attainments, gave a dignity to his humble occupation, then less uncommon than in the changed views and dissimilar mode of education of the present day. In the course of his early studies, Dr Taylor was distinguished for the zeal and assiduity of his application, the quickness of his penetration, and that delicate, yet ardent susceptibility of the chaste beauties of the classic authors, which

afterwards, in its more refined and discriminating exercise, so peculiarly characterised him. He was at this period much devoted to diversified reading. He eagerly perused whatever books chance, or accident, or the opportunities of his situation, threw in his way; although many of these, from the abstract and subtle scholastic vein of their discussion, might have seemed to possess little to gratify the ardour and susceptibility of youth; and the deep and delicious impression which several works of fancy, and poetical invention, at this time produced on his ardent mind, while they first cherished and stimulated within him powers afterwards so conspicuous in their exercise, seem, in the vividness of their force and novelty, never to have been effaced from his recollection.

Dr Taylor had early discovered a strong and ardent predilection for the church as a profession; and the quickness and force of his youthful talents, aided by the sedulous exertions of a rare constancy and assiduity in his classical studies, while they anticipated many acquisitions, often only made at a later age, induced his parents to send him to the university of Glasgow at a much earlier period than was then usual. There the same zealous assiduity and success, in more arduous and elevated pursuits, eminently distinguished his exertions. He was regarded by Mr Moor, the celebrated Greek grammarian, as one of his most gifted and finely-discriminating pupils; and several poetical versions, which he at that time made, of select passages from the ancient dramatists and lyric poets, called forth the warm and public approbation of that distinguished and refined critic, and displayed a felicity and chasteness of diction, an ardent susceptibility of poetic beauty and emotion, and a power of gracefully transfusing into the arduous correspondent powers of a dissimilar language, that ardour, and graceful delicacy of feeling and passion, which so often foil the most sedulous and skilful efforts, which, it is probable, only required the continued exertions of enlightened and well-regulated exercise to have raised him into eminence in this arduous and dignified department of literature. At college,

the amiable gentleness of his manners, the sprightly and innocent vivacity of his disposition, and the eminent talent, gracefully embellished and enforced by the dictates of a taste most pure and elegant in its conceptions, seem speedily to have ensured him general esteem and respect. His merits and endowments were generously cherished and recognised by Mr Clow, who at that time, with much distinction, filled the Logic Chair. He directed, with amiable and affectionate solicitude, his early philosophical pursuits,—guided and enlightened him by his wise and salutary counsels,—and at a later period, facilitated his prospects, and extended towards him the confidence and zeal of his valuable and enlightened friendship. It would have been singular, if, at a time when Dr Reid filled the Ethic Chair, and when the writings of Hutcheson, of Hume, of Smith, and of Kames, had excited, in all inquiring and speculative minds, so ardent a love of metaphysical theory and investigation, a young man of eminent and refined mental endowments had escaped the influence of what was then invariably seized upon as most fitted for the display of profound and subtle mental inquiry. Dr Taylor appears, like most of his distinguished contemporaries, to have imbibed, from the peculiar aspect of the literature of the time, the eminence of his great philosophical instructor, Dr Reid, and the celebrity, in profound and acute mental inquiry, of those moving around him, a strong and eager bias for metaphysical disquisition and discussion: Such deep and abstract investigations, while they more effectively disciplined his mind, and cherished and refined that power of clear and luminous discussion which afterwards so eminently marked his professional exertions, seem never, as in the case of so many others, to have chilled the ardent and rich susceptibilities of his mind, or to have impaired, by their cold and arid strictness of subtle and casuistical inquiry, the natural power and emphatic force of his original and finely-coloured conceptions.

Having passed through the prescribed course of the University with high credit and distinction, Dr Taylor, following the ardent and abiding

bias of his mind, entered the Church as a profession. He had not long to experience that painful and dispiriting probationship which so often attends upon many in this first outset of their sacred profession. Shortly after being licensed a preacher, his eminent merits were at once acknowledged and rewarded. He was appointed, by the Professors of the University of Glasgow, one of their chaplains; and while the choice honoured the justness of their discrimination, it held out to the young and gifted aspirant the most efficacious incentives to arduous exertion, and to seek to merit the valuable approbation of so learned and enlightened a body. In this situation, the discourses of Dr Taylor were marked by that chaste and elegant purity of diction, that graphic and vivid power of interesting and touching description, that beauty, and impressive force of illustration, and those original and profound views so gracefully and emphatically held out, which afterwards so strikingly characterised his professional labours. He became, at this time, a Member of the College Literary Society, which could boast, among many others, the great names of David Hume, Adam Smith, Dr Reid, Moor, Leishman, Arthur, and Richardson. Of this Society he continued a member for the long period of nearly forty years. His discourses delivered there, upon a vast variety of important literary topics, were always admired for that characteristic beauty and elegance which ever appropriately and gracefully clothed his striking and original views. And he was wont to speak with high satisfaction of those animated and enlightened discussions which there took place, and which so essentially contributed to the improvement and more elevated excitement of his own genius.

After officiating, during one session, as Chaplain to the College, Dr Taylor obtained the presentation to the parish of Baldernock. There he zealously devoted himself to the welfare of those under his pastoral charge; and the amiable and bland sincerity of his manners, his ardent devotion to the sacred duties of his situation, and the eloquent and impressive view of his public instruc-

tions, rendered him generally beloved and respected. In those intervals of leisure which his secluded, and sequestered situation more peculiarly allowed him, he eagerly resigned himself to the indulgence of his ardent and enlightened literary passion;—and while he extended the range of his profound and varied knowledge, he ever wisely drew from its rich stores somewhat which might impart new efficacy to his instructions, and cause sacred and divine truth to sink with a more willing and irresistible power upon the hearts of the susceptible and devout. He was ever accustomed to look back, with a fond and abiding satisfaction, upon this early period of his ministerial labours; in which he found, in the elevated interests of those around him, what delightfully engaged the exercise of his pious and affectionate solicitude, and efficaciously animated his ardent and persuasive instructions, and in which the varied charms and resources of literature, and the multiplied modifications of human opinion and belief, were only used more powerfully to enforce, or with a more emphatic beauty to recommend, the sublime and salutary doctrines which he so eloquently taught. In this situation, where his zealous pastoral labours were so ardently and affectionately valued, Dr Taylor remained five years. He was then chosen, by the discernment of the Magistrates and Town-Council of Glasgow, to fill the newly-erected parish and church of St Enoch's, in that city. Here the mild and bland benignity of his manners, the earnest and affectionate zeal of his ministrations, and that ardent and untiring thirst after excellence in his profession, which ever animated his impressive exertions, speedily drew him towards his people, in the strong and endeared bands of an intimate and unconstrained friendship and communion. His highly-cultivated and refined endowments, and the rare beauty and elegance of his genius, here found indiscriminating and enlightened hearers, those most fitted to appreciate their most elevated and striking exercise. He had not to lower his instruction to suit the wants of simple, unacquisitive minds, or carefully to mould and

adjust the plainer and more homely mode of its conveyance, to the powers of humbler and less-tutored capacities. He could here, without reserve, resign himself to the most eloquent and refined dictates of his richly-inventive and creative mind; and in producing what in part fulfilled and gratified his own exquisite ideas of excellence, be assured of most deeply and efficaciously impressing his hearers, and exciting in them the pure and fervid emotions of that piety and devotion which ever reigned within his own bosom. And indeed it may perhaps with truth be said, that the more liberal and enlightened views of his hearers, while they left his gifted mind free and untrammelled by what might otherwise have imparted to it a more limited and confined exercise, was one cause of his high eminence as a preacher, and why his discourses assumed uniformly that more enlightened and impressive tone of feeling, and that beauty of interesting and profound discussion, by which they were so conspicuously marked.

In the year 1806, the eminence of Dr Taylor pointed him out as one peculiarly fitted to fill the high station of Moderator for the Church; and in this arduous situation, the manner in which he performed the duties devolved upon him, justified and did honour to the discernment of the venerable body who selected him. His public appearances were admired for their exquisite beauty and propriety; and his concluding address to the Ministers and Elders of the Church displayed an earnestness and wisdom of Apostolic solicitude, finely blended with the licit colourings of a chastened eloquence, which imparted their true and impressive lustre to the striking topics which he treated, not frequently heard in clerical charges of this kind. While yet Moderator, he was presented to his late Majesty, who, with that amiable and benign condescension which so eminently characterised him, displayed, in the conversation with which he honoured him, a warm and paternal interest in the affairs of our national church. In 1812 Dr Taylor was nominated one of his Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. In 1823 he received a striking and

flattering mark of the high respect and affection which his congregation entertained towards him, in a valuable piece of silver plate with which they presented him.

At length, the feebleness and debility of far advancing years, amidst the assiduous zeal and constancy of his public labours, rendered an Assistant necessary. Toward the end of the year 1824, the Magistrates and Town-Council, with a liberality which did them honour, and which the long and arduous professional exertions of so eminent a religious instructor assuredly most rightly called for, bestowed upon him an Assistant, and heightened the value of the obligation, by nominating the individual of his own wise and deliberate choice. It was still the zealous intention of Dr Taylor to continue the occasional exercise of a profession he so ardently and constantly loved, to which he had successfully devoted the energies of his more vigorous years, and which still, in the fervour of his piety, and the constancy of his pure resolves, possessed over him, in his venerable age, the same power and ardour of sacred attachment. But these purposes, however amiable and worthy of the noble aspirations of that fervent and enlightened devotion, which terminated not but with life itself, were denied him. Nature within him was waning towards its last eventful close; and the strides of that debility and decline, amidst the yet unclouded vigour of his faculties, and the calm and placid serenity of his pure and pious mind, were surely and imperceptibly advancing to terminate a life bright with virtue in its lengthened course, and embellished with those benign and amiable attributes to which age had only imparted reverence, and the force of a more touching and impressive charm and beauty. It had long been his humble and earnest desire, that when the time of his departure should come, he might be snatched swiftly away from this perishing scene, without the pain and the agony, or the sad and mournful fluctuations of long-protracted sickness—a wish assuredly not irreverent or unbecoming in those, from the strength of their virtue, and the fervour of their pure piety, eminently

prepared to die. This ardent desire of his heart was compassionately granted him. Death gently laid upon him his resistless hand;—he passed swiftly from this mortal scene without a struggle; and in the placid and soft calm of his end, seemed but like the weary traveller, who, oppressed by the sultry heats of a summer's day, sleeps till the more blissful and refreshing morn shall again arise. Dr Taylor closed his valuable life on the 15th of March 1825, in the 74th year of his age and the 48th of his ministry.

The general and ardent regret, which the death of this eminent and revered individual has excited, is assuredly the most affecting and impressive comment upon the excellence of his life, and the lustre of his talents. He was, indeed, most eminently fitted, by the power and extent of his rare mental endowments, and by the admirable and refined means of their most varied and exquisite culture, to add celebrity, and the blessings of extended usefulness, to the sacred profession which he adopted. He was a man of the most bland and engaging benignity of manners, the most amiable and gentle dispositions, the most tender and susceptible heart, the most elevated and enlightened piety, and possessed that interesting and insinuating modesty, often inseparably allied with great talents, which ever gracefully accompanied all his labours, and diffused the sweet and persuasive charm of its fascination, through every incident, and virtuous act of his life. In the communications of public intercourse, he was courteous and affable, though naturally retiring and reserved. In domestic life, and in the endeared society of his friends, his conversation was marked by much vigour and delicacy of observation, by a rich variety of striking anecdote, introduced gracefully, and without effort, and by a sportive and light buoyancy of disposition, which imparted easily and readily to others the emotions of his own pure and innocent satisfaction. He was, at all times, most eager to advance the prospects of deserving young men in the church, by the soundness of his counsels, and the value of his car-

nest recommendations, more especially where he discovered enlightened views of their profession, happily united with a strong and ardent bias towards literature, which he justly regarded as adding dignity to the clerical character, and facilitating the more impressive and effective influence and power of sacred and divine truth. The mild and placid disposition of Dr Taylor rendered him naturally averse from those discussions which often so fruitlessly occupy and agitate the minds of the members of our Church Courts. He was little ambitious of the ambiguous character of a leader in church affairs. His pure and elevated biases led him in an opposite, and a more pleasing and useful direction. Yet, whenever he perceived any attempts at injustice or oppression in the proceedings of such Ecclesiastical Courts, (for injustice sometimes even enters there,) his ardent love and feeling of rectitude, ever, at once, prompted him to the most strenuous and solicitous endeavours in behalf of the injured and the suffering. To his other rare qualities and endowments Dr Taylor added an enthusiastic fondness and predilection for music. He performed with elegance and taste upon several instruments, and was well and intimately acquainted with the peculiar and characteristic merits of the most distinguished composers, especially the chaste and finely-regulated productions of many of those of the olden time. These he highly valued, for their majestic and grave simplicity,—the admirable art and contrivance of their pure and effective harmony,—the finely-impassioned, and rich vein of feeling which breathed throughout the whole, and the severe inordinate grandeur of their noble conceptions, which, in the magic skill and strictness of their scientific structure, seemed to raise them beyond the debasing contagion of that novel fashion and capricious fluctuation, which appear ever in this delicious and fascinating art, changing and modelling it, as it were, anew. Dr Taylor especially cherished music as one of the most pleasing and exhilarating recreations which could grace and embellish the pursuits of a zealous lover of litera-

ture,—as that which most pleasingly and efficaciously stimulated and exhilarated the mind, fatigued and oppressed with study, and caused again to spring up, in their wonted power and ardour, those rich susceptibilities, which are wont to slumber inactive beneath the deadening influence of uncongenial, or too-long-continued pursuits. In his younger years he had assiduously cultivated the art of musical composition; and although he chiefly valued such exercises for the more exquisite and refined discernment with which they enabled him to appreciate the noble excellencies of the great masters, yet they displayed much power and facility of invention, and an eager seeking after striking and novel effects, which could alone have occurred to one of ardent and refined musical susceptibility. While occupied in the composition of his religious discourses, he, above all, felt with deep sensibility the power of music, and eagerly resigned himself to its delicious and soothing impressions. He then loved that one of his family, whom he had early inspired with the ardour of his own refined musical passion, should perform in his hearing some of his favourite compositions of Handel, of Abel, or of Bach. These, in their rich and impressive power, he was used to say, gave a richer and more ardent activity to his susceptible mind, a more quickened and delicate feeling of the beauty of the topics which he treated, and often, in that added fervour of susceptibility which they excited, inspired him with the noblest of his conceptions, and the most overpowering and graphic touches of his vivid and pathetic description. He, throughout life, continued his ardent predilection for this delicious art; and what had so often imparted to him a pure satisfaction, and animated into more impressive exercise, the dictates of his pious mind, still bore with it the same blissful power, and continued to shed abroad within him that placid and mild unruffled serenity, which abode within him to the last.

For his varied and profound knowledge of literature, Dr Taylor was eminently remarkable. He was intimately versed in all its singular

and chequered characteristics in this country, amidst all the variety of its revolutions, and the striking diversity of its modifications. With the spirit and chaste elegance of ancient classical literature he was deeply imbued, and pursued, throughout life, with abiding ardour and relish, in the most esteemed and admirable authors, his minute knowledge and refined appreciation of its peculiar and distinctive changes, in modern times, throughout Europe. For the literature of Germany and France he ever entertained a peculiar ardour of predilection. He was accustomed to peruse the classic prose writers, especially of the latter nation, with a deep and refined susceptibility of those inimitable and touching graces of style and manner, in which they may be said so strikingly to transcend all others. And generally, before engaging in composition, he was wont to have in his hands the work of some writer of that country, which he peculiarly valued for the felicitous display of these refined and arduous characteristics; as (among others) the "*Petit Carême*" of Massillon,—the "*Pièces Choies*" of Buffon,—the "*Eloges*" of Thomas,—the "*Sermons and Panegyrics*" of Flechier,—or the "*Belisaire*" of Marmontel. These he believed (in a deep feeling and appreciation of their excellencies) more powerfully to excite the emulous ardour of his genius; and to diffuse throughout the compositions upon which he was engaged somewhat of that chaste and emphatic vigour of pathetic colouring, and that graphic and animated ease of narrative and description, which he so ardently felt and admired.

For the enlightened study and culture of philosophy, Dr Taylor ever entertained an ardent bias. He regarded a knowledge of its profound and varying systems as inseparably allied with the liberal and enlarged studies of his own profession; as shewing the utmost energy and penetrating extent of human unaided inquiry, which receives alone its most emphatic and intelligible comment from the clear and irresistible light which the lessons of divine truth shed upon its diversified and often fanciful and fantastic doctrines.

The zealous and abiding fondness with which he ever regarded his own profession, led him, with a peculiar ardour, to cultivate that varied and profound knowledge which it so eminently demands. He was deeply skilled in divinity, and in the history of religious controversy. And while he possessed an intimate knowledge of those revolutions and changes which have so strikingly marked the progress of religion, he ever drew that amiable and benign candour, and soft charity, which gracefully accompanied and recommended his judgments in sacred things, from his deep feeling of the inestimable value and importance of the inspired lessons of divine truth.

In his manner and delivery as a preacher, this ancient clergyman was earnest, grave, and impressive. A mild and simple unostentatious dignity, touched with a bland and soft benignity, ever accompanied his demeanour, and imparted an added charm of persuasion and of power to his impressive and eloquent instructions. He little sought the aids of studied and varied action. He rather relied alone, for the depth of a tender devotional impression, upon the fervid and strikingly-contrasted views of his own gifted mind, delivered with an earnest and finely-chastened gravity and sobriety. He thought such exterior oratorical aids apt, often insensibly, to trespass, in their growing excess, upon the earnest apostolic gravity and simplicity which he conceived most suitably to adorn the sacred character; that however much such blandishments of manner might enforce, embellish, or recommend, the arguments and topics of erring human ingenuity and belief, they could yet, in truth, add little to the beauty, or the impressive and sacred efficacy, of divine and immutable truth. The discourses of Dr Taylor were ever characterised by the justness and originality of their profound views, by a lucid clearness of arrangement and discussion, and by that persuasive charm and interest, which his creative and susceptible mind knew, with such felicitous skill, to impart to every topic which he treated, and every view which he impressively held out. He zealously desired the welfare

and elevated instruction of his people; and he ever rightly considered, that, in such sacred exercises, it was not sufficient alone to satisfy and convince the judgment; but that there should be superadded to this the effective and irresistible influence of the moved heart and affections, touched with the susceptibility of a loftier belief, of a more ardent love of the beauty, and inestimable value of sacred truth and of virtue. He was, indeed, a preacher eminently distinguished for his pathetic, eloquent, and persuasive powers; his natural and deep sensibility, and his ardent and finely-chastened fancy, ever at once suggested to him the most energetic and touching mode of enforcing those divine lessons which he inculcated, and of adding a novel interest and power to those great and marked scriptural characters, moving amidst such great and awful events of the olden time, which he delineated; or to those sublime and impressive situations, big with instructive power, which he so adequately and emphatically depicted. He was remarkable for a power of glowing and vivid description, ever guided by the refined dictates of the most chaste and elegant taste, which yet took nothing from the richness of its favouring accompaniments, or the energy and emphatic power of its colouring. Whatever touching circumstances and associations—whatever recollections, deeply imbued with poetic feeling, and flowing naturally from the impressive subject he treated, were eagerly seized upon with a masterly hand, to add to the force of a deep and pathetic impression. He possessed a rare power of felicitous and apposite illustration; and the licit embellishments of his style, the elegant graces of his language and expression, and the graphic and impressive vein of his finely-checkered and striking imagery, were at all times reared upon the stable and noble basis of the soundest and most enlightened truths, and the most elevated, and just, and consoling religious views. His discourses on public occasions were especially valued and admired for the striking and appropriate character of their topics, and the invariable beauty,

and pathetic and persuasive interest, which he ever threw around their vigorous and luminous discussion.

In that ardent, affectionate, and amiable reverence with which his people ever regarded him, he had at no time to lament the inconstancy of human friendship and attachment. The bland and engaging benignity of his virtues, and the abiding, pure, and ardent integrity of his character, seemed ever securely to establish and confirm that affection which it gently and efficaciously conciliated, and to kindle within others that unshaken steadfastness and constancy of regard which characterised his own wise and stably-founded friendships. He had, it is true, often, in his venerable and far-advanced years, to lament friendships broken, and attachments dissolved; but they were those which death alone, in its destroying power, had severed, and the endeared objects of which the tenderness of his regrets, and the strong grasp of his ardent affection, could not detain. Can his people, in the ardour of their amiable regrets, ever forget that earnest and fond paternal solicitude with which he watched over their most sacred interests?—that eloquent and abiding ardour with which he ever guided and hallowed their devotions—that benign dignity, so finely allied with the ardour of enlightened and affectionate zeal, with which he enforced his touching and impressive instructions? Perhaps there is no sight more nobly edifying and instructive than that of a people who, in the ardour and constancy of their well-grounded attachment, cling to their aged pastor to the last—whom the delusions of no novel or shifting religious doctrines draw aside from the path in which they have so long gladly and securely walked—and with whom the errors of no vain or dispiriting belief turn, so to say, into bitterness the waters of that pure and ever-springing fountain, from which they have so long drawn healing, and gladness, and refreshing,—with whom the feebleness and debility of venerable years, and the mournful and swift decays of nature in their

revered instructor, only more tenderly awaken their solicitude, and more affectionately kindle the ardour of their constant and abiding affection; and who, when the last disastrous stroke falls, which closes for ever his useful and zealous pastoral labours, regard his departure, amidst the depth of their reverence and affection, with somewhat of the intense feeling and embittered sorrow of a severe domestic affliction. Such may with truth be said to be the emotions, in the midst of his constant and endeared people, with which the death of this pious and enlightened individual has been justly attended. The amiable ardour of their regrets are, indeed, the fitting tribute to the excellence of his worth, and the value of his edifying and richly-consoling instructions. And although his people shall no longer hear the well-known accents of that voice which has so often forcibly and deliciously aroused their finest and noblest sensibilities, or experience that amiable and affectionate solicitude of venerable years which has so often touched them into reverence and regard, or behold that aged hand, stretched forth in mild, earnest, apostolic fervour, to bless them; yet, assuredly, his sacred and efficacious instructions have sunk with a deep and enduring power, worthy their value, upon the hearts of his people; and the rare worth of him they have lost shall hallow in their sight their tender and fondly-cherished recollections. The voice of sacred truth, when breathed by the pious and devout, does not, in virtuous minds, speedily die. His people shall long, with endeared affection, recall the memory of one whose virtues were so gracefully and inseparably linked with the elevated and divine doctrines which he taught, and the lustre of whose talents, and the rich and impressively-coloured beauty of whose zealous and impressive instructions, received their most fitting and admirable comment in the excellence of his own individual worth, and the persuasive and forcible charm of his own most amiable, and bland, and benign virtues.

Lines written among the Ruins of Crookstoun Castle.

O! 'TIS sweet to stray around Crook-
stoun gray

When the sun hangs low and red,
To gaze on the ravages of decay,
And to muse on the days that have
passed away;
And the long-forgotten dead.

Not a tread is heard in thy lonely hall,
Nor a groan from thy dungeon deep,
For thy captives are bound in stonger
thrall
Than thy roofless tower, and thy moul-
dering wall,—

In the narrow house they sleep.

Thy grandeur and pride have flitted
away

“Like a tale that has been told,”

For thy banners are furl'd for ever and
aye,

And Death has broke the firm array.
Of thy ancient warriors bold.

Death soils in the dust the plumage and
crest

Of the boldest son of breath,
For who among men this foe may resist,—
Who may e'er in hope set lance in the
rest,

Or enter the lists with Death?

'Tis in vain now the summer sunbeams
stream

Through thy grateless windows gay,
For no fair lady veils her from the beam,
And no burnish'd mail flings back the
gleam

From thy walls so rude and gray;

And vainly may rave the winter wind
Through thy loop-holes piping shrill,
For it chills no blood, it damps no mind,
No shivering shred of human kind
Breathes here, for all is still.

Still scuds the hare, as timid and shy,
From brake to brake unseen,—

Still wheels the crow round thy battle-
ments high,

With as wild a scream as when warfare
was nigh,

And carcases heap'd the green:

But here now awakes no maddening cry,
No shout, no shriek, no groan,—

No dismal war-cloud obscures the sky,—
No freezing gore-streams the fair daisie's
dye,

Red crusting sword and stone.

Still round thee Levern sweeps and sings
O'er his pebbles as of yore,—

Still o'er its stream the hazel hings,—

Still on its bank the wild rose springs,

The rowan and the hawthorn 'hoar:

But no yeoman here cuts his arrow-shafts
now,

Or hums his rude roundelay,

Where the peasant boy, with the sun-
burnt brow,

Seek the grey-linnet's nest, from bough to
bough,

And wastes the long summer day;

And no lovely maid o'er thy drawbridge
strays,

When the western sky is bright,
To tread alone the greenwood maze,

On her own sweet form in the stream to
gaze,

And sigh for some absent knight:

For thy knights have approv'd their
kighthood well,

And return'd with trophies home;

But minstrels their deeds have forgot to
tell,

And snow-white breasts have ceas'd to
swell—

All are crumbling in the tomb.

MEMOIRS OF ANTONIO CANOVA.

WE left Canova just established in Rome, and preparing his designs for the tomb of Gangauelli. In this employment, nearly two years of unremitting labour were consumed; for Canova, though his character as a sculptor of distinguished talent was already fixed, was still obliged to perform all the more mechanical labours of his art with his own hand, being unable to pay for the services of an assistant. On this occasion,

also, he realized the plan he had long meditated, of executing the original models in a similar manner, and of the same dimensions with the finished work; a system which he found to be highly conducive to improvement in statuary, and which, after this essay, he never afterwards abandoned.

The difficulty of composing and modelling, without assistance, figures of the colossal magnitude required for

the purpose was extreme; and Canova, more than once, almost gave way to despondency during his labour. Such was his unremitting assiduity, however, that, dissatisfied with the result of his first essays, he entirely remodelled the statues he had composed for the tomb of Clement. At length, in 1787, the long-expected work was exposed to public inspection, and the effect it produced is thus graphically described by Milizia, whom Cicognara styles the Aristarchus of the arts.

"A singular phenomenon, my dear Count, whereto I write to you,—what a poem! In the church of the Holy Apostles, near the entrance to the sacristy, and fronting down one of the side aisles, the sculptor Antonio Canova, a Venetian, has erected a Mausoleum to Pope Ganganeli. The basement is divided into two plinths. Upon the first sits a beautiful female, called Meekness,—meek as the lamb which reposes at her side. Upon the second division is the urn, over which, on the opposite side, reclines Temperance, another beautiful figure. From behind rises a pedestal supporting a seat of antique form, where, full of dignity, and clothed in a most becoming manner, (*papalissimamente*), is seated his Holiness, with the right arm and hand extended horizontally, in attitude of commanding—of pacifying—of protecting. Such is the monument. The whole is of white marble, except the lower basement, the pedestal and chair, which are of a greyish colour, (*Lumacello*). The harmony is delightful, the light proceeding from above, and in moderated splendour, whence every part comes out with great sweetness. The composition is of that simplicity which seems facility itself—yet is the very essence of difficulty. What repose, what elegance, what disposition! The sculpture and the architecture, in the whole, as also in the details, is in the style of antiquity. Canova is an ancient, I know not whether of Athens or of Corinth; I feel assured, however, that if in Greece, and during the happiest ages of Grecian art, it had been required to sculpture a Pope, the subject would not have been treated in a manner different from the present. During the twenty-six years which I have passed here, in *questa urbe del orbe*, I have never witnessed any work so generally applauded. Of all the productions of modern sculpture, this is declared, by the most liberal and intelligent artists, to approach nearest to the antique

Even the ex-Jesuits themselves cannot forbear praising and admiring this marble Ganganeli,—a circumstance surely to be regarded as a miracle of that Pope, who will henceforth derive no less glory from this monument, than from having suppressed that order! It is indeed a perfect work, of which, were there any doubts, they would be dispelled by the very censures of the *Much-Angusts*, the *Berninists*, the *Borrominists*, who, Heaven pity them! regard as defects the greatest of its beauties,—exclaiming against the drapery, the form, the expressions—as antique! Our friend, Pietro Vitali, is now employed upon an engraving of this monument. I congratulate myself, then, with all the Venetians. I earnestly wish that the young artists may follow the noble career of Canova, and that the Fine Arts may again be restored.

A similar monument to Rezzonico, (Clement XII.) to be erected by the nephews of that pontiff, was immediately entrusted to Canova, who, as an Italian critic observes, "thus seemed to begin where other sculptors conclude their labours, with such grand and colossal undertakings as are very rarely confided to those whose reputation a long course of years, and, a numerous series of works, have not established." His success, however, never seems to have impaired his industry or his caution. Nearly five years were devoted to the present beautiful production, and the same care in modelling and execution bestowed on it as on the former. The general design resembles that of the tomb of Ganganeli. The basement, divided in the centre by a door, is, like the former, composed of two gradations, on which are placed the same number of emblematical figures, with the sarcophagus between: above rises the plinth, or pedestal, supporting the kneeling figure of the aged Pontiff: On the left reclines a winged genius of Death, supporting his head on the inverted torch, and fixing a mournful look on the entrance to the tomb; while at his feet, on the first division of the base, reposes a sleeping lion.

— "guardando
A guisa di leon quando si posa."

To the right stands Religion, erect and firm, bearing in the one hand a cross, while the other, stretched out gently, rests against the urn. This is solid

and plain, having in front an ornamented medallion, within which is inscribed "Clement XII.—Rezzonico.—P. M.—Fratris Filii." Under the figure of Religion also couches a lion, but awake, and in the attitude of guarding the entrance to the sepulchre. The statue of the Pontiff being turned, as custom requires, towards the tribune of that majestic temple which it adorns, presents only the profile in front. Bareheaded, the tiara being placed before him, and clothed in a rich sacerdotal robe, which falls around in grand, yet simple folds, the aged father,

—"quivi inchina e riverente,
Abza il pensier sovra ogni ciel sublime,"

We feel that it is impossible to proceed in detail through the series of great works which occupied the attention of Canova from this period; and the remainder of our article shall be devoted rather to the incidents which mark the man than the artist.

In 1803, Canova visited Paris, for the purpose of executing a statue of Napoleon; and, in the course of his residence in France, enjoyed a very familiar intercourse with the Emperor.

Various and highly-interesting conversations were maintained between Napoleon and Canova, during the abode of the latter in Paris. The substance of these dialogues, so full of interest, from the celebrity of the speakers, is still preserved, having been noted at the time by the stepbrother of the artist, by whom he was constantly attended. Buonaparte, himself a man of consummate abilities, delighted in the converse of men of genius, to whose frankness and independence he permitted liberties of speech unpardonable in any of his mere courtiers. Our ingenuous artist was not one to suffer the privilege of fearlessly declaring the truth, or of pleading the cause of the oppressed, to remain unclaimed. A lover of peace from humanity of disposition, while he possessed the almost universal temperament of high intellect—an attachment to liberty—he seized every opportunity of appealing in favour of both; more especially he insisted, with amiable enthusiasm, on the past glory of Italy, and on the expediency—the justice of restoring her to independence. In such political conversations, we must admire the prudence and sagacity conspicuous

in his conduct. These were always introduced by Napoleon, Canova seeming merely to allow his replies to be elicited; for he possessed too much good sense to obtrude his opinion in matters of which, from previous habits and pursuits, the extent of his knowledge might be questioned. Unwelcome truths thus came with greater propriety from one who had no interest to forward—no vanity to gratify in declaring them, and acquired additional weight as they were in part unexpected. His auditor, struck by the novelty or veracity of some remark, would often stop him for some moments, then motion to proceed, muttering, half aside, "*Buono, buonissimo, non siete solamente scultore?*"—"Good, very good, that is not the saying of a mere sculptor." It was not, however, always with calmness that Buonaparte, at such times, listened to observations which went near to implicate the integrity of his actions, or the humanity of his views. "*Come!*" "how!" he would exclaim, "*Citizen Canova, parlato senza tema,*"—"you speak without fear."—"Parlo da uom sincero,"—"I speak without flattery," was the laconic and unperturbed reply. These conversations chiefly took place while the Consul sat for his bust. On one of these occasions, the first sketch of the intended statue was shown to him: not seeing in this design any arms among the accessories, "How is this?" said he, playfully addressing the artist; "Citizen Canova, there must be a plot against me,—you have left me without defence."—"No, Sire, replied the sculptor, pointing out the parazonium suspended on the trunk which supports the figure, "I have only hung up the sheathed sword, in sign of that peace to which the wishes of all good men have long inclined."

Buonaparte was distinguished above most men by felicity in discerning the peculiar talents of others, and by address in eliciting from their acquirements useful intelligence. With a great artist, therefore, he would not, as may be supposed, constantly talk of politics. The best modes of embellishing the capital—the measures most effective in promoting the fine arts—the proper arrangement of a national gallery, formed the frequent subject of their discourse. On all of these points Canova was capable of giving new and valuable information, and on each he freely communicated his thoughts; the last, indeed, often led to animated expression of feeling. Too zealous for the honour of his country, as also too ardent an admirer of antiquity, not to lament the removal of those won-

ders of art which had so long adorned the clime and inspired the genius of Italy,—he was too ingenuous to conceal his indignant sentiments, even from the man whose power had sanctioned that outrage. Thus, by the particular desire of Napoleon, he examined the *Musée* of the Louvre, for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements could be effected in the disposition of those *chief d'œuvres*, which had recently been transported from their former sites to that superb collection. Being then asked by the Consul, “Whether they were not judiciously arranged?” he answered with admirable brevity, “*certo stavano meglio in Italia*,”—“they certainly were better placed in Italy.”

In France, under the revolutionary and imperial systems, the causes which influenced the fate of the art seems to have been altogether political,—or even originating in the desire of personal aggrandisement, than springing from the primary objects of national advantage, and the general improvements of taste. Whether as Consul or Emperor, the founder of the late dynasty encouraged painting, sculpture, and also architecture, as means of throwing around his administration a splendour which dazzled the minds of beholders, and prevented a too close inspection of their own condition. Canova used to represent him as possessing little original refinement, and not much acquired knowledge in the arts. But his designs connected with these were traced on the same magnificent scale which distinguished all his operations; while in carrying these plans into effect, he selected with acute and unbiassed judgment the most enlightened conductors. With their determination as regarded the details he never interfered. They were subsequently left to the free exercise of their skill, with the comprehensive mandate, “*Faire le meilleur, et à la manière la plus grande*.”

In 1815, Canova again visited Paris in a different capacity. He was selected by the Pope as the person best qualified, and invested with authority to attend to the interests of the Ecclesiastical States, in reclaiming those works of art which had been plundered by Buonaparte. In this new situation, Canova shewed the same superiority of mind as he had evinced in the arts; and in the very difficult and delicate part he had to act, where so many contending interests were to be reconciled in favour of a power, one of the weakest,

and yet claiming the most valuable part of the subjects in dispute, he seems to have conducted himself with great tact and judgment; and finally succeeded in accomplishing most completely the objects of his mission.

Canova, having effected this important commission, directed his attention to a design, the accomplishment of which he had long meditated—a visit to the British metropolis. He arrived in London towards the conclusion of the autumn of 1815.

Of the advantages and the pleasures derived from the journey, Canova ever spoke in terms of the most gratified recollection. The mansions of wealth and of rank were opened in emulous hospitality to welcome the illustrious stranger; while the friendly connections formed with several of our most distinguished artists and men of talent, constituted sources of more permanent gratulation. He had also long cherished an increasing admiration for the few remains of art in Italy, ascribable to the era of Phidias. Even from his youth, the lofty union of grandeur and of truth in the conception,—the harmonious accordance of an execution, broad and vigorous, yet flowing, natural, and unexaggerated, which distinguished this epoch, had arrested his discerning judgment, and had been followed as models, while the age generally was alike incapable of feeling, as of imitating these beauties. The discovery and removal of the *Elgin marbles*, therefore, the first, undoubted specimens of that school, had excited no ordinary curiosity. Every intelligence which the restrictions of war permitted to reach his place of abode, was eagerly collected; and to him, as the most enlightened of his countrymen on that subject, *Visconti* addressed his dissertations on those highly but justly-celebrated sculptures. On first viewing these remains,—and they formed the first subject of inquiry as they continued to be of reiterated study,—no visible impression was for some time perceivable. As he proceeded in their examination, his countenance began to assume the same glowing intelligence, usually exhibited when his mind was engaged in a profound and pleasing investigation connected with professional pursuits, and his manner to express the most intense interest. He seemed as if restoring in fancy the broken surfaces and mutilated fragments to their original perfection,—dimmed, indeed, to others, but to his eye still plainly discernible. These works he ever afterwards mentioned with enthusiastic,—almost de-

votional admiration, stating, that from them the principles which for half a century had guided his practice, had received illustration and improvement; and that in the productions executed subsequently to his visit to the British metropolis, the real connoisseur would perceive traits of vigour and of nature superior to all his former efforts.

In his present Majesty, the fine arts have ever found an enlightened and generous patron. From his earliest accession to power, their best interests, no less than those of literature, have been advanced by his private munificence, and by the judicious measures of his government. From a Sovereign, thus capable of appreciating, and disposed to reward talents, Canova might have naturally anticipated a gracious reception. Nor were these hopes disappointed. His Majesty, then Regent, honoured the sculptor in various conferences; gave a commission for one of his most beautiful groups; and, farther, presented him with a gold box set with brilliants, containing, besides, a gift worthy of the donor. As an especial mark of favour, he was also made the bearer of private letters from the British, to his own Sovereign, the aged Pontiff. Canova was a man of the utmost simplicity, candour, and independence of mind. The manner in which he always extolled the fine taste, sound judgment, and extensive information, that distinguish his present Majesty in matters relative to the arts, can therefore only be ascribed to a love of truth, and to no motives of flattery or views of interest. He has also been heard to observe, and he had enjoyed frequent intercourse with most, if not all the crowned heads of Europe,—"that he knew no Sovereign in whose address there were more happily combined the suavity of the amiable man, and the dignity of the great Monarch."

On his return to Rome, he was received with a pomp which recalled the memory of her ancient triumphs. He was also immediately named "President of the Commission for the purchase of objects of Art," and of the "Academy of Archaeology," having formerly been declared President of "St. Luke's." He also received the title of Marquis of Ischia, with an annual pension of 3000 crowns attached to that dignity.

We now behold the humble and single-minded artist, thus elevated to a rank highly distinguished in worldly grandeur, and still more celebrated as the first in one,—and that one of the noblest depart-

ments in the empire of mind. The same simplicity, however,—the same unassuming modesty, to the end of life continued to characterize his sentiments, and to mark his deportment. Religion—pure, mild, and rational—possessed in truth the deepest influence over the heart of Canova. This amiable and enlightened feeling, united with natural humility and gratitude, led him to attribute every vicissitude which he had experienced in his own fortune, or witnessed in the fate of those great personages with whom he had conversed, solely to the dispensations of an all-wise and good Providence. Those changes, indeed, which had so recently and so powerfully affected the potentates of Europe, had not hastened his greatness; on the contrary, had he been ambitious of honours, he might have commanded the highest in the gift of him, who so long had held in iron grasp the destinies of nations. His patriotic moderation rejected the proffered exaltation. He now enjoyed the proud consciousness of serving his country, restored to independence, and had the satisfaction of receiving the rewards of these services from the hand of a Sovereign, to whom he had previously been attached by private friendship,—whose misfortunes he had never ceased to lament,—whose return filled him with joy. His temper of mind, no less than the stupendous events themselves, so far beyond mortal foresight or agency, as well as the pleasure derived from their happy termination, thus disposed Canova to pious impressions, and he proposed to eternize both the transactions and his gratitude, by a gratuitous effort of his skill in erecting a colossal statue of Religion,—one of the most noble monuments of his powers, and among the grandest designs yet produced by modern art. Already the model filled Italy with admiration of its excellence,—the enormous block of marble was placed,—and the chisel of the sculptor suspended over it, only delayed to call the mass into life, till the proper authorities should determine what site was to receive the precious offering. Will it be credited, that indecision of this point, through the mutual jealousies and vanity of churchmen, deprived Rome and the arts of a present so magnificent! yet such was the fact. The artist himself would have preferred the majestic expanse of St. Peter's, or rather the glorious circle of the Pantheon, where this personification of Catholicism might rise in the centre, while the memorials of departed genius, in busts, statues, and monuments, should adorn the splendid periphery. But designs thus calculated alike to aggrandise the capital,—to

advance the arts,—to honour religion, were rendered abortive by the difficulties of reconciling,—not the contending interests, but the rival pretensions of those concerned ; or by a passion more disgraceful still,—envy of the reputation which an old man would derive from a statue recording his virtues and his misfortunes. Cardinals and Princes, from such motives, combined in throwing obstacles in the way of completing a work destined to commemorate the return from banishment of the head of their church !

Disappointed in his views in this particular, Canova determined to erect at the place of his birth a magnificent temple. Circumstances occurred for some time to delay the commencement of the undertaking, but the mind of Canova appears to have been deeply occupied with the scheme during that interval. At length, in the summer of 1819, he arrived in the secluded scene of his intended operations ; and on the 8th of July, having assembled his artificers and assistants, he entertained them with a rural fête, at which he presided in person. At the close of the entertainment, with an amiable mixture of feeling and taste, he distributed, with his own hand, presents to the young shepherdesses and peasant girls of the neighbouring hamlets, who had mingled in the festivities of the day, and had even previously joined in the less agreeable occupation of removing the earth, voluntarily assisting in what they deemed a pious labour.

It was (says Mr Memes) a most interesting sight to view these rural beauties, dressed in the gay and picturesque costume of the Venetian *contadine*—their sunny looks brightened with pleasure, advancing in long procession to where Canova was expecting them. Each, as she passed his seat, received from his own hand the valued gift ; and blushing her inaudible thanks, or lisping in modest diffidence her “ *grazie Signor mi*,” mingled with an equally-delighted crowd of fathers and mothers, brothers or lovers, who were standing around to admire and to congratulate these objects of their affection. Upwards of £400 were thus expended by their noble-minded countryman ;—and from the surrounding happiness, the spectator must have often turned to gaze on him who had created it. Canova’s countenance seemed to reflect the united enjoyment of all ; it beamed

with the conscious triumph of doing good ; and his eye glistened with the dew of genuine—of unostentatious benevolence. Often has he been heard to declare, that this was “ one of the few days of real existence.” “ Yet,” he would continue, “ how little did it cost me to make so many human beings happy !—after all, the true value of money is to be estimated from the *quantity* of happiness which it may purchase for others :—in this light riches are indeed desirable.”

During the period that elapsed from 1819 to 1822, many of Canova’s finest works were executed. To these it is needless to allude. Description, however lengthened and minute, gives almost no idea of the productions of art ; and a mere enumeration of names could convey no idea at all. We proceed, therefore, to that melancholy event in which all must feel a deep and sorrowful interest.

The climate of Naples, where Canova had for some time been engaged in executing a colossal equestrian statue of Ferdinand, had always been uncongenial to him, and he returned languid and desponding, with strong indications of the disorder which is technically called “ *dyspepsia*.” In Rome, his spirits began to revive, and during the three subsequent months, though far from well, he was enabled, with little interruption, to pursue his professional avocations. Early in September he set out on his annual visit to Possagno, hoping to derive benefit from the exhilaration of his journey, and from the change of air.

On the 17th of the same month, our invalid reached the place of destination,—but, alas ! health was not in the breeze of his native fields. Indeed the malady had gained ground during the journey, which, notwithstanding weakness, had been prosecuted in the usual hurried manner ; for, regretting the time occupied in travelling as lost, he constantly moved with the utmost expedition. Here the friends who had not seen him since the preceding autumn, were but too sensible of his attenuated form, and generally-altered appearance—symptoms of decay, less obvious to those who had daily enjoyed his converse. But he seemed desirous of diverting his own, as well as the attention of others, from the subject, replying to anxious inquirers—*Adesso starò bene*, “ I shall presently be well,”—with a gentle pressure of the hand, or a melancholy

smile, the unconscious feebleness of which was inexpressibly affecting, and forbade indulgence of the hope it was kindly intended to convey. During the whole of his stay in the country he remained always active, superintending the builders, making short excursions, and taking the waters of *Reccoaro*, from which he had formerly experienced relief. Towards the end of the month, his health appearing on the whole to be improved, he began to think of returning to Rome. Preparatory to this, he resolved to spend the first of October at the villa *Falier*,—a spot endeared by youthful recollections, and by a whole age of friendship. Here a few friends had assembled to meet him;—the day passed in the most agreeable manner, Canova's cheerful conversation diffusing a charm around, which, with his looks of renovated strength, rendered him the centre of more than ordinary attraction. The events of his juvenile years were recalled with animated pleasure. He fondly lingered in every favourite haunt, where half a century before had been indulged the first romantic dreams of youth,—and it was on this day, as formerly mentioned, that he expressed so deep an interest in viewing the works of his early master, *Torretto*. If these incidents appear trivial, let it be remembered, that they mark the last day of health, and of enjoyment of him, who was never indifferent to the welfare and the happiness of others. The traveller, conscious that a mournful issue awaits the termination of the journey, may be pardoned if he linger by the way,—if he ascend every elevation which allure with the promise of less gloomy prospects,—or often stop to admire the flowers that bloom in his path: so, also, the biographer of the virtuous dead will naturally wish to dwell on the bright activities of existence—to expatiate on the fleeting hours, which still connect his subject with the annals of time,—and to retain, as it were, the pure example in the world.

These symptoms of convalescence proved transitory and delusive. Canova had scarcely bid adieu to the Signor *Falier*, when his disorder returned with augmented violence: he nevertheless persisted in the determination of leaving *Posagno*, and on the 4th arrived in Venice, with the intention of remaining some days before finally departing for Rome. But here the progress of disease could no longer be withstood; and having retired to the house of his friend *Francesconi*, on the right of the *Piazza di San Marco*, whose hospitable roof he constantly preferred to more splendid mansions, he was at length obliged to take to his bed,

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which hitherto had been strenuously avoided. On this day was also written the last note ever signed by his hand;—it was addressed to the friend whose bust is precious as the last creation of his chisel, and runs thus: “My health continues as usual—perhaps is worse than it was; for a few days I thought it improving, but I was mistaken; it is to be hoped the journey to Rome may restore me. I would fain embrace you once more.”

With the lapse of time, the disorder continued gradually to increase, the stomach refusing to retain the smallest portion of aliment; nor could the powers of medicine, administered with the address of science and the tenderness of friendship, allay an internal convulsive affection, which greatly added to the sufferings of the patient. The pulse, however, continued regular, and the senses unaffected, to the last; while amid this complicated distress, Canova was never heard to complain, but exerted himself in calming the alarm, and soothing the grief of the weeping attendants by whom he was surrounded. Nor was it in the chamber of the sick alone, that a feeling of the deepest sorrow prevailed; it affectingly declared his worth, to behold a crowd of all ranks besetting the entrance to the house where he lay, eager to learn the state of his health. Such were his perfect calmness and resignation, that the danger appeared not so imminent as it really was, and even by his most intimate friends, hopes of recovery were entertained, to use their own expression, “*quasi al ultimo sospiro*,” almost to the latest breath. When at length it was deemed necessary to put him in mind of arranging his affairs, the announcement was received with the utmost composure. His earthly concerns were declared to have been long put in order, and he now only reminded his brother that the full completion of the Temple at *Posagno* must be provided for. He also mentioned certain works in terms which showed that the hope of renown is not disregarded by, or may even be grateful to the departing spirit; in particular, he rejoiced that in his latest improvement might be traced, and that all those for which money had been received, in anticipation were finished. This latter circumstance seemed to shed unmingled satisfaction over his death-bed, and to it he more than once reverted.

The morning of the 12th passed as usual, without any very apparent alteration, but towards noon the disorder evidently threatened a fatal crisis, and the

strength of the sufferer appeared to be rapidly decaying. It was therefore judged highly expedient to prepare his mind for the last change, and Signor Aglietti was requested to undertake this melancholy duty. Canova received that declaration of his friend and physician which forbade all hope, with the most unmoved serenity and pious resignation. "Ecco," he merely replied, "*noi veniamo a questo mondo a far la nostra rivista—poi—sic transit gloria mundi*."—"We come into this world to play our part—and then—vanishes the glory of the scene,"—after a pause, adding in a tone of joyful confidence—"Beato, beato che l'ha fatto bene,"—"Thrice happy he who has performed it well." He then confessed himself with the deepest contrition, and afterwards made a second verbal codicil to his will, again enforcing the continuance and completion of the Church at Possagno. This was at five o'clock, and in the course of the evening the last and most solemn rites of the Catholic communion were administered, in which he participated with a sincerity and an ardour of devotion, which edified, while it melted even to tears all present. The soul, now loosened from all earthly ties, was absorbed in holy meditation; at the same time the bodily strength was so entirely exhausted, that scarcely a movement indicated the presence of life,—yet the lethargy affected only the vital functions, the powers of the mind remained unimpaired, as was attested by the short sentences of lofty piety, or of practical virtue, which were occasionally addressed to the friends who ministered at his couch. Of these sentences it was observed that he more than once repeated: "*Prima di tutto conviene il proprio dovere;—ma prima di tutto,*"—"First of all we ought to do our own duty,"—"but," added he in the last repetition with surprising emphasis, "but first of all." When entreated to take a few drops of restorative, he replied that it was in vain, but immediately subjoined in the kindest manner, *Date pure, che con me prolunghero il ben di star con voi*,—"Yet give it me, that so I may prolong the happiness of being with you," and to those who moistened his parched lips, he gently said "*Buona, l'acqua—ma è inutile*."—"It is kind, very kind—but it is in vain." During the last half hour of mortal existence, those looks of languor which shew that animation is—yet is not, brightened into sacred effulgence,—and the countenance became radiant with sublime expression, as if the soul cheered by heavenly influence had collected fresh energies as it

approached the bosom of its God. Thus must he have looked, when conceiving his pure and perfect works;—but in such an awful pause, even the immortal light of genius must have been dimmed, had not the reflection of a well-spent life added to its falling fires the never-fading brightness of Christian hope. His sorrowing friends were still standing around in deep emotion, when his dying lips moved with rapid earnestness, and the words, *anima pura e bella*—"pure and amiable spirit," were several times distinctly produced in quick succession. These were the last audible sounds, and he calmly sunk to rest, without a struggle,—almost without a sigh.

With this long quotation, and omitting, with regret, the very eloquent and judicious general remarks with which Mr Memes closes his volume, we must conclude.

The most obvious defect in the work is, that there is too little anecdote, and too much dissertation. We do not expect, in the lives of artists, to be dazzled with moving accidents by flood and field, but, in the history of a great painter or sculptor, every triumph of art, every difficulty overcome, every error corrected, is an incident less striking, perhaps, to general readers, but as interesting to the initiated as the wildest adventures or the most singular reverses of fortune. Many interesting particulars of this kind are no doubt interspersed throughout the volume, but we regret that Mr Memes' extracts, from the letters of Canova himself, have been made with a singularly sparing hand. The hopes and fears of genius,—the hints which gave rise to more mature creations of art,—the opinions of a man of judgment on his own productions,—have an inexpressible charm when conveyed to us in the words of the artist himself. The few specimens which are given, serve only to awaken our curiosity. With regard to that part of the volume the praise or blame of which lies properly with Mr Memes, we think no one can peruse the remarks on the general character of Canova's works, or the particular criticisms of individual productions, without perceiving that they are the work of a scholar, a man of taste, and a person perfectly acquainted with his subject. They are acute and discriminating,

- neither praising nor blaming without reason, and written with a great spirit of candour and fairness. Occasionally, we think the style a good deal too elaborate and oratorical, exhibiting an extreme dread of familiarity of expression, and sometimes even sacrificing simplicity to escape the risk of any thing "common or unclean." But this is a slight blemish; and we are sure the artist, and the man of taste, will be grateful to Mr Memes for the care with which he has collected, and the accuracy and elegance with which he has recorded, the "Life of Canova."

EVENTUAL DISUSE OF WAR—(CESSATION OF WARS)

(Continued from page 195.)

Book III.

Cessation of the Causes of War, incident to the several Stages of Civilization.

Preliminary Observations.

THE time and course of the probable cessation of the various causes of war might be easily conjectured, if the whole of mankind were compressed into a single nation, possessed of the same customs, language, and institutions: we should have merely to follow them through their several transitions in the road of improvement, and not the consequent gradual extinction of each of the circumstances which tend to foster the spirit of hostility, as described in the preceding book. Thus the odourate barbarian would soon, after his entrance within the pale of civilization, cease to combat for the sole gratification of his most depraved passions: his descendants, in passing through the several stages of civilized life, would escape, by an infallible rule of destiny, successively from the inroads of savages, the dangers of anarchy, of tyranny, of state-craft, of bigotry, until they reached that happy era, with the existence of which the recurrence of war would be incompatible.

The condition of each particular society is, however, materially influenced by that of its neighbours, and of the world at large. The varieties in the attainments of different nations render the subject somewhat more complicated than, after the arrangement we have adopted, it would at first sight appear; and impose upon us the task of frequently referring, in our succeeding observations, to the relations of those nations to others in a higher or lower station. But notwithstanding this difficulty, the conclusion at which it is our aim to arrive may, we trust, be indicated with sufficient clearness and precision, although we would by no means be understood as flattering ourselves with having adopted the best possible mode for its elucidation. In deference to our judgment (probably an erroneous one) of what is expedient in this matter, we shall not decline occasionally to indulge in such brief remarks as may help to explain our meaning, although they may sometimes seem to be of a desultory nature; a course which, although not strictly consistent with a regular chain of logical argument, is apparently best calculated, in the present case, to attract the attention and reflections of the reader to the question before him.

Chapter I.

Cessation of Wars incident to the First Stage.

Many examples of communities which have just passed the threshold of cultivated life, occur in our own times among the Aborigines of North America, in the middle districts of Asia, as well as in several of the islands geographically connected with that Continent, and in various parts of Africa.

All these people are more or less distressed by the incursions of their barbarous neighbours, who, alternately urged by hunger, and the predominant licentious and capricious disposition of savage minds, disturb, as far as they dare, the progress of the infant settlements. It may be considered as a slight

exception to a general rule, that they are not always the aggressors, and that their arms are sometimes employed to avenge the exclusive appropriation of these bounties of nature which immemorial custom had appeared to constitute a common right. But a nice discrimination on this point is unnecessary. It is sufficient for our purpose to fix upon these petty conflicts as the first rudiments of scientific war, and to direct the attention of the reader to the reasonable ground for expecting their ultimate cessation.

This ground is no other than the moral impossibility of the durable co-existence within any assignable point of contact of civilized and savage communities. However turbulent and intractable the disposition of the latter, they must in the end yield to the superior force of cultivation. They are eventually either softened into an imitation of more gentle and rational habits, or retreat for a time beyond the reach of further strife and observation. In the latter case, after being successively driven from station to station, they must at length arrive at the outer-boundary of the wilderness: even there the expanding civilized population must one day find, and compel them, should they still remain obstinately deaf to the calls of self-interest, to a final re-union with the universal family.

In this way the contests peculiarly incident to the First Stage must eventually cease. Without resting our judgment altogether upon abstract principles, we apprehend that no sensible observer of the present moral position and passing transactions of the world will deny the extreme probability of the approaching general extinction of that deplorable state which places the human being by only a few short, and almost imperceptible steps, above the brute creation. The conviction is irresistible, that the partial restoration, at least of the descendants of all the existing savage tribes, to the legitimate uses of reason, must infallibly take place. This conviction would be sufficient for our present argument; but it is evident that civilization cannot be long confined within so narrow a limit, and that the first difficult barrier being once passed, all our expectations of a more happy destiny, even for this degraded remnant of the human race, will then only have commenced the regular and natural course of accomplishment.

It is not pretended that conflicts with barbarians are the only ways to which the people of the First Stage are at all times exposed. Such could be the case only with the first adventurers in the career of civilization. They are sometimes involved in contests with nations more advanced than themselves; but this, it may be easily seen, can happen only when they are fast approaching to the border of the Second Stage, and in advantageous contact with more cultivated society. Their transactions become then necessarily connected with the subject of the following chapter.

Chapter II.

Cessation of Wars incidental to the Second Stage.

No advantage would be derived from a minute investigation of the number and localities of all the existing communities of the Second Stage. Europe probably contains now none so low down in the scale of civilization, the high cultivation of its most fortunate nation having no doubt buoyed up the backward population of its northern and eastern borders, and assisted their ascent to a station, which, if left altogether to their own resources, they would not yet have attained. In the other quarters of the globe, a general statistician would find no difficulty in discovering many social combinations of the particular description we are now considering.

The principal troubles of this period we have already shewn to arise from the disunion incident to an increasing population and extended dominion, combined with insufficient mental improvement. The improvement is indeed on the increase, but not in a ratio corresponding with the other acquisitions of the society. The original family is split into numerous petty divisions, from a defect of the powers of government; and all the separated branches are, by the continuance of the same cause, placed in incessant hostility with each other.

Such was the state of Great Britain at the era in which history first commences the detail of its affairs—such was the state of Greece, of Italy, of Germany, of France, in times familiar to the contemplations of every scholar. The length of its duration in these instances would be appalling to the ardent bosom of the benevolent reformer, if he were compelled to apply the same measure to the several communities which are in the present day labouring in all the miseries of the Second Stage. But the reigning destroyer of the time we have discovered to be Ignorance, and much uneasiness may be removed by glancing at the different means possessed at the different periods of overcoming so formidable an adversary.

The older nations, it is well known, were left very much to their own resources. Greece had its helps from the countries more near to the seat of celestial intelligence: Italy was indebted to the same source through the medium of the former; and the Romans carried, with the sense of their power, some portion of their knowledge into the more western and northern parts of Europe. But the amount of benefit accruing in these cases, although far from despicable, is lost in the estimation of the advantages to be derived by the existing and future noviciates in civilization, from the present and accumulating stock of information. Like the wonderful engines of modern ingenuity, by which an immense increase is afforded to the natural produce of manual labour, or the accelerated powers of education under the admirable systems which are daily ripening into perfection, the auxiliary beams of exterior light must stimulate the growing energies of the recently-formed communities, with a force infinitely superior to that imparted from a similar source to our less fortunate ancestors.

In a general speculation on the future fate of nations, at present depressed under the shade of barbarism, little reliance can be placed on a comparison between them and others, by whom they have already been preceded. At a period when as yet Christianity was unknown to the world, and when, consequently, the Fourth Stage was nowhere exceeded, the benefits of good example could have been only very partially and inadequately dispensed. The superior rapidity of modern, over that of ancient communities, in the march of improvement, must evidently, from this cause, be immense.

Some exception to this rule, but in no case altogether destroying its application, may indeed be adduced. In the interior of Africa, where many instances of societies in the Second Stage may be readily traced, our prospects are the least encouraging. Ignorance is there, perhaps, most predominant, the access most difficult, the legitimate inducements for European enterprise at present inadequate, and the manners of the existing population deteriorated, instead of being improved by their intercourse with the inhuman slave-merchants. In a theory which grasps only at the splendid results, without caring to comprehend the less obvious branches of its subject, this hitherto-obscure part of the world might safely be left unnoticed to its evil fortunes: it might be considered, that war and its causes, once effectually extinguished, in all other climes, may well be suffered, divested as it must be, from the comparative insignificance of its objects, of the power of further extending its influence, to rage without regret among a people who have been too commonly stigmatized as the refuse of mankind. But we cannot acquiesce in such a judgment of their probable fate; and we should be sorry to have inhibited our lessons of humanity from a source in which its validity is admitted. No doubt, the hour will arrive, when the negro population will take their station among the happy tenants of civilized life. They possess, unquestionably, equal natural capacities with those of their brethren whose skin has not been fortuitously darkened by an ardent sun, in concurrence with extraordinarily untoward circumstances of poverty and wretchedness. They are, notwithstanding their present unfavourable appearance, equally the objects of the protection, the bounty, and indulgence of Heaven; and it is a truth as clear as our conviction of the goodness of our common Almighty Parent, that they are not, and, consistently with his acknowledged impartiality, cannot be set apart, as it has been sometimes alleged by low-minded

reasoners, as the disgraced recipients of a diminished portion of happiness and enjoyments.

Upon the whole, no deduction from principle or experience appears to be better established, than that the political anarchy which is the peculiar characteristic of the Second Stage, cannot very long maintain its ground in any part of the world, however apparently impervious to cultivation. It is altogether incompatible with that state of mental improvement, which, by means of unusual and extraordinary power, is in rapid course of introduction into the most secluded haunts of men. In no future colonial establishment, transporting with it, as it necessarily must do, a portion of the attainments of the mother-country, can it possibly take place; and among the recent converts from savage life, where it now exists, or where it is about to commence its ephemeral reign, it must, at no very distant period, finally sink before the expanding influences of reason and true religion.

Chapter III.

Cessation of Wars incident to the Third Stage.

The rule of pure despotism could never, in ordinary cases, have been of very great duration. Times of profound ignorance are those of its exuberant strength; but the settled gloom is sure to be ultimately unfixed, and the re-appearance of light gradually produces a relaxation of the hard fate of the oppressed people. Extraordinary events have, however, sometimes unnaturally prolonged its existence, and never more certainly than those which have, in the first place, led to the prevalence of religious fanaticism; a peculiar instance of which may be deduced from the records of comparatively modern times.

There are few circumstances in the eventful history of human affairs more calculated to excite our interest and wonder, than the rise and progress of the Mahometan superstition. This extraordinary occurrence has been considered by different writers in various points of view. Some have contemplated it as a sufficient counterpoise to the evidences of Christianity: they affect to discover objects of resemblance in these two very dissimilar creeds; and thence endeavour to seek for both a common origin in the weakness and aberrations of human reason. They who are more favourable, or least hostile to the religion of genuine truth, have frequently been observed to glance with hesitation and fear towards the singular and successful enterprise of the celebrated impostor.

A few have boldly met, candidly discussed, and readily dissipated the apparent difficulty. So far from allowing any weight to the objection urged upon this ground, they have justly considered the remarkable event to which it refers as one of the numerous tests of the intrinsic soundness of the Christian faith.

Indeed it is quite evident, that without that dispensation, and the chain of supernatural occurrences which preceded it—or which together might, with reference to their consequences, be more properly considered as one integral act of revelation—Mahomeanism, and the many extraordinary revolutions dependent upon it, would have had no place in the transactions of this world. A religion of some kind acknowledged by all parties to be indispensable to the course of the present life; and no country, after it has advanced beyond the second stage of civilization, remains long, without giving to the rites and ceremonies of religious worship a consistent form: but without a revelation other than that which immediately preceded the general dispersion of the original tribes, we know from experience that the religion universally established would necessarily have been the Pagan. Pure Paganism is equally a stranger to true zeal and to fanaticism—the one the derivative from the true religion, the other from a superstition founded upon it; and a religion of this neutral character is peculiarly adapted to the temper of a people abandoned to the light of nature. Mahomet and his coadjutors availed themselves of the adventitious state of the public mind—when vacillating amidst the pending conflict between truth and error, and mixing

up, with their own absurd inventions, some portion of the divine doctrine, imposed, with little difficulty, the incongruous mass upon the credulity of their ignorant followers.

It would be difficult to decide whether this superstition has been, in proportion to its extent, more destructive to the morals of society than the false system which had previously established itself in the hearts of men. It is most likely, that, upon the whole, some benefit accrued from the purer parts of its composition; but this advantage was probably greatly overbalanced by its more durable hold upon the least tractable of the human passions, and the strong barrier which it was consequently calculated for a considerable time to interpose against the universal reception of Christianity.

Independently of their intrinsic merits, which it is not our business to discuss, the respective claims of the Christian and Mahometan religions may be fairly estimated by their separate effects upon the course of social improvement. In adopting this criterion, we discover at once the wide and marked distinction between the Divine and the human institution,—the benevolent work of God and the interested fabrication of the most abandoned of his creatures. But Christianity and Mahometanism have been the subjects of attempted revision, in times subsequent to those of their founders: tradition has in both instances been prodigal of its aid; in the one case to vilify and corrupt what was for all its legitimate objects infinitely perfect; in the other to soften and explain what could not but appear to the awakened apprehension of fanaticism itself impious and absurd. But how dissimilar the results of this identical process! Christianity, secure in the plenitude of innate worth, has survived unhurt the mighty efforts of its numerous assailants: abuses, corruptions of all kinds, open and disguised, have repeatedly beset it, and threatened to hurry back the societies committed in its fate to the semi-barbarism from which it had relieved them. In vain! It has triumphed over difficulties surpassing the support of a corruptible power. Nations, in proportion as they become enlightened by knowledge, learn, one after the other, to shake off the errors which had fastened upon its substance: they retain with affectionate ardour the purer elements, and under their fostering influence advance with an assured step to the higher stages of civilization.

What, on the other hand, has Islamism to offer to its enslaved votaries? It has long since seen its zenith: it began near its highest point of attainable prosperity,—shone for a few centuries in the vicinity of that narrow circle,—and has since gradually declined into a mingled state of infamy and contempt. It is totally divested of all power of self-elevation. Ignorance and political thralldom are the marks which it fixes upon the people benighted under its impenetrable shade. To them the only avenue of hope is through the prospect of all possible degradation; when reverting, from the insane exaltation of fanaticism, to the stupid indifference of savages, and totally divested of all secular power, they may at length find a cure for all their ills under the salutary wings of that religion which was before the object of their hatred and scorn.

Mahometanism, the patron of indolence, sensuality, ignorance, and despotism, is in modern times the presiding genius of the Third Era. Even the obstinacy of Oriental polytheism, interwoven as it unfortunately is with all the civil offices of life, may sooner yield to the kind and unremitted persuasion of truth, seconded by the practical lessons of a highly-civilized population, providentially united to them by social ties. Shamanism, a peculiar superstition, possessing very extensive influence among the eastern nations,—all the intricate and various machinery of Hindoo mythology,—will probably have ceased to influence the conduct of men some time before the final extinction of the Arabian superstition. It is therefore peculiarly necessary to advert to the operation of the latter, upon the course of civilization.

A principal feature of the Third Stage is the abject submission of the society to one or more tyrants, who rule without laws, or whose conduct such laws as chance may have established are insufficient to controul. However a power so constituted may be divided, the effect is the same. Whether, as

in the Ottoman empire, it is alternately in the hands of the Sultan and of the ferocious soldiery ; or as in Morocco, in the sole possession of the despot, the people are equally deprived of all appeal from oppression. A dominion of this description was familiar to the ancients ; but their religion presented no decided barrier against reform, and their consequent passage into that ameliorated state which has been alluded to under the head of the Fourth Stage, when the legislative enactments are binding in a sensible and important degree upon the conduct of the sovereign. In this stage, accordingly, Christianity found many of the nations at the time of its public introduction into the Roman states, about the middle of the fourth century.

Not so the Mahometans. In the infancy of their religion, the societies which adopted it soon assumed their appropriate station in the Third Stage ; and they have continued there ever since, without any prospect during their political existence of advancing beyond it. Unrestrained tyranny, and the profound ignorance under which alone that tyranny can be tolerated, are indispensable constituents of this deplorable superstition : a free admission of light, and the consequent imposition of impartial laws, extending alike to the humble cabin and the mysterious recesses of the seraglio, would at once dissipate the spell, and soon remove every vestige of its dominion over the human intellect. Among existing Mahometan states, unquestionably, an able observer might discover many points of difference. They have for the most part been better than they now are. They have fluctuated between the opposite confines of the Third Stage ; but their motion has been for a considerable time past uniformly retrograde. The differences between them are accordingly to be estimated by the comparative extent of their losses, rather than the amount of their respective acquirements.

From these considerations, we deduce that the wars incident to the Third Stage will linger in their last resort among the Mahometan nations. But can they be eternal ? or rather, will they endure to the end of that term which a reasonable probability allows to the existence of the world ? May we not, with greater reason, hope that the uncontrollable force of knowledge will sooner than is generally supposed reach these unhallowed retreats, and annihilate at once the empire of fanaticism, and the cause of those sanguinary contests which are the inevitable results of institutions so peculiarly unfavourable to innocence and peace ?

The Christian nations have almost all arrived at that point of social elevation in which the government is compelled to pay some deference to public opinion. Abyssinia, the chief striking exception to this rule, was probably at no time enlightened by the pure spirit of Christianity ; and the vast Russian empire can yet be considered only as a great motley association of sectarian Christians, Mahometans, and idolators. Yet even in the latter case, it may well be questioned whether the Autocrat would, if he were inclined to hazard the experiment, be long suffered to lavish with impunity the blood of his subjects, for the avowed object of gratifying either his caprice or his ambition.

What may be briefly termed tyrant-wars—the contests excited by the mere will and pleasure of the sovereign—must, it is evident, be expected in no very distant day altogether to cease. They are totally inconsistent with the genius of Christianity, and that spirit of true liberty of which Christianity is the parent and support : we have therefore only to point to the well-known fact, that Christianity is actually on all sides gaining ground, as a full warrant for the foregoing inference. Wherever those wars are still enabled to preserve an equivocal existence, the scene of their enterprise becomes yearly more and more narrowed in the natural course of transactions connected with a superior stage of civilization. It is thus that their power over the great question of the ultimate disuse of all wars diminishes in weight, so as to afford the highest assurance of their complete extinction long before the more intricate, although less degrading, causes of contention incident to a better era have been finally suppressed.

(To be continued.)

DOCUMENTS IN THE COAL AND OIL GAS CONTROVERSY.

(Continued from Vol. XV. page 744.)

[The following Letter, which appeared in the Caledonian Mercury, and purports to be a further defence of Mr Leslie's deductions, we print here, as a sequel to the Letter of "Vindex."]

OIL AND COAL GAS.—In our paper of the 24th of May last, we endeavoured to explain the nature and qualities of these two sources of light, and to communicate to our readers such information as we were then able to collect as to the advantages of each. In point of economy, we remarked an important distinction was to be observed between them respecting their light-giving properties, the Oil Gas affording, with the same consumption, a greater quantity of light than the Coal. Although its price, therefore, we remarked, might be higher per cubic foot, yet, as it goes farther, or lasts longer, it might not, on this account, be any dearer, in the end, than the other. This must depend evidently on the degree in which it exceeds it in illumination, and thus the exact proportion of the illuminating powers of the two Gases forms a necessary element in every calculation of their comparative expence. We stated, therefore, this proportion as nearly as we could, from the information then before us, at the rate of $2\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 in favour of Oil Gas, compared with the Edinburgh Coal Gas; remarking, however, at the same time, the deficiency of information, and the necessity of more accurate experiments, and recommending in these the use of Leslie's Photometer as the readiest and justest measurer of the intensity of the respective lights. Since that time, several papers have appeared on the subject, to which, as they afford new information, we shall shortly advert. The first is an important communication from Professor Leslie to the Directors of the Coal Gas Company, and which was published by them in the different newspapers. The result of it fixes the proportion of the illuminating powers at the rate of only $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 in favour of Oil Gas, from Mr Milne's work, compared with the Company's Coal Gas; that is to say, that 1000 feet of Oil Gas are only equivalent to 1500 of Coal in illuminating power. This result is certainly unexpected, and, if correct, will place the Oil Gas in a much less favourable light, as to economy, than was formerly imagined. For as it cannot be sold under 40s. per 1000 feet, while the other sells at 12s., the Oil will thus be evidently

more than double the price of the Coal. But another curious and important fact is brought to light by this communication; it has hitherto been supposed, that while Coal Gas varies greatly in quality, according to that of the coal from which it is produced, Oil Gas being all got from nearly the same kind of oil, is always of the same uniform fineness. It appears, however, from Professor Leslie's Letter, that there is the greatest difference in this respect, Mr Milne's Gas being much superior to a specimen made on a larger scale, and which, indeed, was found hardly any, if at all, better than the Coal Gas itself. If the above, then, be the proportion of good, if not the best Oil Gas to that of Edinburgh Coal, the inferior kinds must be still less economical.

On the subject of Coal and Oil Gas, a paper appeared in the last Number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, containing the results of various experiments made, apparently with great care, by Dr Fyfe of this city. Dr Fyfe judges of the illuminating powers of the two Gases by their chemical constitution. Each of the Gases contains, in different proportions, a certain remarkably heavy inflammable air, termed *oiliant gas*, which, as it burns by itself with a very bright and intense degree of illumination, is, from this, and other circumstances, conceived to be the principle of light in the two compound Gases obtained from coal and oil; by finding, therefore, from an easy chemical test, how much of this heavy air each of the two Gases contains, we hence deduce their relative illuminating powers. This plan, it must be confessed, is in some degree hypothetical; but Dr Fyfe, not content with mere theory, has compared the results obtained in this manner with others found by measuring the intensities of the shadows and the expenditure of Gas, and finds such a coincidence between them as entitles him on the whole to place reliance on the accuracy of his proportions. These are very nearly the same with those stated by Professor Leslie, some of the experiments giving a rate so low as $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and some as high as $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 1. Dr Fyfe also remarks the same striking inequality in the Oil Gas.

While Mr Milne's contains 32 parts of Oil and Gas, the Leith Oil Gas only contains 16, which is just one part more than the Coal Gas itself.

The next paper that we shall notice is that which was lately published by the Directors of the Edinburgh Oil Gas Company. It consists of a report by the Directors, and of the documents on which that report proceeds, viz. a letter from Dr Turner and Professor Christison, Chemists, another from Dr Brewster, and a third from the Secretary of the Dublin Oil Gas Company; together with others of less importance. The third is the only one of these letters which contains any thing new on the subject of Gas; and this is, that in Dublin, Coal Gas sells at 15s. per 1000 feet, and Oil at 5s. 2d.; and that the Oil Gas Company is, notwithstanding, in a prosperous condition, and daily gaining ground, as they state, upon their rivals. In Dublin, however, coal is dear, and of a quality inferior to the Edinburgh for Gas making. The object of the other letters appears to be, not so much to throw any new light on this important subject, as to question the accuracy of Professor Leslie's results, by shewing that the instrument which he used for measuring the light of the Gases was not adapted for the purpose. It wants sensibility, it seems, and, according to Dr Turner and Professor Christison, it is "powerfully affected by heat, as well as by light," and therefore not to be trusted, where heat and light are both thrown off together from the Gas burners. Dr Brewster's opinion is to the same effect; and the Directors, improving the hint, state, that the photometer is affected "in a much greater degree by heat than by light;" and as it is known, they continue, that Coal Gas gives out much more heat than Oil, it is no way surprising that Professor Leslie, mistaking heat for light, should ascribe so much illumination to the one Gas, and so little to the other. His results, therefore, are rejected as of no authority, and here we leave the parties at issue, referring to a letter on the subject, which will be found in another part of our paper.

In justice to ourselves, however, we

must remark, that, in recommending the photometer to the attention of experimenters, we did so from our own experience of its utility; and we have never found, in it any of these defects with which it is now charged. Instead of being any way affected by heat, one of these instruments, which we have used for years, provided light be excluded from it, remains constantly at the same degree of heat, winter and summer; and whether it be standing in a warm apartment, or exposed to the coldest atmosphere; but whenever light is admitted, if we only remove it, for example, from the interior of the house to the window, it rises sensibly, in consequence of the increase of light which it is now receiving. If we take it to the open air, it rises still higher, in consequence of the light which is reflected on it from the sky and the clouds; and if we place it upon the snow, instead of sinking from the cold to which it is thus exposed, it actually continues to rise from the effect of the light which is so copiously reflected from the snowy surface around it. Again, if we set it before a common fire, it rises in consequence of the light which issues from the flame, and from the red hot coals; but whenever we interpose a thin opaque screen to shut out the light, and placing it so near the fire as still to throw out much heat, the instrument sinks to nothing—it stands at the same degree of heat as if it were plunged into a freezing mixture of salt and snow. This instrument, therefore, is very unlike a thermometer, which is so alive to all the vicissitudes of heat and cold. It acts upon quite a different principle—it measures heat, no doubt, but it is only that heat which is derived from light, while the heat which flows from any other source has, under proper management, no effect on it whatever. On these grounds, we still think that this instrument is an accurate measurer of light, and that there must surely have been some fallacy in the alleged experiments to prove the contrary. We would again, therefore, recommend the photometer to the attention of every experimenter on the illuminating powers of the Gases.

Dr Brewster's 'Reply to "Vindex's" Letter, and Challenge to Professor Leslie.

N. B. Were it not for the circumstance of its bearing the author's signature, the following angry epistle, written in a spirit of jealous resentment, incompatible (we had hoped) with the peaceful pursuits of science, and disfigured by paltry and abortive attempts at wit, should have been excluded from our record of the memorials of this controversy.

To the Editor of the Courant.

SIR,—Having learned, since my arrival in town, that there appeared in the Edinburgh papers an anonymous and abusive article on the subject of my letter to the Oil Gas Company, I trust you will give a place to the following observations :

That this anonymous letter was written by Professor Leslie, is, I understand, well known, but as it does not bear the sanction of his name, I cannot permit myself either to read it or to answer its scurrilities.

Having, long ago, resolved never to peruse any such anonymous productions, I have not even seen the newspaper lucubrations of the learned Professor ; and the sole object of the present communication is, to confirm the opinion which I was called upon to give, in the discharge of a duty to a respectable public body.

As I have for many years had no communication with Professor Leslie, I was aware that any opinion of mine would be misconstrued, that was unfavourable to the photometer, to which he has ventured to affix his name ; and hence it became necessary to corroborate it by the high authority of M. Lambert and Sir W. Herschel, both of whom had been particularly occupied in the comparison and mensuration of lights. Such a line of argument was perhaps unnecessary, after Dr Turner and Dr Christison had demonstrated by actual experiment the errors of the thermometrical photometer ; but as my opinion was intended for the information of the purchasers of Oil and Coal Gas, the authority of two celebrated names could not fail to have its influence with those who were incapable of appreciating the details of experimental science.

The authority of Lambert against the thermometrical photometer is the most unequivocal of any that could have been adduced. Mr Leslie himself has read the *photometria* of that author, and characterises it as a work "displaying the various resources of his ardent and fertile genius ;" and as Lambert undoubtedly invented the thermometrical photometer, which now bears Mr Leslie's name, his unfavourable opinion of the very instrument which he himself proposed must be held decisive against its accuracy.

I have been informed that Mr Leslie has rashly asserted, both in public and in private, that I never read the *photometria* of Lambert ; that I could not possibly have seen a copy of it, as there is only one in the kingdom, viz. in the British Museum, and that this work contains no allusion whatever to the thermometrical photometer. As Mr Leslie does not appear to have read the *photometria* for 20 years, and as neither he nor any of his friends have seen the copy in the British Museum since this controversy began, it would be interesting to know how they have become acquainted with the fact that the thermometrical photometer is not mentioned in that work ! Into this mystery, however, I shall not inquire. It is necessary for me only to state, that I studied the *photometria* of Lambert for some months, from a copy belonging to the reverend Dr Macknight, and that I could at any time have commanded the use of another copy in the possession of Mr Sirright of Meggatland. I have not only read this work with care, but I have given an analysis of the most valuable portion of it in the article *OPTICS* in the *EDINBURGH ENCYCLOPEDIA*, which is the only account of Lambert's best experiments that has appeared in our language, or indeed in any foreign work with which I am acquainted. But, what is of more importance for Mr Leslie to know, I have in the same article quoted, in Lambert's own words, his proposal and his rejection of the thermometrical photometer, and I have mentioned its priority and similarity to his own instrument.

Lambert does not say whether the thermometer that he mentions was the mercurial thermometer, or the *differential thermometer*, which was long ago invented by Van Helmont, as Sir Humphry Davy first shewed, though it also bears Professor Leslie's name ; but whether it was the common thermometer, or any other, is of no importance, as he distinctly states, "that if we assume that the heat and light of a solar beam increase and diminish in the same proportion, then the thermometer will perform all the functions of a photometer." Now, whether Mr Leslie invented the differential ther-

inometer, or whether it was invented by Van Helmont, or Count Rumford, is of no consequence, as the proposed instrument of Lambert includes every thermometer whatever, the invention consisting in the idea of measuring light by the expansive action of the heat which that light contains. No sooner, however, has Lambert proposed this instrument, than he acknowledges its inutilty. "The use of this photometer," says he, "will be too limited, for who, by the assistance of a photometer, has detected the brightness of the moon's light?"

Having thus made the learned Professor acquainted with the photometer of Lambert, from a work published in Edinburgh about two years ago, and without any indulgence from the British Museum, he will no longer suppose that the opinion of Lambert, upon his own instrument, was either rashly or unappropriately introduced into my letter to the Oil Gas Company.

When I quoted the opinion of the late venerable and illustrious philosopher, Sir W. Herschel, upon the photometer bearing Mr Leslie's name, the letter in which it was conveyed to me was lying among my papers in Edinburgh, but I am now able to communicate the following extract from it to the public.

Strath, near Windsor, Feb 17, 1805

My dear Sir,—His work (Mr Leslie's) on the nature and propagation of heat, I have not yet had an opportunity to read. The evident inaccuracy into which he has fallen, when he some years ago gave us a new invention is a photometer, and says that he was delighted with the nicety of its performance, has lessened the confidence I shall place in his experiments, none of which I can for the future admit without a critical repetition, for, on making a trial of one of these photometers, made by Mr Carey, the optician in London, it did not show the smallest difference between two lights, of which one was more than an hundred times as bright as the other. I now also recollect the same gentleman affirming, that

pasteboard will transmit a sixth part of the light that falls upon it, with many other as extraordinary assertions. They shall, however, not lessen the candour with which I mean to peruse his work, the very first opportunity I have to give my time to it . . .

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your most obedient faithful servant,

(Signed) Wm. HERSCHEL.

The question between the two Gas Companies, which has given rise to the preceding observations, is one of vast importance, not to them only, but to every town where the two gases are objects of commerce. The relative value of these gases has been long ascertained within not very wide limits, but the public were astonished, and the proprietors of the Oil Gas Company still more so, when they learned that Mr Leslie had announced, that Oil Gas had scarcely one half the illuminating power which every other philosopher has ascribed to it. This strange experiment was not announced in conversation, or in the pages of a scientific journal, but at the moment when the Oil Gas Company had begun to take in orders for their Gas, it was sent in triumph to the Directors of the Coal Gas Company, who made it the ground-work of a calculation fatal to the interest of every Oil Gas establishment in the kingdom. The surprise of the public was not diminished when it transpired that Mr Leslie was the proprietor of 32 shares in the Coal Gas Company. They did not imagine, of course, that even such an enormous interest in Coal Gas could have influenced the calm and deliberate inquiry of a philosopher like Mr Leslie, yet though they attributed his result, and its rapid transit to the public eye, solely to that love of the general good which patriots only feel, they still ventured to think, that a question which involves the properties of so many individuals should, under such circumstances, have been subjected to a more severe and deliberate scrutiny.

As this important point can never be settled either by anonymous or by fair

* Quodsi vero lumen sumatur solare, utque ponere liceat, hujus calorem in eadem ratione minui vel intendi, qui minui et intendi potest ejus densitas, thermometrum utique photometri vices sustinere poterit. At nimis arcus ejus usus circumscriptus erit limitibus. Quis enim ope thermometri luminis lunaris detegit claritatem?—*Lambert's Photometria*, pp 5, 6.—See *Edinburgh Encyclop.* Vol. XV. p 655.

The translation of the above extract is as follows.—"But if solar light be employed, and if it be assumed that its heat varies in the direct ratio of its intensity, then certainly a thermometer will perform the functions of a photometer, but its use will be circumscribed within too narrow limits; for who, by the aid of a thermometer, can detect the brightness of the moon's light?" in other words, ascertain its comparative intensity.

Editor.

discussions in a newspaper, I challenge Professor Leslie to appear before a jury of scientific men in Edinburgh—before Dr Hope, Mr Ivory, Mr Wallace, and Mr Jardine, or any others in whom the public confide. I call upon him to produce the best of his photometers, with all its magical screens; and I pledge myself to prove, to the satisfaction of that jury, the entire fallacy of all its indications: and if it shall be his pleasure to add the other issue respecting the inventor of the photometer, I shall meet him on that point also, with perfect confidence of receiving a verdict against him.

If Mr Leslie shall decline this reasonable inquest, he must then submit to the

double charge of contumacy and error. The question has ceased to become one of science, for philosophers have long ago decided it; but though it has now assumed a commercial character, involving the interests of a great number of individuals, yet, with the exception of those whom the Professor has frightened out of their Oil Gas shares, we have been all more amused than irritated at his hostility, and shall carry our retaliation no farther, than to pronounce against his Moonlight Photometer the gentle verdict of "*Died by the visitation of Oil Gas.*"

I am, yours, &c.

D. BREWSTER.

10, Coates Crescent, Dec. 3, 1824.

Mr Buchanan's Report to the Directors of the Edinburgh Gas Light Company, relative to the theory and application of Professor Leslie's Photometer.

The Photometer of Professor Leslie appears to be the most perfect contrivance yet devised for the measurement of light; and ranks, on account of its extensive application in Natural Philosophy, among those rare and valued instruments of research, the invention of which marks each of them an important step in the progress of science. Its principle is extremely simple; it measures light, merely by the heat which that light occasions. Light causes invariably, in the bodies on which it falls, a certain degree of heat, which experience proves to be always proportioned to the intensity of the light; by measuring the heat, then, we obtain a comparative measure of the light. But, besides light, bodies are also generally exposed to various other sources of heat; and, in constructing any instrument to show the effect arising from light, it is not very easy to exclude the influence of other heating impressions. The instrument, for example, must become warmer in summer than in winter; in a warm room it will be hotter than in the open air, and near a fire it must become still hotter. Artificial lights, also, always throws off a considerable portion of heat; and, in all these cases, the great difficulty is to make an instrument which shall distinguish and mark on its scale the heat of illumination only, and shall remain insensible to every other cause of heat or cold that may surround it.

This object Professor Leslie has accomplished by means of his Differential Thermometer, which consists of two separate thermometers, acting in opposition to each other, and in such a manner that the compound instrument is only affected when the heat of the one prevails over

that of the other. So long, therefore, as the two thermometers remain of an equal temperature, the instrument stands always at the same point; but if the bulb or ball of the one should become by any means warmer than that of the other, the liquid in the tube instantly begins to rise or fall, according as the one or other of the balls has been acted on. By this ingenious contrivance, we obtain an instrument nowise affected by the ordinary variations of heat or cold, or even by any extremes to which it may be exposed. These acting equally on the opposite thermometers, cannot affect the one more than the other, and cannot therefore disturb their equilibrium. They have thus no more influence on the Compound Thermometer than if they did not exist. But whenever any inequality occurs to raise or sink the one thermometer more than the other, the instrument instantly begins to move, and indicates on its scale the exact amount of this partial action.

Exempt, therefore, from extraneous impressions, but marking with precision every relative change of temperature within itself, the Differential Thermometer is admirably adapted for various physical researches, and for none more than the mensuration of light. Let one of its balls be blackened, or, still better, let it be blown originally of black enamel, while the other, filled, as usual, with air, retains its transparency. The instrument, being then inclosed in a thin glass case, to exclude any irregular currents in the surrounding atmosphere, we obtain a Photometer. When this instrument is exposed to any source of light, according to a well-known law, the light is absorbed by the opaqueness of the black ball, and

heats it, while it passes through the clear ball with scarcely any heating-effect at all. The instrument, therefore, marking on its scale the predominating heat of the blackened ball, measures at once the proportional intensity of the light.

Such, then, is the nature of Leslie's Photometer, and its operation corresponds remarkably with the sure principles on which it has been contrived. If we exclude light from it, it stands constantly at the same degree of heat, both winter and summer. But whenever we admit any light, if we only bring it, for example, from the farther extremity of the room to the window, it rises sensibly, in consequence of the additional light to which it is now exposed. If it be taken into the open air, though not in the sun, it rises still higher, in consequence of the light reflected on it from the sky and the clouds. How feeble must any heat be arising from this source of light, and how imperceptible to the sense! yet this instrument shews its effect during all the vicissitudes of the seasons, and marks the progress of light from morning to noon, and its decline towards evening. Nothing can shew more clearly how little it is affected by heat, yet how very susceptible it is of the influence of light. Nor is the Photometer anywise deranged by exposure to higher temperatures than those which naturally prevail in the atmosphere, such as the heat of the fire, or of any powerful artificial light; only that in such cases, some attention is required in the placing of the instrument, because a very slight change in the situation of the balls, in bringing either of them nearer than the other to the source of such intense and burning heat, must cause a sensible difference in their relative temperatures, and a want of attention to this particular may lead to serious errors; but I have never found any difficulty in such cases of removing entirely every irregular effect of heat.

With regard, then, to the objections which have been urged against this instrument, that it is "powerfully affected by heat as well as by light," and, indeed, "in a much greater degree," and that it cannot, therefore, measure light where heat is combined with it; in short, that the Photometer fails in its intended object, of separating the heat from the light, the above facts, which are indisputable, offer a sufficient answer.

In order, however, more particularly to establish this point, I have exposed the Photometer to heat in a variety of ways, and such as seemed most likely to point out its imperfections, but uniformly with the same results. Within an inch of an

iron ball heated almost to redness, I have never found any difficulty in placing it so as not to be affected by this intense heat, although far greater than what the instrument is in practice ever exposed to. A thermometer in the same situation rose 50° of Fahrenheit in half a minute; yet the Photometer remained at the zero of its scale, or only fluctuating a little, at one time above and at another below it. But, to take an example bearing more directly on the main question at issue, and shewing also more distinctly the nature of the Photometer. I placed it within four inches of a No. 2 Argand Coal Gas burner, and in such a situation as not to be affected by the heat. The Photometer rose rapidly, and in a few minutes stood pretty steadily at 50 Photometric degrees. Then taking the glass off the burner, without disturbing either the burner itself or the Photometer, which both remained all the time of these experiments untouched, I substituted another glass of the same size, but thoroughly smoked by the flame of the candle, so as to exclude the light; the Photometer sunk instantly with rapidity, and then more slowly, until at last it arrived and remained at the zero of its scale. On removing the blackened glass, however, and substituting the clear one in its place, that instant the Photometer rose rapidly as before, and stood at the same height. Now, the blackened glass, though it screened the Photometer from the light, could not intercept the heat, which continued to pass through it, and to be projected on all sides the same as before, and, indeed, to a greater extent, because, the light being now absorbed by the blackened glass, heats it more than the other. But, to be assured of the fact, a thermometer was placed at four inches distance from the burner, and this shewed the heat to be 2° or 3° of Fahrenheit greater with the black glass over the burner than with the clear one. The Photometer, therefore, was thus exposed to the same, if not to a greater degree of heat, in the one case than in the other, and such as, had it taken effect, would have raised its temperature 80 Photometric degrees; and yet, with the light excluded, it sunk to nothing, and, with the light admitted, it rose to 50°,—a conclusive proof that the instrument measures light, and is in no respect affected by heat.

Professor Leslie states, that he had modified in some degree his Photometer, in order to measure the light of the gases with greater certainty; and, on inquiring of him, I find that this consisted in interposing between the Photometer and the lights two thin transparent plates of talc,

about an inch asunder. These, as they absorb but a very minute portion of the light, while they intercept a large portion of the heat, must conduce to great exactness in experiments of this nature, by checking any disturbing effect from the heat, and thus enabling us to estimate with precision the pure effect of the light. In the above experiments no such plates were used, and yet no sensible effect was produced on the Photometer by the heat. Even admitting, therefore, the objections that have been brought against such transparent plates, these are of little consequence, as the operation of the plates themselves has, after all, but a small share in producing the general effect; and they have only, I presume, been introduced by way of precaution, and to ensure the greatest accuracy in the results. The differential principle is in general sufficient, without such an auxiliary to neutralise the effects of heat on the instrument. But where the heat is great, and irregularities may possibly arise from the inequality of the flame, or other causes, it may become expedient to exclude or screen off the heat, if we can do so without obstructing the light. By means of thin transparent plates, this is effected to a considerable extent, and indeed, by increasing the number of them, to almost any extent: these disperse the greater part of the heat, and what penetrates through them is equalized in its gradual progress from the one to the other, so that it reaches the Photometer in a continued stream. The effect as a double or triple case round the instrument, and preserve about it a perfect equality of temperature, the impressions of heat being slowly, and with difficulty, transmitted through them, while those of light fly with unchecked rapidity. The use of screens, therefore, is calculated to give additional confidence in such experiments, and indeed to place the results beyond the chance of error. But it would be easy to prove, by facts and experiments which admit of no doubt, that these objections themselves want solidity, and that the experiments of the French chemist De La Roche, on this subject, are quite inconclusive. It appears unnecessary, however, to prosecute the subject farther at present.

Although the Photometer were even affected by heat, it is remarkable that, in this respect, there is far from being such a difference between the Oil and Coal Gas as has been usually supposed;—for having placed a thermometer within four inches of a No. 2 Argand Coal Gas burner, and then at the same distance from a No. 1 Oil Gas burner, the flames being

adjusted so as to give out equal degrees of light, and the Oil Gas being of very superior quality, the thermometer showed nearly the same rise of temperature in both cases; and by some more accurate observations with the Pyroscope, another curious modification of the differential thermometer, which is peculiarly adapted, along with the Photometer, to measure the effect of the heat in the above circumstances—the difference in the case of the two gases does not, in any case I have tried, exceed 2° of Fahrenheit at four inches distance from the respective burners, and in other cases not half a degree. A good deal depends on the manner of burning the Gas, an unfavourable consumption as to light giving out an undue heat in proportion. If we burn, however, the Coal and Oil in the ordinary way, the difference is not much above a degree, and this also so near as within four inches of the burner. At a greater distance, as the effect decreases in a rapid progression, it must soon be quite imperceptible.

With regard to the other objection against the Photometer, that it does not truly measure the decrease of light in proportion as the square of the distance increases, it is difficult to imagine any reason, if it is calculated to measure light at all, and its efficiency in this respect is proved by the very nature of the instrument, as well as by numerous experiments, why it should fail in this particular case. I have tried it in various instances, and always found it to answer; and, in the event of a different result, it might far more naturally be ascribed to a want of accuracy in experiments so nice and delicate, than to any defect in an instrument which acts by invariable laws, and cannot succeed in one case and fail in another.

It has also been urged against the Photometer, that it is not sufficiently sensitive to measure the light of the moon. It may, nevertheless, measure with precision the light of a Gas burner, or the light of two of them burning together, because these throw out a light equal, at four or five inches distance, to that of the sun itself, which is found to be at least 100,000 times more powerful than that of the moon. This objection, then, appears to imply nothing more than that the Photometer is not calculated to measure so minute a portion as a single 100,000th part of the light thrown out by the above burners, which is obviously of no importance, when we consider that the different estimates of the illuminating powers of the Oil and Coal Gases differ from each other, not merely by an insensible fraction like this, but by the full

half of the light; some observers reckoning the advantage in favour of Oil as 3 to 1, while others make it only as 3 to 2. A good instrument will easily measure the 100th or 200th part of the light, which is sufficient for every practical purpose; and if greater accuracy were required, its powers may be readily enough doubled or tripled.

Nor is it of any more consequence that the Photometer, at a certain distance from a wax-candle, is not affected by its light, because there is no occasion for placing the instrument so far off; and the nearer, indeed, we can approach, the more light do we catch, and the more accurately do we measure the whole discharge. The eye, no doubt, can see and can distinguish these minute shades of light, long after their effect on the Photometer has ceased. It possesses, as every one knows, a sense of such attenuated impressions infinitely more delicate than that of any instrument of art. This organ, however, is not so well suited for measuring light. It points out, of itself, no rule or scale of proportion by which we can judge of the degrees of intensity,—and that exquisite sensibility which adapts it for sight, unfits it for bearing direct and strong illumination. By an indirect process, however, it may still be applied with tolerable success; and this constitutes the well-known method of shadows, the only plan in use previous to the invention of the Photometer. In this method, the intensities of the lights are found out by comparing the distances at which they throw shadows of equal depth, the shadows being observed on a white ground, or behind a semi-transparent screen. In both cases, the eye receives only a very minute portion of the light; but it compensates, in some measure, for this, by its acute perception of the equality or inequality of these feeble shades; so that, in this manner, an approximation may be obtained to the true measure of the whole light. This method I have tried, both in the usual way, and in another, which possesses, perhaps, some advantage. The results of both, however, correspond extremely well with those of the Photometer. The Gas, for example, was burned in different kinds of burners, and the different Gases together, and their illuminating powers being measured, both by the method of shadows and by the Photometer, the proportions differed only by an inconsiderable fraction. There seems no great objection, therefore, to this method, only that the

apparatus is less manageable;—the Gases must be both brought in and burned together in the same apartment; and the results, after all, are still liable to uncertainty, as it is frequently difficult to decide between the two shadows, whereas the Photometer affords always a sure guide. It wants, no doubt, that nice sensibility, by which the eye discriminates the minutest shades of light and colour. But it makes up for this by a structure far less feeble and delicate—it is not liable to be deranged by any degree of light, however intense; and by receiving a vastly larger share than what the eye can possibly admit of, it becomes equal and superior to it in the exactness with which it measures the total amount of illumination, as was shewn; in a striking manner, on comparing it with the method of shadows. While the shadows remained for a considerable time as nearly equal as could be judged, the Photometer underwent minute but continued fluctuations, the effect of which was lost to the eye in any observations that could be made on the shadows. But the Photometer marks all these fluctuations, and indicates the average impression with a precision that belongs to no other method of observation.

That this instrument should not hitherto have met with such attention as it deserves, may be accounted for from its nature and uses not being yet sufficiently known. Prejudices also may exist against it, and an aversion to new and untried methods of observation, obstacles which have discouraged many other inventions of real merit. It is well known, also, that the views which Professor Leslie advanced on the nature and propagation of heat in his great work on that subject, being rather bold, and out of the common course of observation, were but ill received by the scientific world; and possibly the instruments of his devising, all of them connected with the same subject, may have shared in the general obloquy, which, for a while, seemed almost, by one consent, to be cast on his speculations, ingenious and original as they were admitted to be. More sound and accurate opinions are, no doubt, beginning now to prevail; but fortunately these instruments, and among them the Photometer, is quite independent of any peculiar theories of heat or light. In due time, therefore, it must become the universal and only standard for measurements of this kind.

GEO. BUCHANAN.

Edinburgh, Nov. 16, 1824.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Rev. Dr Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, with Extracts from his Private and Official Correspondents and other Papers, not previously investigated.

Mr Phillips, author of *Romarium Britannicum*, and other works, has just committed to the press his new volume, on which he has been so long engaged, entitled "*Floral Emblems*," containing, together with a complete account of the most beautiful picturesque devices, employed in ancient and modern times, by the most celebrated painters and poets, a Grammar of the Language, whereby, in the most pleasing manner, ideas may be communicated, or events recorded, under semblances the most fanciful that can be applied to the purposes of amusement or of decoration.

The Remains of Henry Kirke White, selected, with Prefatory Remarks, and an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey, Esq., complete in one vol. 24mo. boards.

The Minnesinger's Garland, or Specimens (selected and translated) of the Poetry of the German Minnesingers or Troubadours of the 12th and 13th Centuries, will be speedily published.

Mr Wardrop announces for publication the whole Works of the late Matthew Baillie, M.D., with an Account of his Life.

The Surgical Anatomy of the Arteries of the human Body, Vol. II, by Robert Harrison, A.B.T.C.D. is nearly ready.

An Historical Dissertation is preparing for publication, upon the Origin, Duration, and Antiquity of English Surnames. By William Kingdom, Esq.

A New Work, by one of the Authors of *Body and Soul*, entitled the Village Pastor, in one volume, will be published in the course of the month.

Vol. III. of the *English Flora*, by Sir James E. Smith, is announced.

Miss Benger's Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of King James I., with Sketches of the most distinguished Personages, and the State of Society in Holland and Germany during the 17th century, are in the press.

Dr Malkin, head-master of Bury School, has in the press, *Classical Dis-*

quisitions and Curiosities, critical and historical.

Proposals have been circulated for publishing, by subscription, in about Fifty quarterly parts, *Species Conchyliorum; or, Descriptions of all the Known Species of Recent Shells.* By G. B. Sowerby, F.L.S., &c. Illustrated by coloured Plates, by J. D. C. Sowerby, F.L.S. &c. The descriptions in this work will be given in Latin and English. The number of species and varieties to be described and figured are 3,000, which will be contained in from 800 to 1000 plates.

An inedited MS. of the celebrated Fennel has been lately found buried among the archives of the establishment of St. Anne, in the town of Cambrai. It was composed by Fennel in the year 1702, and is entitled, *Réponse de l'Archevêque de Cambrai au Memoire qui lui a été envoyé sur le Droit du Joyeux Avènement.*

The Eve of All-Hallows, or Adelaide of Tyrconnell, a Romance, is just ready.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, Lake Winnepeek, Lake of the Woods, &c., by William H. Keating, A.M., &c., is nearly ready.

The History of Paris, from the earliest period to the present day, is announced for publication.

The King of Spain has just authorized the printing of the Autographical Journal of Christopher Columbus, and those of several other illustrious Navigators, which have been preserved in the Secular with the most religious care, but which no one has hitherto been allowed to peruse.

The Pictures; The Betrothing; Novels. Translated from the German of Lewis Tieck and Thomas Fitzgerald, the Lord of Offaley, and Lord Deputy of Ireland, a Romance, are nearly ready.

Mr James Jennings has in the press, *Observations on some of the Dialects in the West of England*, particularly Somersetshire.

Dr Thomas Busby will shortly publish, *Concert-room and Orchestra Anecdotes.*

Dramatic Table-Talk, by Richard Ryan, Esq., is just ready.

James Elmes, Esq., Author of the *Life of Wren*, &c., has in the press, the *Schools of the Fine Arts.*

The *Last Days of Lord Byron*, by Major William Parry, is just ready.

The *Complete Governess*, an entire

system of Female Education, by a Lady, is announced.

A Series of Sixteen Designs of the celebrated Retzsch, to illustrate Schiller's Ballad of "The Fight of the Dragon," engraved in outline by H. Moses, will shortly be published.

Early in April is promised, a Catalogue of all those Pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds which have been engraved, with the Names of the Engravers, &c. &c.

Among forthcoming novelties, we notice (from several publishers' lists) a Sequel Volume to Evelyn's Memoirs: it is by Mr Upcott, and is expected in about three weeks.

A Journal across the Cordillera of the Andes, and of a Residence in Lima and other parts of Peru, in 1823 and 1824, by Robert Proctor, Esq., is announced for publication.

Mr Howison, Author of Sketches in Upper Canada, is preparing for the press Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreation.

The Remains and Memoir of the late Reverend Charles Wolfe, A.B., Author of the Poem on the Burial of Sir John Moore, are announced, by the Rev. J. A. Russell, in two volumes 12mo.; and whatever profits may arise from the sale are to be placed at the disposal of the Author's Family, for charitable and religious purposes.

The Right Joyous and Pleasant History of the Feats, Gests, and Prowesses of the Chevalier Bayard, will be published in a few days.

Thoughts in Rhyme. By an East Anglian, will be ready in a few days.

"Pompeiana," by Sir W. Cell and J. P. Gandy, with more than a hundred Engravings, is announced.

A second volume of Captain Brookes' Travels in Norway, &c., will speedily be published.

In Paris, the *Album* of the famous fortune-teller Mademoiselle le Normand is announced. The prospectus styles it a precious collection of secret memoirs, literary miscellanies, and letters of celebrated persons, &c. It is to consist of five large quarto volumes, or above eighty volumes in octavo! and to appear in parts.

Hints to some Churchwardens on the Repair of Parish Churches, are just ready.

Ancient Paintings and Mosaic, discovered at Pompeii, by John Goldieutt, is announced for publication.

Ned Clinton, or the Commissary; comprising Adventures and Events during the Peninsular War, with curious and original Anecdotes of Military and other remarkable Characters, will be published in a few days; also Volume II. of Naval and Military Anecdotes.

Rev. Henry G. White will shortly publish, in one vol. 8vo., the Reading-Desk; or, Practical Remarks upon the Reading of the Liturgy; with Notes upon its construction, embodying the substance of a Series of Sermons, preached at the Asylum for Female Orphans.

Mr Penn has in the press a new edition of his Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies, revised and enlarged with relation to the latest works on Geology.

Dr Gordon Smith is preparing a systematic work on Medical Police.

Preparing for publication, Practical Observations on Hydrocele, with a view to recommend a new mode of operating for that Disease, which is exempt from the inconveniences that have been found to attend all the other operations; and at the same time more simple, and equally certain of producing a cure. Illustrated with Cases. To which are added, some Practical Observations on Bronchocoele, and on Inflammation of the Mamma; accompanied with a Table, containing upwards of One Hundred Cases of Bronchocoele, treated at the Monmouth Dispensary. By James Holbrook, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Surgeon in the Royal Navy, and Surgeon to the Monmouth General Dispensary.

The Student's Assistant, or Derivative Explanatory Index, containing the principal Terms used in Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, Medicine, and Surgery; by John Charles Litchfield, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Fellow of the Medical Society of London, &c.

The Magistrate, or Sessions and Police Review, Critical, Humorous, and Instructive, will be published on the first of May, and continued monthly.

The Works of James Arminius, D.D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin, by James Nichols, author of "*Calvinism and Arminianism compared in their Principles and Tendency*."—Volume I. will soon be published.

Preparing for publication, a new 8vo. Edition of "Gostling's Walk-in and about the City of Canterbury;" embellished with plates, and edited by the Rev. John Metcalfe, M.A.

Correspondence relative to the Prospects of Christianity, and the Means of promoting its Reception in India, will be shortly published.

The encouragers of active industry, in whatever spot it may be requisite, will be glad to learn, that the Laws of the Mexican Rivers, which have hitherto governed the operations in this quarter, are now translating from the last Spanish Ordi-

nances; which will be accompanied with Observations on the Rivers of South America, and of the various Mining Associations.

The author of *Fifteen Years in India*, and *Memoirs of India*, has now in the press, a work in three volumes, entitled, "Forty Years in the World, or Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life." New Editions of his former efforts are in preparation, illustrated by maps and plates.

Nearly ready for publication, the *Diable Diplomat, par un Ancien Ministre*.

On the Religions of Ancient Greece, the Public, the Mystical, and the Philosophical, by W. Mitford, Esq.

In a few days will be published, the *New Shepherd's Calendar*, a new volume of Poems, by John Clare.

Aids to Reflection, in a Series of Prædical, Moral, and Spiritual Aphorisms, extracted from the Works of Archbishop Leighton, with Notes and Interpolated Remarks, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq. Post 8vo.

A third volume of *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen*, by Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern: with an Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the Lyric Poets, by Allan Cunningham, in 4 vols.

Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq., with a Memoir of his Life, and a fine Portrait, engraved by F. C. Lewis.

The Principal Roots of the Latin Language simplified, by a Display of their Incorporation into the English Tongue, with copious Notes; forming part of Mr Hall's Intellectual System of Education (as explained in a Public Lecture, delivered at Willis's Rooms on Saturday, 8th of May 1824), whereby an adult, previously unacquainted in the slightest degree with Latin, was enabled, in the short space of only seven days, to acquire so considerable a knowledge of the Latin Language, as to translate, parse, and scan, the whole of the First Book of Virgil's *Æneid*.

EDINBURGH.

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* * * The Characters which form the principal part of the volume, appeared in successive numbers of this Magazine, in

1822 and 1823, and received the stamp of general approbation, as containing unequivocal characteristics of the great original whom they were intended to imitate. With the consent of the proprietors, they are now collected and republished, at the instance of a few friends of the Author, who wish to express, by some little token of remembrance, their sympathy for his misfortunes, and respect for his virtuous fortitude, invincible patience, and indefatigable industry. For five years, Mr Balfour has been a prisoner in his own house, the victim of a paralytic affection, which has almost totally deprived him of speech and the use of his limbs. Yet, under these severe privations, and the consequent difficulty of communicating his ideas either orally or in writing, as his intellectual faculties continue unimpaired, he has contrived to earn a subsistence, by the unremitting labour of his pen, and to send into the world productions in prose and in verse, some of which would not discredit more vaunted pretensions, or talents exerted under a happier lot. Among the more extended of those productions, every page of the volume now offered to the public has been composed under the privations alluded to. In the Tales appended to the Characters, the Author has recorded some of the once-popular traditional stories, and portrayed some of the customs of his country, in a manner which it is presumed will interest and amuse the reader. The press will be superintended by Mr Rintoul, Advertiser Office, Dundee; to whom, in the mean time, subscriptions may be transmitted.

Memoirs of William Veitch, Minister of Dumfries, and George Brysson, Merchant in Edinburgh, written by themselves; with other Narratives illustrative of the History of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution. To which are added an Appendix and Notes. In one volume 8vo.

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A Translation of Dr Gall's work on Phrenology; to be published in Parts, price 4s. each. The first part will be ready in July.

The common-place book of Anecdotes. Outlines of Geography. By the Rev. William Andrew. 12s.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1824, nearly ready.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Longman & Co.'s Catalogue of Old Books. Part III. for 1824-25.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. By George Cavendish. With Notes and Illustrations, by J. W. Singer, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. £1.10s.

Life of Frederick Schiller; with an Examination of his Works. 10s. 6d.

Diary of Henry Teonge, Chaplain in the Royal Navy, in 1676-9. 8vo.

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Memoirs of the Life of J. P. Kemble, Esq. By J. Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. £1.10s.

Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis, 2 vols. 8vo. French, 16s.; English, 18s. Memoirs of Count Segur. English, 12s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The news from this country consist chiefly of details of the progress of business before the Legislative Chambers. After a discussion of some length, but of no interest in this country, the Chamber of Deputies has passed the project of reducing the *rentes* by 237 to 119 votes. Thus the two great measures, the Indemnity and Reduction of *rentes*, have been carried in the lower house, but should either undergo modifications in the Chamber of Peers, it will have to be returned to the Deputies, and re-debated there. This is not improbable, and a long session is expected. The coronation will for this reason be postponed beyond the day that has been mentioned as the time of its taking place. The King himself, in his speech at the opening of the Chambers, said he wished his "coronation to close the first session of his reign," and it is believed that the session cannot possibly close before the end of June. Some questions of subordinate interest have been taken up since the indemnity and *rentes* were disposed of. A duty amounting to a prohibition is imposed on the exportation of horses from France; the exportation of wood fit for making casks is prohibited, lest the price of casks should be increased in the wine Provinces, and the duty on salt is from thirty to forty times the prime cost, but the committee on the *douanes* has reported that the treasury cannot dispense with this tax for two years yet, and the other restrictions it is not deemed proper to repeal.—The law for the suppression of sacrilege, as it passed the Peers, has received the support of the committee appointed to examine it, and will shortly be taken into consideration by the Chamber of Deputies. Ten Members have inscribed their names to support the law, and the same number to oppose it. What has seldom happened since France has had Chambers, the law for putting down piracy, when taken into consideration, was debated and adopted at one sitting by a majority of 232 to 9.

The corpse of the superior of a nunnery near Toulouse, who died about four months ago, has been exhumed, on pretence that she died in the odour of sanctity. On raising the body, it was found, say the veracious relaters, exactly in the same state as at the period of her decease. The miracle was immediately

proclaimed, and the usual honours have been already paid to this new Saint of the Romish Church.

The mania for speculation has spread across the Channel: one instance of it is characteristic enough. A company has been formed at Paris to convey individuals from thence to Rheims, and back again, finding carriage, lodging, boarding, and a seat in the Cathedral, to see the Coronation,—and all for 1000 francs—£ 40.

SPAIN.—The *Constitutional* gives a letter from Madrid, dated the 7th March, which states that the King of Spain had again fallen ill, and his relapse is attributed to a circumstance somewhat remarkable. Ferdinand was on his return from a review, when a person approached the carriage, and cried aloud several times—"Death to the King!" His Majesty, the letter says, felt this outrage so sensibly, that "he underwent a species of internal revolution." The individual was instantly arrested; and on being interrogated, he boldly declared his fixed determination to repeat the cry,—that he knew he should be condemned to death, but he would not retract, nor depart from his purpose. He was committed to prison. The King of Spain has positively refused to acknowledge any debt of the Cortes, and his hopes of a new loan, which he has of late been trying every method to procure, are therefore frustrated.

TURKEY.—One of those conspiracies that so frequently take place in arbitrary governments, has lately been discovered in Constantinople. The object of it has not been very well ascertained, but it seems that the Janissaries were the conspirators, and that it required the most prompt exertions to prevent a general insurrection against the Sultan. The treachery of an accomplice led to the discovery of the intended revolt. The chiefs of the conspiracy were immediately seized, and, as we are told, "confessed their crimes on the rack," a species of judicial investigation which seldom fails to elicit, if not the truth, at least all that is wanted. Upwards of thirty individuals were strangled, and many others banished. During the commotions, orders were given for all the principal inhabitants to arm themselves and their servants to keep the rioters in awe. A throne so supported can scarcely be supposed to make head for any length of time against an enemy so determined

as the Greeks.—Advices from Corfu, dated the 2d (14th) of February, state, that in a naval engagement off Rhodes, 25 transports of the Egyptian fleet have been captured. These vessels were laden with troops, horses, and provisions.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.—On the 29th of September, a party of Burmese made an attempt to drive the British army from its position at Raungoon. The enemy's main force was stationed at Denobew, among them is a corps of about 3000 men, who assume the distinctive title of "Warriors." They form the body-guard of the King, and enjoy peculiar privileges; and in order to support their high character for bravery, a large party of them made a vow that they would retrieve the national honour by the expulsion of the British. Their astrologers were consulted, and assured them that on any one of four nights mentioned their chivalrous enterprise might be undertaken under favourable auspices. Our army had been informed of these particulars by a deserter, and were upon their guard. When the assault was made, an officer's piquet of the 38th was ready to receive them. A twelve-pounder opened upon them with grape, and in a few minutes they found it prudent to relinquish their purpose and retreat. About 20 of them were killed. The brutal manner in which these savages murder those whom they take prisoners is alluded to in the letter which furnishes the above particulars. The body of a European sailor had been found floating in the river, and it appeared that the unfortunate man had been first tortured by pulling off bits of flesh, and piercing him with spears in parts not mortal, and then sawed in half.—The stockades at Tiloayn and Doodpatlec, lately occupied by the Burmese, have been almost wholly destroyed, a small post only at each of these places having been rendered tenable for a few of our troops. The stockades were strong, and of great extent.—The affair in which Mr Thackery, Captain Black, and Lieut. Dighton, lost their lives, turns out to have been not so serious as was at first represented. In place of the whole party being "cut off to a man," the greater part of the artillerymen that had been missing have returned to Darwa, and all the prisoners, with the exception of Messrs Elliot and Stevenson, have been set at liberty.

The Calcutta Government Gazette, of the 18th November, contains an official account of the meeting at Barrackpore. The supplement to that of the 8th Nov. contains an order issued by the Governor-

General in Council, from which it appears, that, besides the 47th regiment of native infantry, a number of Sepoys, equal to about two companies of the 62d, and about twenty men of the 26th native regiment, participated in the affair. The alleged cause of the insubordination—the difficulty of procuring carriage-cattle for their baggage, was instantly removed by an advance of cash; but it then became evident that a bad spirit actuated the corps; for when all difficulties were removed, and it was no longer possible to practise evasion, they refused, on the parade, to march, with the exception of about 180 men, and the commissioned and non-commissioned native officers. With the consequence we are already acquainted. We observe, however, that the Governor-General considers it utterly incredible that the mutiny "could have been planned and carried into execution without the knowledge, not to say participation, of the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the corps, composed as the native regiments are in Bengal." The Governor-General, in consequence, considers "the 47th regiment native infantry, including its native commissioned and non-commissioned officers, to be disgraced, direct that No. 47 be struck out of the army list, the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers to be instantly discharged the service, as totally unworthy of the confidence of Government, or the name of soldiers; and that a new regiment, to be numbered 69, to which the European officers of the late 47th will be appointed, be immediately raised in its stead, for general service." The rest of this document consists of an appeal to the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Bengal army generally, making them responsible for the conduct of their men, and emphatically warning them "to profit by the example of the 47th, who have drawn down on themselves a punishment they most justly merited." Three courts-martial have been held on the Sepoys implicated in the mutiny. The number tried and found guilty amounts to 60, of whom, however, only five have been executed, the remainder having been sentenced to hard labour for various periods.

AFRICA.

Earthquake in Algiers.—Extract of a letter, dated March 7.—"On the 2d instant, this city and neighbourhood were visited with a tremendous earthquake, which continued at intervals for the five following days. It has thrown down several houses, and injured many others, and has totally destroyed the town of Blis-

da, one day's journey from this, burying in its ruins nearly all the inhabitants. Out of a population of nearly 12,000 persons, chiefly Moors, Jews, and Arabs, about 300 only have been saved, and those in a sadly mutilated state. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town, the earth has opened in large interstices of from 8 to 10 feet wide, and as many deep; and it is worthy of remark, that the same phenomenon which generally precedes the eruption of Etna and Vesuvius, occurred at Blida—namely, all the wells and fountains in the neighbourhood

became perfectly dry. The troops which the Government sent out, to prevent plunder, have been attacked by vast hordes of the Coballs, and have thus added to the work of death. The Coballs are of a race totally distinct from the Turks, Moors, or Arabs: they are the descendants of the ancient Numidians, and inhabit the mountains of this part of Africa, are perfectly independent, and have never been subdued by the Turks. As an act of grace, the Dey has manumitted all the slaves, and ordered a public thanksgiving for the salvation of this city."

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—March 3.—The Earl of Liverpool moved the order of the day for the second reading of the Association Bill. The Earl of Caernarvon presented a Petition from the Catholic Association, praying to be heard at the Bar, against the measure. His Lordship then made a motion conformable to the prayer of the Petition. The Earl of Liverpool opposed the motion, on the ground that it was without precedent to hear counsel against a general law. Earl Grey supported the motion, which, he said, must be conceded, to give any appearance of justice to the measure before the House; as, if they did not condescend to hear counsel, they were really framing a penal statute against the Catholics without either argument or evidence. The Lord Chancellor opposed the motion, upon the ground of merits, as well as upon the authority of precedent. He maintained, that an Association in England, at all like the "Catholic Association," would be grossly illegal, and observed, in explanation, that though he entirely approved of the provisions of the Bill, he had not, as was currently rumoured, the least part in drawing it up. Lord Holland supported the motion. On a division, it was negatived by a majority of 69 to 23.

The Earl of Liverpool then spoke to the principal question—the motion, "That the Bill be read a second time." His Lordship took the same line of argument taken in the other House by Messrs Peel, Goulbourn, and the other advocates of the measure. Lord King opposed the motion, and dwelt with much asperity upon the hardships, as he said, upon the Catholics, and upon the proposed measure, which he described as an attempt by wolves to destroy sheep, under the hypocritical pretext that the congregating of the latter, for their common safety,

was dangerous to their devourers. Earl Grosvenor also opposed the motion, and strongly urged the necessity of abandoning coercive measures towards the Catholics, and adopting a system of conciliation. Lord Longford supported the Bill, as indispensable to the safety of Ireland. The Duke of Sussex opposed the motion, as unsupported by any sufficient grounds. He also strongly recommended Catholic Emancipation. The Earl of Kingston, and the Marquis of Lansdown, followed on the same side. The Earl of Harrowby supported the motion, which was carried by a majority of 146 to 44.

March 4.—After some petitions had been received, the Association Bill was committed, without any farther debate than a few words of disapprobation from Lord Ellenborough.

Lord Suffield moved the second reading of the Bill to render illegal the use of spring-guns for the protection of game. His Lordship stated the general grounds upon which he proposed the measure, and adduced several instances of the injury individuals had sustained from the use of these guns, for which damages had been awarded in Courts of Law. The Bill was read a second time, without opposition, and was ordered to be printed.

7.—The Bishop of Exeter presented a Petition from the Clergy of his Lordship's Diocese, against acceding to the demands of the Roman Catholics. Lord King spoke against the interference of the Clergy in political matters; and sarcastically adverted to the number of persons in holy orders who fill various offices in lay corporations. The Bishop of Exeter contended for the right of the Clergy to entertain political questions, when the highest interests of their order were put to hazard by political experiment; but expressed his concurrence in the objection to their holding lay corporate offices.

Earl Dunley spoke shortly against the Petition, which was laid on the table, as were several others.

Viscount Melville moved for, and obtained the appointment of a Committee, to inquire into the state of the laws regulating the trials of Peers for offences committed in Scotland.

Lord Suffield then moved the Order of the Day for going into a Committee on the Spring-guns Abolition Bill. The Duke of Wellington suggested, that the provisions of the Bill did not go far enough in prohibiting the use of these engines only in game preserves. He was of opinion that the prohibition ought to be universal. Lord Suffield declared that he was willing to generalise the prohibition; and the Earls of Liverpool and Westmoreland, and the Lord Chancellor, also approved of making the prohibition universal. Lord Ellenborough objected, that to deprive the gardeners in the neighbourhood of the metropolis of the protection of spring-guns, would expose them to plunder to a ruinous extent. The Earls of Lauderdale and Cairnryan condemned the whole system of the Game Laws; and the latter took occasion to advert to the Lord Chancellor's successful opposition in the last Session, to the Bill for their mitigation. Earl Darnley proposed to limit the use of spring-guns to the protection of gardens enclosed by walls or railings of a given height, such as no man could be supposed to innocently pass. The Lord Chancellor explained, that he did not oppose the principle of the Bill of last Session, but the irregular mode of its introduction. The further consideration of the subject was postponed, and the Committee reported progress.

The Earl of Liverpool moved the third reading of the Irish Association Bill. Lord Ellenborough, declaring that he would not vote against the measure, argued at some length against its principle and its provisions. He maintained, that but for the resolutions passed by the House of Commons, the measure would be inoperative, and repeated most of the well-known arguments in favour of Catholic Emancipation. Lord Calthorpe took nearly the same line of reasoning. The Lord Chancellor protested against the kind of compromise that had been hinted at, denying that to vote for the present Bill involved a pledge to vote also for Catholic emancipation. Each question, he said, ought to stand upon its own merits. In considering the Bill before the House, he would only consider whether the conduct of the Catholics had made it necessary. In deciding upon the question of Catholic emancipation, he would not

regard the vote that he might have given upon this or any other occasion, but govern his vote by the conviction of his own mind. Lord Dunley and Ward professed himself a warm friend of Catholic emancipation, but said he thought the present Bill necessary. The Earl of Roden supported the Bill, which, he said, would operate beneficially in putting down both Roman Catholic and Orange Societies. He bore testimony, however, to the merits of the latter, while he avowed his conviction that their discontinuance would promote the peace of the country. The Earl of Darnley and Earl Grosvenor spoke warmly against the Bill. The motion for the third reading was carried without a division.

9.—The Royal assent was given by commission to the Irish Unlawful Societies Bill.

10.—Upon the motion of the Lord Chancellor, their Lordships went into a Committee, for the farther consideration of the Bill for Reforming and better Regulating the Administration of Justice in Scotland. The Earl of Roseberry expressed his conviction that the present Bill was likely to do much good, especially with regard to the benefits to be derived from trial by Jury, and the forms of pleading, and in other points. Whether the machinery now proposed was absolutely the best which might be adopted, he would not venture to say; but he must agree to the Bill, coupled with its amendments, from the confidence he entertained for the opinion and recommendation of the Commission. Amendments were suggested by the Lord Chancellor, by Viscount Melville, and by the Earl of Lauderdale, after which the Bill was reported with the amendments, and ordered to be printed.

15.—Lord Suffield, in moving the first reading of a Bill to make robbing gardens larceny, previously to moving the commitment of the Spring-guns Abolition Bill, took occasion to complain of what he called a *ruse de guerre* of the Duke of Wellington, who, in order to defeat the Bill, had proposed to generalise its provisions to an extent that would raise a popular outcry against it. The Duke of Wellington denied that he had been guilty of any unfair manoeuvre. He confessed that he disliked the Bill, particularly in its first shape, when it went, by confining the prohibition of spring-guns to game preserves, to stigmatise country gentlemen as the persons most likely to make an improper use of those treacherous engines. In order to get rid of that invidious particularity, he had proposed to render the interdiction universal, and if, by doing so, he had insured the defeat of the Bill, it was

not his fault, but the fault of those who introduced a principle unfit for general application. A conversation of some length followed, in which the Lord Chancellor, Lord Malmesbury, Earl Grosvenor, the Earl of Liverpool, the Marquis of Salisbury, and others, took part, and the Bill was read a first time. The House then went into a committee on the Spring-guns Abolition Bill. The Earl of Liverpool proposed an amendment, prohibiting the use of spring-guns and steel-traps in all places whatsoever. Lord Ellenborough, Earl Grosvenor, and Lord Holland opposed the amendment, on the ground that it would deprive market-gardeners of a necessary means of protection. Lord Harrowby, on the other hand, supported it, and, on a division, it was carried by a majority of 83 to 5.

16.—Earl Grosvenor, in presenting a petition against bear-baiting, &c., from the well-known Mr John Gale Jones, took occasion to reprobate generally all modes of cruelty to animals, and suggested that fox hunting ought to be put down by law, as well as bear-baiting.

18.—Lord Carberry moved an Address for certain returns, upon which he declared, that he would found some measure for the relief of the aged and infirm poor of Ireland. Lord Clifden and Earl Darnley, deprecating in the strongest manner the introduction of the English Poor Laws into Ireland, supported the motion, which was carried.

21.—Several Petitions were presented. Among them were a Petition from the City of Exeter, against acceding to the demands of the Roman Catholics; and a similar Petition from the Clergy of the Diocese of Ely.

Lord Suffield relinquished his proposed bill to constitute stealing in walled gardens a larceny; and the Lord Chancellor introduced a Bill to effect that change in the law.

25.—Upon the presentation, by the Earl of Lauderdale, of a petition against the Equitable Loan Bank Bill, the Earl of Liverpool took occasion to declare generally, with respect to all the new Joint Stock Companies, that under no concurrence of circumstances would he ever propose any measure, to relieve the embarrassments of any of these companies, no matter how severe might be the distress into which they might happen to fall; and further, that if any such measure of relief, as had sometimes been extended to merchants and bankers, should be proposed for any of the new companies, it should meet his decided opposition. The Lord Chancellor explained the delay that occurred in bringing forward his proposed

measure for the regulation of Joint Stock Companies by a reference to certain causes now in progress in the Court of Chancery, which, while they remained under discussion, must restrain him from any interference with the law, which he was called upon to administer. His Lordship, however, added an opinion, that almost enough was disclosed in the progress of these causes in court, to supersede the necessity for a new law, by exposing the dangers incurred by embarking in the fashionable speculations.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells presented a petition against submitting to the demands of the Roman Catholics, from the Archdeacon and Clergy of Taunton. The Earl of Darnley, professing himself the friend of the Church of England, rebuked in harsh terms the presentation of such petitions, and eulogized the superior humility, diligence, and piety, of the Popish Priests of Ireland. The Bishop of Bath and Wells defended the Clergy of the Established Church. Lord King censured the petitions of the clergy. Lord Calthorpe lamented the presentation of such petitions, and recapitulated briefly all the arguments in favour of Catholic emancipation; the sum of which is, that the Roman Catholic religion is no longer the Roman Catholic religion.

The Bishop of Gloucester presented petitions to the same effect as the last, from the Rural Dean and Clergy of the Rural Deanery of Gloucester, and from the Rural Dean and Clergy of the Rural Deanery of Frampton.

The Bishop of Chester presented a similar petition from the Dean and Chapter of his Diocese. The Right Reverend Prelate rebuked the disrespect offered to the Established Church, in speaking of the petitions of the Clergy, in the language of "the dog-kennel." The debate was protracted by Lords King and Holland; an assertion by the latter that the majority of the Clergy were non-residents, drew from the Bishop of Bath and Wells the contradictory statement, that in his Lordship's Diocese, containing nearly 700 parishes, there were but 17 non-resident ministers; and from the Bishop of Chester a nearly similar report of the state of that Diocese. The Earl of Liverpool strongly deprecated the critical severity exercised upon the petitions of the Clergy, as a gross invasion of the subject's unquestionable right to address the Legislature in whatever language might appear most suitable to the expression of his opinions, provided that it were not disrespectful. The Lord Chancellor warmly approved of the part taken at this time by the Clergy, and declared that his opinions

upon the Roman Catholic question were unchanged.

28.—The Bishop of Gloucester presented a petition from a Rural Deanery in his Diocese, against submitting to the demands of the Roman Catholics. Lord King treated the petitions of the Clergy as quite unworthy of regard. The Bishop of Gloucester informed the noble Lord, that the Clergy would not be deterred from exercising their undoubted right by sarcasms from him.

29.—A petition was presented from the Inhabitants and the Corporation of the City of Oxford, stamped with the civic seal, praying that the laws excluding Roman Catholics from political power might be preserved inviolate.

Earl Grosvenor presented a petition against Cruelty to Animals.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—February 23. —Mr Brougham called the attention of the House to the Apothecaries' Act, which he said required amendment in two particulars; the first improvement which he would propose was, to make the sealed commissions of the society evidence of qualification in all cases whatever, as it is now in all cases where it has been issued since 1816. The other amendment which he would propose related, he said, to the form of admission, which, as now arranged, confounds the well-educated pupils of Edinburgh and Glasgow with the purchasers of venal diplomas from Aberdeen and St. Andrew's, to the common disgrace and injury of all Scotch physicians. Mr Croker concurred in Mr Brougham's complaint as to the injustice which the Scotch physicians generally suffer from the ill repute of Aberdeen and St. Andrew's diplomas, and seconded Mr Brougham's motion for bringing in a Bill to amend the Apothecaries' Act.—Leave was granted, and the House adjourned at seven o'clock.

24.—On the motion of Mr Hume, seconded by Mr Huskisson, the Committee on the exportation of machinery was revived.

On the motion of the same gentleman, with a modification by Mr Wynn, certain papers, illustrative of the practice of banishing from India without trial, were ordered.

Mr Martin, of Galway, moved for and obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the prevention of bear-baiting, and other cruel practices. The Honourable Member produced a posting-bill of a bear-bait, which was to be exhibited at the desire of several noblemen! and persons of distinction, and told a shocking story of the dissection of a living dog during two successive days, by a monster

named *Mugentle*, who called himself a French physician.

Mr Goulburn moved the third reading of the Association Bill. Mr Leycester opposed the motion—first, because he thought that the present peace of Ireland was to be ascribed to the Catholic Association; and, secondly, because he thought that that body would, if allowed to pursue their career, force the question of Catholic Emancipation.

Mr Spring Rice made a very long speech against the motion. The Hon. member's argument was composed of a number of reported cases, (occurring before the existence of the Association,) in which poor men and Roman Catholics had obtained damage or redress in one form or other from persons in the enjoyment of rank or wealth in office. These cases he used (oddly enough, if the gentleman were not an Irishman) as proofs that the interference of the Catholic Association is necessary to ensure the impartial administration of justice in Ireland. Mr Doherty, who had been alluded to by the last speaker as concerned in some of the cases cited, rose to repel the insinuated charge against the administration of justice in Ireland, and to protest against the strange doctrine that an advocate, whose duty it is to do his utmost for his client, must maintain in Parliament every assertion which he has made in a Court of Justice upon *ex-parte* statements, and for a partial object. Mr Baring opposed the motion, and strongly inculcated the expediency of Catholic Emancipation. Mr Courtenay supported the motion. He explained, that the clause empowering a single magistrate to act against illegal associations had been modified upon his suggestion, so as to make the attendance of two magistrates necessary. Mr Sykes and Sir John Newport opposed the motion. The latter read a letter from an Irish correspondent, filled with the most gloomy anticipations from the passing of the Bill. Mr Goulburn refuted the charge of partiality that had been made against the Bill, by referring to the Act of the Session before last, against Orange Societies. The Right Hon. Secretary then read a letter from Mr Baron McClelland, contradicting, in the most direct and explicit terms, the accusation alleged on a former evening by Mr Brougham.

Mr Brougham replied, after which the House divided.—For the third reading 226—against it 96—Majority 180.

23.—In the House of Commons a conversation of some length arose upon the introduction of certain Bills for the incorporation of new Companies. Mr

Gronfell, Mr Hobbhouse, Mr Huskisson, Mr Baring, and Mr Maberly, were the speakers upon the occasion. The general feeling of the House seemed to be, that though the excessive rage for speculation ought to be discouraged, the House of Commons was not the tribunal best qualified to elect among the companies soliciting to be incorporated; and that the House of Lords having provided sufficient securities that no Bill shall pass to incorporate any company without a capital, the popular branch of the Legislature need not scruple to assent to incorporations that went no further than to enable companies to sue and be sued by their representatives, without relieving the members from an individual responsibility.

The Budget.—After several petitions had been presented, (most of them against the Assessed Taxes), the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward the Budget. The Right Hon. Gentleman commenced with a most gratifying exhibition of the resources of the country, deducing philosophically, from incontrovertible data, that the prosperity which we happily enjoy is necessarily and steadily progressive. He calculated the annual surplus revenue for the next four years would be, at least, one million and a half for each year, and of this annual surplus he proposed to dispose as follows for this year:—

Duties proposed to be Repealed, and estimated Annual Loss.

Hemp—Reduce to ½d. per lb.	.
(half)	£.100,000
Wool—Half the duty of 1s. per lb.	150,000

Carry forward, £.250,000

Brought forward,	£.250,000
Wine—French, from 11s. 5½d. per gallon to 6s. Portugal from 7s. 7d. to 4s.	230,000
British Spirits—from 10s. 6d. per gal. to 5s. from malt—6s. from grain,	750,000
Rum—From 10s. 6d. per gallon to 8s.	
Cider—From 30s. per hogshead to 15s.	15,000
Assessed Taxes,	270,000
Iron and other Prohibiting Duties,	Nil
	<hr/> £.1,515,000

Four-wheel carriages drawn by ponies,	£.857
Occasional Waiters, &c.	1,343
Coachmaker's licences,	354
Carriages sold by auction or on commission,	3,391
Mules carrying ore, &c.	137
Persons quitting houses after the commencement of the year,	5,000
Houses left in care of a person,	4,000
One additional window allowed where there is a cheese-room or dairy,	1,000
Farmhouses occupied by labourers,	1,000
Husbandry servant occasionally employed as groom,	2,000
Farmers, letting husbandry-horses to hire,	4,000
Taxed Cart,	18,913
Houses and windows. Whole of the duty on windows, on houses not having more than seven. Inhabited house duty on houses under £.10 rent,	235,000

£276,995

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

FEBRUARY.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—On the 14th instant, Angus Cameron, who had been indicted for mobbing and rioting in 1797, but who at that time absconded from his bail, by his Counsel, Mr Duncan Matheson, surrendered himself to abide the award of the Court, which will hereafter be determined; in the mean time he is admitted to bail. The diet was then called against William Watt, late clerk with Messrs J. and W. Jollie, W. S. accused of fraud, breach of trust, and forgery, who, failing to appear, sentence of outlawry was passed against him. William Sutherland, spirit-dealer in Canon-gate, was then placed at the bar, accused

of the crime of wilful fire-raising, to which he pleaded *Not Guilty*. In consequence of an error in the indictment, he was re-committed on a new warrant.

On the 21st, J. Ferguson, accused of theft and housebreaking, aggravated by being habit and repute a thief, he having on the 19th October last broken into the house situated in Wardlaw's Close, Dalkeith, belonging to Robert Fairbairn, journeyman baker there, and stealing therefrom nineteen playing cards or thereabouts, pleaded *Guilty*, and was sentenced to transportation for seven years. William Gillespie and William Murray, accused of theft, committed by means of housebreaking, respectively pleaded *Guilty* to the

theft, but not to the housebreaking; and the Court taking into consideration their previous good character, and it being their first offence, (so far as came under their observation,) sentenced William Gillespie to eighteen months, and William Murray to twelve months imprisonment in Bridewell. John Sutherland, accused of house-breaking, with intent to steal, he having, on Tuesday the 4th of January last, broken into and entered the shop situated in Greenside-Street, belonging to Thomas Edmonstone, spirit-dealer, pleaded *Guilty*, and was sentenced to transportation for seven years. Charles M'Gee was, after a long investigation, convicted of theft, committed by means of housebreaking, actor, art and part, aggravated by being habit and repute a thief, and previously convicted of theft. He was sentenced to be transported for the whole period of his natural life.

28.—Francis Milner Ward, accused of falsehood, fraud, and breach of trust, failed to appear, and sentence of outlawry was pronounced against him.

The Court then proceeded with the case of Robert Murray, some time in the naval service of the Hon. the East-India Company, who stood accused of being concerned in the robbery of the Stirling Mail Coach, of three parcels of bank-notes, addressed to the Bank of Scotland, the Commercial Bank of Scotland, and the Leith Bank, on the 18th of December last, while the horses were changing at Kirkliston, in the county of Linlithgow. The prisoner pleaded *Not Guilty*; and, after a long trial, in which the prosecutor failed in bringing home the crime to Murray, the Jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of *Not Proven*, and he was dismissed simpliciter from the Bar. He was, however, immediately apprehended upon a warrant of the Sheriff, on a charge of returning from transportation. Lavender, Superintendent of Police at Manchester, (formerly of Bow-Street,) was in Edinburgh for the purpose of establishing his identity as a convicted felon. He has been since transmitted to London for trial on this charge.

MARCH.

Death of the Hon. F. Ashley Cooper.—

On Sunday the 27th ultimo, about two o'clock, two young Gentlemen, Collegians of Eton, the Hon. F. A. Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftsbury, and Mr Wood, son of Colonel Wood, were in the playground, when some words arose between them, and they pushed each other; from words they proceeded to blows, and had fought for several minutes, when the Captain came up and separated them. It

was subsequently determined that they should meet on the following afternoon, and terminate their differences by a pugilistic contest, a custom prevalent among the scholars of Eton, and, indeed, of all other public schools; and the conqueror always tenders the hand of friendship to his defeated adversary. In this instance, the majority of the scholars were present to witness the battle, and the combatants stripped, at four o'clock on Monday afternoon, and commenced fighting. Mr Cooper was smaller in stature than his opponent, his age was under fifteen, and his opponent, who was half a head taller, was about the same age. Mr Wood, also, had the advantage in point of strength, but the quickness and precision of Mr Cooper were remarkable for one so young, and he declared that he would never give in. In the eighth, ninth, and tenth rounds, he became weak and exhausted, and it was then evident he was not a match for Mr Wood, and he ought to have been taken away. Some of the "backers" had brought a quantity of brandy in bottles into the field! and the second of Mr Cooper, (Mr Alex. Wellesley Leith,) in the eleventh round, poured a considerable quantity down Mr C.'s throat, and he recovered his wind and strength. The young men continued fighting till nearly six o'clock, and when they were in a state of exhaustion, they were constantly plied between the rounds with neat brandy! It is stated that Mr Cooper drank, during the fight, considerably above half a pint of the spirit. They fought about sixty rounds, and at the end of the last round, Mr Cooper fell very heavily upon his head, and never spoke afterwards! He was carried off the ground to his lodgings, at the house of the Rev. Mr Knapp, by his brother, who was present at the fight. He was put to bed; but no medical assistance was sent for till four hours afterwards, a short time before he expired! As soon as his death was known, expresses were sent off to his father, the Earl of Shaftsbury, and other relations of the deceased, to inform them of the lamentable catastrophe. Tuesday morning the Secretary of the Noble Earl arrived at Eton, and took away the deceased's two brothers. Same day, Colonel Wood arrived at Eton, and evinced much sorrow at the event which had taken place. The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of *Manslaughter* against Mr Wood and Mr C.'s second. Mr Leith, who were brought to trial at the Aylesbury Assizes, on the 9th instant; but no witnesses appearing when called, the Jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

Burning of the Kent East Indiaman.—Extract of a letter dated Falmouth, 4th March.—“Put back the Cambria, Cook, for Vera Cruz, having on board 547 passengers, officers, seamen, soldiers, women, and children, rescued by her from the Honourable Company's ship Kent, Captain Cobb, which unfortunately took fire on the 1st instant, in lat. 47. 30. N. long. 9. 45. W. on her passage to Bengal and China. The Kent, soon after the removal of the above to the Cambria, blew up; and from the returns made since, ninety must have perished in her, or were drowned in getting into the boats, &c. of whom 64 were soldiers, 1 woman, 21 children, 1 seamen, and 3 marine boys. The purser set off by the mail yesterday for the India-House. We are happy to state, that the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood have contributed every thing in their power, by clothing and money, to the necessities of the poor creatures, who saved nothing more than they stood up in: and many, from having been taken out of their beds, were destitute of any covering whatever. The Cambria is only 200 tons burthen, and had a cargo on board, besides near fifty persons, (miners,) and from which, added to the people saved from the Kent, made a total of about 600 souls huddled together for near three days. Captain Cook did every thing in his power to make them as comfortable as the circumscribed limits of his vessel would allow, particularly the women and children; and by carrying a press of sail, fortunately reached this port just as a strong north wind set in.”

The following is a list of the passengers, troops, women, and children, on board the Kent:—

Passengers.—Mrs Colonel Fearon and five daughters, Mrs M'Gregor and one son, Miss Dix, Mrs Bray and two children, Miss Murrays, Mrs Waters.

Writers.—Mr Grant, Mr Pringle.

Cadets.—Mr Shuckburgh, Mr Birch, Mr Hatchell.

Military Officers.—Lieut.-Col. Fearon, Major M'Gregor, Captain Sir Charles Farrington, Bart., Captain Green, Captain Spence, and Captain Bray. Lieutenant and Adjutant Shaw. Lieutenants Baldwin, Dodger, Raxton, Booth, Douglas, Campbell, and Guinness. Ensigns Tate, Shaw, and Evans. Assistant-Surgeon Graham. Second Master Waters. Paymaster Monk; all saved.

Total on board—19 passengers, 20 military officers, 344 troops, 43 women, 66 children, 145 ship's company.—Total, 637.

Return of troops, women, and children lost.—Troops 64, women 1, children 21. Ship's company.—Men 1, marine boys 3. Total lost, 90.

Another vessel, the Caroline, Captain Bibbey, of Liverpool, observed the fire of the Kent, on the night of the 1st March, and saw her blow up. Captain Bibbey immediately made all sail to the spot, which he reached about half-past three next morning, and was the happy means of saving other 14 persons, soldiers of the 31st regiment, whom he picked up from various fragments of wreck, on which they had supported themselves after the vessel blew up.

Captain Cook of the Cambrian, and his crew, have been handsomely rewarded for their humanity and intrepidity, by the East-India Company, and also by Government, and the committee at Lloyd's.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Feb. 26. Edward Crowell Desbrowe, Esq. to be Secretary to the Embassy at St. Petersburg.

—The Hon. William Henry Fox Strangways, to be Secretary to his Majesty's Legation at Florence.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Feb. 23. The Rev. John Smart was ordained Minister of the Associate Congregation, St. Andrew's-Street, South Leith.

March 3. The King has presented the Rev. Dr John Gilchrist to be first Minister of the Church and Parish of Canongate, Edinburgh, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Dr John Loo to Lady Yester's Church, in the city of Edinburgh.

16. The Rev. John Martin was ordained Minister of the Relief Congregation, Crieff.

23. The Relief Congregation of Burretown gave a unanimous call to Mr John Waddell to be their Pastor.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Lieut. Proctor, Adj. of R. Mil. Coll. rank of Capt. 17 March 1825.

2 Life G. G. T. Bulkley, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Dutton, ret. 5 Feb.

III. MILITARY.

2d Life G. Lieut. Burrows, Capt. by purch. vice Hidout, ret. 17 Feb. 1825.

Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Dallas, Lieut. do.

R. H. Beaumont, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. do.

1 Dr. G. Cornet Davies, Lieut. by purch. vice Skinner, 9 F. do.

C. A. D. Tyssen, Cornet do.

7 Assist. Surg. Morrison, from 1 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Lyster, 94 F. do.

2 Dr. Cornet Somerville, from 4 Dr. Cornet vice Wyndham, prom. 25 Feb. do.

5 Lieut. M'Queen, Capt. by purch. vice Goff, ret. 10 March do.

Cornet C. Phillips, Lieut. do.

4 Dr. G. H. Lockwood, Cornet do.

J. Timm, Vet. Surg. vice Bird, dead 17 Feb. do.

C. Villier, Cornet by purch. vice Somerville, 2 Dr. 25 do.

10 C. H. Nicholson, Cornet by purch. vice Lord J. Fitz Roy, 63 F. 3 March do.

- 16 Di. J. P. Seward, Cornet by purch. vice Ramsbottom, 91 F. 10 Feb. 1823.
1 F. Gds. 2d Lieut. Bagot, from Rifle Brig. (late Page of Honour to his Majesty) Ensign and Lieut. 24 do.
Coldst. G. Ensign and Lieut. Hon. W. T. Grave, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Beaufoy, ret. 10 do.
Hon. A. Upton, Ensign and Lieut. do.
Ensign and Lieut. Northey, Adj. vice Beaufoy, res. do.
Ensign Paget, from 36 F. (late Page of Honour to His Majesty) Ensign and Lieut. 24 do.
Batt. Surg. Whympere, Surg. Maj. vice Simpson, ret. do.
Assist. Surg. Smith, Surg. do.
Hunter, from h. p. Assist. Surg. do.
3 F. Gds. Ensign and Lieut. York, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Cumberland, ret. do.
Frisen Cooke, from 29 F. Ensign and Lieut. do.
1 F. Gent. (advt. C. Curtis, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Withnason, 73 F. 10 do.
Ensign Fraser, from 58 I. Lieut. by purch. vice Stoyte, prom. 25 do.
McGregor, Lieut. vice Butler, dead 40 March do.
R. J. Hill, Ensign do.
Lieut. Head, from 93 F. Capt. 10 Feb. do.
Ensign Hon. J. Cavendish, from 22 F. Lieut. do.
Stirling, from 58 F. Lieut. do.
Lieut. Hart, from h. p. 17 Di. Lieut. 21 do.
6 ——— Hart, from 78 F. Capt. 21 March do.
Ensign Foley, Lieut. do.
7 ——— Blood, from 68 I. Lieut. vice Gooditt, 45 F. 26 do.
Morritt, from 61 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Thynne, 27 F. 21 Feb. do.
Capt. Disney, Maj. by purch. vice Carter, prom. 3 May do.
Lieut. Huggins, Capt. do.
Ensign Skinner, from 84 F. Lieut. do.
Lieut. Skinner, from 1 Dr. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Hill, ret. 17 Feb. do.
10 ——— Broom, (Capt. by purch. vice Hill, Maj. Powell, ret. 10 March do.
Ensign Hankey, Lieut. do.
Lieut. Stewart, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lieut. vice Liming, 34 F. 2 do.
Lieut. Smith, Lieut. vice Kirkman, dead 20 March 1824. do.
Naylor, Lieut. vice Crawford, dead 21 do.
E. Capadose, Ensign 9 March 1825. do.
R. Budd, Ensign 10 do.
L. Tollenmacher, Ensign by purch. vice Shelley, Rifle Brig. 17 do.
18 W. O. Temple, Ensign vice Hull, 48 F. 17 Feb. do.
20 Ensign Pitt, Lieut. by purch. vice Keppel, 62 I. do.
J. Taylor, Ensign do.
22 Ensign Huie, from h. p. 8 W. I. R. Ensign vice Cavendish, 2 F. do.
24 Ensign and Acting Adj. Riley, Adj. vice Child, res. Adj. only 5 March do.
25 Lieut. Swynn, Capt. vice Hollis, R. African Colonial Corps do.
Ensign Lingard, Lieut. do.
G. D. Griffith, Ensign do.
26 Assist. Surg. Perston, from 79 F. Surg. vice Coldstream, h. p. 17 Feb. do.
27 Capt. Geddes, Maj. by purch. vice Thompson, ret. 24 do.
Lieut. Lord W. Thynne, from 7 F. Capt. do.
G. A. Durnford, Ensign vice Howard, 75 F. 23 March do.
29 M. Barr, Ensign by purch. vice Rooke, 3 F. Gds. 24 Feb. do.
31 Lieut. Spence, Capt. 10 do.
Ensign Genuys, Lieut. do.
Lieut. Wilkes, from h. p. 45 F. Lieut. do.
- 51 F. Ensign Kingdom, from 54 F. Lieut. 10 Feb. 1825. do.
R. W. White, Ensign do.
Lieut. Tuning, from 14 F. Lieut. vice Montgonerie, h. p. Rifle Brig. 8 March do.
53 ——— Peddie, from h. p. 21 F. Lieut. vice Beary, 3 Vet. Bn. 26 do.
56 Hon. A. Harley, Ensign vice Paget, Coldst. Gds. 24 Feb. do.
58 Lieut. Hopper, Capt. 10 do.
Ensign Campbell, Lieut. do.
Lieut. Mudie, from h. p. 28 F. Lieut. do.
Ensign Mendis, from 87 F. Lieut. do.
R. Deane, Ensign do.
Ensign Coghlan, from 61 F. Lieut. vice Mendis, dead 10 March do.
Blake, from 61 F. Ensign vice Fraser, 1 F. 25 Feb. do.
41 Lieut. Bluett, Capt. 10 do.
Ensign Bedingfield, Lieut. do.
Douglas, from 51 F. Lieut. do.
Spencer, from 75 F. Lieut. do.
W. Evans, Ensign do.
42 Gent. (advt. H. Hill, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Ravine, 41 F. do.
44 Lieut. Smith (Capt. do.
Ensign Robinson, Lieut. do.
Fraser, 601 Cape Corps, Lieut. do.
Raynes, from 12 F. Lieut. do.
G. Bayly, Ensign do.
45 Lt. Lieut. Col. Almines, from 62 I. Lieut. Col. 10 March do.
Lieut. Kelly, (Capt. do.
Lorb w. Capt. do.
Van Constandt, from 8 Dr. Capt. 20 do.
Ensign Macintyre, Lieut. 25 do.
Fman, Lieut. do.
Sykes, Lieut. do.
Lieut. Armstrong, from h. p. Newfoundland Fencibles, Lieut. 21 do.
Clark, from h. p. 22 F. Ensign vice diff. Lieut. do.
Lilcott, from h. p. 20 F. Lieut. do.
Knox, from h. p. 91 I. Lieut. do.
Gooditt, from 7 F. Lieut. do.
Rose, from h. p. 103 I. Lieut. do.
Sidley, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.
Imbes, from h. p. 45 F. Lieut. do.
Chadwick, from h. p. 7 W. I. R. Lieut. do.
Bell, from h. p. 11 F. Lieut. do.
Mudge, from h. p. 48 I. Lieut. do.
2d Lieut. Geddes, from Staff Corps, Lieut. 27 do.
Ensign Buller, from 65 I. Lieut. 26 do.
Armstrong, from h. p. 1 Gen. Bn. Ensign 25 do.
St. Alord, from h. p. 91 F. Regt. Ensign 21 do.
J. Du Vernet, Ensign 27 do.
H. C. Powell, Ensign 25 do.
Super. Assist. Surg. B. Campbell, Assist. Surg. 21 Feb. do.
48 Lieut. Broderidge, Capt. 10 do.
Vincent, from 89 F. Lieut. do.
Ensign Hull, from 154 I. Lieut. do.
Smith, from 93 F. Lieut. do.
50 B. Baxter, Ensign vice W. A. Ror. dead do.
Surg. Micklam, from 77 F. Surg. vice Gill, dead 17 do.
53 Capt. Cuppage, Maj. by purch. vice McCaskill, prom. do.
Lieut. Lett, Capt. do.
Ensign Bremer, Lieut. do.
L. B. Phillips, Ensign do.
58 J. B. Mann, Ensign vice Stirling, 2 I. 10 do.
60 Lieut. Mitchell, from h. p. Quant. Mast. vice Kiens, h. p. 17 do.
Hon. G. T. Koppel, from 20 F. Capt. vice Hall, ret. do.
Assist. Surg. M'Pherson, from 42 I. Surg. vice Linn, h. p. do.

- 62 F. Lt. Maj. Smith, Maj. vice Ximmes, 45 F. 25 March
Lieut. Keith, Capt. do.
Ensign Caldecott, Lieut. do.
W. T. Short, Ensign do.
63 Lieut. Hughes, Capt. by purch. vice Kerr, ret. 5 do.
Cornet Lord Fitz Roy, from 10 Dr. Lieut. do.
A. B. L. P. Burrell, Ensign vice Butler, 45 F. 25 do.
14 T. Kenyon, Ensign by purch. vice Blake, 58 F. 23 Feb.
F. Murray, Ensign vice Morritt, 7 F. 24 do.
65 R. W. Huey, Ensign vice Blood, 7 F. 26 March
69 A. C. Anderson, Ensign vice Penn, prom. 12 June 1823.
2d Lieut. Bennett, from h. p. 5 Ceylon R. Ensign 5 March 1823.
70 J. Williams, Ensign vice Skinner, cancelled. 17 Feb.
73 Ensign Williamson, from 1 F. Ensign vice Spencer, 41 F. 10 do.
Coane, Lieut. vice R. Stewart, 91 F. 3 March
Hon. R. Howard, from 27 F. Ensign do.
Asst. Surg. Martin, Surg. vice Owen, h. p. 10 Feb.
76 Lieut. Clarke, Capt. by purch. vice Powell, ret. 21 do.
Ensign Grubbe, Lieut. do.
H. E. Hoare, Ensign do.
77 Lieut. Algeo, Capt. vice Mackenzie, dead do.
Ensign Bradshaw, Lieut. do.
W. J. Clarke, Ensign do.
Staff Assist. Surg. Aniel, Surg. vice Mucklan, 50 F. 17 do.
78 Ensign Montessor, Lieut. vice Hart, 6 F. 25 March
R. W. W. Young, Ensign do.
79 Lieut. Mac Dougall, Adj. vice Campbell, res. Adj. only 5 March
R. Fulton, Ensign by purch. vice Moorsom, 7 F. 12 Feb.
Lieut. Forbes, Capt. vice McNeill, dead 17 March
Ensign Brown, Lieut. do.
Asst. Surg. Divin, from h. p. 79 F. Asst. Surg. vice Perston, 26 F. do.
81 H. M. Bayles, Ensign by purch. vice Douglas, 41 F. 21 Feb.
81 A. Thom, Ensign by purch. vice Skinner, 7 F. 5 March
87 Lieut. Moore, Capt. vice Clifford, dead 18 Aug. 1824.
Ensign Harris, Lieut. do.
R. Loveday, Ensign do.
D. Herbert, Ensign vice Meuds, 58 F. 10 Feb. 1825.
89 Ensign Harris, from 21 F. Lieut. vice Vincent, 48 F. do.
91 Lieut. Murray, Capt. vice Campbell, dead 50 Nov. 1824.
Ensign Lovett, Lieut. do.
Cornet Ramsbottom, from 16 Dr. Lieut. by purch. vice Burne, prom. 3 Feb. 1825.
H. Lye, Ensign 50 Nov. 1824.
Lieut. R. Stewart, from 75 F. Capt. vice Stewart, dead 5 March 1825.
93 Ensign Connop, Lieut. vice Head, 2 F. 10 Feb. 1825.
Russell, from 1 W. I. R. Ensign do.
91 J. R. Currie, Ensign vice Kingdom, 51 F. do.
S. A. G. O'Dorne, Ensign do.
27 Quait. Mast. Serj. Scatter, from 58 F. Quait. Mast. vice Dodd, res. 23 do.
Asst. Surg. Fieer, from 4 Dr. Gds. Surg. vice Conolly, h. p. do.
99 H. J. Day, Ens. vice Smith, 18 F. 10 do.
Rifle Brig. C. C. Vivian, 2d Lieut. vice Bagot, Gren. Gds. 21 do.
R. Staff C. Lieut. Piers, Capt. 17 March
do. do. do. do. do.
do la Condamme, 1st Lieut. 18 do.
- R. Staff C. 2d Lieut. Scott, 1st. Lieut. 19 March 1815.
Gent. Cadet P. Despard, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. 17 do.
W. R. Lucas, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. 18 do.
1 W. I. R. T. W. Stroude, Ensign vice Russell, 95 F. 10 Feb.
Cape Corps } J. N. Rishton, Ens. vice Fraser, 41 do.
Infantry. } J. F. do.
R. African. } Maj. Purdon, Lieut. Col. vice Chs. Col. Corps. J. Holm, dead do.
Capt. Holm, from 25 F. Capt. Maj. 5 March
R. Malta } Count Rivarola, Com h. p. Sicilian Reg. Col. do
Fen. Reg. } Marquis de Piro, Capt. with local and temporary rank 25 Feb. 1815
M. Muscat, do. do. 28 do.
S. Mitrovich, do. do. 1 March.
F. Bussell, do. do. 21 Oct.
G. Bonello, Lieut. with local and temp. rank 25 Feb.
G. B. Virtu, do. do. 25 Feb. 1822.
V. Cavarra, do. do. do.
P. Elliot, do. do. 24 Oct. 1827.
Serg. Maj. Galland, from 51 F. Ensign 25 Aug. 1820.
C. Cutajar, Ensign with local and temp. rank 24 Feb. 1822.
P. Camilleri, do. do. 25 do.
V. Bonavita, do. do. 24 Oct. 1825.
V. Rizzo, Paymast. 25 Feb. 1817.
Lieut. Gontaci, Adj. do.
G. Camilleri, Surg. 25 Feb. 1815.
1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. Bruce, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Longworth, ret. list 17 Feb. 1825.
5 Breary, 55 F. Lieut. vice Sadley, 45 F. 26 March
- Unattached.*
Maj. McSkill, from 53 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Gen. Croker, ret. 17 Feb. 1825.
Maj. Carter, from 7 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Gen. Graham, ret. 3 March
- Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery*
Maj. Youngblood, Lieut. Col. vice Bromer, dead 5 Jan. 1825.
Capt. and Lt. Lieut. Col. Campbell, Maj. do. 15 Feb.
2d Capt. Douglas, Capt. do.
1st Lieut. Fuller, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lieut. Tylden, 1st Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet Dupuis, 2d Lieut. do.
2d Capt. Campbell, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lieut. Mayne, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
Cater, Adj. vice Drury, dead 28 do.
2d Lieut. Gilbert, 1st Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet J. Low, 2d Lieut. do.
1st Lieut. Wilford, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
Lieut. Col. Rey, Col. vice Maj. Gen. Lennox, dead 2 March
Maj. Crawford, Lieut. Col. do.
Capt. and Lieut. Col. Sir J. May, K.C.B. & K.C.H. do.
2d Capt. Petley, Capt. do.
1st Lieut. Shppard, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lieut. Keates, 1st Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet J. Matson, 2d Lieut. do.
2d Capt. Jones, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lieut. Tylden, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
2d Capt. Chapman, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Drum can, h. p. 15 do
- Royal Engineers.*
Capt. Harris, from h. p. Capt. vice Cheyne, h. p. 8 March 1825
- The undermentioned Cadets of the Hon East-India Company's Service, to have the temporary Rank as 2d Lieutenants, during the period of their being employed under the Command of Lieut. Col. Pasley, R. Eng. at Chaltham, for instructions in the Art of Sapping and Mining.*

Gent. Cadet W. Willis 10 Feb. 1825.
 ——— W. B. Goodfellow do.
 ——— W. H. Atkinson do.
 ——— W. Scott do.
 R. F. I. V. Lieut. Smith, Capt. vice Medley, rec. 25 Feb. 1825.
 Ensign Hebard, Lieut. vice Smith do.
 ——— Heathcote, Lieut. vice Keith, res. do.
 ——— Brown, Lieut. vice Fletcher, res. do.
 J. D. Ritherdon, Ensign do.
 R. C. Codrington, Ensign do.
 W. W. White, Ensign do.
 G. Cox, Ensign vice Powell, res. do.

Hospital Staff.

Hosp. Assist. Doherty, Assist. Surg. vice Wiley, dead 17 Feb. 1825.
 ——— Crawford, Assist. Surg. vice Amiel, 10 March.
 77 F.
 A. J. N. Connell, Hosp. Assist. do.
 M. Ryan, Hosp. Assist. do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Jackson, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Capt. Colomb, 81 F.
 ——— Caldicott, from 39 F. with Capt. Orde, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds.
 ——— Beretzze, from 60 F. with Capt. Abbot, 1 Vet. Bn.
 Lieut. Davidson, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Coulson, h. p. Coldst. Gds.
 ——— Clarke, from 6 F. with Lieut. A. Sharpin, h. p. 24 Dr.
 ——— Edwards, from 19 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Berkeley, h. p. 71 F.
 ——— Butler, from 20 F. with Lieut. D. Campbell, 79 F.
 ——— Rumley, from 30 F. with Lieut. Baxter, h. p. 22 F.
 ——— Hadwin, from 54 F. with Lieut. Harford, 82 F.
 ——— Dunbar, from 42 F. with Lieut. Fitz Gerald, h. p. 72 F.
 ——— Lord J. Fitz Roy, from 65 F. with Lieut. Dexter, h. p. 5 F.
 ——— Folliott, from 71 F. with Lieut. St. George, h. p. 66 F.
 ——— Williams, from 80 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Leche, h. p. 89 F.
 ——— Ramsbottom, from 91 F. with Lieut. Carlisle, h. p. 54 F.
 ——— Reynolds, from 97 F. with Lieut. Valentine, h. p. 99 F.
 Ensign Capel, from 5 F. with Ensign Barton, h. p. 26 F.
 Assist. Surg. O'Reilly, from 7 F. Staff Assist. Surg. Pilkington
 ——— Fraser, from 12 F. Assist. Surg. Douglass, h. p. 18 F.
 ——— Mulver, 88 F. Assist. Surg. Douze, h. p. 8 W. I. R.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Gen. Croker, (Retaining his Rank in the Army)
 ——— Graham, do.
 Lieut. Col. Thompson, 27 F.
 Major Powell, 10 F.
 ——— Hull, 62 F.
 ——— Kerr, 65 F.
 ——— Powell, 76 F.
 Capt. Rudout, 2 Life Gds.
 ——— Goff, 3 Dr.
 ——— Beaufoy, Coldst. Gds.
 ——— Cumberland, 5 F. Gds.
 ——— Hill, 9 F.
 ——— Medley, E. I. Vol.
 Lieut. Keith, E. I. Vol.
 ——— Fletcher, do.
 Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Dutton, 2 Life Gds.
 Ensign Powell, E. I. Vol.
 Quart-Mast. Dodd, 97 F.
 Assist. Surg. Perkins, Medical Staff.
 ——— Bloxham, h. p. 1 F. Gds.
 ——— Garrett, h. p. 69 F.

Cancelled.

Ensign Skinner, 70 F.

R. Afr. Col. Corps. Capt. Findley, from 2 W. I. R. vice Dowson, h. p. 28 F.
 2 W. I. R. Capt. Anderson, from h. p. 28 F. vice Findley.

Superseded, (having obtained leave of absence on false pretences.)

Lieut. MacLachlan, 8 F.

Officers wounded in the Assault of Merqui, in the Dominions of the King of Ava, on 6th October 1824.

Lieut. W. Kennedy, 89 Regt. severely.
 P. M'Rie, do. slightly.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Sir James Erskine, Bt. late of 2 Dr. Gds. London 5 March 1825.
 ——— Dorrnen, R. H. Gds. Brighton 15 do.
 ——— Long, 15 Dr. London March
 Major-Gen. W. Alexander, late of 2d Gn. Bn.
 ——— Lemoine, R. Art. Geneva 1 March
 ——— Carnegie, E. I. C. Serv. Edinburgh 50 May 1824.
 Lieut.-Col. Schummeikelcel, h. p. Corsican Ran. Holland 25 Dec.
 Major Forster, 58 F. Rangoon, Bengal 17 Sept.
 ——— Hull, 41 F.
 ——— Stuart, 91 F. Jamaica 51 Dec. 1824.
 ——— Briscoe, h. p. 65 F. St. Germain en Laye. Trian, Pasion 28 Feb. 1825.
 Capt. Macleod, 41 F.
 ——— Brown, 41 F.
 ——— Black, 54 F. Madras 26 Sept. 1824
 ——— M'Niell, 79 F.
 ——— Clifford, 87 F. Berhampore 17 Aug.
 ——— Dury, R. Art. Hadley, near Barnet 27 Feb. 1825.
 ——— Courtenay, Armagh, Mil. 18 do.
 ——— Murphy, Kerry, Mil.
 Lieut. Babington, 1 F. Canton 98 Dec. 1825.
 ——— Sinter, 1 F. Camp at Achenoor, Madras 15 Aug. 1824.
 ——— Kirkman, 14 F. on passage from Isle of France 20 March
 ——— Crawford, 14 F. 25 July
 ——— Liston, 14 F. 50 Aug.
 ——— Mitchell, 58 F. of his wounds at Rangoon, Bengal 30 June
 ——— Williams, late 5 Vet. Bn. Mile-end 1 March 1825.
 ——— Dillon, h. p. 5 F. Eyrecourt, Galway 25 Jan.
 ——— Kennewie, h. p. 82 F.
 ——— Baugh, h. p. 105 F. Ludlow 25 Sept. 1824.
 ——— Apfel, h. p. 6 Line, Ger. Leg. Duchy of Brunswick 10 April 1825.
 Cornet Kirke, 11 Dr. Meerut, Bengal 15 July 1824.
 ——— Willan, h. p. 21 Dr. Axminster Feb. 1825.
 Ensign Mends, 87 F. on passage home on board the Atlas 12 Aug. 1824.
 ——— Grant, h. p. 24 F. Africa 15 Dec.
 ——— Maxwell, h. p. 56 F. Fisharrow, near Edinburgh 29 March
 ——— Walker, late 5 Vet. Bn. late of 1 Vet. Comp. Manchester Feb. 1825.
 Chaplain Molony, h. p. 155 F. 29 Dec. 1824.
 Adjutant Ensign Hogan, late 9 Vet. Bn. Dublin 24 Feb. 1825.

Quart. Mast. Wigton, R. Art. Woolwich 22 March

Medical Department.

Surg. Cowen, 41 F. Rangoon, East Indies
 Assist. Surg. Osborne, 1 F. Camp at Tindover num. Madras 19 Aug. 1824
 ——— Fynam, 54 F. Fort St. George, Madras 22 Aug.
 Hosp. Assist. Dogherty, Houdufas 23 Dec.
 Vet. Surg. Norton, 9 Dr. at Dublin 19 March 1825.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1825.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck	1825.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.		s. d.		s. d.	
Mar. 16	602	54 0 42 0	37 0	31 0 35 0	18 0 26 0	18 0 22 0	104	10	March 15	606	1 4	56	1 3
23	491	34 0 41 0	37 7	32 0 40 0	18 0 25 6	17 0 21 0	103	10	29	441	1 4	50	1 3
30	575	34 0 40 0	37 7	32 0 42 0	18 0 24 0	17 0 21 0	104	10	29	569	1 5	63	1 3
April 6	411	53 6 39 0	36 5	32 0 38 0	18 0 23 0	17 0 21 0	104	10	April 5	589	1 5	63	1 3
13	494	53 0 37 6	35 6	30 0 35 0	18 0 22 6	17 0 21 0	103	10	12	293	1 5	40	1 3

Glasgow.

1825.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Psc.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	Irish.	Scots.			
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.
Mar. 17	—	—	—	32 0 36 0	20 0 22 0	30 35	52 0 54 0	22 0 23 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
24	—	—	—	32 0 36 0	20 0 22 0	30 33	52 0 54 0	22 0 23 6	18 0 20 0	54 55
31	—	—	—	32 0 36 0	20 0 21 6	30 33	52 0 54 0	22 0 23 6	18 0 20 0	54 55
April 7	—	—	—	31 0 36 6	19 0 21 6	28 33	52 0 54 0	21 0 22 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
14	—	—	—	31 0 35 0	18 0 21 0	28 33	52 0 53 0	21 0 22 0	18 0 20 0	54 55

Haddington.

1825.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1825.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck	
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	
Mar. 18	383	50 0 48 6	56 2	28 0 37 0	17 0 25 0	17 21 0	17 0 21 0	March 14	17 6	18 6	1 2 1
25	446	54 0 48 6	57 1	32 0 40 0	17 0 23 0	17 21 0	17 0 21 0	21	18 6	20 0	1 3 1
April 1	401	52 0 38 0	56 2	30 0 40 0	15 0 22 0	15 18 6	15 0 18 6	28	18 9	19 6	1 3 1
8	394	52 0 56 6	34 5	29 0 38 0	14 0 21 0	14 18 0	11 0 18 0	April 4	17 9	19 3	1 3
15	357	29 0 37 0	35 1	28 0 38 0	15 0 20 0	15 18 6	15 0 19 0	11	17 6	18 6	1 3

Daktilh.

London.

1825.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.				Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potal.	Pigeon.	Tiek.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.			
	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	s. s. s.	d.
Mar. 14	50 78	36 40	50 48	19 24	23 31	42 58	34 47	44 48	54 36	60 63	52 60			10
21	50 78	36 40	51 47	19 26	23 31	42 58	32 47	44 48	54 36	60 65	52 60			10
28	50 78	36 40	50 45	19 27	23 31	42 58	32 47	44 48	54 36	60 65	52 60			10
April 4	50 76	34 37	28 43	19 26	23 30	42 58	30 47	42 47	52 54	60 63	52 60			10
11	50 76	34 37	28 43	19 26	23 30	40 58	30 47	42 47	52 54	60 63	52 60			10

Liverpool.

1825.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Engl.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Mar. 15	4 6 10 6	5 2 5 10	5 4 6 5	55 58	42 50	38 56	48 54	46 52	20 25	52 35	50 34
22	4 6 10 6	5 2 5 10	5 4 6 5	55 58	42 50	38 56	48 54	46 55	20 25	52 35	50 34
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
April 5	4 6 10 2	5 0 5 9	5 0 6 2	55 38	40 46	36 56	48 52	46 51	20 25	51 34	50 33
12	4 6 10 2	5 0 5 9	5 0 6 2	55 38	40 44	36 56	48 52	46 51	20 25	51 35	50 35

England & Wales.

1825.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
March 5	65 11	39 0	40 2	25 3	38 2	42 8	—
12	67 4	41 7	40 6	25 6	38 0	40 9	—
19	68 1	39 7	40 2	24 1	37 7	40 4	—
26	68 9	40 2	39 6	26 9	36 11	39 0	—
April 2	69 1	39 7	38 11	24 8	37 2	39 9	—

Aggregate average prices of British Corn, for the six months ending March 26.

1823—Wheat, 40s. 1d.—Barley, 28s. 2d.—Oats, 18s. 8d.—1824—Wheat, 55s. 3d.—Barley, 30s. 5d.—Oats, 22s. 3d.—1825—Wheat, 64s. 1d.—Barley, 38s. 11d.—Oats, 22s. 7d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock after-noon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Mar. 1.	M. 27½ A. 39	28.999 A. 40	M. 40 A. 40	Cble.	Foren. sleet, aftern. fair.	Mar. 17.	M. 27½ A. 34	29.999 A. 37	M. 36 A. 37	S.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
2.	M. 29½ A. 33	28.888 A. 37	M. 38 A. 37	S.	Snow & sleet most of day.	18.	M. 28 A. 37	28.866 A. 39	M. 36 A. 39	S.E.	Morn. frost, day sh. snow.
3.	M. 27 A. 34	29.170 A. 36	M. 36 A. 36	Cble.	Shwrs. snow and hail.	19.	M. 33 A. 42	29.099 A. 40	M. 43 A. 40	Cble.	Cold and dull.
4.	M. 22 A. 32	28.522 A. 38	M. 38 A. 38	Cble.	Morn. frost, day fair.	20.	M. 28½ A. 36	28.580 A. 46	M. 41 A. 46	W.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.
5.	M. 27½ A. 30	29.020 A. 38	M. 38 A. 38	Cble.	Ditto.	21.	M. 28½ A. 38	28.325 A. 45	M. 42 A. 45	W.	Ditto with frost.
6.	M. 26 A. 35	28.636 A. 39	M. 39 A. 39	S.	Sn. on hills, dull & cold.	22.	M. 32 A. 42	29.199 A. 45	M. 44 A. 45	E.	Heavy fog most of day.
7.	M. 30 A. 39	28.275 A. 39	M. 39 A. 39	SW.	Sn. on hills, dull, mild, and fair.	23.	M. 35 A. 39	29.900 A. 42	M. 42 A. 42	E.	Morn. foggy, after. sunsh.
8.	M. 30 A. 40	28.618 A. 35	M. 40 A. 35	Cble.	Morn. frost, day cold.	24.	M. 23 A. 37	28.762 A. 40	M. 41 A. 41	Cble.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
9.	M. 12 A. 49	27.776 A. 49	M. 49 A. 49	Cble.	Dull, but mild.	25.	M. 26 A. 40	28.494 A. 44	M. 41 A. 44	Cble.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.
10.	M. 22½ A. 48	28.841 A. 50	M. 50 A. 50	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.	26.	M. 29 A. 40	28.826 A. 44	M. 44 A. 44	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
11.	M. 15 A. 45	28.600 A. 47	M. 47 A. 47	SW.	Morn. sunsh. day dull.	27.	M. 35 A. 45	28.737 A. 55	M. 46 A. 55	W.	Ditto.
12.	M. 15½ A. 45	28.902 A. 47	M. 47 A. 47	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	28.	M. 34 A. 41	28.716 A. 52	M. 50 A. 52	W.	Ditto.
13.	M. 15 A. 42	28.809 A. 41	M. 46 A. 41	SW.	Rain morn. fair day.	29.	M. 38 A. 46	28.692 A. 51	M. 50 A. 51	Cble.	Ditto.
14.	M. 28 A. 35	28.856 A. 39	M. 41 A. 39	S.	Frost with shower-hail.	30.	M. 36 A. 43	28.932 A. 47	M. 48 A. 47	Cble.	Ditto.
15.	M. 26½ A. 35	28.910 A. 35	M. 36 A. 35	S.	Morn. frost, day cold.	31.	M. 30 A. 40	30.123 A. 46	M. 45 A. 46	E.	Ditto.
16.	M. 26½ A. 34	28.999 A. 37	M. 36 A. 37	S.	Morn. frost, day dull.						

Average of rain, 479 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THERE has been no rain since our last, and the soil is now, for the most part, rather dry; a regular braird of oats, on stubborn soils, is not to be expected without rain. From the middle till the end of March, the mean temperature was about 40°, and 44° for what has past of the present month. Frost at night has been of frequent occurrence; in some instances, however, the temperature rose extremely high throughout the day. On the 7th, the mercury in the thermometer rose to 65° in the shade; this morning it fell to 30°. Sowing of beans was resumed about the middle of March, in the early districts, and sowing of oats was over in such situations by the end of that month. Some barley has already been sown, and ground is preparing for potatoes. On sandy soils, the sowing of oats has only commenced this week. A light crop is always sure to follow early sowing, on such lands. We find in general, however, that farmers seem disposed to seize time by the forelock, and we believe spring seeds have been rather earlier got in this year than usual.

For the past three weeks, the sky has seldom been clouded. Clear sunshine throughout the day, followed by a low temperature at night, has produced a yellow foliage on growing wheat, which, on dry soils, begin to complain for want of moisture at the root. Sown grass comes forward boldly, and, on fine soils, early-sown oats give a fair braird.

In consequence of a pending motion on the corn-laws in the House of Commons, a stagnation has been produced in the corn-market: a permanent duty is talked of; and such is the opinion entertained of prices falling, under any duty that can be imposed, that wheat, and other species of grain, has already fallen considerably in price in all the English markets: with us it is difficult to effect extensive sales on any terms. Labourers are at this time earning the value of more grain per day than at almost any former period; and, what is to them of more importance, their labour is in regular demand. Fat cattle look up in price, and horses have sold well at the spring markets.

Perthshire, 14th April 1825.

Course of Exchange, London, April 12.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 36 : 9. Altona, 36 : 10. Paris, 3 days sight, 26 : 15. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 151½. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 45½. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46½. Dublin, 9½—Cork, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3.17.9.—New Doubloons, £.0.0.0.—New Dollars, 4s. 11½d.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s. 1d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 20s.—Cork or Dublin, 15s. 9d. a 20s.—Belfast, 15s. 9d. a 20s.—Hambro', 30s. a 40s.—Madeira, out, 20s.—Home, 30s.—Jamaica, out, 30s.—Home, 6 a 7 guineas.—Greenland, out and home, 00 00.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from March 16, to April 13, 1825.

	March 16.	March 23.	March 30.	April 6.	April 12.
Bank Stock.....	—	—	—	234½	232½
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	—	—	—	92½	91½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	93½	93½	93½	93½	92½
3½ ½ cent. do.....	—	—	—	100½	99½
4 ½ cent. do.....	—	—	—	—	106½
Ditto New do.....	106	105½	105½	103	—
India Stock.....	—	—	—	—	—
— Bonds.....	85	80	77	86	87
Exchequer bills.....	53	51	57	67	63
Consols for account.....	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½
French 5 ½ cents.....	—	103fr.25c.	102fr.75c.	103 fr.	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 21st of Feb. and the 19th March 1825: extracted from the London Gazette.

Ashcroft, J. Liverpool, ironmonger.
 Ashton, J. jun. Fenney Bentley, Derby, cheese-facter.
 Burton, J. Tarditon, Lancaster, maltster.
 Bath, J. Devonport, grocer.
 Bennett, G. Seymour place, butcher.
 Bertram, M. Philipof lane, soap maker.
 Blood, J. E. L. and T. Hunter, Aldersgate street, furnishing ironmonger.
 Blunt, F. I wickenham, grocer.
 Brookes, S. Bow common, Mile end, black ash-manufacturer.
 Chisburn, W. A. Hyswater, brewer.
 Cudlin, W. Burslem, Stafford, shoemaker.
 Eaton, R. Preston, milliner.
 Charters, W. and P. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorgun, tea-dealers.
 Clark, W. Elizabeth place, Kennington cross, and G. Winter, Arnold street, Newington, merchants.
 Colless, B. D. Bristol, hatter.
 Cooper, E. S. Liverpool, common brewer.
 Croston, T. sen. and jun. Liverpool, ship-chandlers.
 Dare, U. jun. Waterloo road, butcher.
 Davy, W. Webber-street, carpenter.
 Dawson, T. and J. Almonbury, York, clothiers.
 Dickson, G. M. Liverpool, earthenware-dealer.
 Drant, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, perfumer.
 Dyson, J. Huddersfield, clothier.
 Edwards, L. Rathbone place, merchant.
 Evans, J. Oxford-street, cheesemonger.
 Evans, H. and W. Oxford street, lacemen.
 Farley, F. Hereford-place, Commercial-road, haberdasher.
 Forsaith, S. S. Hackney, haberdasher.
 Foulkes, J. Cheltenham, haberdasher.
 French, T. Cheltenham, grocer.
 Fuller, J. and J., and J. Fletcher, Ratcliffe, Lancaster, grocers.
 Galloward, and F. Pongiard, Fenchurch-street, merchants.
 Gardiner, J. Paddington, scavenger.

Garth, W. Colne, Lancaster, cotton spinner.
 Goodwin, W. Strand, bookseller.
 Graham, G. Sunderland, master-mariner.
 Greenwood, J. Burstall, York, joiner.
 Gregory, S. and J. Bowden, Manchester, merchants.
 Griffiths, J. Hollowell, coal merchant.
 Hart, J. Gloucester, woollen diaper.
 Harvey, W. Highgate, victualler.
 Hawes, R. B. Bowley street, Waltham, corn-mer.
 Hay, W. Rosemary lane, victualler.
 Hippon, W. Dew bury, woollen manufacturer.
 Hurst, J. Huddersfield, cloth merchant.
 Howell, J. Cheltenham, plumber and glazier.
 Hurndall, J. Bristol, haberdasher.
 Jackson, J. Dover, tailor.
 Jay, R. Kilburn, carpenter.
 Keene, S. sen. Long Ditton, coal merchant.
 King, J. Oxford, grocer.
 Lea, W. Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, broker.
 Leigh, J. Blue Anchor road, Richmond, engineer.
 Levy, J. Hemming's row, glass dealer.
 Meyrick, J. Blackman street, grocer.
 O'Shaughnessy, H. P. and G. Sherborn, Pall mall, bootmakers.
 Ousey, H. Ashton under Line, cabinet maker.
 Owens, T. Toxteth park, near Liverpool, cutter.
 Passey, S. High street, Newington butts, book seller.
 Pattison, W. Liverpool, merchant.
 Perry, J. Gravesend, confectioner.
 Pilkington, R. Blackburn, Lancaster, merchant.
 Pocock, J. W. Southampton street, St and, up holsteier.
 Porter, R. Hackney road, baker.
 Redshawe, T. Fleet street, book-ellen.
 Riva, G. and N. Sheffield, hardwarmer.
 Rolley, T. Sheffield, stone mason.
 Shanley, H. Little Argyl street, wine and spirit merchant.
 Simpson, J. sen. and jun. Liverpool, shipwrights.
 Smith, G. Watling-street, factor.

Sunth, T. G. Sun street, Bishopsgate-street, haberdasher.
 Stafford, S. Manchester, brewer.
 Stanley, R. Old Kent-road, linen-draper.
 Stead, J. Wakefield, architect.
 Storcham, T. Little Chelsea, brewer.
 Stranack, J. Park-place, Mile-end, master-mainer.
 Sweetapple, J. P. Chasenbury, Wilt, horse-dealer.
 Taylor, C. Salisbury, inn-holder.

Taylor, T. Ashton-under-Line, draper.
 Thornhill, W. York-place, New-road, horse-dealer.
 Tudor, D. Newport, Monmouth, ship-builder.
 Vigor, W. Bladstone, butcher.
 Walker, J. jun. Lambeth-walk, oven-builder.
 Whittenbury, E. W. Leeds, woollen-manufacturer.
 Wren, T. London-wall, silkman.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced March 1825; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Brown, John, cowfeeder and cattle-dealer in Paisley.
 Blair, James, merchant and watch maker, Kilwinning.
 Dobson, William & Co. merchants and drysalers Glasgow.
 Dow, Alexander, merchant and tinsmith, Balfour.
 Farquharson, Samuel, ironmonger, Cupar Fife.
 Inglis & Robb, Glasgow, and Robb & Inglis, Demerara, merchants.
 Innes, Campbell, soap-boiler, Queensferry.
 McIntosh, James, innkeeper, Broomielaw, Glasgow.
 O'born, George, leather-merchant, Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Cameron, Dugald & Co. merchants, Greenock; by A. Brynner, accountant there.
 Cousin, James, silk and cotton-yearn merchants, Paisley; by James Gilnour, merchant there.
 Gallics, Colin, merchant, Brechin—on his first sequestration; by William Anderson, writer there.

DIVIDENDS.

Gordon, the late Patrick, stationer, Glasgow; by Mr Garden, merchant there.
 Graham, Alexander & Co. merchants in Glasgow, &c.; by D. Smith, merchant, Greenock.
 Hamilton, John & William, wrights and builders in Lanark; by Thomas Paul, writer there.
 Hughes & Williams, canal-contractors, Linlithgow; by the trustee, 34, St. Andrew's-street, Edinburgh.
 Miller, James & William, distillers at Craigend, and spirit-dealers in Glasgow; by Alexander Buchanan, brewer in St. Ninian's.
 Morrison, William Maxwell, printer and publisher, Edinburgh, deceased; by the trustee there.
 Neilson, Andrew & Michael, tea-dealers in Glasgow; by A. Mein, accountant there.
 Saunders, James, printer and writer in Dundee; by John Sturrock, merchant there.
 Steel, Archibald, hardware-merchant in Ayr; by P. Cowan, merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1825. Feb. 24. At St. Germaine, near Paris, the Lady of N. M. Hallard, Esq. a son.
 — At 25, Forth-street, Edinburgh, Mrs A. Brodie, a son.
 25. At Morrie House, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel D. Macdonell, a son.
 26. At Comiston, Mrs Forrest, a daughter.
 March 5. At Muggerny Castle, the Lady of Stuart Menzies, Esq. of Cullinane, a daughter.
 1. At Friskine, Lady Blantyre, a daughter.
 7. At his house, Hill-street, London, the Lady of William Stuart, Esq. M. P. a son and heir.
 9. The Lady of Captain Dalrymple, R. N. a son.
 10. At Linlith, Roxburghshire, Mrs Currie, a son.
 11. The Lady of Lieut-General the Hon. Alex. Duff, a daughter.
 — At Calder Bank, Monkland, the Lady of Lieutenant Loudon, R. N. a daughter.
 12. At Polton House, the Lady of Archibald Constable, Esq. a son.
 — At Ardincaple Castle, the Right Hon. Lady John Campbell, a daughter.
 13. At Milliken, the Lady of Sir Wm. Milliken Napier, Bart. a son.
 14. In Great King-street, Edinburgh, the Lady of H. Jamieson, Esq. advocate, a son.
 15. At 3, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Walker Dickson, a son.
 — In Hope-street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Lieut-Colonel P. W. Taylor, a daughter.
 — At Newhall, the Lady of John Buckle, Esq. a son.
 16. At Castlemilk, Lanarkshire, the Lady of William Stirling, Esq. a son.
 17. At 27, Castle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs H. D. Dickie, a son.
 22. At Broughton Park House, Mrs Yule, a daughter.
 23. At Douglas's Hotel, St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart, of Castlehill, a daughter.
 24. The Hon. Mrs George Macdonell, a son.
 25. At St. Andrew's, Mrs Balfour, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1824. Aug. At Patna, East Indies, at Sir C. Doyly's, C. W. Smith, Esq. Judge and Magistrate of Ghazipur, to Anne Jessie, fourth daughter of the late Donald McKenzie, Esq. of Hartfield, in Roxburghshire.
 1825. Feb. 22. At Teddington Church, Middlesex, Randle Henry Fielden, Esq. B. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, third son of the late Henry Fielden, Esq. of Wotton, Lancashire, to Phoebe Sarah, only daughter of Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B. of the Coldstream Guards.
 24. William Ker Hay, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's service, to Catharine, youngest daughter of the late Captain Swindell Norvell.
 28. At Cholmondeley House, Piccadilly, London, the Right Hon. Lord H. Cholmondeley, second son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, to Maria, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot.
 — At Mansfield Place, Edinburgh, Mr John Swayne, Esq. Fifeshire, to Agnes Georgina, daughter of the late Capt. Peddie, Leith Walk.
 — At Garpally, the seat of the Earl of Clancarty, Thomas Kavanaugh, of Borris, county of Kilkenny, Esq. to Lady Harriet Trench, second daughter of the Earl of Clancarty.
 March 1. In St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, Captain Basil Hall, R. N. to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Hunter, Consul-General in Spain.
 2. At Mary Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Thomas John Brown, Esq. merchant, London, to Mrs Barbara, second daughter of the late Mr Thomas Mitchell, Mill of Udney.
 3. At Edinburgh, Mr James Aitken, writer in Edinburgh, to Jane, only daughter of the late Mr Thomas Patterson, merchant there.
 7. At No. 26, Elder Street, Edinburgh, Thos. Stephens, Esq. Jessfield House, Portobello, to Abercrombie, daughter of the late Mr William Walker, Edinburgh.
 10. At St. Philip's Church, Liverpool, John Frederick Zoller, Esq. of Glasgow, late of Frank-

foot, Mr Emma, youngest daughter of William Donald, Esq. Great George Square, Glasgow.

March 11. At Edinburgh, H. Watson, Esq. W. S. to Elizabeth Andrevna, only daughter of the late Mr Andrew Watson, of Petrozavodsk, in Russia.

11. At Edinburgh, the Rev. D. Campbell, jun. Auchmellan, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the deceased Dr William Moodie, late one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

15. Mr Thomas Waugh, Rankenour Street, to Miss Ann Collier Potter, daughter of Mr George Potter, Glasgow, and niece of the late Walter Collier, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, Colonel the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, to Lady Emily Bathurst, youngest daughter of Earl Bathurst.

18. At Edinburgh, Robert Bruce, Esq. of Burrae, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr David Young, minister of Foulden, Berwickshire.

21. William Richardson, writer in Lockerbie, to Mary Stewart Johnston, eldest daughter of the late William Johnston, merchant there.

— In St. Paul's Chapel, Archibald Alison, Esq. advocate, to Elizabeth Glencairn, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Tytler, lately of the North British Staff.

— At Ayton Law, Mr James Allan, of Reston, to Mary, daughter of James Herriot, Esq. Ayton Law.

22. At Meadowside, Mr John Beck, manufacturer, Hawick, to Miss Margaret Walker, Meadowside.

25. At Linlithgow, William Seton Thomas, surgeon, R. N. to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Mr Stephen Mitchell, tobacconist, Linlithgow.

DEATHS.

1821. Sept. 22. At Madras, Captain Archibald Fiske Patullo, commanding the Hon. the Governor's body guard, Fort George.

29. At Madras, Mrs Bowser, wife of Lieut.-General Thomas Bowser, commanding in Mysore.

Oct. 1. At Calcutta, Lieut. James Millar Alston, younger of Westertown.

6. At China, Mr James Mackenzie, sixth officer of the H. C. S. Duke of York, second son of the late Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. of Letterewe.

7. Near Rangoon, Lieut. John Lindsay, of the 51th regiment Madras light infantry, second son of William Lindsay, Esq. of Balmungie, Fifeshire. Lieutenant Lindsay was with the detachment commanded by Lieut.-Col. Smith, and fell, deeply lamented, while most gallantly engaged in a disastrous attack upon a stockade defended by Burmahs.

8. At Prince of Wales Island, John Maccalister, Esq. senior member of Council.

Nov. 25. At sea, soon after leaving Canton, Mr John Carnegie, midshipman of the Hon. East India Company's ship Berwickshire, third son of David Carnegie of Crugg, Esq.

1825. Jan. 1. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Brevet Major William Stewart, of the 91st regiment.

5. At Jamaica, Major Roderick Mackenzie, of the 77th regiment.

9. At sea, on board H. M. S. Diamond, in the fifteenth year of his age, Gilbert, youngest son of Wm. Elliot Lockhart, Esq. of Cleghorn, M. P.

Feb. 8. At Frasenburgh, Mr George Lind, Postmaster, in the 88th year of his age.

12. At Hovebury workhouse, Yorkshshire, aged 70, Hannah Metcalce, who, owing to a disappointment in love, took her bed 45 years ago, and never rose from it till the day of her death. It is calculated that this pauper cost the parish £500.

14. At Nire, Miss Helen E. Davidson, youngest daughter of the late Robert Davidson, Esq. of Pinneclehill.

19. At Perth, Miss Margaret Macduff, Atholl Street. She was born on the 28th June 1743.

20. At No. 50, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, George Kennedy, Esq. writer.

— At Stirling, Mr James Hamilton, of Boddingsgill, merchant, Biggar.

21. At 4, Clerk-Street, Edinburgh, Lieutenant John Grant.

22. At Bexhill, Sussex, Agnes, daughter of the late Archibald Gilchrist, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, and wife of Henry Riddell, Esq. W. S.

— Mrs Nancy Gibson, wife of Mr G. B. Brown, brewer, North Back of Canongate, Edinburgh.

Feb. 21. At Florence, Anne Janet, wife of Wm. G. Johnstone, Esq. of Garroch, and eldest daughter of L. Holliday, Esq. banker, St. James's Street, London.

— At his seat, near Swansea, Thomas Bowdler, Esq. in the 71st year of his age.

— At Gorgie Damhead, Mrs Marion Cleghorn, relict of the late Mr William Ronaldson, in the 91st year of her age.

— At her house, at Laurencekirk, in her 85th year, deeply lamented, Diana, wife of the late Alexander Shank, of Castlerig, Fifeshire.

26. At Edinburgh, George, the youngest son of George Wauchope, Esq.

27. At Eddlestone manse, Mrs Marjory Crawford, widow of the deceased Dr Patrick Robertson, minister of Eddlestone.

— At Nire, in the 21st year of his age, Thomas, eldest son of George Cantairs, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At his house, near Southampton, the Lady of Rear-Admiral Sir J. P. Beresford, Bart. K.C.B.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Davie, wife of Mr Martin, W. S.

28. At No. 3, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, Grace, fourth daughter of the late Robert Kennedy, Esq. of Pimmore.

— At Edinburgh, aged 66, Mr Peter Steven, formerly of Peterhead.

— At Cowdenhill, Mrs Margaret Angus, widow of Lieutenant James Ritchie, of the R. N.

— At his seat, Billingbear, Berks, in his 76th year, the Right Hon. Richard Aldworth (Griffin), Lord Braybrooke, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Essex.

March 1. At Southampton, Mrs Baird, daughter of the late Thomas Dickson, Esq. of Burdon Park, in the county of Surrey, and granddaughter of the late Sir William Baird, Bart. of Baughton Hall, Mid-Lothian, a Captain in the R. N.

3. At Montrose, Mr David Low, sen. ship-owner.

5. In Dove-Street, Piccadilly, Lieut.-General Sir James Erskine, Bart. of Torrie, Fifeshire.

— At his house, Circus Place, Edinburgh, John Hutchinson, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— Thomas Smith, Esq. of Nether Ingleston, Glencairn, aged 75.

— At his house, Comely Garden, near Edinburgh, Thomas Oliver, Esq.

4. At the manse of Kingussie, the Rev. John Robertson, minister of that parish, in the 68th year of his age, and 55th of his ministry.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Morton, merchant, North Bridge-Street, in the 63d year of his age.

— At Hutton, Warwickshire, the Rev. Dr Farr.

— At Edinburgh, Catherine, wife of Matthew Norman Macdonald, Esq. W. S.

7. George Somerville, Esq. of Airhouse, aged 76.

8. At Arbroath, in the 28th year of her age, Mrs Mary Hay, spouse of James Mill, Esq. of Woolhill.

— At Edinburgh, William Oliver Russell, second son of Professor James Russell.

9. At St. Andrew's, Dr Thomas Melville.

10. Elizabeth W., youngest daughter, and on the 23d current, Archibald C., fourth son of Mr John Johnstone, junior, &c. No. 1, George-Street, Edinburgh.

— At Munro Place, near Portobello, suddenly, Mr Daniel Munro, sen. aged 61.

— At Howard Place, Edinburgh, Capt. Thom Hamilton.

10. Mrs Janet Mason, relict of Mr Andrew Wilson, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Coldstream, aged 65, Captain John McLaren, late Adjutant of the Berwickshire regiment of militia. Captain McLaren served in the army for upwards of forty years, and, during the whole of that long period, his unremitting zeal for the service, and the assiduity and ability with which he discharged his individual duties, gained him general esteem and approbation.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Orr, wood-merchant.

— At his daughter's house, Kettlestonehill, near Linlithgow, Mr David Brash, in the 93d year of his age. He maintained through life an unblemished character, and any who knew him will not think the short testimony which follows by any means undeserved:—In simplicity of manners and integrity of principle, as a Christian, and with comprehensive views in religion, he added a sound and sober judgment, an attention uncom-

ting, a punctuality never failing; he was active and industrious, with the enjoyment of good health, and possessed those virtues which add so much lustre to the human character in private life, an affectionate husband, a tender parent, and a faithful friend. He has left eight children, the youngest 11 years, who all attended his funeral: 51 grand-children, and a number of great grand-children.

12. At Haddington, Jas. Wilkie, Esq. of Rathobyres.

— At his seat, Firhill, Droxford, Hants, aged 77, Charles Powell Hamilton, Esq. Admiral of the Red.

13. At Bath, Capt. Alexander Campbell, R. N. third son of the late John Campbell, Esq. of Glen-saddle and Newfield, and grand nephew of the late great General John, seventeenth Earl of Craufurd and fourth of Lindsay.

— At Aberdeen, Helen Walker, aged 84, daughter of the late George Walker, advocate, Aberdeen.

14. At Glasgow, the Rev. Dr William Taylor, of St. Enoch's, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. His loss is deeply and generally lamented. He was a man of the most amiable and engaging simplicity of manners; the most gentle and benignant affections; the most pure and honourable purposes; and the most kind and affectionate, amidst the constancy of his virtuous friendships and attachments. He was zealous and unwearied, in the discharge of the numerous duties and avocations of his sacred profession. By his congregation, among whom he so long, zealously, and acceptably laboured, his loss will long be deeply and affectionately deplored.

— At Arbroath, Mr John Croal, builder, in the 67th year of his age.

— At 27, Frederick Place, Hampstead Road, London, John Brodie, Esq.

16. At Glasgow, Mrs Margaret Thomson, wife of Dr Robert Freer, Professor of Theory and Practice of Physic, Glasgow.

17. At her house in Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Maitland Makgill of Rankelour, widow of the Hon. Frederick Lewis Maitland, Captain in the R. N. son of Charles sixth Earl of Lauderdale.

— At her house, Tay-Street, Dundee, in the 41th year of her age, Miss Mary Scrymgeour, daughter of the late Alex. Scrymgeour, Esq. of Tealing.

18. At her house in Hope-Street, Mrs Barbara Murray, relict of Dr Andrew Liddell.

— At his house in St. Ann's Yard, Mr Robert Playfair, S. S. C. aged 75 years.

19. At Kintadwell, in Sutherlandshire, Hugh Houston, Esq. of Creech.

— At her house, No. 52, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Gillies, senior.

— Sir Ralph Millbanke Noel, Bart. who, having no male issue, is succeeded by his nephew, now Sir John Peniston Millbanke of Habbaby Hall, York-shire.

21. At London, Sir James Graham, Bart. M.P. for Carlisle.

— At Aberdeen, aged 88 years, after a short but severe illness, Mr Patrick Booth, the oldest merchant in that place.

— At his house, in Aberdeen, Alex. Anderson, Esq. of Bourlie, aged 80.

— At Chelsea, near London, the Rev. Duncan Robertson, D.D.

22. At 10, West George Street, Glasgow, Mrs Arthur, relict of Mr Thomas Arthur, late merchant in Glasgow.

23. At Hope Park, Edinburgh, George, aged six years, and on the 25th, Archibald, aged eight months, sons of Mr Archd. Fyfe, Weekly Chiro-podist Office.

— At Glasgow, John Bell, Esq. of Milnfield.

— At Russel Mans, Finlay Macfarlane, Esq. late one of the Members of the House of Assembly, and Comptroller of Tobacco.

— In the vicinity of London, Lieut. James Beattie Glenzie, in the Hon. East-India Company's service, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Glenzie, Manschall College, Aberdeen.

24. At Leith, Mrs Margaret Metcalf, wife of John Sibbald, Esq.

— At Clunie House, Strathray, Perthshire, Mrs Stewart of Clunie.

— At Edinburgh, aged 25 years, John Manley Wemyss, R. N. second son of Lieut. Col. Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall.

— At Charlton, Kent, Major Gen. Miller, late of the royal artillery, in the 68th year of his age.

25. At his house, North Frederick-Street, Edinburgh, George Bruce, Esq. of Langlee, late one of the Depute-Clerks of Session.

— At Gartart, Miss Anne Erskine, daughter of the late James Erskine of Carricks, Esq.

— At West Kilbride, after a short illness, Mrs Hunter of Kirkland.

26. At Stranraer, James Cand, Esq. of Drumfad, writer in Stranraer, and Secretary for the Hon. Commissioners for improving the harbour of Portpatrick.

27. At his house, George Square, Ninian Lewis, Esq. of Plean.

— At Bath, in the 46th year of his age, the Hon and Rev. George Herbert, brother to the Earl of Carnarvon, and late Chairman of the Hampshire Quarter Sessions.

— Alexander, Earl of Balcarнас, at his seat, Haigh Hall, Lancashire.

28. At his house, Westbridge, Kirkcaldy, on the 21st, John Stocks, Esq.; and, at her house, Townhead, Kinghorn, on the 28th, Mrs Christian Stocks, his mother.

— At Hampton Court Palace, Lady Elizabeth Seymour.

— At Senna, Southern Africa. Mr George Kilpatrick, Surgeon, R. N., son of Mr George Kilpatrick, Craigstock, Glasgow. In June 1823, a party, consisting of Mr Forbes, botanist, sent out by the Horticultural Society of London, Lieutenant C. Brown and Mr Kilpatrick, both of H.M.S. *Lever*, on a voyage of survey along the eastern coast of Africa, under the command of Captain W. F. W. Owen, volunteered their services on an inland expedition, to explore the river Zambezi or Chama, and the country adjacent. They were next to have proceeded through the heart of the country to Latakoo, where English Missionaries reside, thence to Cape Town. They had not proceeded far up the river, when Mr Forbes fell a victim, and soon after their landing at Senna, his two comrades shared his untimely fate. Had they succeeded in their enterprise, much interesting information might have been expected from their researches.

— At Airdrie, in the 50th year of his age, Jas. Macpherson, Esq.

— At Kentish Town, aged 69, after a long indisposition, Mr Vincent Dowling. Mr Dowling had been for upwards of forty years connected with the public press in England and Ireland.

— On the homeward-bound passage from China Capt. A. H. Campbell, of the Hon. Company's ship *Duke of York*.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MAY 1825.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days.			Days.		
Morn.			Morn.		
Even.			Even.		
H.	M.	H. M.	H.	M.	H. M.
June 1825.			June 1825.		
W. 1	2 16	2 38	Th. 16	1 57	2 19
Th. 2	3 1	3 24	Fr. 17	2 40	3 2
Fr. 3	3 42	4 1	Sa. 18	3 24	3 45
Sa. 4	4 22	4 41	Su. 19	4 6	4 29
Su. 5	5 1	5 19	M. 20	4 49	5 12
M. 6	5 39	6 0	Tu. 21	5 35	5 58
Tu. 7	6 22	6 43	W. 22	6 21	6 48
W. 8	7 8	7 33	Th. 23	7 17	7 48
Th. 9	8 2	8 30	Fr. 24	8 20	8 51
Fr. 10	9 2	9 35	Sa. 25	9 29	10 7
Sa. 11	10 6	10 36	Su. 26	10 45	11 19
Su. 12	11 6	11 35	M. 27	11 53	— —
M. 13	— —	0 2	Tu. 28	— 24	0 51
Tu. 14	0 28	0 52	W. 29	1 17	1 40
W. 15	1 12	1 36	Th. 30	2 3	2 24

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.			
	D.	M.	H.
Last Quart. W.	8.	3	— 2 aftern.
New Moon, Th.	16.	9	— 0 noon.
First Quart. Th.	23.	4	— 11 morn.
Full Moon, Th.	30.	54	— 9 morn.

TERMS, &c.

June	
5.	Duke of Cumberland, born (1771.)
21.	Longest Day.

Notes to Correspondents.

U. will observe that his communication is partly superseded by the course of events, and partly by another article in the present Number, which had gone to press before U.'s paper was received. The Editor will feel obliged to U., if he should again take the trouble of writing, to steer as wide as possible of the dirty and disgusting whirlpool of the *party* politics of the day. The paper remains with the Publishers.

Our Poetical Correspondent B. of Edinburgh is requested to bethink himself of Lindley Murray, when he next makes a bounce at some of the lowest hillocks around Parnassus. We can scarcely believe that the birth-place of Burns could have given birth to such trashy verses as have been sent to us from Ayrshire within the last few days.

Who ever heard of *Aeschiles* or *Anacreon*? The paper, however, in which these strange names occur, seems to contain a few passable enough ideas on *modern* Greece, and will perhaps be considered in June. Some other communications remain also to be thought of.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MAY 1825.

NOTICE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW—ITS PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

THIS Scottish University is much less known than it ought to be. I shall not pretend here to give a full account of it, but satisfy myself with detailing a few facts and reflections, which occurred to me when I visited this seminary on the last day of the Winter Session of 1824-25. It was the 30th day of April, when the Professors and Students, along with a number of the respectable inhabitants of Glasgow, assemble in the Great Hall of the University, to witness the distribution of the prizes won during the year by the Students in each class.

The Professors in this University, of whom there are about twenty, distributed among the different Faculties, as they are called, of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Arts, enjoy incomes varying from three or four hundred, to fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds a-year, derived partly from the rents and tithes of lands, which, before the Reformation, were attached to certain Popish ecclesiastical establishments, and partly from the fees of the Students, each of whom pays about three guineas to each Professor whose class he attends. The number of Students is about fifteen hundred, the greater part of whom are the sons of merchants, manufacturers, the upper class of shopkeepers, the clergy, lawyers, and medical practitioners belonging to the city of Glasgow, and the neighbourhood. All of these, again, live with their parents or guardians, and, indeed, are not under the discipline

of the College for more than four or five hours in the earlier part of the day, that is, at some part of the time between 8 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. They generally attend two, sometimes three classes, each during two hours a-day, and only one hour at a time. In the Theological, Medical, and Law classes, where all the Students are grown up to manhood, or nearly so, there is only an attendance of one hour a-day on each Professor. Self-interest, which begins to operate with sufficient power at those years of discretion to which the most of this latter class of Students have advanced, is reckoned a sufficient guarantee that they will employ their time profitably, even although removed from the eyes of their teachers, except for the short time I have mentioned.

To the classes, where languages and philosophy are taught, on which my observations shall chiefly turn, the Students generally enter about the age of fourteen, and continue to attend them four or five years. The usual course of study is this; Latin and Greek the first year; the same during the second year; Greek and Logic (or more properly Belles-Lettres and Composition) the third year; Moral Philosophy and Mathematics the fourth year; and during the fifth year, Natural Philosophy and Mathematics. It will be observed, however, that every Student who is well grounded in Latin and Greek, and who has bestowed that attention on it which is given in the higher clas-

sical schools in England, and which is now beginning to be bestowed in the more respectable grammar schools in Scotland, can dispense, and ought to dispense with the first of these years of attendance at College. The whole curriculum of a literary and philosophical education, such as it exists in this and the other Scottish Universities, may thus be completed in four years.

I ought to have mentioned, that besides the Students belonging to Glasgow and its neighbourhood, who attend the College, a considerable number belong, as might be expected, to the western counties of Scotland. Some come from Ireland, although the number of these last has considerably diminished since the institution of the new College at Belfast, where nearly the same system of education is followed as at Glasgow; that flourishing Irish seminary having been supplied with almost every one of its Professors by the College of Glasgow. The intolerance of the Church of England, and of the Universities under its controul, drives from that country a number of the sons of dissenters, who wish for an academical education, to Glasgow; and who, but for the necessity of subscribing the notorious thirty-nine articles* before admission, would undoubtedly prefer Oxford or Cambridge. No religious test is required at Glasgow, to ascertain whether any human being, not a downright idiot, is fit to receive a literary and philosophical education; nay, so very loose is the Senatus Academicus in this respect, that I verily believe a Mahometan, a Jew, a Pagan, and, what is worse than all, a real *bona fide* Roman Catholic, might pass through the whole curriculum of this University, without one attempt being made by the learned persons who preside in it, with Mr Brougham at their head, (who, by the bye, is rather a severe disciplinarian,) to disturb him in the belief and practice of the doctrines and precepts of his

own holy church. Things are pretty much in the same, relaxed and most lamentable condition in all our other Scottish Universities, and I really do not know when our worthy parsons will take it into their heads to purify the land of such a crying abomination. I am much afraid it will not be in my days. Indeed I am not aware whether the clerical corporation of Scotland ever wished to make all the candidates for admission into her four Universities subscribe the Confession of Faith, which here corresponds to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England; but I am pretty certain, that if such an attempt were made now, our Professors, at least, who fill their pockets with fees derived from the believers in every system of faith under the sun, would *mordicus* resist such an encroachment on their vested rights. Some people, in this cold, arithmetical degree of northern latitude, are so excessively foolish as to think that their neighbouring Universities of the South might do themselves some good by acting on similar principles; and in particular, that they might snatch a few of those stray gentlemen who are now coming over in crowds from South America, loaded with silver, and diamonds, and gold, and offering their ponderous wealth in exchange for our airy commodity of knowledge. Most unfortunately, these gentlemen of the republics of Buenos Ayres, of Mexico, Colombia, and Peru, are all rank Roman Catholics; and if one of them should dare to set a foot on the hallowed threshold of Oxford or Cambridge, the howl of "No Popery, no son of the Babylonian harlot enters here," would instantly be rebellowed like the roaring of the winds in the cavern of Æolus, from the innermost dormitories, by every tenant of these ancient, these sacred, these immutable retreats of most venerated and venerable, but long-forgotten knowledge; that is, the hue and cry would be raised with uplifted hands and

* As a Scotsman and a true Presbyterian, I cannot look on what happened in Parliament the other night, with regard to these thirty-nine articles, without feeling of some satisfaction. The very mention of them, in fact, (at least according to the report which I saw,) was found sufficient to set the whole House of Commons in a roar. My established, my Presbyterian Church, is bound to hold them to be a mass of unscriptural, unchristian, ensnaring, jesuitical absurdities.

upturned eyes, by every monk in his cell, who was not disabled, by age or stupidity, from joining in the sacred chorus:

On the last day of the Winter Session, as I have said, the distribution of prizes takes place in the Great Hall of the University of Glasgow*, and I shall now try to give some account of the proceedings of this day, so big with the hopes of many an aspiring youth.

Some gold and silver medals were distributed, in the first place, by the Reverend and Learned Principal, for essays on various subjects, which had been composed by Students during the preceding year; and to shew the sort of studies to which this University wishes the attention of its more advanced alumni to be directed, I may just mention, that one medal was given for an essay on the Laws of Friction, a most important element in all rail-road calculations; and that another—a valuable gold medal—was awarded to a young gentleman, for the best essay “On the policy of permitting the Emigration of Artisans, and the Exportation of Machinery,”—an exercise worthy of that college where Adam Smith elaborated his immortal work on the Wealth of Nations. It strikes me, although I must speak very hesitatingly, that there are some more practical ends to be served, by pointing the intellectual exertions of young persons to such studies as these, than in making them compose essays on the comparative merits of Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great, or even Pindaric Odes in Greek, with all the due ingredients of longs and shorts, in which our most reflective brethren of the South exercise incessantly the minds of their ingenious youth from childhood to manhood. It is very possible, however, that I may labour under some very grievous mistake when I express these opinions; and it is farther quite possible, that some most beneficial discoveries may be made for the advancement of science and art, and for the improvement and happiness of society, by a profound

study for ten or a dozen years of the theory of Hexameter and Pentameter verses. Of these results, however, I am covered with blushes when I confess my utter, and, I fear, irredeemable ignorance. With all this, I am no enemy to spondee, and dactyls, when they are kept in their proper places, and have no more than their due share of attention.

After these general prizes were distributed, the Professors of Theology, of Ecclesiastical History, and of Oriental languages, each in his turn addressing the Principal, gave a brief report of the conduct and exercises of their respective classes, during the past Session. After which, they presented a few rewards to the most deserving of these young men who are destined to become the ministers, and, let me hope, the zealous and efficient ministers, of the religion of their country.

About three years ago, Mr Jeffrey, who had been elected Rector of the University, instituted an annual prize for the best specimen of declamation among the Students of the Greek and Latin classes. This year, the premium was awarded to a young Student of the Latin class, who had, if I recollect right, the identical Christian name and surname from which Swift has drawn his most ingenious Scotch etymology for the name of the classical *Andromache*. The celebrated passage in one of Tully's Verrine orations, in which he makes the victim of the cruelty of Verres exclaim, “*Civis Romanus sum*,” when he was dragged to crucifixion, was that which the young orator declaimed in English, with considerable spirit and tolerable taste, on a rostrum erected in the Hall.

It was now the turn of the Professor of Law, who succeeded that accomplished scholar, and excellent man, John Millar, so justly eulogised by Mr Thomas Campbell in his observations on the proposed Metropolitan University, to confer some premiums on the most deserving in his class. This he did.

The Professor of Anatomy and

* Should not Edinburgh hereafter have an annual exhibition of this kind in the grand library which government is preparing for the University with so much splendid munificence? I think she should.

Surgery awarded a prize for an essay on the Doctrine of Phrenology—a subject which (begging the pardon of the learned Professor) I am inclined to think rather a silly one. I have long been fully convinced, that the whole world (excepting, to be sure, women and children, who have no vote in any question which requires to be settled on the principles of common sense, and excepting, moreover, a few persons or things which stalk about in male attire, and with beards, too, which they should not have) treats this same doctrine of Phrenology with the most profound contempt. Dr Thomson, the well-known author of the best System of Chemistry in Britain, is Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow. He was the next to bestow some rewards for essays on Chemical subjects, on the Students of his well-attended and popular class. Since the time of Simson, comparatively little attention has been paid to the study of Mathematics in this University.

When I have found myself occasionally among the cold-blooded, money-making, punch-drinking merchants and manufacturers of Glasgow, and when I have thrown a glance over her now very mediocre priesthood, her lower than mediocre practitioners of medicine, and her host of rapacious attorneys, most of them persons whom Hazlitt would denominate “men of one idea,” I have asked myself, as was done of old, “Can any good thing come out of Glasgow?” In conjunction with my notice of the Natural Philosophy class in the University, I shall mention one or two rather good things which have come out of it, with the aid of a Professor who formerly filled the chair of this class. The Professor I refer to was Mr Anderson, who, in the year 1763, sent the small working model of a steam-engine, on Newcomen’s plan, that is, the old common atmospheric engine, which belonged to the College, to be repaired at the shop of an ingenious kind of a man named James Watt, who had come from Greenock to make mathematical instruments in Glasgow. At this time he had his shop in the Saltmarket, next door, for ought I know, to that of the honest Bailie Nicol Jarvie, of that identical Saltmarket.

Now, this Mr Watt had what people called a sort of ardent turn of mind. Some, in those days, for it is now even more than sixty years since, would have perhaps called him romantic, if he had told them one tenth of all that he anticipated in his day-dreams, as to the results of those improvements he contemplated on the clumsy engine which he had got from the Professor to repair. However, he resolved, if possible, to turn these dreams into realities, and even to run the hazard of being laughed at as a visionary. With the assistance of Professor Anderson of Glasgow, who was Watt’s warmest friend, and of Dr Black of Edinburgh; who had about this time discovered the theory of latent heat, this mathematical-instrument-maker proceeded towards the completion of those improvements on the steam-engine, which have raised up a host of hard-working, obedient, indefatigable giants, for the defence and glory of England—giants, the produce of whose willing labour has sent forth the navies and the armies of England, conquering and to conquer, and the effects of whose labour are daily producing more beneficial results to the great family of mankind, than all the great inventions of all former ages. This new engine is one of the good things which may well be said to have come out of Glasgow, or rather its University. We have lately seen James Watt descend to his tomb, covered with the deserved eulogies of the ablest statesmen, and wisest philosophers, that have ever lived in any age. I shall mention another good thing which has come out of Glasgow. On the 7th of May 1795, the same Professor Anderson, the friend of James Watt, bequeathed his Philosophical apparatus, his museum, library, and private fortune, to trustees, for the purpose of instituting a popular course of lectures in Glasgow, for the instruction of both sexes in Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Mathematics. Dr Birkbeck, now of London, was appointed to this chair in 1799, and he added to the required course another, which has been a model to all the mechanics’ institutes lately established. He was the first man in Britain to conceive the plan of giving lectures on

Philosophy, to operative mechanics, and of throwing open to them a library filled with works which, till this day, were truly sealed books to all but a select few, who were considered the only persons capable of studying, or of applying their contents. Socrates, it is said, drew down philosophy from heaven to earth, but, from what we can see, it has only been communicated to a few chosen individuals, who have dignified themselves with the name of Sages. Dr Birkbeck has been the first man to snatch philosophy from the grasp of this little junto, who seemed to make but a sorry use of it. He has been the first to scatter its treasures abroad among the great mass of society. His example was rather tardily followed till a few years ago; but now the waters of knowledge have been effectually troubled, and the lame and the blind, and those even who seemed destined to linger for ever under the almost incurable plague of mental darkness, are about to receive all the benefits of the healing fountain. But I must return from my steam-engines, and mechanics' institutions and libraries, to the College of Glasgow. The gentleman who now occupies the chair of Natural Philosophy is a worthy man, and a very respectable teacher. He stated, when he distributed his class prizes, that every one of his Students had, at the hour devoted to the examination of the class, shewn up from one to two hundred exercises prescribed during the Session, that is, from three to four every week, in various departments of physical and mathematical science—a pretty sure sign that there was little time left to these Students for idling and dissipation. These exercises, as well as most of those in the other classes, are demanded under the penalty of fines, but I believe, that from the excellent system of training in the composition of essays, and the preparation of other exercises, which the Students at first undergo in the Logic class, there is scarcely to be found an instance in which the Professors are called upon to inflict this punishment in the advanced classes.

The Professor who next addressed the Reverend Principal, and distributed prizes to his class, was Mr Mylne, the successor of Francis

Hutcheson and Adam Smith, in the chair of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. The mere mention of Adam Smith is sufficient to call up a thousand overpowering associations. Previous to the time of this illustrious man, the most enlightened nations of Europe, nay, even their most enlightened philosophers and statesmen, had imagined, that the only way a nation could become rich and happy, was by starving and beggaring all its neighbouring nations. To support this humane, this most attractive theory, many millions were spent by England, France, and Spain, during the 17th and 18th centuries. England could not be at rest till she had taken from France every dirty sugar island she possessed, with the produce of which France might have bought some of the products of English industry. No, no; spoliation of France, and Spain, and the whole world besides, was the cry of the humane, clear-sighted England. She would not be satisfied even unless her own poor children in America, and her other colonies, begged of her their shoes and stockings, nay, their very shirts; and she became quite infuriated if they should venture humbly to insinuate that they could make all these things much cheaper themselves, or buy them much cheaper of others, than of their dear, kind-hearted mother. Adam Smith was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in the year 1752. By meditating profoundly on all that had been written on Political Economy in France, in Italy, and in England, and by observing attentively, with his own eyes, the course of agricultural, of commercial, and manufacturing industry, with the collateral objects of the science of Political Economy, at home and abroad, he produced, in the year 1776, a work which, I say, without the slightest hesitation or fear of contradiction, has done more good, and is daily doing more good to the nations of the world, than all the books that have proceeded from all the Universities of Europe put together. He was the first to demonstrate, that freedom of trade, the liberty of disposing of capital and of industry in the way which every rational being

thinks most conducive to his own individual benefit, is the great source of national wealth, and consequently of national power, as well as of individual prosperity and happiness. He was the first to laugh at the terror which the Marstonists of his day felt and expressed loudly at the separation of the United States from England. Had Smith been now alive, he would have predicted, and would have rejoiced in the similar separation of the Cape of Good Hope, of India, of New Holland, and of Canada, from England. And should not this country be proud to be the mother of such a progeny, all of whom will become greater sources of power and of happiness to her, when they appear in the young vigour of independent existence, than now, when they are wrapped round with the swaddling-clothes of Governors General, and Councils, and Superintendants, and Surveyors, and Judges, and Parsons, and whole hosts of useless and overpaid functionaries? But I forget the College of Glasgow, when I talk of Adam Smith. One word more, and I have done. Consider for a little, all that is now doing by the two most enlightened ministers that ever presided over the financial and commercial concerns of any nation, ancient or modern, and again look for a little into the pages of Adam Smith, and observe the coincidence between his principles and their language and conduct. Again look into what his bold spirit anticipated as the results that would arise from acting on his grand principle of universal freedom of trade and industry, and see what has really taken place. In proportion as our enlightened Legislature has adopted his views, modified as they no doubt have been in some respects by experience, in the same proportion has this nation stepped forward in the gigantic and glorious career of prosperity and power—a career in which continual accessions of strength are added to continual acceleration of progress. I find, however, that I am getting upon stilts; I shall therefore come down, and promise, that at some after period I shall indite a few prose sayings on the operations of Messrs Robinson and Huskisson, the latter of whom I consider to be by far the most pro-

found political economist that ever sat in the British Cabinet.

The present Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in Glasgow has contrived, in his Lectures on Metaphysics, to simplify very much the confused nomenclature of the mental phenomena. In his classification of the powers of the mind, as we please to call our various mental states, he agrees very nearly, except in phraseology, with the late Dr Thomas Brown of Edinburgh. Sensation, memory, and judgment, or reasoning, with sympathy, comprise all the states of intellectual existence which Mr Mylne thinks fit to enumerate. The emotions and passions proceed directly from the views of good or evil, in past, or present, or future actions or events, which the power of sensation, or memory, or judgment, or sympathy, or the combined operation of all these, presents to the mind. The emotions and passions uniformly correspond to the intellectual state in which they have had their origin, and in which alone they have their continuance. With so simple an apparatus of words, the whole phenomena of mind, intellectual and moral, are well explained. The powers of perception, abstraction, conception, imagination, association of ideas, fancy, taste, and a host of other terms used by Dr Reid and others, to designate what they call simple powers of the mind, are at once got rid of by Mr Mylne's plan. Imagination, for instance, is nothing else than the joint operation of memory and judgment; the memory recalling, or having suggested to it, as Dr Brown would say, past scenes, or acts, or reasonings, and the judgment assorting these into such groups, as that judgment sees to be most convenient for the intended purpose.

In the three classes of Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, and Logic, in Glasgow College, one hour a-day is occupied with a lecture by the Professor, and another, after some interval, is employed in the examination of the class on the subject of the previous lecture, and the reading and shewing up to the Professor of essays and other written exercises connected with the business of the class, prescribed by the Professor, and pre-

pared by the Students at home. In the Logic class, the essays are exchanged among the Students at these examination hours, for the purpose of mutual criticism. They are afterwards returned to the Professor; and I well remember the emotions felt, whilst I attended this class, when the excellent Professor Jardine brought out our essays one by one, with the criticisms of our fellow-Students upon them, and in returning them to us, criticised both the essayist and the critic. It was the kindly criticism of a father, however, who wished to assist and to encourage the independent exertions of his son, not to cramp them, and to disgust and irritate his mind. For fifty long years, this noble veteran in the great cause of education taught in this University. He retired from the active labours of his Professorship only last year, and he is now slowly descending into the vale of years, with the blessings of thousands who have had the inestimable happiness to receive his instructions. He was present among the other Professors on the closing day of this Session. When he took his seat on their bench, he was welcomed with an instantaneous burst of applause from every corner of the Hall. Tears of congratulation, seen starting from many an eye, must have convinced this venerable man, that at least his quondam students were saying in their hearts, "*You have done your duty.*" Should Mr Scarlett, who stands pre-eminently at the head of the English Bar, and who received the elements of his education from Mr Jardine at the University of Glasgow,—should Mr Moncreiff, who now holds the same distinguished place at the Scottish Bar, and who also had the same instructor,—should Mr Jeffrey, who stands acknowledged as the first literary critic in Europe, and who was also an elevè of Mr Jardine,—should Mr Thomas Campbell, who ranks among the first of the living poets of Britain, who was also taught under the same master, by any chance hear of the reception given to their aged preceptor, I am sure that one and all of them will join in the sentiments which filled the breast of every individual in the Common Hall this day.

Mr Jardine's successor is a man who seems to be worthy of such a place. In addressing the Principal, he bore the highest testimony to the excellence and efficiency of the system of instruction which had been followed by his predecessor, and stated, that every day's experience confirmed him in the belief, that this method was the best calculated to draw out active, manly, and sustained exertions, on the part of the Student, and to render his progress almost independent of the talents of his instructor. This is the finest encomium that could have been passed on any plan of study. The mere amount of knowledge communicated at a School or College is really of little importance. But the intellectual habits which are generated there, the facility acquired of arranging and analysing human thoughts, and words, and actions, and the power of contemplating systematically the wonders of nature and of art, which are presented, and continue in ungrouped, useless masses, to the uneducated eye, constitute, in my opinion, the greatest excellence in any system of education. In short, I think that it should be the object of a College education, not so much to communicate a few wretched sprinklings of literature, and of moral and physical science, as to perfect, as far as possible, that species of discipline, by the acquisition of which it is seen, that men are best fitted to enter with order and efficiency into the great arena of human life.

I cannot quit this Logic class in Glasgow without making a few observations on the system of our Edinburgh University, which I consider to be decidedly the most inefficient in Scotland, in so far as the three classes I have last noticed are concerned. It occurs to me that Mr Campbell is quite wrong, in his observations on the proposed London University, when he sedulously avoids drawing any comparisons between the Scottish and English Universities. Contrast is the very soul of all improvement; and I trust that no such squeamish backwardness will prevent me from saying two or three words on the singular contrast presented between the state of some classes in Glasgow and Edinburgh, even at the

risk of slightly offending some parties interested. Be it observed, however, that I do not blame individual Professors in Edinburgh, because I well know that they find themselves in trainnels from which some of them are most anxious to escape: and I mention it as a circumstance highly honourable to the gentleman who occupies the chair of Moral Philosophy, and who was also an eleve, and I believe a favourite eleve, of Mr Jardine of Glasgow, that he has expressed an urgent wish that his class should be placed on the same system as that of the Western University, namely, that in addition to one hour, during which he delivers a lecture to his Students, which is the only time of meeting between the Professors and Students in the three classes of Logic, Moral and Natural Philosophy here, he should be allowed to devote another hour daily to the examination and disciplining of his class. I have no doubt, that the acute and energetic mind of this gentleman has taken into view the system of his Glasgow master, when he suggested this great, this incalculably useful improvement. When it is considered that the proposed plan will do more than double all the labour of this chair, and when it has been brought under the attention of the Senatus Academicus by that individual who is to be burdened with all this additional fatigue, I shall hold both the Senatus Academicus, and the Patrons of the University, in very low esteem indeed, if they do not immediately second, with all their might, this proposal, which is equally honourable to him who makes it, as it will be beneficial to the class and university for whose sake it is made.

These are not days in which truth, and the great instruments of human improvement and happiness, are to be paltered with. The merits of every institution belonging to the public ought to be fairly, and fearlessly, and publicly discussed. The plans of education pursued in our Universities stand prominently forward among those subjects which admit, nay, which should court, open and free discussion. It is therefore with the hope of being able to do some good, that I advert to the contrast, I had almost said humiliating,

which is presented to any one acquainted with the subject, between the state of efficiency in the Logic classes of Glasgow and Edinburgh. I am most anxious to guard against the idea that I impute blame to the Professor of this latter University; far less do I now purpose to discuss the question, whether the Clergyman of one of the most populous parishes of our city can *effectually* perform his duties as a Minister of the Gospel, and a teacher of a numerous class in a University; but I reprobate, most unhesitatingly, the system which this Professor is compelled, by the rules or practice of the University to follow. I am certain I shall be joined in this sentiment by every man of sense in Edinburgh, and by none, I might almost presume, more readily than by the learned Professor of Logic himself. How is it possible that boys, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, should derive any benefit from a lecture of an hour daily, which they may attend or not as they please, for about five months in the year? Is a class such as this, in which a few exercises are prescribed, which may be performed or not as the Student chooses, likely to contribute to the formation of the character of useful, or even of well-instructed men? Patrons of the University, look to this! The fault lies chiefly at your door, not at that of the actual Professor.

As to the Latin and Greek classes in our Universities, I have long been of opinion, that they should not be entered till the Student has attained such an acquaintance with these languages as the scholars in the upper schools in England usually possess before they enter the Universities in that country. I believe that steps are now taking, both in the Old and New High Schools of Edinburgh, and in the Grammar School of Glasgow, as well as in the more respectable Academies for classical instruction in other parts of Scotland, to supersede the necessity of mere elementary training in Greek at either University; and it would be well if the young men were also much better grounded in Latin before they approached the walls of a College. An observation, painful in one respect to Scottish feeling, but extremely cre-

able in the circumstances in which it was made, both to the Professor and Students of Greek at Glasgow, was addressed by this Professor to the Principal of the College, when it was the turn of the Greek Class to receive their prizes. The Professor stated that many of his junior Students had come to him unable to read the Greek alphabet,—unable to distinguish an *alpha* from an *omega*; and yet they had finished their first six months course of studies by reading fluently Lucian's Dialogues, and the Iliad of Homer. The observation shews the deplorable neglect into which the Greek language must have fallen of late, in our elementary seminaries of classical education. But, as I have said already, I trust that this reproach will be wiped away, and that the most harmonious and beautiful of all languages will be once more attended to with due zeal, especially since the Rectors and Masters of our three principal schools have begun to instruct their pupils assiduously in this most elegant and useful department of learning. It was further stated by this young, this gentlemanlike, this most unmonklike Professor, who presides, with much credit to himself, and with great popularity among the Students, and all who know him, over the Greek Class in Glasgow, that his pupils, in the second year's class, had displayed much exertion during the Session,—that they had composed Greek verses so accurate in point of quantity and metre, and so pure in point of idiom, that they would have satisfied even the critical eye of a Parr or of a Porson. I rejoiced to think that the successor of Moore and of Young, the latter of whom was a friend of these two illustrious English scholars, was able, even on such unfavourable soil as that of Scotland, to produce fruits so worthy of the seed which had been sown, and so honourable to him who had sown it.

I have scarcely room to say any thing of the Latin, or, as it is called, the Humanity Class. The Professors of this class, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, do all that is in the power of man to do for the improvement of the heterogeneous mass of ill-instructed, half-instructed, toler-

ably-well-instructed, and very-well-instructed Students, who pour in upon them every year. No improvement seems capable of being made in these classes, till the people of Scotland shall see the propriety of keeping their sons a year or two longer than they usually now do, in elementary classical schools, where they ought to acquire much more Greek and Latin than it is possible for the Professors of these languages to communicate during the first Session to those who come to them totally ignorant of the former language, and but ill-grounded in the latter.

On observing attentively the system of education in our Universities, it is impossible not to be convinced, that the Session of only five or six months in the whole year is by far too short. I am satisfied that we ought to have at least nine months of Session, as they have in the most respectable Colleges in North America—Yale and New Jersey; and I believe also in all the other twenty-four transatlantic Colleges. When our old European Universities were first established, almost the only purpose they were intended to serve was the education of priests. We now require well-educated and useful citizens, as well as learned priests. A vacation of six or seven months in the year, which may have suited very well when the young parsons were sent home to continue their studies under the roofs of country Monasteries, and latterly under the superintendence of Presbyteries, seems, in the altered circumstances of our times, to be a period out of all proportion too long for relaxation from serious study. It is, in fact, a monstrous defect in the plan of our Universities. The systems of Oxford and Cambridge, with their short vacations, are models of perfection compared with those of our Colleges in this respect.

Another great fault I have to find with our Universities is, that their Principals and some of their Professors are working parish-priests in the town or neighbourhood where their University is situated. The voice of all Scotland has settled this point, that the moment a Principal or a Professor accepts of the office of a priest, he should be ousted from his

Principalship or his Professorship; and the moment a priest is invested with the gown of a Professor, he should be stripped of that of a priest. The only men who object to this arrangement are our priests themselves, who always have been, and, as long as they shall continue an exclusive corporation, always will be, to say the least of them, fond of power and emolument, no matter how inconsistent these may be with what they (seriously ?) call their sacred and peculiar office.

I shall close this very imperfect notice with a few observations, which have partly been suggested by Mr Thomas Campbell's proposal for the establishment of a great University in London. He has been attacked in a very flippant manner, by a very flippant, and extremely ignorant writer, in a journal called the *London Magazine and Review*, for maintaining, that, in London, and while the Students attending the proposed University should live at night under the roof of their parents, there would be less danger of the corruption of their morals than there is either in Oxford or Cambridge. Agreeing as I do most cordially with Mr Campbell in the notions which he entertains as to the vast utility of such an establishment in London, I may state the fact, in corroboration of his views as to the comparative liability to moral contagion in London and Cambridge, that the University of Glasgow, which educates every year 1500 Students, is situated in the heart of a city, the second in point of population in Great Britain, and which now contains, according to the estimate of Mr Cleland, (the active and intelligent superintendant of public works for that city,) above 170,000 inhabitants: that the University of Edinburgh, at which above 2000 Students are annually taught, is situated in the midst of a population now amounting to more than 150,000; and that the University of Aberdeen, which is attended by about 400 Students, stands in a town with above 30,000 inhabitants. St. Andrew's, where about 250 Students are educated, is no doubt a place of small population. We consider it quite a mockery of common sense to say that the morals of youth can be kept purer

anywhere else than under the parental roof. In Glasgow, no complaints have ever been heard of the corruption of the morals of the Students; nor have we ever heard a whisper of such a thing occurring either in Edinburgh or Aberdeen, so as to excite the least remark. On the very contrary, when we hear every few months of rustications and expulsions from Oxford and Cambridge, these immaculate Universities, we do not hear of an instance of similar punishments being inflicted in Edinburgh or Glasgow, with all their myriads of population, oftener than once in ten years. What is more, I am happy to state, in farther support of Mr Campbell's views on this subject, what I heard from the lips of the Rev. Principal of the University of Glasgow, on the 30th of April last, that during the preceding six months of a busy Session, the Senate of the University had not occasion to inflict even the slightest censure on any individual of the whole 1,500 regular Students, living, as I have said, in the heart of a manufacturing and commercial population of more than 170,000 souls.

Another, and the last observation I shall make, is, that Scotland, which contains a population, according to the last census, of little more than two millions, has above four thousand one hundred youths who are annually receiving the benefits of a University education—an education which, notwithstanding some defects, does, on the whole, bear constantly and directly on the great practical purposes of social existence—an education, in the course of which, to use the language of Professor Leslie, on a late memorable occasion in Edinburgh, “the spirit of our youth does not spend its fires in classical idling, nor quench them in the abyss of useless abstraction”—an education in which, farther, to use the words of Dr Chalmers at the banquet given a few days ago to the venerable Dr Hunter of St. Andrew's, “the philosophy of Colleges is always united with the pursuits of private life.” Ireland, the fertile and prolific Ireland, with a population of seven millions, which is more than three times that of barren Scotland, has not, we will venture to say, one third the number of her youths enjoying the

benefits of such an education as the above-mentioned number of young Scotsmen. England, the proud and gorgeous England, with a population more than six times that of Scotland, and with wealth out of all proportion greater, cannot reckon as regular Students at her Universities more than double the number of those whom the poor, ill-peopled, and contemned Scotland yearly sends to her four ill-endowed Universities. Men of England! *Ἀνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι!* (as Mr Campbell, in set Demosthenian phrase, addresses the Londoners,) Men of England, look to this, and be you speedy in erecting, both in London and York, and I would say in Liverpool and

Manchester too, such Universities as may put to shame the effete and monkish establishments of your country, lest the day dawn when "the mechanic coming from his stall, or the peasant from his cottage," shall surprise and confound with substantial knowledge—with knowledge bearing on the true concerns of human life—the scholar, who is dreaming over his longs and his shorts, without a thought that all the while the world is in motion, that the mass of society is making daily approximations towards the great goal of universal power over the elements of Nature, and the means of personal and social happiness.

NOTES ON THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE. EXTRACTED FROM MY
PORTFOLIO.

Florénce, April 182—

* * * So, my friends, this morning, feeling rather discomposed by the effects of their overnight's adventure, I proposed that, after our *collazione*, we should pay a loitering visit to the Gallery. They readily consented, Sir — remarking, that the pleasure which he derived from the contemplation of works of art was of unmingled purity, and that the calm repose of paintings and statues was the best soother of emotions excited in the bustle of life. I pity the man who has no taste for painting, sculpture, and architecture. These arts are among the chief sources of the gratification of cultivated society, and no nation boasts an assemblage of them so splendid as Italy—a fair, but ill-fated country, whose beauty of scenery and fertility of soil have marked it as the garden of Europe, whilst its classical associations invest it with a lively and abiding interest.

"I saw St. Peter's," says Gray, "and was struck dumb with astonishment." I well remember experiencing a similar feeling, on entering the superb corridor of the *Fabbrica degli Uffizii*, containing that collection of works of art, so attractive in the eyes of sovereigns, and which may justly be regarded as the distinguishing and most honourable feature of the city. The Gallery of Florence, founded by the munificent patronage of the Medicen Princes, stands

pre-eminent in the world—with one exception. It yields only to the Vatican. The edifice, which contains this collection, called the *Fabbrica degli Uffizii*, was designed by the accomplished Vasari, the well-known biographer of the older painters. It forms three sides of a parallelogram, being built in the shape of the Greek letter H. The inner walls of the two parallel sides, and the whole of the third and shortest side, which faces the Arno, are supported by Tuscan pillars of the most beautiful proportion; and he who has entered from the Lung-Arno, and walked under and between the colonnades of this long and lofty edifice, has seen, to the best advantage, one of the most magnificent porticos in the world. A stately staircase conducts to the third story of the building, which is exclusively appropriated to the Gallery,—the two inferior floors containing the register and other public offices. The Gallery, or Corridor, runs round the inner sides of the square, and presents a line of promenade of a thousand feet in length. Its ceiling is alcoved and ornamented with paintings in fresco, representing, in one part, mythological subjects, and in another, persons and events of celebrity in the history of Florence. On one side, the wall is a continued window, throwing upon the other an unbroken light, producing the best effect

upon numberless pictures with which it is studded; while both sides are adorned with busts and statues placed at regular distances, intermingled with shields and trophies, altars and sarcophagi. The finest specimens in the collection are deposited in side-rooms opening to the Corridor. These rooms are set apart for *chefs-d'œuvres*. Several of them are of elegant form and spacious dimensions, much more worthy of their inmates than certain closets in the Vatican, allotted to rival potentates. The Belvidere Apollo and the Laocoon are lodged in sorry chambers, compared with the Tribune and the Sala di Niobe. The latter, like the celebrated group which it contains, is grand and impressive, while the Tribune is a fit home for the Venus de Medici and her beautiful compeers.

On first entering the Corridor, the eye is solicited at so many points, that it can dwell steadfastly on none. To describe any given statue on a first visit, I would regard as a fruitless attempt. After wandering in the midst of riches till we are confounded at their extent and value, we return—alive, probably, to an adequate conception of the magnificence of the collection, but with no abiding impression of any one of its treasures individually. The liberality, the industry, and the judgment of Lorenzo de Medici, in forming it, and the important purposes to which he rendered it subservient, of inspiring his countrymen with a taste for art, and cultivating their sensibility to ideal beauty, must ever entitle him, not only to the esteem of professors and admirers of the arts, but to the praise of all who take delight in the refinement of humanity.

The Tribune is one of the most enchanting rooms devoted to this collection. It is a beautiful octagonal chamber, containing several masterpieces of ancient sculpture and modern painting. A dome enriched with mother-of-pearl, a tessellated pavement of the most beautiful marbles, elegant statues, and admirable pictures, all combine to render this Hall a fitting temple for its celestial inhabitant—the Venus de Medici. To him who has the soul of an artist this is holy ground, in-

spiring a feeling almost religious. To the heathen mythology we are indebted for those relics of art which are now prized as invaluable. In religion, truth is all—and, even independently of truth, the idea of a formless and spiritual being is pure and more sublime than that of the most beautiful material divinity. But to judgments less correct, or to less refined imaginations, the belief in such celestial beings as are here depicted in Madonnas, or bodied forth in the Venus and Apollino, must add a warmth of love to devotion, such as no mere abstractions can awaken. What then? It is only the more necessary that we should judge correctly, and refine our imaginations.

What shall I say of the Venus, of whom so much has been said already, and yet of whom no one can say too much? Perhaps I should only say that she is all perfect of her kind. The best praise of a good statue is when the critic is silent, or, if he does not speak out, talks in exclamations. On examining the Venus, fancied imperfections are apt to glimmer on the mind, floating away without leaving any influential impression, to be succeeded by others of as vague a cast and as transient a duration. These probably arise from an overstraining spirit of criticism which usually accompanies those who assume the part of a connoisseur, without a sufficient acquaintance with the principles of sculpture. But however anxiously we may labour for the detection of something faulty in the Venus, and however we may momentarily deceive ourselves with the thought of having gained our point, our inspection invariably terminates in the exclamation—Oh how beautiful!—how simply beautiful! Pace round and round the statue, try every point of view in which it can be placed, embrace the whole from within the field of vision, or steadfastly examine any single part—he who does so, provided his taste has been previously cultivated, will not refuse his unqualified praise and admiration of that faultless statue, from which the eyes of a Byron turned “dazzling, and drunk with beauty.”

It has been said, that the expres-

sion of the Venus might be more decided. There is no doubt, that more life and animation might have been infused into her; but this could not be the case, without sacrificing much of that celestial calm and imperturbability, which so eminently distinguishes the goddess of beauty from the merely beautiful woman. Those who are conversant with the yet-unrivalled masterpieces of antiquity, know how much their value depends on their serene and godlike repose. In proportion as impassioned expression is developed, there is a departure from sublimity. Perhaps this reflection contains one of the reasons why the works of modern sculptors, notwithstanding energetic efforts and the pressure of genius, still prove inferior to their Grecian models. Canova has been by many regarded as a successful rival of the ancients. The works of that highly-gifted and amiable artist are generally well chosen in point of subject—chaste in design—and elegant in execution. But in contemplating them, our feelings, as contrasted with those excited by the antique, partake too much of an earthly tone. May we not account for this by an exuberant development of expression,—approaching to indicated passion, and conducting us too near the feelings and passions of common life? If, after gazing on the Goddess of the Tribune, we repair to her avowed rival in the Palazzo Pitti, the Venus of Canova, we will be struck with the truth of the remark, that in the serene repose, and the absence of all strongly-pronounced expression, consists the excellence of statuary. There is something voluptuous in the modern statue, which attracts us by feelings of a character far less pure, and far less elevated than those which the Venus of the Tribune inspires. But I deprecate the thought of depreciating the merits of Canova. I speak of his Venus merely in contrast with that of the Tribune, to which, certainly, she is, upon the whole, inferior. Some critics, I am aware, censure her most unmercifully, finding her inferior, in every limb and feature, to her competitor. They are unquestionably right, generally speaking: but many of the overstrained remarks of which this

statue has been the subject, may be traced as flowing from that niggardliness of praise of which contemporaries are accused. Canova is now no more, and as time rolls on, his works will rise in value. A colossal group, among the later productions of his chisel, of Theseus slaying a centaur, is alone sufficient to rank him among pre-eminent sculptors.

The next piece of sculpture to which I turned my attention in the Tribune is the Apollino—a pretty name for a beautiful thing. Apollo, like Venus, appears to have been a favourite subject among statuary. There are several other representations of him, as there are of the goddess, in different parts of the Gallery. All of them are works of merit, and one of them in particular is noble, in the attitude of heaving his arm above his head, and pointing to the sky. The Apollino of the Tribune is young and delicate, and of feminine form. The style is similar to that of the Venus, both statues being referable to the same age of sculpture. The distinguishing characteristic of these statues is the very simple idea of beauty after which they have been wrought. No extrinsic aids, no heightening accessories are sought for,—no action is represented, no posture introduced, in which a fine form might be displayed to the best advantage. All is truth and simplicity—genuine beauty alone, and sufficiency, without the aid of studied grace or affected ornament.

The wrestlers compose another of the masterpieces which enrich this room. This is one of those pieces of sculpture which have the excellence of being easily read. No commentator is necessary to explain what is going on. One of the two wrestlers has just thrown the other, and will keep him down. Yet the struggle is evidently not over, as the limbs of both appear violently exerted. The conqueror, meanwhile, has an elated look; but notwithstanding his present superiority, his hand is clenched, and he does not seem to feel secure of his advantage. The countenance of the fallen combatant is expressive of resistance and fury, but evidently mingled with mortification and pain. Various have

been the conjectures respecting the wrestlers. It is possible that the piece may represent a struggle between two persons; or it is possible that it may have been intended to commemorate some one or other of the various subjects with which it has been identified. Winkelmann is of opinion, that it belongs of right to the group of the Niobe, chiefly, I believe, because the fable bears, that the arrows were shot when they were exercising themselves in running and wrestling.

But however much the wrestlers be the subject of conjecture, an equal share of it may be expended on the Arotino, or knife-grinder. This statue is in a posture easy to conceive, but difficult to describe. The slave—for such he would appear to be—is nearly in the attitude of squatting upon his hams, with his hands busily employed—the one in grasping the handle of a large knife, the other in pressing its blade, which he is grinding on a whetstone placed before him. His eager countenance is turned upward, and a little aside; his eye would meet those of a person standing erect close by him. There is much felicity, both in the conception and execution of this statue. It has occasioned considerable debate among the cognoscenti, who, concerning it, have predicated every thing probable, and many things impossible. The great variety of conjecture which has been exhausted upon it is owing, perhaps, to its posture and employment. Some critics pronounce it to be the statue of an old Roman worthy—a Cincinnatus or a Manlius. By others, it is thought to be a slave detecting the conspiracy of Catiline, or of the sons of Brutus. But the weight of criticism preponderates in favour of the belief that the statue was intended for the Scythian who was ordered to slay Marsias. And this, on the whole, is the most probable conjecture. The Arotino is not dignified enough for an old Roman worthy: his expression is too clownish and stolid for that which might attend the moment of detecting a conspiracy; but he hits exactly the *tout-ensemble* of what we would conceive in the slave, while preparing for the execution of his commands upon

Marsias. Besides, the subject of Marsias was a favourite one, and is twice represented in this very Gallery. But I am not aware that the others were in equal vogue. In addition to this, there is still preserved an engraved gem, in which Marsias is represented bound, and before him, preparing for his execution, crouches a slave in the very attitude and employment of the Arotino. This statue is also remarkable for its great simplicity. Much attention and criticism have been bestowed upon it, but the praise it has received is no more than is justly due to its merits.

I come now to the last piece of sculpture to be noticed in the Tribune, the Faun, with whom one may unbend, as with a good-humoured romp, after being fatigued with the high-strained flattery and admiration of severer beauties. This Faun is one of the comical ones, and a very droll-fellow he is. There is an irresistible expression of fun in his countenance—albeit not the original face composed for him by his maker, but an excellent restoration by the famous Michael Angelo. It would puzzle Argus to catch a dull or sleepy point about him. He brandishes a pair of cymbals in his hands, and with one of his feet presses an instrument resembling a pair of bellows. Artists alone can know whether it be easier to represent gaiety than gravity; but certainly they are generally more successful in the former walk, if we are to judge by the effect produced by their works. Few sculptures of a gay cast fail in their object, but many a dignified statue stands in solemn insignificance.

Winkelmann seems inclined to confound the Fauns with Silenus—or rather to consider Silenus as only a Faun of mature age. According to him, there are three characters in which this god is represented,—as a grave philosophical tutor of young Bacchus, of which there is a good example in the vestibule of the Gallery,—as a very sot, the bottle-companion of his pupil, and as such, he is admirably represented in a small figure in the Hall of Inscriptions,—and, finally, as a roguish, funny character, of which the statue in the Tribune is the choicest specimen

The two former characters belong correctly to Silenus; they cannot properly be given to the Fauns. The latter, as depicted in the statue mentioned, is that of the Fauns, and of them the funny fellow in question is indubitably the chief.

Such, in my apprehension, are the five prime attractions of the Tribune of the Gallery. The paintings which adorn it are no doubt inestimable productions of their kind; but painting cannot be put, I think, in competition with sculpture. Michael Angelo, Guido, Domenichino, Correggio, and Da Vinci, beside other master-painters, have here contributed their riches; but their works would require a page to be devoted to themselves. They are capable, singly, of bestowing value on any transalpine collection. But however excellent the art of painting is, the works of the sculptor fascinate most. The object of the painter, comparatively, is illusion, while the sculptor deals more with the true forms and realities of Nature, save in so far as these are tempered and moulded to suit his ideal conceptions of beauty. The painter is ever labouring to deceive us. He aims to cheat us into the belief of the existence of his object. His representations of Nature are unsubstantial, compared with those in the sister art, and our perception of them is seldom unaccompanied by the thought of deception. Painting I used formerly to prefer to sculpture, as admitting apparently more varied and lively representations. But greater familiarity with both arts convinced me I was in error. Pictures are to statues as bank-bills are to coin—more conveniently represented, but perishable in their materials, and of less intrinsic worth.

Attractive as the Tribune is, I know not whether the Hall of Niobe be less interesting. There may not be as much beauty in it, but there is certainly more scope, both for thought and feeling. The Hall itself is finely proportioned, and richly decorated. But nobody minds the room, for the attention is immediately engrossed by the unhappy family of Niobe. The fable is too well known to need repetition. The point represented in the group is when

Apollo and Diana, with their vindictive shafts, have brought consternation and destruction upon their boasted cousins. Niobe stands at one end of the Hall, the aged tutor of her children at the other, and along the two sides are ranged her beautiful sons and beautiful daughters.

Niobe herself is regarded as the finest figure in the group, admirable, as are the others. Her attitude is truly noble; but I may not attempt to describe it, for description cannot give an adequate notion of the graceful forms of sculpture. The youngest of the daughters has run to her for protection,—seems to have sunk with fright upon reaching her,—and buries her face in her lap, to avoid seeing the terrors of Diana. The distressed mother presses the child to herself with one arm, while, with the other, she draws forward her robe to cover and protect her; at the same time turning up her countenance to heaven, as if to expostulate with the gods. But here, again, the Grecian principle of art, which has been already adverted to, recurs forcibly to our notice. The beautiful countenance of Niobe is by no means so fully fraught with despair as a real mother's would be in a similar calamity. It is far, however, from being an unmeaning face; on the contrary, the student may easily persuade himself that it expresses things ineffable.

Perhaps it may be difficult to determine which is the predominating expression. But no one will be at a loss to discover maternal sympathy and grief, bordering upon agony and despair; and the features, also, would seem indicative of an indignant upbraiding of the gods. Bearing in mind the maxim of the ancient artists, that ideal beauty is the primary and indispensable object of their pursuit, to which every incompatible excellence was to be sacrificed, and hence, that as violent emotions naturally throw the features into ungraceful contortions, these were never to be unreservedly expressed, but only just so much of them as could be rendered consistent with unimpaired beauty,—I believe it will be readily allowed, that as much of the motions enumerated have been infused into the countenance of Niobe, as could be done without infringing the Gre-

cian principles of art. If so, then the artist's aim, in this group, has been attained; he has reached what he considered the highest excellence; and if more passion would have pleased better, let us blame, not the individual, but the received system of antiquity. But I believe few moderns now secede from that criticism which inclines to the rejection of expressed passion, and which, the longer the ancient models are studied, cannot fail to become more orthodox. The calmness, the dignity in distress, the moderation in passion, which are so observable in almost all the works of the Greek sculptors, are the consequences of this admitted principle; and not, as has been sometimes supposed, of that stoical elevation of soul, which prevented the artists of those times from ever seeing an unrestrained effusion of feeling. Even their Fates, their Furies, and their Medusas' heads, are not so terrible as beautiful. Still, notwithstanding the admitted superiority of Grecian statues, when compared with modern ones, and of that superiority being attributed, in a material degree, to the principle mentioned, perhaps it is a fair and interesting question, whether the ancients or moderns be right,—the former in softening down passion to the standard of beauty and decorum,—the latter in endeavouring to express it with truth and nature? But I must wave discussion of this point for the present, and return to Niobe. I certainly side myself with the ancients, though aware that much may be urged in favour of the other party.

The principle to which I have been adverting applies strongly, not only to Niobe herself, but to most of the other figures of the group, and in some degree to them all. The attitude and look of the old tutor are the most passionate; but he had less beauty to lose than the rest. One of the daughters is represented as full of pity; but pity is an emotion which does not distort a fine countenance. She is looking down to the ground, and stretches forth her hand sympathetically, as if to some object in distress lying at her feet. From the appearance of this figure, it is probable that one of her brothers was originally placed there—perhaps the one

who has been pierced through the breast, and lies dead or dying, though he is now in a distant part of the room. It is hard to destroy any of those illusions which would assist in giving effect to this unrivalled group. But it cannot be concealed that the arrangement of the figures is quite arbitrary, the original one being no longer known, or preserved only in the conjectures of the critics. Nay, worse, the statues, of which the assemblage consists, are of different styles and merits, and, therefore, it is not probable that they all belonged to the group. Two of them appear to be mere copies, on a reduced scale, of two others; so that two groups on the same subject, the one a replication of the other, would seem to be mingled together. It is known, besides, that two or three of the figures were found in quite different places from the rest, and had no obvious relation to them. They were adopted because they seemed worthy of being members of the family, and had a family likeness; and by their adoption, undoubtedly, the effect of the whole is heightened. Knowing these unpleasing truths respecting the collection, and marking its excellence even with its "*disjecta membra*," we are left to imagine how fine the entire group must have been, as it received the last touches from its author's chisel.

It is taken for granted, that this group is correctly named: but he who contemplates it may be struck by a thought which would point to a different subject. If a spectator, unacquainted with its history, were placed in the middle of the Hall, and asked, without previous instruction, what all these people were about? he would most probably reply,—“They are a party caught in a storm, and fleeing different ways for shelter.” There would be much plausibility in the answer. The countenances express just so much fright and uneasiness as such a misfortune might occasion. Most of the figures are looking or pointing to the clouds, from which the rain and lightning might proceed. The females seem more afraid than their male companions, and no less than six of them are drawing their mantles over their heads or shoulders, as if for protec-

tion from the storm. Some of them seem running swiftly. Others appear already spent and breathless. The young men, on the other hand, are comparatively indifferent. One of them is lying as if struck dead by lightning, and his sister hangs over him in sorrow. The mother is anxious to wrap up her little daughter and shelter her. The old tutor looks up to the sky, his countenance seemingly indicating that he foresees a dreadful tempest. The disposition of the drapery is such as would appear under the influence of a violent storm of wind.

All these circumstances, so far as they go, might be predicated of this group, with plausibility and truth. But to the classical observer the question occurs, What party, dispersed by a storm, is recorded of sufficient importance to merit such a commemoration? Perhaps the hunting-party of Dido and Æneas may be assumed. Niobe might represent the Carthaginian Queen, and the tutor old Father Æneas, while the youth of both sexes would be the chosen train who attended them. But the youngest daughter would scarcely pass for Iulus, though his sheltering himself in Dido's lap would be very natural, after the fondling he received at the banquet. Supposing, however, this difficulty were got over, there would be a total want of the insignia of hunting—dresses, arms, horses, and dogs. This internal evidence, if the expression be permissible, appears sufficient to destroy the supposition of this hunting-party being the subject of the group. And another objection to it is derived from criticism. The subject is too Roman for the Greek sculptors, by whom, especially those of the age to which the Niobe group is generally ascribed, subjects from Roman history were pertinaciously rejected.

Winkelman assigns the praise of this celebrated group to Scopas, whom he ranks among those sculptors who were denominated masters of the grand school, and who flourished before the time of Pericles. Fea, on the contrary, an antiquarian of great research and reputation resident in Rome, ascribes it to Praxiteles, the most eminent sculptor of the graceful or beautiful style. To me it ap-

pears that neither of these authors is right. Fea, on the authority of Pliny and Vitruvius, clearly shews that Scopas did not precede, but follow Praxiteles, and the group of the Niobe is admitted by Winkelman himself, and all other critics, with the exception of Fea, to belong to an age previous to Praxiteles. Thus Scopas, instead of living among the artists of the grand school, must have lived long posterior to their era. And as the arguments of Fea, drawn from Pliny and Vitruvius, seem impregnable, Winkelman would appear to be mistaken regarding the author of the group. But although we concur with Fea in considering Scopas to have wrought after the time of Praxiteles, and in thus disproving the conjecture of Winkelman, yet we by no means agree with him in ascribing the group to Praxiteles himself. The argument upon which he does so is very flimsy and vague, and amounts to little more than this, that the copy in the Museo Pio Clementino, of the Guidean Venus of Praxiteles, of which the original is at the court of Spain, is similar in character, style, and execution, to the Niobe; and because Praxiteles was indisputably the artist of the former, Fea therefore contends that he is the author of the latter. This reasoning is obviously not very conclusive, and is not at all supported, but in great measure confuted, by an examination of the statues composing the group. No one conversant with the subject will readily believe that Niobe and her companions belong to an age of sculpture which produced the Apollo and the Venus de Medici. One fact I take to be decisive of their being referable to a previous age: Pythagoras, an artist who preceded Praxiteles, first introduced the practice of bestowing greater care upon the *Capigliatura* than had been given to it before his time. In this he was universally copied by his contemporaries, and by succeeding artists. So general did his practice immediately become, that a statue, with finely-wrought hair, may be pronounced to be referable, either to the age of that artist, or to that of his successors; and the value of the innovated practice sufficiently accounts for its instantaneous and uni-

verral adoption. But the group of Niobe fails to exhibit this latter practice; and therefore its formation, anterior to the time of Pythagoras, who preceded Praxiteles, may be predicated with tolerable certainty. It thus appears that neither Winkelmann nor Fea has rightly fixed upon the artist to whom we are indebted for that beautiful assemblage of statues, known by the name of the Niobe Group. From the foregoing remark, joined to the general voice

of the critics, (excepting Fea, there seems little doubt that it was the production of the grand school; but the artist is not certainly known*.

I must, for the present, take leave of the Gallery; and, thanks to foreign liberality, I march down the grand staircase without being poorer a single *craccia*; whereas, had I visited the halls of the venerable Holyrood, I think I should have been at least a couple of crowns *minus*.

The Highland Chieflain's Lament.

I LEFT my blythe and cozie hame,
My wife and bairnies a';
And I took the sword my father wore,
And sped with haste awa'.

I left my ain—my native hills—
When the heather was in bloom;
And now return to find a' clad
In darkness and in gloom.

I left the happy, freshen'd scene
When summer's breath was there;
But now I turn my steps, and find
The winter bleak and bare.

But still the winter is to me
An emblem of my fate;
A scathed trunk—a wither'd tree—
A scene laid desolate.

My wife was in the bloom of years,
My bairnies blythe and fair,
But soon the bitter, saut, saut tear,
Foretold a heart of care.

My wife is in her silent grave,
My bairnies by her side,
Houseless and cauld†, they couldna' thole
The winter's stormy tide.

The cottage on the lone hill-side,
The burnie wimpling by—
Where are they now? bleak wa's are
there—
A channel waste and dry.

I left them a'—I tint the best,
For Charlie's kingly right;
And oh! that on sae fair a cause,
Should set sae dark a night.

But still I dinna' mourn the cause
That made me lea' them a';
For Charlie's gude; for Charlie's sake,
I still could blythly fa'.

But now the lift is dīm and dark
That lately shone sae clear,
And I ha'e come to lay my banes
By wife and bairnies dear.

* We believe that the remarks of our correspondent on the Niobe group are original, and we wish to recommend them to those critics who are always searching for the sublime in every thing they cannot comprehend.

† The excesses to which the Duke of Cumberland's army proceeded, after the decisive battle of Culloden, in order to crush the enterprising spirit of the unfortunate Highlanders, who had joined the standard of Prince Charles, were at once brutal and infamous. The soldiers spread havoc and desolation through a great portion of the Highlands; burned down the cottages, and turned out the inhabitants amid the severities of winter, leaving them to perish without shelter or subsistence.—See *Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745*.

EXAMINATION OF DR M'CRIE'S STRICTURES ON QUEEN MARY.

Be not alarmed, Mr Editor; I am not about to bring forward quotations from MSS. *penes me*, or *penes* any body else. Such authorities may be of excellent service in clenching an historical theory; and far be it from me to decry the research which may bring to light a single fact that could tend to ameliorate the condition of man, by making us acquainted with the motives which have influenced him at any period of his history. That there is little chance, however, of your being at present favoured with novelties of this kind, or of having your pages picturesquely varied by that which is outlandish either in type or phrase, will be readily inferred, when assured, that to him who now addresses you, it is altogether a matter of testimony, whether a manuscript exists of *De Orygnall Cronykil of Scotland, by Androw of Wyntoun*; whether the subjects of the maiden queen were regaled from *Mr Hunnus' Hyve full of Hunnye*; or whether any collection contains the full and particular account of *Captain Cullen's last advice to his Wife*, which, in its day, succeeded as well as his enemies could wish, in exciting the populace against a statesman, whose every action once won their applause*.

Though thus unversed in antiquarian lore, it is not without hope of being able to make good use of more accessible materials, that some remarks are offered on a subject which, having so frequently been the theme of controversy, may seem to afford little room for originality of argument or of illustration. But when an author, deservedly popular, renews charges, which, to men of much ingenuity and research, have appeared unfounded, it is but reasonable, that those who think differently should endeavour to counteract an erroneous impression. The biographer of Knox has acquired an influence that renders his opinions, if incorrect, as extensively dangerous as those of any living writer of real history; and as those parts of

his writings which relate to Queen Mary have been thought to come under this denomination, such of your readers as are still undecided on the matters in dispute may derive some assistance from the observations of one who (he knows not whether it may be in his favour) has intentionally refrained from consulting any professed vindication of that illustrious female. It rests with them to determine whether the present is an instance in which the modesty of the poet might be imitated, when he admits, that his "reason may but ill defend his settled faith;" the author can only say, that, in attempting to vindicate Mary, he by no means considers himself compelled to calumniate the names of those who supported the hallowed contest, so intimately connected with her history. It would seem that, in many cases, the admirers of Knox have thought some parts of his conduct capable of being defended only by blackening the memory of the ill-fated queen, whose neither his rhetoric nor his reproach could alienate from the faith of her fathers. Without prejudging the accuracy of their statements, it might be sufficient to remark, that, if the clearing of Mary's fame fixes on our reformer the stigma of harshness and want of feeling, it does not at all detract from the merits of the cause in which he was engaged. But even this concession is uncalled for: he who views dispassionately the conduct of both, will find that respect for his sovereign may exist in the same bosom which glows with admiration of this bold and unyielding preacher of the gospel. He were an unworthy son of Scotland, who could tamely have traduced the character of one to whom she owes so much; yet it is to be feared that many of his countrymen may still blush when charged with insensibility to the claims possessed by Knox on their gratitude and esteem. Whatever share the representations alluded to may have had in fostering this indifference,

* Crawford's *Lives of Scottish Officers of State*, p. 107. (Edin. 1726.)

"it was devoutly to be wished" that historians will soon be convinced of their injustice in considering the apologist of Mary of Scotland as necessarily called upon to 'accuse John Knox of bigotry, or to brand the Regent-Murray as actuated by an ill-concerted ambition.

That it would be no easy matter to defend the conduct of Mary, by contrasting concessions in one part of his work with accusations brought forward in another, may be collected from the words with which Dr M'Crie first introduces her to his readers.

"The education which Mary had received in France, whatever embellishments it added to her beauty, was the very worst which can be conceived for fitting her to rule her native country in the present juncture. Of a temper naturally violent, the devotion she had been accustomed to see paid to her personal charms rendered her extremely impatient of contradiction." *Life of Knox*, Vol. II. p. 92.

Did it not contain certain charges, which, if not altogether cleared away, may at least be softened down, this passage, instead of fixing any censure on its object, might be said to afford the fullest excuse for any imprudence which may have attached to her measures. Mary's education unfitted her for governing Scotland. Mary had no controul over the tuition to which she was submitted; *ergo*, Mary cannot be blamed for those measures which were culpable; blame must ultimately attach to those who permitted her exposure to the contagion of a dissolute Court. Such, if its accuracy were admitted, is the conclusion which, by a little cross-examination, could be drawn from the passage before us. But was she, whose smile could win men more readily to her purpose than could the gold of her intriguing kinswoman, in truth, disqualified for governing the rude, yet warm-hearted peasantry of her native land? Was the gay, the accomplished, the penetrating, the amiable widow of Francis, altogether unfit for exercising authority over the unpolished, yet chivalrous barons of Scotland? Uninfluenced by foreign counsel, she speedily gained all hearts. Those

who were near her person would have sacrificed life in her behalf, and, living, would have adored her. Watched, however, by a Court which took every advantage over an inexperienced woman, she was at length ruined by the very measures recommended for her adoption. Ever ready to make proposals, Elizabeth branded them as inconsistent with her safety, the moment the Scottish queen seemed eager to follow out her suggestions. Selfish, indeed, as many of her counsellors were, it is not to be expected that the days of Mary could always have been those of "youthful spring," or that she would, throughout life, have been surrounded by an "ether all serene:" but had English influence prevailed less in her cabinet, Darnley had never visited the Court of Holyrood, or he had done so too late, for injuring the peace of Scotland's unhappy queen; and by raising to the throne a partner deserving of her hand, Mary would have been blest by posterity as the benefactor of her country. Gifted with mental graces seldom found united with such surpassing beauty of person, her winning example would have removed those asperities which long clung to the manners of her people; and Scottish literature would, at a much earlier period, have assumed a rank little inferior to that of England. Had all of those concerned in the management of affairs been animated by the patriotism of her brother, instead of listening to the dictates of self-interest, they would have steadily supported measures which, without compromising the independence of Scotland, would have been at once agreeable to its queen, and favourable to the cause of religion. But whatever importance may be attached to the assistance given by Elizabeth in advancing the Reformation, we cannot conceal from ourselves, that those who, during its progress, assiduously courted her favour, were mainly instrumental in strengthening that system of *espionage* over Scottish affairs which England had for years been anxious to acquire. In consequence of this, some of those in power wavered, according to the caprice of Elizabeth, and, when she required it, assisted in rendering

those measures unpopular which they may have formerly recommended to their mistress. On the contrary, by continuing faithful to the interests of their country, they would have saved it from much crime, and shewn to posterity how capable Mary was of governing Scotland, had she been surrounded by faithful servants.

But, thwarted in every wish, could it excite surprise, if she had become impatient of controul, and in vain attempted to conceal the bitterness such treatment must produce even in the gentlest mind? That she was "extremely impatient of contradiction," however, with all deference to the high authority which Dr M'Crie refers to*, is scarcely "borne out by the record." She could not, indeed, neither did she attempt to conceal emotion, in order to wreak more securely her unsuspected revenge; but is the unchanged love of Francis towards one whom he had known from childhood,—is the faithful attachment of long-tried attendants to weigh as nought, in forming an opinion of her character? Besides, allowing that she was "impatient of contradiction," it is somewhat difficult to comprehend how this should be held up as an aggravated, far less as a peculiar weakness. A nobleman of high rank, who was no great friend to Mary, charges his meek helpmate with a similar frailty; and there are not wanting those who have the audacity to believe, that, even amid the refinement of the nineteenth century, few who have beheld the waning of a certain envious moon, would refuse assent to the words of the border-song:

The sheep loves Skiddaw's lonesome
top—the shepherd loves his hill,
The throstle loves the budding bush—
sweet woman loves her will.

"Habituated to the splendour and gallantry of the most luxurious and

dissolute court of Europe, she could not submit to those restraints which the severest manners of her subjects imposed; and while they took offence at the freedom of her behaviour, she could not conceal the antipathy and disgust which she felt at theirs."

p. 22.

"As we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners of France" is a remark applied by Young to the passing events of his own day, which may be extended to the whole history of our intercourse with that country. But while it is admitted that there are few periods in which France has not far outstripped us in levity and relaxation, it may be questioned whether the intimacy with French manners, which may be supposed to have prevailed in Scotland at the time of Mary's arrival, does not invalidate part of the passage above quoted. The frequent and crowded embassies from Scotland to France,—the example of Mary of Guise with her train of attendants,—the numerous importations of French soldiers,—the practice of visiting the continent then becoming common among the young nobles of Scotland as well as of England, all of these united, must have rendered the nobility and inhabitants of the towns where the Queen-Regent occasionally resided in a great measure familiar with the manners of their gay allies; so that if "offence was taken" at the practices of Mary's Court, it was an "offence" which must have been felt many a year before. But were her manners really such as to justify the assertion that she "could not submit," &c. &c. The only authority given for this statement is the following somewhat humorous passage from Knox's *Historie*: "How soon that ever her French fillokes, fiddlers, and utters of that band gat the hous alone, their myght be sene skipping, not veray comelie for honest women."

* The authority chiefly relied on is a private letter of Hume, in which he says, that "she was undoubtedly a violent woman at all times." Some of the good friends of Mary lose no opportunity of lauding Elizabeth to the very echo; have they forgot, hat, in placing such reliance on this passage, they are indirectly strengthening a similar charge against their favourite? Let them look to his *Third Appendix*, and they will find the same Historian saying of Elizabeth, that "her imperious temper rendered her exertions of power violent and frequent, and discovered the full extent of her authority."

Fortunately for Mary, there is not here a syllable alluding to *her own* conduct. As a good mistress, she was certainly bound to keep a strict eye over the doings of her household; but if her "French fillokes," when "they gat the hous alone," that is, in Mary's absence, thought proper to indulge in amusements which her presence restrained, instead of being unfavourable to their mistress, the passage bears unintentional testimony of her deference to the severer manners of Scotland.

In clearing Mary from the charge of wantonly persisting in conduct repugnant to her subjects, it is not meant to say that she did not, in some things, differ from them. There is abundant evidence of her having occasionally exercised a freedom in selecting an audience-chamber little consistent with the manners of our country. An instance of her condescension is thus described by Le Croc, in one of his letters:—"Hier elle m'envoya querir, et la trouvoy, en la ruelle de son lit, qui pleurroit bien fort. Elle m'a dit que son cote lui faisoit grand mal, et d'ailleurs le jour qu'elle partit de Lislebourg pour venir icy, elle tomba dessus la haquenie, et se fit mal a un teton, elle me dit qu'il cuidoit enfler*." In this, however, she followed the uniform example of French dames of high rank; and had it not been so long preserved in that country, the custom should be deprecated as the vice of the age more than of the individual. In gaiety of dress, she may also have gone beyond the prudential ideas of the Scottish ladies: but those acquainted with the poetry of Dunbar or Lindsay, need not be reminded that the fineries of court beauties, in their day, afford a frequent subject for satirical invective. She may, too, have "offended her subjects," by indulging in expensive amusements, sumptuous entertainments, and like enormities: but if the Earl of Atholl, in three days, expended a sum effectually equivalent to £10,000 of our money, in entertaining James V., it may reasonably

be inferred that the Scottish nobles could not, with a good grace, accuse their young queen of extravagance. But Mary set her female-subjects the ruinous example of appropriating to her own use a faithful palfrey, and similar appliances, then seldom claimed by the Scottish fair. How can this be palliated? Scarcely had an excuse presented itself, when it was for ever silenced by recollection of the fact, that her royal grandmother, a princess of England, and the betrothed of James IV., made her public entrance into Edinburgh meekly seated on a pillion behind the most courteous monarch of his age. With the fear of such an example before her eyes, Mary was altogether inexcusable for the reprobated indulgence; and convinced as we must be of Mrs Malaprop's accuracy in saying that "comparisons don't become a young woman," we need not wonder though her subjects, in this respect, "took offence at the freedom of her behaviour."

Let us see, however, whether she "could not conceal the antipathy and disgust" with which their manners are said to have inspired her. That she might derive little consolation from contrasting the manners of her subjects with those to which she had been accustomed, is not greatly to be wondered at. It is very questionable whether, even in our days, a young lady of noble birth, leaving Scotland at five years of age, and returning some fifteen years after, would not perceive a mighty contrast between Parisian manners and those of fashionable society in Edinburgh: that she would feel "disgust," however, or, much more, that she would be "unable to conceal it," is somewhat problematical, and would at least require pretty strong evidence to convince one of its being the case. What proofs are given in charging Mary with a similar weakness? Her actions completely oppose such an assertion; and the only authority adduced in its support is a passage from Knox's *Historie*†; which cannot be said to imply that she insulted her

* Goodall's MSS., given by Keith, as quoted in Mr Laing's *Dissertation on the Murder of Darnley*, c. VII.

† Buchanan makes charges fully as severe; but as he is not referred to by Dr M'Crie, it is unnecessary to examine them here.

subjects by openly avowing her "disgust." "Her common talk was in *secrete*, that she saw nothing in Scotland but "gravity, quhilk repugned altogidder to her nature, for she was brocht up in *joyeusetie*." It would have been impossible for Mary not to have perceived the comparative rudeness of her subjects; but nothing can furnish a stronger proof of her prudence than this passage. Far from expressing her opinion to those who might thus have been justly offended, she alludes to the subject only "in *secrete*;" confidentially to those who, being well acquainted with the manners of France, could fully assent to the rudeness of those of Scotland. "That a *serious mind is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind*," will be questioned by few; but in recollecting how seldom conformity to this standard is met with, some excuse will be furnished for "gravity" being "repugnant" to Mary's nature. Fortunately the author does not assert that she now indulged in levity: she had been "*brocht up in joyeusetie*," implying, that the course of conduct she had adopted in Scotland was more in deference to her subjects than agreeable to constitutional temperament. Seeing, then, that the authority adduced does not support the assertion rested on it, we may enquire whether her actions prove that she "could not conceal the antipathy," &c. Her conduct in religious matters will afterwards be examined: but does it not imply a high degree of deference to the reformed, to hold a conference for several hours with the most popular of their number within a few days of her landing? Instead of indulging in her wonted "*joyeusetie*" at Holyrood, she had been little more than three weeks in Scotland, when she visited several of its most important towns, and was loyally welcomed by her subjects. On her arrival, she sanctioned, by proclamation, the form of religion then subsisting; and, a few months after, cheerfully assented to a proposal for providing adequate support to the reformed clergy. All of these evince anxiety

to sacrifice personal opinion to that which was more agreeable to those around her; while, in conferring offices of trust and titles of honour on the most powerful of the congregation,—in personally quelling disturbances in the distant and turbulent parts of her kingdom,—and in gratifying the nobles, by visiting their estates, in order to enjoy the amusements of the chase, she clearly shewed the utmost eagerness to conceal any antipathy or disgust she may have felt, "at the severer manners of her subjects."

"Full of high notions of royal prerogative, she regarded the late proceedings in Scotland as a course of rebellion against her authority." p. 22. "As the Protestants were at present in possession of power, it was necessary for her to temporise; but she resolved to withhold her ratification of the late proceedings, and to embrace the first favourable opportunity to overturn them, and re-establish the ancient system." p. 23.

It would be difficult to name the monarch from whom Mary was to learn those lessons of humility as to the rights of Princes, which, it is to be feared, are not yet sufficiently impressed on royalty, if we may judge from the present state of continental politics. Could she acquire humble "notions" of royal prerogative from Henry VII., who caused his Parliament to impose burdens, under the belief of an approaching war, which he had previously resolved never to undertake; and yet continued to fill his coffers by persevering in oppressive measures long after the pretended designs in which they had originated, were entirely abandoned? Could she learn humility, of Henry VIII., who graciously permitted both Houses to annul the bonds and securities granted for immense sums borrowed from his subjects; and, during fifteen years of expensive warfare and boundless profusion, condescended to assemble a solitary Parliament, the speaker of which, on his knees, entreated Wolsey to excuse the House for the coldness with which his demands were met? Was it to be acquired from the example of her mo-

* Young: Preface to Part II. of the *Infidel Reclaimed*.

† Henry's Britain, (quarto edit.) Vol. VI. p. 48.

‡ £s. p. 120, 121.

ther, who reminded her subjects, that princes ought not to have their promises too strictly urged upon them? Her amiable namesake, Queen of England, suspended certain laws, without consulting Parliament; and such were the opinions then entertained of "royal prerogative," that contemporary historians make no mention of this stretch of power*. Even Elizabeth, much as she courted popularity, issued a proclamation, soon after coming to the throne, by which all preaching was inhibited without a special license: an act for which Hume apologizes, by saying that it was "authorised by the extent of royal prerogative during that age." The proceedings of a court, sanctioned, indeed, by Parliament, but originating with the Queen, are characterised by the same historian as "only consistent with *absolute monarchy*†. To exhibit Mary, therefore, as if guilty of *something very iniquitous*‡ or uncommon, in holding opinions which had actuated the most celebrated sovereigns living near her own times, is, to say the least of it, any thing but charitable. Admitting that she entertained such principles to the extent alleged, the abettors of proceedings which, we are told, she regarded as a course of rebellion against her authority, might have fared but indifferently, had she resolved on carrying them into effect. Happily, however, she was so prudent as never to put in practice the "notions" ascribed to her. In a meeting of the nobles, held soon after her arrival, she nominated twelve persons as a Privy Council, "without whose advice she should conclude no grate business in the state§:" was this like the deed of a princess resolved to act on "high notions of royal prerogative?" On the supplication of the Lords, she immediately assented to an explicit and comprehensive Act of Oblivion for all offences committed against her authority during the late troubles: None of her predecessors had ever

assented to a measure shewing more deference to the aristocracy than or which was passed at the same time enacting, "that five or six of the principall barrons be called by the Commissioners, before that the peace, warre, or taxation wer granted or concludit:" and while the nobles were thus respected, the interests of the people were attended to; "in this same Parliament, also, the privileges of the royall burrowes were ratified||." When Knox was called to answer for alleged sedition, he was allowed a fair hearing before an extraordinary meeting of the nobles, and dismissed uninjured; although the Privy Council had before pronounced his conduct to be *treasonable*. Such a decision would have been regarded by most princes as authorising, at least, the imprisonment of an enemy. Elizabeth, at all events did not hesitate to imprison some of the speakers in a solemn disputation held by her own authority, because their conduct had been pronounced *refractory* and *obstinate*. Mary's treatment of Knox on this occasion was not departed from throughout the whole of her reign. The noble intrepidity of Craig, in censuring her infamous marriage with Bothwell, procured him no harm: and it does not appear that she, in a single instance, contrived to obtain the punishment of an adversary by illegal means, or without the fullest investigation; whatever may have been her "notions of royal prerogative."

That she should have "considered the late proceedings as a course of rebellion" need not surprise us, since it appears that, in 1561, James, Prior of St. Andrew's, attended by several noblemen, "goes to France to pacify the Queene, which in some sorte he performed**." Would such a deputation have been sent, had not the nobles been convinced that she would naturally take offence from their conduct? Deeply as she may have felt the disrespect shewn to their sove-

* Hume's England. Conclusion of c. 37.

† So Mr Galt ironically speaks of the Cardinal's project for obtaining the Tiara, in his *Life and Administration of Wolsey*, p. 70.

§ Annals of Scotland, (anno 1561,) Vol. I. of the *Historical Works of Sir James Balfour*, lately published by Mr James Haig, from original manuscripts in the Advocates' Library.

|| Ib 156.

** Ib 1561.

† Ib. c. 38.

reign, it was fortunate for the cause of religion that they did, "in some sorte," succeed. It is said that "she found it necessary to temporise;" but would it not be as consistent with charity to attribute her conduct to a more honourable motive,—that of a wish to comply with general more than personal opinion? That she hesitated to sanction the Treaty concluded with Scotland by the English and French Ambassadors arose from a belief that the deputies of her husband had gone beyond their powers; and if example can be pleaded as an excuse, she had only to recal the conduct of Francis I. regarding the famous concord of *Madrid*, which, although solemnly concluded by himself, he not only refused to ratify, but infringed as soon as he was set at liberty. Far from violating any of its provisions, Mary seemed uniformly to regulate herself by them, as well as by most of the statutes passed in a Parliament held without her authority: and seeing that she withheld her ratification of the late proceedings, as seems to have been anticipated by the nobles, we ought to give her the greater credit for lenient measures, which, had the *Treaty of Edinburgh* been ratified, would have resulted from compulsion; but so long as it was unsanctioned, we must attribute them to the sagacity and soundness of her understanding.

No one can doubt that Mary, on coming into Scotland, entertained the design of "re-establishing the ancient system," when he recalls the principles of the school from which she had just escaped. The authorities given by Dr M'Crie (II. 303.) are conclusive on this point; but we shall soon have to admire the prudence and wisdom which enabled so young a sovereign to reject the advice of her bigoted relations, and to act a part that does equal honour to the woman and the Queen:

"Nursed from her infancy in a blind attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, every means had been employed, before she left France, to strengthen this prejudice, and to inspire her with aversion to the religion which had been embraced by her people. She was taught that it would be the great glory of her reign to reduce her kingdom to the obedience

of the Romish Sec, and to co-operate with the Popish princes on the continent in extirpating heresy. If she forsook the religion in which she had been educated, she would forfeit their powerful friendship; if she persevered in it, she might depend upon their assistance to enable her to chastise her rebellious subjects, and to prosecute her claims to the English crown against a heretical usurper. With these fixed prepossessions Mary came into Scotland, and she adhered to them with singular pertinacity to the end of her life. To examine the subjects of controversy between the Papists and Protestants, with the view of ascertaining on which side the truth lay,—to hear the reformed preachers, or permit them to lay before her the grounds of their faith, even in the presence of the Clergy whom she had brought along with her,—to do any thing which might lead to a doubt in her mind respecting the religion in which she had been brought up; these were concessions which she had formed an unalterable determination to avoid." pp. 22, 23.

That she had been nursed in attachment to the Roman Catholic faith—that every means had been employed to strengthen this prejudice—to inspire her with aversion to the religion of her people, &c. &c. are all readily admitted. In these would have been found the fullest apology for her measures, had they been in conformity with the wishes of her continental advisers. Knox himself was not brought, all at once, to the Protestant faith; he owed his change of opinion to the circumstances of his education. Mary was so strictly brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, that she may never have had opportunity, while in France, of hearing the reformed teachers; and if education was sufficient to prepare Knox for the mighty work which he afterwards accomplished, it surely was pardonable in a Queen, not twenty years of age, to hold, without suspicion, opinions carefully instilled. If, therefore, it is meant that we should reprobate Mary for being a Roman Catholic on arriving in Scotland, we are called upon to do that which would set at nought the influence of early culture and constant ex-

ample. That she adhered, however, to all of these instructions and prepossessions is palpably contradicted by the first acts of her reign. To the convention first held at Edinburgh after her arrival, no churchman was admitted*; a circumstance which clearly proves that she had no wish to take advantage of the confidence then reposed in her by the people. Her Privy Council was, with one exception, composed of Protestant noblemen. One author† assures us that she was advised to have recourse to violent proceedings against the reformed; but, convinced that it was unjust to constrain conscience, she happily rejected this advice. It will be said that she proceeded thus, because she "found it necessary to temporise." Had her conduct, when once established in Scotland, been of a directly opposite character, there might have appeared some ground for attributing these liberal acts to "temporising:" but when we find that she afterwards acted similarly, it is not a warranted interpretation. So far from abandoning this line of policy, she, some months after, raised the steadiest friend of the Reformation to the rank of an Earl; thereby exasperating the most powerful supporter of the ancient religion. About the same time, she imprisoned the Earl of Bothwell, a Roman Catholic, and the personal enemy of some of the principal reformers. About a twelvemonth after, the Earl of Huntly fell in an insurrection raised for checking the increasing influence of the Protestants; and, as if to shew her determination to repress all violent projects for favouring the Roman Catholics, his gallant son, her own passionate admirer, suffered on the scaffold, while another was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Strongly as she had been enjoined "to cooperate with the popish princes in extirpating heresy," she was not yet contented with the proofs given of her disregard to this advice: for, "at this same tyme, also, the Earle

of Sutherland was banisht the realme, and Johne Hamilton, Archbischope of St Andrewes, imprissoned: and all this was done (as the Queine herself sett doune under her auten hand) by the pouer of her brother James, Earle of Murray, with the Queine, to weak-in the popishe faction‡." This was "backing her friends," with a vengeance. Her esteem for the Roman Catholics appears to have been carried so far, that those of them whom the walls of a prison could not restrain from taking a part in the feuds which agitated her kingdom, were, with a creditable sense of their merits, banished from a land undeserving of such sons; while those of still higher desert were wisely removed from a scene of vexation, where their worth was so inadequately appreciated. On one side of the account we find imprisonment, exile, and ignominious death; on the other, boundless liberty of speech and of action, riches, and dignity. The former, of course, flowing from pure love of the popish party: the latter extended to the Protestants out of sheer hatred. Yet, with such facts before us, we are called on to believe that she "adhered," and "with pertinacity," to the instructions given her before leaving France! What stronger proof can be given of Mary's impartiality than the directions which she gave when under a sickness threatening to be fatal? As described in the original, from which the following passage is quoted, the whole of the scene is solemnly instructive: among other directions, strikingly evincing that her disposition was as amiable, and her maternal affection as strong as was her anxiety for her country's weal, she recommended the noblemen around her "to procure some ease in conscience to those that do profess the Catholic faith, because, during her reign, she constrained none to exercise in religion otherwayes than their conscience indicted them §." With such unsuspicious testimony, will it still

* Balfour, 1561.

† Mackenzie's *Lives*, as mentioned by Dr Cook in his *History of the Reformation*, Vol. III. p. 66.

‡ Balfour, 1562.

§ *History of the Life of James VI.*, edited by Malcolm Laing, Esq. from MSS., which seem to have been given in a garbled form by Crawford of Drumsay.

be insisted upon that she adhered to the instructions of her early advisers? That she did *not* adhere to them is most convincingly proved by the conduct of the French towards their former Queen. She had been little more than two years in Scotland when her jointure was withdrawn; thus shewing, that, by her conduct towards those of the reformed religion, she had *already* forfeited "their powerful friendship." Her uncle's death was the immediate cause of this: but, influenced as they were by the darkest spirit of popery, the French would have cheerfully made any sacrifice to retain her friendship, had she not been acting the part of a prudent sovereign, and making but poor efforts in behalf of the popish interests. If this step was taken as a mean for inducing her to adopt violent measures, it completely failed of its object; for, in order to regain their influence over her, Le Croc was soon after instructed to forward a marriage between the Scottish Queen and Charles of Austria, son of the Emperor Ferdinand. The assertion, therefore, of Mary's having "adhered with pertinacity" to her early prepossessions, is strongly contradicted, so far as her *public* acts were concerned. That her *private* opinions were adhered to, is readily granted: but it will be seen that her's was neither a *blind* attachment, nor the result of an "unalterable determination to avoid" examining the "subjects of controversy between the Papists and Protestants."

There is something like asperity towards Mary displayed in introducing those events of Knox's life with which she was more intimately concerned: thus, at p. 48, an entertainment given in the palace is represented as having been intended for a rejoicing over the massacre of Vassy: an insinuation so repugnant, that it needs only to be mentioned to excite suspicion of its correctness. At p. 82, dissimulation and artifice are said to have formed a principal part of her character, and assigned as the motives which induced her to treat Knox in the openest and most condescending manner. At p. 24, we find these words: "Resolved to give her subjects an early proof of her firm determination to adhere to the

Roman Catholic worship, Mary directed preparations to be made for the celebration of a solemn mass in the chapel of Holyrood House on the first Sabbath after her arrival." The subject might certainly have been introduced without representing it as arising solely from a wish to outrage the feelings of the people. The Protestants would have had little reason to be proud of a convert whose intercourse with their party had subsisted only for a few days: and, had Mary attended Knox on the first Sunday after her arrival, there would have been much reason to suspect her of that "temporising" already considered. She had lately accomplished, in safety, a voyage, rendered more perilous by the designs of Elizabeth, and would naturally be desirous of displaying her gratitude in the most solemn manner prescribed by her religion, to which we are in charity bound to attribute her conduct more than to the unworthy motive above imputed. Again, at p. 31, introducing her first conference with Knox, it is said, that "she seems to have expected to awe him into submission by her authority, if not to confound him by her arguments." Knox himself expresses no such suspicion, neither can it be inferred from the interesting account given in his *History*. Ignorant of the Reformer's firmness, she may, indeed, have thought that he would be so much *flattered* by this mark of respect as to abate his opposition; but there is some difference between this and the imputed intention of *awing* him into submission. From these passages, and that formerly quoted, it will be seen that Mary is accused of being actuated by a "blind attachment" to the Roman Catholic religion, and, at the same time, of entertaining it as a means for insulting her Protestant subjects; positions by no means consistent with each other: for, if she had no other reason for being a Roman Catholic than a wish to outrage public opinion, it is difficult to perceive how her attachment could have been *blind*—a term, when applied to belief, comprehending that which we express by *sincere*. Any one of these charges, however, would weigh heavily on the memory of a sovereign living in times

when the religion, for centuries established in his kingdom, was fast retiring before the light of reason and of truth. Let us therefore inquire, whether the belief of Mary, instead of being assumed, was not sincere as well as enlightened.

What! (it will be exclaimed) the faith of a Roman Catholic *enlightened*! No wonder though Mary's cause is advocated by one who can make such an assertion: this must be some seditious Papist, presuming on the anticipated success of the Catholic Bill. Call him what you will, most courteous exclaimers, he fears not to confess, that, so far as his humble judgment can decide on such matters, he finds it not written, that it is *altogether* impossible for a Roman Catholic to be saved. As this, however, may be but making bad worse, it will be advisable to come to a mutual understanding on the merits of that substitute for religion existing in Scotland previous to the Reformation. *

Inculcated by a priesthood as ignorant as they were immoral †, and perverted to support the grossest impositions, the Roman Catholic tenets exerted an influence the most debasing ever submitted to by rational beings. Under their sickening control, the intellect of man sunk into a torpidity,

Balanc'd with which, the fam'd Athenian
pest

Were a short head-ache,—were the trivial
pain

Of transient indignation.

The noble productions of ancient genius lay unexplored, or were fast hastening into an oblivion, from which no after efforts could have rescued them, had not a timely reaction sprung out of that long inactivity which seemed to forebode the extinction of all that was aspiring in humanity. Bigotry, blind and revengeful, armed with power, and guided by a spirit which could dare

all in the cause of its forsaken altars, beheld with dismay the first dawning of a luminary, whose beams dispelled the mental gloom, and “shed light on the mysterious ways of Heaven.” Relentless persecution, ending in martyrdom, was the only reward held out to the friends of mankind; yet they blenched not from the cause they had in hand, but continued on their noble course. A happier era at length arrived, and Scotland was rescued from the thralldom which had so long enslaved the world. If those, who had themselves suffered deeply, should be charged with an approach to that severity against which they had so often remonstrated, we might, with the Satirist, exclaim

—Quisnam hominum veniam dare,
quise deorum,
Viribus absterit dira atque immania
passia ‡?

Can it be wondered at, if, in the first ebullitions of freedom, they were occasionally betrayed into acts which cooler moments would condemn? The scenes of “monkish chastity,” discovered within walls professedly dedicated to one who is all pure, could not fail to rouse the passions of a people becoming acquainted with the doctrines of a more rational faith. In plying their “task of righteous havoc,” they deprived Superstition of her mightiest stronghold, and wrested from Popery that support she might have derived from associations connected with places of worship long resorted to. Those who execrate the reformers for their conduct in this respect, forget that, as our sympathy is often diminished when fully acquainted with the history of an individual, some isolated portion of whose adventures may have excited the liveliest interest; so the edifice, complete in all its parts, yields not such food for “ruminant fancy,” as that which, partly in de-

* Of Scottish manners in the time of James IV. Dr Irving says:—“The Clergy were remarkable for almost every quality, except those of a virtuous kind. Instead of exhibiting examples of meekness and devotion, they were commonly distinguished by perpetual instances of avarice, rapine, and lasciviousness. A general depravity of manners had indeed begun to pervade the nation. The women were strangers to modesty, the men to sober industry.” *Lives of the Scottish Poets, Vol. I, p. 400, 401.*

† Juvenal. Sat. XV.

cay, becomes invested with an obscure importance, capable of being interpreted a thousand different ways, according to the taste or feelings of the beholder. On this ground they have good reason to thank those whom they would rashly blame, and should forthwith adopt the wiser sentiments of the poet, when he congratulates himself that, where a proud Abbey has once stood,

— the musing pilgrim sees
A mould'ring wall, with ivy crown'd,
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days,
Now but of use to grace a rural scene,
To bound our vistas, and to glad the
sons
Of George's reign*.

Having thus attempted to remove all suspicion, we may jog on more lovingly to examine whether Mary can be accused of clinging to her religion, at any period of her life, merely because it was a mean for outraging the feelings of her subjects, as would seem to be insinuated above. Those who accuse her of "temporising," must be convinced that her professions were grounded on conviction, when reminded that, though the metropolis was crowded with Protestants of every rank eager to repress the slightest symptom of respect for the old religion, yet, following the dictates of conscience, she never deviated from the observances to which she had been accustomed. The inference here drawn from her actions is strongly confirmed by her words; "*I have both heard and read,*" was the expressive reason assigned to Knox for her opposition to the doctrines which he taught. It is asserted, however, after detailing the conference in which these were uttered, that Knox "pronounced her to be *obstinately wedded to the Popish church, and averse to all means of instruction,*" (p. 40.) If such was really the case, her belief might well be termed both "blind" and "bigoted." Were it a fair way of deciding on the accuracy of this assertion, it might be contrasted with the conclusion drawn from Knox's account by the candid historian of the reformation in Scotland. His words

are, "*the ability with which Mary had supported her part in the conference, and the firmness with which she argued from the maxims which she had adopted, convinced Knox that there was little or no hope of her conversion*†;" a passage conveying an impression very different from that which remains after reading the words of Dr M'Crie. Mere authority, however, ought never to be received, when access can be had to the original of which an opinion is to be formed. The words of Knox chiefly founded on are, "In communication with her, I espied such craft as I have not found in such age;" which obviously imply, that, instead of being a Roman Catholic, she knew not why, he had found her able to assign a reason for the faith that was in her. Although there is some ground for believing that, in granting audience to the reformed preachers, she was actuated as much by a wish to display her own skill as that of having the truth laid fully before her, yet the circumstance of such a conference having taken place at her own request, partly invalidates the charge that she was "averse to all means of instruction." Besides the direct proof already given, however, many parts of her conduct furnish indirect evidence, that her attachment to the Church of Rome was the result of settled conviction; neither assumed for lulling conscience, nor for outraging the feelings of her subjects.

Those against whom we are arguing will not hesitate to charge Mary with extravagance. They will also admit that the revenues of the Crown were not the most productive; but if disposed to follow his example, she could, with a much better grace than Henry, have appropriated the church-lands to meet the expenses of her court. The rapacity of the nobles might have represented the loss of that which had been looked upon as their peculiar spoil, but, unpopular as the priesthood had become, such an act, on the part of the sovereign, would have been viewed as venial by the people at large. Part of the revenues of

* Shennstone's *Ruin'd Abbey*.

† Cook's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, Vol. III. p. 77.

the church-lands was indeed set apart for the crown, but it never reached Mary's coffers, and she did not attempt to extend her claims. What, under such circumstances, can have been the cause of this unexampled denial? She was too sincere a Catholic to do that which, although it might please, or be pardoned by her people, was in direct violation of those sentiments which her religion inspired. It will not be denied that she was anxious for the accomplishment of her marriage with Darnley. If her religion was only assumed for the purposes alleged, what could prevent her from embracing the Protestant forms, and having it consummated without the delay which actually took place? She was too well convinced of the soundness of those tenets which she had adopted, to think of marrying one of prohibited consanguinity, without obtaining a dispensation from the head of her church. To accumulate examples must be unnecessary; what has already been said may excite a doubt as to the justice of accusing Mary of professing the Roman Catholic religion, without examining its merits. She adhered to it, because, so far as her judgment could determine, she believed it to be the best; and however much we may lament that reason did not suggest another decision, if her actions oppose the charges insinuated, we ought to give her at least the credit for being sincere.

We may next enquire whether Mary's religious opinions were not of a more rational nature than those of Roman Catholics usually are,—whether she can be accused of adhering “with pertinacity” to the bigoted tenets of the Romish priests. That she was sincerely attached to their church we have already seen: but in lamenting this, we should admire the firmness that could resist such powerful inducements for embracing the Protestant faith,—a firmness that prevented her from adopting opinions which, although most popular, did not produce in her mind a conviction of their truth. But in refusing to adopt the Protestant religion, she happily imbibed much of that chari-

table feeling so rarely to be met with in those of her persuasion. Hence, instead of persecuting heresy, we have seen her uniformly acting on the rational principle, that rulers have no right to force the consciences of their subjects. This would, of itself, be sufficient to prove that her faith was *enlightened*,—a conclusion fully supported by her conduct in many trying emergencies. Of this, no stronger proof could be required than her behaviour when under a belief that she was soon to resign a life afterwards embittered by the severest trials. Instead of clinging to the belief that the prayers of a heretic are ineffectual, she requested that supplications should be offered up for her “in all the kirks adjacent*.” She thanked her Maker for granting her space for repentance: prayed that he would, of his mercy, pardon her sins; grant her a penitent and contrite heart for her offence; deal with her in mercy, in respect of her weakness; and remit a little of his judgment, although, as a miserable offender, she deserved the same.” Though, doubtless, attended by priests, we here find none of that reliance on the merits of saints so falsely consoling to the bigoted Roman Catholic; we meet with none of that mummary usually exhibited around his dying bed. Piety, the most rational and sincere, breathes in every sentiment: and while convinced of her own unworthiness, she reposes her only trust in the undeserved mercy of an all-righteous Judge. Minute as her directions were on this occasion, we hear nothing of masses to be said for the good of her soul, after its departure from the body; in this, how different from Henry VIII., who had thrown off his allegiance to the Pope; or from his father, who entered into a formal contract, for this purpose, with all the churches and colleges in his kingdom! The inference so favourable to Mary, drawn from this contrast, might be farther confirmed; but it is hoped that enough may have been said to shew that her religious opinions were neither founded on prejudice nor the result of an unalterable determination to avoid a scrutiny into their merits: in short, that they were

* *History of the Life of James VI.*, formerly quoted.

sincere, and, for a Roman Catholic, enlightened.

It were unfair to conceal, that, from p. 245 to. 249, and from p. 152 to 153, there are certain hard words applied to Mary, as well as her "vindicators," of whom, indeed, Dr M'Crie invariably speaks, as if it were condescension to honour them with his contempt: but these passages contain no specific charge which has not been discussed times without number. The imputations already examined, if not altogether new, are urged with an asperity seldom adopted by any respectable accuser of the Scottish queen, and tinge, more or less, every page in which her name is mentioned. We have seen her represented as totally unfit for governing Scotland,—as incapable of ruling her passions,—as breaking through those restraints imposed by the manners of her subjects,—as openly betraying the disgust felt at their rudeness,—as actuated by opinions of prerogative inconsistent with the welfare of her people,—as insidiously temporising with the party in power,—as firmly adhering to the instructions of those who advised her to persecute the reformers,—as professing the Roman Catholic religion, not from having compared it with the reformed faith, but because in it she had been blindly nursed,—and as occasionally employing it to outrage the feelings of the Protestants. Truly, the sovereign who could justly be branded with one-half of these charges could have little claim on the sympathy, far less on the respect of posterity: but the remarks here submitted may refresh the memories of those who have passively adopted Dr M'Crie's opinions; and will, at least, warn such as are yet unacquainted with his valuable works, to receive cautiously those portions which relate to MARY STUART. It

is not required that we should invest her with all the qualities of an "ideal goddess*;" but surely few can, dispassionately examine her history, and remain unconvinced that there was much in her character worthy of esteem. This impression may heighten our sympathy for that bitter reverse of fortune which excites an interest wherever the name of her country has been pronounced; but over the measures which more immediately led to her misfortunes, every impartial friend of Mary must wish to draw a veil. Whatever may have been her share, however, in the foulest tragedy that stains our annals, it were well, if, in commiserating her melancholy fate, we could bear in mind that which is of more importance than the solution of historical doubts,—the striking proof which it affords of the wisdom of an overruling Providence. Firmly as she was attached to the Roman Catholic religion, weak human judgment would have viewed her as a formidable instrument for retarding the progress of a more rational faith; but, in this respect, it was with Scotland as it had been with England: the cause of truth was forwarded in each, by the humiliation of a princess zealously devoted to a church which has been too successful in darkening and enslaving the minds of its followers. Such a reflection might dispose the enemies of Mary to interpret less unfavourably what may seem to obscure her fame: and if suffering on earth can atone for early guilt, both her friends and her foes will unite in hoping, that—

—through the cloud of death her
spirit passed
Into that pure and unknown world of
love,
Where injury cannot come.

Wordsworth.

* *Vide* Life of Knox, p. 246. II.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER TO A FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

*Banks of the Delaware,
February 1825.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I FEEL truly sorry for having so long delayed answering your kind and friendly letter, introducing Mr ——. I had often intended writing to you long before then, but I am too dilatory at all times in any thing which requires writing, and am in arrear with all my friends. I purchased my farm — years ago; and although it has constantly occupied my time since then, except when I had to go many hundred miles for a wife, and suffered nineteen attacks of the ague, I might certainly have found time to tell you, that I had not forgotten your kindness during my residence in Scotland. Having been brought up, and lived in the fields, almost all my life, it has unfortunately become too irksome to me to sit down and begin a letter. This, however, is the second letter I have commenced to you. I am afraid all this is a very bad apology; but does not Swift say, "He that is good at an excuse is good at nothing else?" This letter I will finish.

I was sorry to hear such an account of the state of your health, and of your domestic loss. I can truly sympathize with you in both; for I have been a wretched martyr to disease myself, and am now the father of a little, fat, rosy, turbulent girl, full of health, with an excess of animal spirits. I hope she will long remain so. Mr — staid a few days with me; he seems to be a generous, warm-hearted fellow, and an honest, enthusiastic republican; and, as Judge Cooper says, if a man is not so when he is twenty, what sort of a wretch will he be when he is fifty? Mr — is settled in the state of New York. I hope he will succeed, and I do not see why he should not. I am comfortably fixed here, upon a farm of — acres, — miles from Philadelphia, for which I paid at the rate of seven dollars an acre. It was much out of order, and miserably exhausted by bad farming. The Americans have much to learn in this profession; they farm pretty

much as they used to do in England and Scotland fifty years ago, but they are improving. In a few years I think I shall do the "old country" some credit; I wish it were as free from tithes, taxes, game-laws, and other obstructions to improvement and happiness, as this is.

You have heard and read much of the *republicanism*, rudeness, familiarity, inquisitiveness, *equality system*, &c. &c., of the American labourers and servants;—a greater libel never was made upon any nation. I have no hesitation in saying, and I should have no hesitation in telling any Englishman who said he met with all this rudeness, insolence, familiarity, &c. that in 99 times in 100 that he met with it, he brought it upon himself; that he deserved it, and a good castigation besides. I have seen Englishmen here, and Americans too, who have richly merited a good flogging. I have always found the labourers civil, willing, obliging, and extremely well-behaved in their language, manners, and general deportment; particularly before and to women, rich or poor; this is a proof of a high degree of civilization in any country. I have seen the men run to assist a woman when carrying a bucket of water or piece of wood, with the greatest gallantry. I can truly say of the Americans, (I speak of them in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and other large towns,) as an honest Irishman, just come from Hayti, said of the blacks; "they are a thousand times more civil and better-behaved than my own countrymen, God bless them." Of course, as you go west, civilization diminishes. In the back woods they are often, but not always, inquisitive; so they are in the Highlands of Scotland, and in every country of the world, when placed in the same circumstances. Some of the foolish travels in, and letters about this country, published in England, say there is no distinction of ranks here, and that all classes associate to-

gether: there is no country where the distinctions of rank are more strongly marked, observed, and kept up: I think a great deal too much so: there is no country in the world where there is a greater aristocracy of wealth than in this. But to refute all the falsehoods and disgusting trash written about America, would fill a volume. Lieutenant Hall is the only gentleman who has travelled in it, but he staid too short a time to judge correctly. Miss Wright wrote too hastily likewise, and she was too young and enthusiastic; fifteen years hence she would write a better book. Mr Birkbeck scampered through the country as he wrote: the sooner all the rest are burnt the better. Birkbeck is now Secretary of State in Missouri. The great fault the Americans have is their love of money, and they might often be more honourable in their dealings. There is no want of good society here; we have plenty of opulent merchants, and retired men of fortune; one of my neighbours, a most respectable man, is a brother of Mr — in Edinburgh. We have English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, and all sorts. I sold a cow the other day to one of Buonaparte's Waterloo officers. We are thus a strange mixture.

I am sorry to see the writers in the *Edinburgh Review* so ignorant of the state and government of this country. In one article, the Wabash is made a tributary to the Mississippi; a state is sometimes called a province,—two very different things. When they speak of the expenses of the government, they do not add those of the 24 states and two territories, which are considerable. The expenses of the general government are levied upon the imports and sale of public lands, &c.; those of the state government chiefly by direct taxation, &c. A late writer in the *Review* says, “we have stage-coaches without springs, and no poor-rates.” I wish the writer was correct with regard to the latter point. With regard to the former, I can say that I never was in a coach yet without springs, and I never saw one without them, although our coaches are certainly not so good as those in England. My

poor-rates last year amounted to 10 dollars, although this township and the adjoining one have a *workhouse* with a farm of 200 acres and more, for the employment and support of the paupers. This, considering the high rate of wages, the cheapness of food, and full employment for every one, is more in proportion than any poor-rates in England. There are sometimes from 12 to 1,500 persons in the workhouse in Philadelphia, and as many in that of New York. They cost in Philadelphia above 100,000 dollars per annum, and the whole system is miserably conducted. My road, state, and poor-taxes, amount to about 30 dollars per annum. Being in the county of Philadelphia, I have to pay many of the city expenses; in other counties, the taxes are about six or eight dollars, and sometimes ten, per 100 acres altogether.

I prefer this country to England. I like the climate much better, and it is more pleasant to farm in. When it rains, we know when we shall have done with it; but still it is hard to be driven away from old friends and relations, and many good things, by taxation, tithes, and game-laws. I could never think of living in England again, while those things remain to their present extent. I have met with several good friends here. The Americans are perhaps not so hospitable, warm, and open, as the Scotch and English; but they improve wonderfully when they know you. They are very shy and reserved, particularly at first, and apparently very indifferent about you, and even one another; but they are kind and generous when there is occasion for it, and willing to assist their neighbours. I have known many instances of this. I shall mention one:—Soon after I came here, I was obliged to borrow a sum of money upon mortgage: a gentleman near me, with whom I had no intercourse, and who could then know little of me, lent it to me in the handsomest manner; I had afterwards to make an apology to him for being in arrear with the interest, owing to the fall in the price of produce, and my property in England being still locked up; he smiled, and said, “I knew you would not be able to pay me when I lent you the

money," and then talked about something else. 'This anecdote, I think,' speaks volumes.

Manufactures are increasing rapidly, and public improvements are going on with great spirit. This country will be independent of Europe in spite of every thing. The President is chosen to-morrow. I am sorry to see Jackson so near gaining the election. Remember me

kindly to Mr — With my best wishes for the restoration of your health, and my best thanks for your former kindness and hospitality, believe me to be, in grateful remembrance of them, with great regard and esteem, yours, &c. &c

Thank God, I saw La Fayette's entrance into Philadelphia, such scenes do the heart good.

May I hope to hear from you?

Sonnet to ———

LADY! mine is a tale of hapless woe,
And bitterness, unmingled with one drop
Of this life's balm,—since heaven descended hope,
Like dreams of boyhood fled, has ceas'd
to glow
On my chill'd bosom,—has the portion
been
Of my doom'd cup. I may not hope to
know
Those joys delirious, which alone can flow

I from love reciprocal; for well I woe,
That in my deepest sorrowing, thy heart,
Moulded to melt at woe, has never yet—
Because unmelting—griev'd at my distress;

'Mid woe 'twere rapture, were my bitter
smart,

Unwept by others, wept by thee, regret
Should die away I still might think of
bliss

O.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF A SOUTH-AMERICAN SEAMAN, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO ———

Letter I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

March 1825.

I HAVE just received your letter, requesting me to send you a regular account of my voyages and rambling excursions on the coasts of South America, during the last three years that I have spent on that station, on board H. M. ship D—— What I have witnessed, I would relate to you with regularity and exactness, if it were in my power, but I am sorry to say it is not. Had I kept a journal of daily occurrences, I should have been fully able to comply with your request, but no journal have I kept. It is true, I began one with the laudable intention of filling it with the wonders of the world, and my own wise remarks upon them, and many wonderful things I did insert, so long as they continued to be wonderful, but I soon became so familiarized with the wonders of foreign countries and tropical climates, that my journal became irksome, and in a fit of disgust I one day threw it overboard on the coast of Brazil, where I suppose it now rests, with other precious things, in the bottom of the deep. I have no doubt that

it sunk like lead to the bottom of the mighty waters, for both the writing and the reading, and the number of volumes, made it, in good truth, most remarkably heavy. It is a great consolation, however, that, although so valuable a treasure is lost to the public, the volumes of Mrs Graham and Captain Hall richly fill up the blank. I do not remember any thing in my journal, precious as it was, that could either have improved or contradicted any thing they have said, although I was on that station at the same time with them, and had an opportunity of witnessing the floating spirit of public information concerning the principal occurrences which both of these writers have related.

Yet, my dear friend, though I cannot pretend to give you any additional information concerning the principal public events that have occurred in Brazil, Chili, and Peru, during our stay on the coasts of these countries, still there is a mass of feelings and impressions produced on the mind by visiting them, which, if I could make visible, might be amusing

to the eye of friendship. The feelings awakened in the mind of a landsman by sea-life at first, if he has come to the age of reflection, are strange of themselves; and there is no feeling so strange, so interesting, and sometimes so painful, as that which accompanies our return to the scenes of our boyhood, after a long absence in foreign lands.

It is difficult for any one to conceive, save those who have felt it, the sensation of loneliness and distance, and something akin to everlasting separation from country, home, friendship, and all its endearments, in the green vales of Chili and Peru, after leaving the heathery hills and snow-storms of the north, where youth and its sunny days have fled away for ever,—after embarking on the blue waters, leaving the planets and the stars behind us,—running across the burning climates of the world, into the 60th degree of southern latitude, doubling Cape Horn, and running down again the western side of the South-American continent, towards the Equinoctial Line. After all this, what a strange feeling, to think of home, when it is 15,000 miles behind us! When we take into account the possibilities of danger and destruction, before we can return to it again, we feel as if we had crossed the gulph of death, and were looking back to it from another world! It is then that we think of the streams and the glens of our childhood with the feelings of an exile. When we would raise our eyes to look towards them in fancy, it is vain to look to the east or to the west, to the north or to the south, but we must fancy them far away on the other side of the world, in some slanting direction below our feet. The vision turns more distinct as the eye of fancy continues fixed on it, and we imagine we see those who are dear to us moving like shadows in another hemisphere. Although the seasons with the seaman be changed, and neither spring nor summer brings flowers nor leaves to the face of the deep, yet we delight to calculate the months, and think now is the time when the sower is scattering his seed in the furrows, when the lambs are on the mountains of Scotland, and the mavis building its nest among

the hazel bushes. When we are exposed to the burning rays of a torrid sun at noon-day, we delight to look on the chronometer, and say to ourselves, Now the sun is setting at home,—now it is dark,—now the little family-circle is assembling around the supper-table, or circulating the social glass to the health of friends that are far away. The fancy of the father flies home to the partner of his affections, and he caresses, in imagination, his smiling offspring. The fancy of the son flies home to the embraces of his parents, and he thinks of the mother who wept when she bade him farewell. The fancy of the lover is with his mistress, among the sacred haunts where she first owned to him her affection; and he calculates the hour of night-fall, when she will be walking the rounds his early companionship made dear to her; and he steals to his cabin, turns the lock, that no one may intrude,—takes from his desk her love-letters,—presses to his lips the ringlet of her silken hair,—drops a tear, to think of the devotedness of her affection, and resigns her to the care and the keeping of his God.

Placed in circumstances such as these, where the very best and warmest feelings of the heart are kindled to intensity by absence and time, it is one of the severest privations a seaman is doomed to endure, that distance precludes the possibility of receiving letters. It is nothing to live in a foreign land, or on a foreign sea, where a packet every succeeding month brings an epistle from home, to tell how all went there four weeks ago. But when the Torrid Zone, and the Andes, and Cape Horn, are between, and a twelvemonth elapses and not a syllable is heard from your native land, the heart turns sick with anxiety, and the frightened imagination begins to brood over the possibilities of misfortune or death, that may have occurred in the long interval, uncheered by an epistle from one that is dear. There are few scenes which can be more interesting to the imagination than that of a ship's company on the west side of the Andes, when another man-of-war brings, round the Horn, the mail from England, perhaps eight months old. In that space of time,

every one imagines that there must have been many letters collecting for him on the coasts of Brazil, all waiting for an opportunity of being sent round the Cape, and he fancies that they must be all come together. The first or second cutter is generally the boat sent to bring the news and the letters; and as soon as the boat goes alongside the newly-arrived ship, you may see on board the old one the whole range of the quarter-deck hammock-nettings covered with spy-glasses, all fixed on the boat, to see whether any thing in the shape of a parcel he sent down the ship's side into it or not. The common-seamen, who have no glasses, you may see crowding and squeezing with breathless anxiety, to have a peep through the gun-ports, to perceive, if possible, any thing in the shape of a letter-bag; and as soon as the boat leaves the ship to return, there is an anxious pacing up and down the decks, fore and aft, every one apparently too much occupied with his own reflections, to have either leisure or patience to talk to his neighbour. Some you may see, who, out of a principle of singularity, and affected callousness to all the softer emotions, pretend to turn their companions' anxiety into ridicule, and d—n the idea of home and every thing connected with it; while, at the same time, you can perceive that they have the same warm and anxious feelings about it as their messmates, while they vainly attempt to disguise them. It is also very curious to contemplate the variety of characters and their different sources of anxiety. Here you may see the little midshipman, who has never been at sea before, eagerly expecting a letter from his dear mamma, which, after it arrives, will most likely afford his messmates materials for a twelvemonth's quizzing at the expense of mamma and her dear Fred. Here you may also see the mid. who is a little more knowing, looking out with less anxiety about mamma than about papa's permission to allow him to draw an additional bill of £20 on his banker, for the payment of some gambling debts due to his messmates. And another again, an old stager, anxious about nothing but the *parchment*, the dear *parchment*, that bears

the signs and the seal of his commission to be Lieutenant R. N. See how he trembles with anxious expectation, for, on the back of his letter is marked "*On his Majesty's service.*" This, without doubt, contains the parchment—it bears evident marks of an official letter. See how his hand trembles as he breaks open the seal of the Admiralty. Alas! "Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, from the north nor from the south;" and as he tears the cold, and polite, and laconic epistle to fragments, he exclaims, "D—n Lord Melville, and all the Lords in the Admiralty. I have been mate of the lower deck for the last ten years. Some of those who passed with me at College are made Post-Captains, while I am doomed to serve his Majesty till my hairs be gray, with the *curse of God* upon my collar, and all for 2s. 7d. D—n the service!" Behold a mid. of a different cast,—an Adonis,—a love-sick youth, whose whiskers look most killingly genteel. He too receives a letter; doubtless it is from some great heiress—some exquisite beauty, for he has always been telling his messmates of the conquests he has made, and how many ladies kill him with the kind things they say to him in their epistles. Alas! it is only from brown Sal of Portsmouth.

Here is an epistle for the assistant-surgeon, also impressed with the seal of the Admiralty. How his eyes brighten with hope and expectation! doubtless this is the appointment to be full surgeon of a Brig, thinks he to himself, and across his mind flashes the dream of deliverance from a midshipman's birth. His hammock is no longer doomed to swing in the cock-pit, but his cabin is in the gun-room; and already he has an elegant cot and red curtains, and book-shelves tastefully arranged, and a nice table for his writing-desk, and he is a member of the gun-room mess, and he has a vote at the gun-room table, and he ranks with the Lieutenants, and his delicate stomach is no longer to be tried with the accursed cookery of a midshipman's mess; no longer beef, and pork, and pease-soup to-day; and pork, and beef, and pease-soup to-morrow; and pease-

soup, and beef, and pork next day—all by the way of *varicity*; but he is to have a glorious *blow-out* every day at two o'clock, of hams, and turkeys, and ducks, and vegetables—of potatoes, though they should cost a penny a-piece—and he is to have his walnuts, and his bottle of port or claret every day after dinner—and after his claret is discussed, he is to have his coffee served up in bright clean cups, made with clean water and fresh milk; not like the mids', where he has been obliged to pick rats'-wool and rats'-tails out of his tea-cup, and slay his dozen of maggots, and his hundred of weevils, every time he sat down to his dinner. What a glorious fabric, all this, to be built on a letter from the Admiralty! but, alas! the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, flit away like the baseless fabric of a vision, on breaking up the scal, when he finds that John Wilson Croker, in the name of the Lords of the Admiralty, gives him a "*rap over the knuckles*" for having neglected to keep a regular account of the thermometer going round Cape-Horn! The fairy visions of being a member of the gun-room mess have faded away; and when the boatswain's silver whistle pipes to dinner at the vulgar and unfashionable hour of twelve o'clock at noon, the assistant-surgeon is discovered, with a fainting heart, sitting down among those scampish devils, the mids. of the larboard deck, to discuss his pease and pork, and d—n the stewards of the mess for bringing him a dirty knife and fork, and putting down by his plate a broken tea-cup, to drink his grog, instead of a tumbler. But having spun out this yarn, as the seamen say, to rather an unreasonable length, I shall beg leave to cut the thread for the present, and subscribe myself, yours, &c.

P. S. In looking back on this rignarole epistle, I find it will be impossible, in writing you a series of

recollections and reflections, to *confine* myself to the description of any particular class of impressions. I shall just write when the humour strikes me, and you must expect nothing regular.

"For how the subject's theme may gang,

Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermion."

Perhaps I may write you a description of a man of ton—perhaps a description of the slave-market—perhaps a description of the rejoicings at the birth of the Brazilian princess, and perhaps some recollections of the siege of Bahia—perhaps a description of Lord Cochrane's reception in the theatre of Rio-Janeiro before it was burnt, and perhaps a description of my own reception at his country seat of Quintero in Chili. All these things are within the limits of possibility; but, in the meantime, I will task myself to nothing. With South America I have many delightful and very dear recollections; and if I get into the humour of making them visible, I shall have the happiness of living over again, in imagination, those hours that I have spent in the society of some far-distant friends, whose remembrance will ever be dear to me. However, as I said before, I will task my pen to no particular subject; and whether my next letter may be filled with moral or with pastoral recollections—with foreign descriptions or moral reflections, time will tell. This is the age of criticism. Perhaps I may take into my head to sit down and write a critique on somebody's poetry, or, it may be, to write poetry, and give somebody an opportunity of writing a critique on mine. I think everybody that pretends to criticise poetry ought also to write poetry—just as one who teaches watch-making ought to be able to make a watch himself.

 CLASSICAL CRITICISM.

"Necdum etiam geminos à tergo respicit angues."

Virgil's Æneid, Book 8th, line 697.

VARIOUS explanations have been given of these words, but none of them appears satisfactory. The remark of Servius on the passage is very brief; "*Nondum videbat mortem futuram.*" As the allusion in the text requires elucidation, it ought to have been shown how the approaching death of Cleopatra could be portended by the appearance of two serpents. Ascensius grapples with the difficulty; but, by giving two solutions, plainly shews that he was not perfectly satisfied with either of them. His words are:—"Non respicit adhuc geminos angues a tergo, qui eam persequantur a tergo, quibus mors illi prætendebatur; hoc est, nondum videbat mortem sibi imminentem. Nam gemini angues mortem prætendere putantur. Aut angues vocat cornua exercitus Augusti." The second solution seems absurd. With regard to the former, the assertion of Ascensius, that the mere seeing of two serpents was considered to be an omen of impending death, seems hardly entitled to credit. To see a serpent, was by the Romans esteemed unlucky. But it seems unreasonable to suppose they could believe that the seeing of one or more serpents (in their country no very uncommon occurrence) portended death. Besides, there is not, we believe, a single passage in any classical author from which we can infer that such an opinion was entertained by the Romans. What Ascensius has asserted appears to be a mere assumption, for the purpose of removing the difficulty. Taubman supposes that Virgil alludes to the manner of Cleopatra's death, which was occasioned by her applying an asp to her arm. He says:—"Nondum videbat mortem futuram quam aspde ad brachium admotâ sibi consutura esset." But this explanation is irreconcilable with the word "geminos." Heyne's view of the passage is similar to that of Taubman, and is as follows:—"Necdum mortem futuram, admotâ sibi aspde,

prospicit aut cogitat." And to obviate the difficulty of the word "geminos," he adds, "*Sequitur forte Virgilius famam, aliquam duos cum angues sibi admovisse.*" He says, that, according to Plutarch, there were many reports of the manner of Cleopatra's death, and that *perhaps* one of these was, that she had been bitten by two asps; and seems to think that the account of her death by Paterculus favours this conjecture. But there is not, either in Paterculus or Plutarch, the slightest hint of a report that more than one of these reptiles had been brought to Cleopatra. There were various reports, not concerning the number of asps, but concerning the manner of her death: some affirming that she had died in consequence of being bitten by an asp, while others asserted that her death had been occasioned by poison. There is another difficulty in Heyne's comment. It seems strange that he should explain "a tergo respicit" by "prospicit," or "cogitat."

It is submitted to the classical scholar, whether the following explanation does not remove the difficulty of the passage. Serpents were supposed to be the genii or guardians of places and countries. The words of Dempster on the subject, in his *Roman Antiquities*, are:—"Hanc sui tutelam, seu regionis numen, seu denique genium, anguis specie depingebant. Angues autem apud veteres pro genii locorum erant habiti semper." Hence Virgil represents Æneas, when he had offered libations at the tomb of his father Anchises, and when a serpent appeared and tasted the banquet, as uncertain whether he should think the "anguis" to be a genius of the place, or the attendant of his father.

"Incertus geniumne loci, famulumne parentis,
Esse putet." Vir. Æn. v. 95.

Besides, it appears from Persius, Sat. l. 113, *Præge duos ungues, pueri, sacer est locus*, &c. that it was cus-

tomary to paint on temples, or sacred places, *two* serpents, in order to deter from the committing of nuisance. May we not then reasonably infer that places and countries were considered to be under the guardianship of *two* serpents? When the *two* serpents, "*gemini angues*," attacked Laocoon and his sons, and fled afterwards to Minerva's temple, the people ascribed the fate of Laocoon to his impiety in hurling his spear against the wooden horse consecrated to Minerva:—

"*Et scelus expendiase merentem
Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspide robur
Lacerat, et tergo sceleratam intorserit
hastam.*"

Vir. Æn. II. 229.

When we consider that Virgil takes every opportunity of illustrating his poem by describing the customs and manners, and particularly the religion and superstitions of his country, the passage referred to strengthens the probability of the supposition,

that *two* genii, or serpents, were considered by the Romans to be the guardians of any place or thing that was sacred. Now, from the lines that immediately follow the words which we are endeavouring to elucidate, as well as from line 688 of the same book,

"*Sequiturque (nefas) Ægyptia conjux*,"

it may be seen that Virgil wishes to represent the hostility of Cleopatra as contrary to the religion and best interests of the Roman empire. And as Cleopatra had come with her Egyptian gods to attack the Romans and their gods, is there not a poetical beauty in the idea, that on the shield described in this passage there were represented, behind Cleopatra, and unseen by her, two serpents, the guardians of the empire, or of that particular place, as pursuing her for the purpose of avenging her impiety in daring to attack the sacred territory of the Romans?

ANSWER TO C. C.'S DEFENCE OF IRISH MIRACLES,
&c. &c. &c.

Part II. and last.

"*Illud unum sciant Reges, nihil magis cordi esse Pontifici et ejus asseclis, quam ut Regiam potestatem vilem reddant, infirmam, imbecilem, et abjectam.*"—*Spulat.*

"Let *Kings* take notice of this, that the *POPES* and their followers make it their business to lessen the *authority* of Princes, and to make it as *weak* and *contemptible* as they can."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN our last article, we answered *cursorily* J. K. L.'s questions, "Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the middle ages?" "Who imported literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford?" "Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation?" "Who discovered the new world, and opened a passage to another?" "Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, of music?" "Who invented the compass, and the art of printing?" "Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research and profound literature?" "Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear again little less than the angels?" "Were not they, he asks, almost *exclusively* the professors of our creed?"

These questions we have already answered cursorily, and should proceed to notice, as was intended, C. C.'s vindication of the "*Invocation of Saints*," "*Purgatory*," "*Transubstantiation*," "*The real Presence*,"—and the sacrifice of the Mass, &c.:—but the subject of *literature* is so delightful, and the exercise of tracing its restoration so agreeable to our feelings, and, we trust, to those of the public, that we cannot leave it, and the other queries, without *further* remark.

The answer to the *first* of these queries,—"*Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the middle ages?*"—leads back the mind

to a period of sterility and gloom, when every flower in the walks of literature faded and died, and every Muse "hung her harp upon the willows."

From the incursions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and those tumultuous scenes of desolation and horror which such barbarians produced, the arts and the sciences, it is true, took refuge among the *Bishops* and *monastic* orders of the seventh century, where learning was not yet extinguished, and before what is called *Papery* had introduced many of her most debasing rites, and ceremonies, and erroneous doctrines. Here, for a century or two, their scattered remains were collected, and received such a degree of culture as just preserved them alive, and from perishing. The fine specimens of Grecian and Roman literature came to be forgotten. The study of the ancient doctors was looked upon as *alone* necessary: what was called the "*seven liberal arts*" were all that was required as a preparatory introduction to the study of the scriptures: the treasures of celestial wisdom were all supposed to centre in the *Fathers*! the libraries formed in these Monasteries consisted *principally* of the productions of Christian writers, and the *chief* business of the Monks was to transcribe and disperse these among the *few* that had ability or time to read them.

The ancient classics, which escaped the savage fury of Gothic ignorance, lay in these Monasteries as little better than so much *lumber*, or were preserved as curiosities; none knew their rare and intrinsic value. The ignorance of the Monks and Clergy, together with a *vague* and *undefined* idea of their excellence, *alone* preserved them, and happily left many of them entire, to be transmitted to more enlightened and liberal times,—times which could appreciate their value, and admire their rich and transcendent beauties*.

Had the sublime ideas contained in the classics been known generally, the bigotry which was setting in like a flood would not have left a vestige of them remaining. Ignorance, and the ignorance, too, of Abbots, Bishops, and Clergy, alone preserved them. Every sort of learning and erudition, but the writings of the *Fathers* and *Doctors*, they considered as pernicious to the progress of piety. Acting on this idea, *Gregory* the GREAT, with Gothic barbarity, ordered a *multitude* of Pagan writings, and among others, *Livy's Roman History*, to be committed to the flames†.

The discouragement which this mighty Pontiff gave to profane literature sealed its doom, and Greek and Roman authors lay almost as little known for centuries, in the cloisters of the Monks, as the *Pandects* amidst the ruins of *Anaphi*. Hence, even in the sixth century, Grecian literature came to be almost totally neglected: grammatical subtilties and quibbles were substituted in its place; eloquence was degraded into rhetorical rant, or noisy declamation; the *liberal arts* shared in the common calamity, and appeared only the *ghosts* of what they were; the study of philosophy was not only derided, but denounced, by the *illiberal ignorance* of the times, not only as useless, but even pernicious to all those who devoted themselves to the service of religion; the *modern Platonic philosophy*, which had for a series of ages produced such divisions and tumults in the Christian Church, and had blended its errors with the purity and simplicity of the Gospel, gave way, through the celebrated *Boethius*, the privy-counsellor of *Theodoric*, King of the *Ostrogoths* in Italy, to the doctrine of *Aristotle*, which now rose into a high degree of credit, as it armed the Priesthood with the subtilties of a contentious logic, and the depths of *peripatetical* wisdom, enabling them to defend the errors of the Church, and overwhelm the Bishop of Constantinople, who claimed unrivalled sovereignty over the Eastern Churches, and who, maintaining that his Church, in point of dignity, was no way inferior to that of Rome, repelled, with ineffable con-

* See Fleury, Discours sur l'Histoire Eccles. depuis l'an 600, &c. Sect. 21. p. 56 tom. xiii. et Histoire Litter. de la France, Tom. III. Sect. 32. p. 12.

Benedict. Anianensis, Concordia Regularum, lib. ii. p. 55—61—75—80—100. lib. iii. p. 16—41, &c.

† See Gabriel Liron, Singularities Histor. et Litter. Tom. 1. p. 166.

tempt, the impertinent and impious assertion, that the Roman Pontiff was constituted "*Judge in the place of God*, and which he filled as the vicegerent of the Most High*."

The Roman Pontiff, however, at last prevailed. But these contentions covered Literature with disgrace, and banished her to the shades of almost impenetrable darkness. The arts of a rapacious Priesthood, now no longer controlled, were substituted for the liberal arts, and the torch of science was extinguished, instead of being kindled by the vows and prayers offered to departed saints, as their celestial and all-powerful mediators. The riches and the power of the Popes and the Clergy became in time immense; but instead of employing their influence and their wealth to promote the arts and sciences, they neglected the duties of their stations, and became infected with those vices which are too often the consequences of unbounded affluence. The result was, that during the whole of the seventh century, scarcely a star of the least magnitude arose in the horizon of literature. The darkness and ignorance of this barbarous period will not be credited by those who are unacquainted with its *true* history. The greatest number of those who were deemed men of learning, spent their time in *legendary lore*, the *Novels* of those days†,—in reading the marvellous lives of fanatical saints; while those who were distinguished by their taste and their genius, confined their studies to the works of St. Augustine and Gregory the Great. These writings afforded *scraps* to the ignorant and lazy Priesthood, and enabled them to *patch* up some *homily*, which they were bound to deliver to the people, on Sundays, and Festivals, and Holidays.

Even the Bishops themselves were so illiterate, that *few*, very few of them indeed, could either read or compose their homilies! So sunk and degraded were they in all that was literary, that *Alfred the Great* was *almost* the *only* man in the kingdom that could be called learned. In short, during the *middle ages*, science had fled—ignorance and superstition prevailed; and the treasures of antiquity, which were preserved in the Cathedrals and Monasteries, were as little known, and as little valued, as a rusted old casket which contains in it a jewel, while nobody knows any thing of its true value and loveliness.

Greece did not, in this age, form an exception to this rule. In the East and West thick darkness brooded over the nations. Only one little island, *Iona*, in the Western Hebrides of Scotia, formed an exception. From it alone darted a *ray* of light, which was destined to re-illumine the horizon, and to make literature and science look forth again as the morning, after a night of trouble and darkness.

From this little spot, WALES was enlightened. The See of York, at that time bounded by the Firth of Forth in Scotland, with the other parts of England, came gradually to be instructed: Charlemagne received from Britain his preceptor, the famous Alcuin‡, and Alfred derived his knowledge from reading and studying the works of the venerable *Bede*, who derived his knowledge from the disciples of St. Columba.

But this knowledge was not an acquaintance with the arts and sciences, but with a wretched Theology. The infelicity of the times rendered all the efforts and zeal of a Charlemagne and of an Alfred vain, for the advancement of learning, though their patronage of learned men was great, and

* See Ennodius, *Apologeticum pro Synodo*, in the 15th volume of the Bibliotheca Magna Patrum, p. 248. Edit. Paris.

See also Geddes's Dissertation on the Papal Supremacy. Vol. II. of his Miscellaneous Tracts.

† These Novels paid their authors even better than the most popular works of the great and wonderful UNKNOWN.

‡ Alcuin—Egbert—Clemens—Dungallus—Acca—Johannes Scotus—Erigena, and others, were all British, Scotch, or Irish authors.

We refer those who wish to see a full account of the ignorance of the middle ages, and especially of the Clergy, to "*Histoire Littéraire de la France*. Tom. iii. p. 428. Mabillon, *Analecta Veteris Evi*, Tom. 1. p. 42.

their munificence unbounded. The wretched and incoherent fragments of erudition that yet remained among the Clergy were confined to Monasteries and the Episcopal schools, and lay buried there; the zeal of the Monkish and Priestly Orders being more set upon improving their revenues than improving their minds, or cultivating the sciences; their ignorance increased with their possessions, and their indolence with their authority.

These observations answer the question,—“Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the middle ages?”—and show, that while Monks preserved it, it was preserved by them as a miser preserves his gold, with this difference, that a miser knows well the value of the shining metal; but they knew nothing of the precious treasure they were ignorantly keeping; for, if they had known its contents, their bigotry and superstitions, like Gregory's, would have led them to commit these invaluable works, as heretical, to the flames; on this score, then, Roman Catholics have nothing to boast of in preserving these writings, but disgrace. If they “preserved science and literature,” and knew their value, for humanizing and improving mankind, were they not verily guilty for concealing them from the world, and keeping minds in ignorance and debasement, which they ought, as teachers, to have enlightened, elevated, and refined?

Having thus shown, that, as the preservers of science and literature, the Roman Catholics have no merit, and no claim to our gratitude, any more than the ruins of Amalphi for covering a copy of the *Pandects*, we now proceed to answer J. K. L.'s second question—“Who imported literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an Asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford?”

The answer J. K. L. naturally expects to be returned is, “the Catholic Priesthood, and they alone.”

Now, will it be credited, that no such answer can be returned! That neither Popes, nor Clergy, nor Papists, “imported literature from Constantinople;” nor were they those who founded the Schools and Universities of Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford. If any one is to have the merit of importing, or rather exporting literature from Constantinople, it is due to Mahomet II., who, in 1453, compelled by his cruelties the literati of Constantinople and Greece to flee from their homes, and seek refuge in foreign lands. Some of them fleeing to Italy, were kindly received by the illustrious family of the Medici, by Alphonsus VI. King of Naples,—by the King of France and Emperor of Germany,—and by almost every city and University of note in Europe. The fame of these illustrious exiles was soon spread; and Leo the Tenth, though not the “importer,” yet partaking of the elegant taste of his family, the Medici, became also their zealous patron and protector. Through these exiles, who imported themselves, and who were thus happily patronized, and munificently rewarded, Grecian literature spread rapidly throughout the western world, and an elegant taste for the “belles-lettres” was formed.

Had Pope Nicholas V. or Leo X. sent to Constantinople for these polite scholars,—had they felt with Ovid, that—

—“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

Learning, when deep, and useful, and refined,
Communicates its polish to the mind:

had they felt this, and sent for these literati, from a conviction that the liberal arts are the surest mode of refining the manners, and subduing the fierce dispositions of the savage and untutored, then all praise would be due to them. But this was not the case, neither was it their object. Their view was to be able, by them, and the literature they taught, to triumph over the Greek Church, which had long been the master of the Latin in learning, and to obtain a conquest by those weapons by which hitherto they had been foiled.

The Academies of “Florence” and “Padua,” and the Universities of

“Paris” and “Oxford,” were *not* founded by Popes, any more than were those of Angers, Bologna, Modena, Naples, Thoulouse, Salamanca, Lyons, Salerno, Cordova, and Seville. Some of these, with others, were founded by the Saracens, and opulent individuals, as well as kings.

The Normans and Saracens, not the Pope or his Priesthood, were, in truth, the *restorers* of learning in Europe. The school of Salerno, in Naples, founded by the Saracens in the 11th century, was famous. Thither youth from all parts of Europe crowded to study physic, and obtain an acquaintance with, what in those days were called, “the *seven liberal arts*,” viz. “grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy.”

Of these, *logic*, under which *metaphysics* were in part comprehended, was the favourite study. The talented youth were so enamoured with this branch of philosophy, that they forsook all others for it. A youth, well versed in *dialectics*, i. e. in logical and metaphysical knowledge, was reputed sufficiently learned, and was, in the opinion of the age, supposed to stand in need of no other branches of erudition! The result of this was, a thorough contempt of languages and eloquence—of the more elegant sciences and the finer arts; and this contempt, spreading its baneful influence throughout all the Latin provinces, introduced that barbaric and pedantic sophistry which dishonoured, in succeeding ages, the republic of letters, and corrupted, in a most hideous manner, the present systems of literature and science.

The *chief* restorers of learning in early times were the Britons, Charlemagne, Alfred, Lewis the Meek, Charles the Bald, Lotharius II., Fredrick II., Alphonsus King of Leon and Naples, Gilbert, the Medici Family; but, above all, the Saracens, who were, in reality, the first restorers of letters in Europe, and who taught, successfully, in those days, mathematics, astronomy, physic, and philosophy, as these were taught and flourished in the Arabian schools.

A few shining examples among the Popes there certainly were, who encouraged learning, but their encouragement was confined to the languages, theology, and the Aristotelian philosophy. Every other kind of philosophy they were jealous of; and if, in their apprehension, it militated in the *least* degree against Scripture, or the system of the universe, such as they conceived it to be, the persons who taught or believed it were instantly persecuted, or put to death.

We gave, formerly, the case of Alphonso, King of Arragon and Castile, who was excommunicated and deposed by the Pope, because he had the temerity to proclaim the *true* laws of Nature, and to ridicule the Ptolemaic system, which is now universally exploded. We here give two other instances, to show that Popery is no friend to philosophy, and consequently could never be the *restorer* of that which it persecuted and proscribed.

The *first* case we allude to is that of the illustrious Roger Bacon, the greatest genius of his age, and the ornament of the British nation,—the brightest star, at that time, in the horizon of literature, and honoured with the title of “the *admirable* Doctor.” His discoveries, at that early period, in astronomy, chemistry, optics, mathematics, the mechanical arts, and his acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew languages, are truly astonishing. In his studies, and deep research, he associated with himself Arnold of Villa Nova, and Petrus de Abano of Padua, men profoundly versed, for the age, in the above sciences. And what was their reward for their eminence in literature, from the Pope, the Church, or the Priesthood? Dungeons! Death!!! After Arnold and Abano had died in prison, the Inquisition, that *infernal* engine of Popish persecution, ordered their *dead* bodies to be brought before its tribunal, and they were committed, by it, to the flames, for the *novelties* they had introduced into the republic of letters*!

* See Nic. Antonij Biblioth. vetus Hispan. Tom. ii. lib. ix. c. 1. p. 74. Pierre Joseph. Vie D'Arnaud de Ville Neuve, Aix 1719.

Also, Joh. Maria Mazzuchelle Notizie Storiche e critiche intorno alla vita de Pietro d'Abano, in Angeli Calogerie Opusculi Scientifici et Philologici Tom. xiii. p. 1. l. iv.

Bacon was thrown into a loathsome dungeon for two years; and a furious and enraged populace, misled by an ignorant Priesthood, looking on him as a *heretic*, thirsted for his blood, because he had studied astrology, and made discoveries in chemistry.

A similar fate attended the celebrated *Galileo*, the famous Florentine philosopher and mathematician. For adopting the sentiments of Copernicus, with respect to the *solar system*, this *eminent* man was cast into prison by the court of the Inquisition, where he languished and died, notwithstanding the munificence and protection of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany.

Descartes and Gassendi, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Leibnitz, and the two Bernoulli, were, with Malebranche, Arnauld, L'Ami, Nicole, and Pascal, men of illustrious fame, looked on with great jealousy by the *Popes*, and treated with the utmost contumely by the *Peripatetics*, whose credit they ruined. These exasperated scholastics accused them of irreligion, and Father Hardouin went so far as to charge them with Atheism, in his "*Athei Detecti*."

The reason of all this was plain. The Cartesian system aimed, they imagined, at restoring the authority of reason, and the light of *true* philosophy, which were absurd and useless weapons to defend the pretensions of Rome, and the cause of Popery. The subtle, and intricate, and incomprehensible jargon of the Peripatetics did this admirably; and hence the Peripatetics were beloved by the Jesuits, and the Pope and the Cartesians hated, and slandered, and persecuted by them.

Thus it appears, that, from the days of Alphonso, in the beginning of the 11th century, down to Galileo's time in the 17th, the Popes of Rome and their disciples could not endure the light of true philosophy, or bear with those who threw off the yoke of Aristotle: even those who had, on the continent, embraced the *new* philosophy of a Newton, a Bacon, and a Locke, held it in *secrecy*, for fear of the displeasure and resentment of Rome; and it was not till it was known that the Roman pontiffs tolerated the *new* discoveries in metaphysics, mathematics, and natural philosophy, that the admirers of this new philosophy openly broke their bonds, and joyfully and boldly casting them from them, sprang forward with that freedom and energy in the search of truth, which, while it has enlightened, continues to be the pride and glory of our age. In like manner we have seen, that neither the Academies of Florence and Padua, nor the Universities of Paris and Oxford, are indebted for their foundation to the Pontiffs, or to any principle in Popery, but to far different causes,—to the desire of kings and princes to humanize their subjects, for the establishing of good order and good government among them, thereby improving at once their minds and their morals. This was their avowed object and design; while we see how fatally the ignorance and vices of the Popes and the Clergy, with the turbulence and barbarism of the times, prevented these designs, and rendered all their endeavours abortive. These facts sufficiently answer J. K. L.'s *second* question, and prove that neither the Pope nor his Clergy were the restorers of literature. His *third* is still more easily answered,—"*Who polished Europe by art?*" The Goths and Grecians in architecture, and the Crusades in politeness and chivalry. The Ostrogoths, instead of destroying, preserved among them the monuments of taste and genius. They not only preserved, but invented some of the arts dependent on design. The composition of the "*Mosaic*" is theirs. The introduction of the paintings of Greece gave rise, in 1350, to the Florentine school; but the works of Ciambua, Giotto, Gaddi, &c., were without elegance or grace; and, till the end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century, they remained much the same, when the Reformation, "*casting its shadows before*," gave a *new* turn, and put a new spirit in man for every thing that could exalt or adorn his nature. For ages the arts lay in obscurity or contemptible mediocrity; but now they rose at once to splendour, and to the highest pitch of excellence. The spirit of Appelles and Zeuxis, of Glycon, Phidias, and Praxiteles, seemed all at once to have entered into an Angelo, a Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, and made them contemplate with other eyes than those of their predecessors the paintings and sculptures of ancient times. Italy stood not alone: Switzerland, Flan-

ders, and Germany, rivalled her, and produced artists of consummate skill and genius. Titian, Correggio, and Parmeggiano, adorned *Venice*, and upheld the glory of Lombardy; while the *Flemish* school, though quite of a different character, as working in oil-painting, which it invented, shone with resplendent lustre. Rubens was the chief ornament of that school, as Hans Holbein was of that of Switzerland.

Sculpture vied with painting, and was coeval with it; while the Grecian architecture inspired the Florentines to copy it, and the age of Leo X. saw it brought to high perfection. The art of engraving on copper,—of etching by means of aquafortis, and in *mezzotinto*, followed in rapid succession. The art of printing was also invented, and added splendour to the era of the Reformation, that new birth of the intellectual powers of man.

But the *fine arts*, let it be observed, can exist in despotic as well as in free Governments; and excellence in the sciences and the arts is not incompatible with arbitrary power. Not so with true religion, sound philosophy, and a free press. These must ever be the destruction of tyranny. They cannot both exist at the same time: the art of printing was discovered,—the productions of the fine arts multiplied,—knowledge became rapidly diffused, and Papal Domination received her last wound.

Painting, sculpture, engraving, and printing, all revived from causes foreign to Popery, and would have flourished long before, in all probability, but for the ignorance and superstition with which Popery and Priestcraft filled the *Western* world. The moment the Reformation commenced, a new impulse was given to the human mind. The love of religious liberty fired the soul: it kindled the holy flame of civil freedom. The mind, agitated and roused by delightful prospects, displayed new powers. The art of printing carried a knowledge of science and art on the wings of the wind. It made mind to touch mind, like the steam navigation, which brings distant places to each other's doors, and makes distant countries to touch, as it were, one another, imparting to each a communion of their hitherto-peculiar treasures.

From the beginning of the sixteenth century, on to this hour, classical learning, criticism, poetry, history, and philosophy, have made the most rapid marches in all the enlightened nations of Europe. Till the Reformation arose and shone upon us, mankind, in like manner, were unacquainted with the nature of civil and religious liberty. Luther and Calvin, no doubt, led the way, but it was *Knox* who understood thoroughly, and preached boldly, the true principles of freedom. The Reformation added wings to philosophy, and philosophy supplied the Reformation with profound arguments. *Bacon* appeared to dissipate the clouds of error that hung over our intellectual horizon, and to open the prison-doors which had been shut on science and philosophy, and to allow them to go abroad unincumbered with the fetters of vain and intolerant systems.

Newton opened up a new world, and *Locke*, by his method of investigating the human mind, laid open the soul, by attending to its operations. Literature walked hand in hand with Philosophy,—the *Lusiad* of Camoens, the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso, the *Fairy Queen* of Spencer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, the *Paradise Lost*, Cowley, Waller, and George Buchanan, were either in their originals, or through translations, all assisting to "polish Europe by art, and refine it by legislation;" while they tended, more or less, each of them in their turn, to expose the blind bigotry of that religion which J. K. L. would have us to believe was, through its Pontiffs, the great promoter of this change!

But let us next see "Who refined Europe by legislation?" We have, in a manner, anticipated the answer, by saying, that assuredly it was not the Pope or his Priesthood, or their blind adherents. We have sought in vain among these for this refined legislation. Where, we ask, among them, is it to be found? Is it in the *Feudal System*? in the Constitutions of Charlemagne or his successors? in the History of Britain at the Norman Conquest? or Alfred the Great, or Henry II., or "MAGNA CHARTA," wrested from JOHN (Lackland) by his Barons? or in the Revolution of

Switzerland? or the Ancient Constitution of Scotland? or the discovery of America, and the Constitution given her? or in the Constitution of the Republic of Holland? or that of Portugal and Spain under Philip III. and Philip IV.? or that of Peter the Great, the Czar of Moscovy, and Charles the XII., King of Sweden?

In no one of these can we discover "*refined legislation*" brought about by the principles of Popery, or the wisdom of her Pontiffs. Indeed we find the very reverse. Instead of refining Christendom by their wise legislation, we see nothing, for more than FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, but contentions between the Imperial and the Papal powers. The whole object of the Pontiffs, during all that time, was to increase their temporal jurisdiction, and to be lords of the ascendant everywhere. Their true motto was "*Divide et impera*;" and, by plots and factions, to keep the sovereigns in a perpetual ferment, that they might rule their kingdoms. But, perhaps, by "*refined legislation*," C. C. means the *absolute* power the Popes obtained over the kings of the earth, and the abject state they oftentimes reduced them to. How refined was the legislation and conduct of Urban II. when he excommunicated Henry IV., and prompted his *two* sons to rebel against their father? What refined legislation was that, in Pope Alexander III., to compel Frederic I. (Barbarossa) to *kiss* his holiness's feet? And in Pope Celestine to *kick* the imperial crown from the head of Henry VI., when doing homage to him on his knees? and, not to mention more of this kind of refined legislation, was it not noble in Pope Innocent III. to dispose of the crown of England, in contempt of King *John*, and to attempt to *assassinate* and then to *poison* Frederick II.?—an aim which that prince openly and avowedly attributed to Papal resentment.

In these acts do we discover refined legislation or holy conduct? But instead of these, he may possibly mean the Pope's moving the Emperor of Germany, in the tenth century, to make Venice and Genoa tributaries to him, and to command the former to receive a *Doge*, with the title of the Duke of Dalmatia, and bidding that aristocratic and arbitrary Republic go and subdue Istria, Spalatro, Ragusa, and Narenza.

But, to none of all these, it is probable, he may allude as instances of "*refined legislation*." It is likely he refers to the Constitutions of Charlemagne, of Alfred the Great, and "*Magna Charta*." If so, we tell him plainly, that neither Popish principles nor Popish councils had any share in such legislation! The model which each and all of these copied from was that of the *Jewish* state, as found in the *Old Testament*, or, which is the same thing, as was found in the laws and customs of the Ancient Germans, Franks, and Britons.

The Salique and Feudal Laws are nothing but modifications of the Mosaic Code, with the additions in the books of Joshua, Judges, and Kings. Grotius shews that the Governments of Gaul, Germany, and Britain, were the same as that of the Hebrews, till changed by the Romans.

The *clans* are nothing but the tribes of Israel, and the chieftains the heads of the tribes. The land of Israel was divided into *twelve* parts, or districts,—the Judges were to go through the cities and visit them,—able men, as heads of the tribe, were to be set over the people,—these were rulers of hundreds, and rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens,—these were to meet and judge the people at all seasons, bringing only, by appeal, the hard cases to Moses.

Alfred had an eye to all this; and accordingly he divides England into *counties*, with their subdivisions of hundreds and tithings, or decennaries: he sets a *borgholder*, or ruler, over a decennary, or *ten* families, and ten of these families composed the hundred, making *ten* rulers over them. Every householder was made answerable for his family; and the tithing-man, *i. e.* the *tenth* man placed over them, answerable for all within his tithing. When differences happened, the tithing-man had the assistance of the rest of his decennary,—an appeal lay from the decennary to the court of the hundred, which was assembled every four weeks; and the cause was tried by a jury

of *twelve* freeholders, sworn to do impartial justice *. An annual meeting of the hundred was held for the regulation of the police of the district. The County-court, superior to that of the hundred, and consisting of all the freeholders, met *twice* a-year, after Michaelmas and Easter, to determine appeals from the hundreds, and settle disputes between the inhabitants of different hundreds; and the ultimate appeal from these courts lay to the King in council. The laws by which these courts were regulated form, at this moment, the *bases* of the common law of England.

The constitution of Charlemagne was of course similar, being copied, with a few modifications, from the same model. He divided the Empire into provinces, and these into districts, each comprehending a certain number of counties. These districts were governed by Royal Envoys, (Judges,) chosen from the Clergy and Nobles, and bound to an exact visitation of their territories every *three* months. These Envoys met at stated periods, to discuss the affairs of the district, examine the conduct of the Magistrates, and redress the grievances of individuals.

Pepin *le Bref* introduced *Annual* Parliaments, or Assemblies, held, at first, in March, and afterwards in *May*, when the chief estates of the Clergy and Nobles were called to deliberate on the public affairs and the wants of the people. Charlemagne, in place of an annual Parliament, held these Assemblies *twice* in the year, one in Spring and another in Autumn. In the Autumn meeting, all affairs were prepared and digested; and in the Spring, the business of the Legislature was carried on. Of this Assembly, he made the people a party, by admitting from each of the *twelve* provinces, or districts, into which he had divided the empire, *twelve* deputies, or representatives. The Assembly thus consisted of the *three* estates, *i. e.* the Clergy, the Barons, and the people, who had each a separate chamber, which discussed apart the concerns of its own order, and afterwards united to communicate their resolutions, or to deliberate on their common interests. The Sovereign was never present at this Assembly, unless when called to ratify its decrees †.

These regulations were admirable. By them Charlemagne balanced the several orders of the state, whilst he remained master of all. But this "refined legislation," as well as that of Alfred, arose, not from their being Papists, but from their being Christians, and warm and zealous admirers of the Jewish economy, and the ancient institutions of the Franks and Britons. The same thing may be said of the improvements of Henry II., one of the wisest princes who ever sat upon a throne, as also of the provisions found laid down in "*Magna Charta*." The wisdom and sagacity of the *Barons* on that occasion put to shame, while they negative these questions of J. K. L. "Has there been any form of Government ever devised by man, to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated?" "Is there any obligation either to a Prince or to a Constitution which it does not enforce?" We answer, in point:—*Thomas Becket*, raised by Henry II. to be Chancellor of England and Archbishop of Canterbury, violated his "*obligations*" to his Prince, and took part with the Pope against his Sovereign: and the *Barons* of King John disregarded both the commands of their Sovereign and the mandates of Pope Innocent III., and *compelled* John, though their King, with their swords in their hands, to yield to their demands at Runnymede.

These facts, we say, answer the questions of J. K. L. by a flat contradiction, while they prove, that neither Britain nor France was ever polished "by the art of Rome, or refined by her legislation." We have already answered C. C.'s appeal as to the "poets" that have flourished. The same observations may be applied to the "historians,"—the jurists, and "men of deep research and profound literature," to whom he alludes. Unless he can *identify* their several talents with Catholicism, he does nothing in sup-

* This is the origin of the present Trial by Jury.

† See Charlemagne's Capitularies for 811, 812, and others; as also, Tytler's Elements of Ancient and Modern History.

port of his cause. Would he allow us, as Protestants, to identify the truth of Protestantism, by reference to a Shakespeare or a Milton, a Newton, a Bacon, or a Locke, and a thousand other great names we might here bring forward, as holding the doctrines of the Reformation? If he would not, as a Catholic, admit this mode of proof for the truth and excellence of Protestantism, neither can we admit his from these "historians, jurists, and men of deep research and profound literature," as an evidence and *irrefragable* proof of the excellence and innocence of Popery. Learning and great talents are as often in alliance with *error* in religion as with vicious conduct; were it otherwise, then, on the principles of J. K. L., the profound literature of a Spinoza and a Hobbes would prove *Atheism* to be true and harmless. Nay, what is more, the eloquence of a Demosthenes and a Cicero, of a Plato and a Seneca, would prove Paganism to be divine.

These observations expose and refute J. K. L.'s appeal for Catholics being qualified for political power in Britain, and which appeal, we must admit, is one of the most finished pieces of Jesuitical sophistry we have seen in modern times, and terminating with a panegyric on the effects of Popery, in forming the character, and raising human nature to such a pitch, as to make "man appear again little less than the angels"!!!

When human nature is to be found thus exalted, we are completely at a loss to discover. We asked ourselves, when reading it, Is it to be found thus exalted among the Roman Catholics of Ireland, whose poverty, and profligacy, and crimes, and ignorance, make the heart, in thinking of them, sick even to loathing? Is it to be found among the various orders of Friars and Nuns, Dominicans or Franciscans, who worry one another about the "*immaculate conception*," and commit the most horrid impostures, pretending to miracles, in order to establish it? Is it to be found among the *Jesuits*, that *glorious society of angels*, whose maxims dispense with all the obligations of evangelical purity,—who level the precepts of the Gospel to the corrupt passions of men,—who make our tendency to future happiness consistent with the transitory and [guilty pleasures and enjoyments of this world,—and who, by their artifices of sanctimony, pious flights, easy devotions, and other compliances of human invention, bring the Christian religion into contempt, and introduce into it that *deism* which they pretend to abhor,—whose strange tenets about revenge, calumnies, lies, perjuries, and restitution, equivocation, mental reservations, shifting, and directions of the intention, and that consummation of all extravagance, their doctrine of *probable opinions*? When we sincerely reflect on these, and their bringing to nothing the obligations which lie on men to avoid dissimulation in every shape and form, we cannot find in the Jesuits, as a society, that "*angelic*" and "exalted nature," which is here eulogized as the offspring of Popery.

But perhaps he means that we shall see it in the *fathers* of the Inquisition, whose love to their race was so great, as to make them *burn* the body to *save* the soul! Or in the lives of the *Popes*, who, pretending to be the *vicars* of CHRIST on earth, reigned with a *lie* in their right hand: while they assumed the power of the *two swords*, the spiritual and the temporal,—subduing the conscience by the one, and attempting to subjugate kings and princes by the other; while the people were *gulled* and imposed upon by a multiplicity of rites and ceremonies, of penances and mortifications; absolving them, not only for the past, but granting them indulgence for the future, and blasphemously pretending to sell, in the name of the ALMIGHTY, a *charter* for the commission of every atrocity by which his fair creation is deformed!

In the Church of Rome on earth, then, though many burning and shining lights are *truly* to be found, we can find no such "*angels*," unless it be those *saints* who are now on the Roman Kalendar, and concerning some of whom, such as *St. Dominic*, the founder of the Inquisition, and *Ignatius Loyola*, the father of the Jesuits—the less that is said the better. Were the lives of the saints written impartially, and without any mixture of prejudice, they would afford abundant matter for reflection, and pre-

sent not a few mournful instances of weak humanity. But this is not the place for such narratives. It is sufficient to remark, that throughout the varied *orders* of the Romish Church we look in vain for any "angels" but *fallen* ones; though they, in their stead, "oppose and exalt themselves above all that is called God, or that is worshipped: so that" their *Pope*, "as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God, by disseminating his erroneous principles, and his *celestial* army, the Jesuits, whose fruits and deeds are "not for the healing of the nations."

Is this denied? Look to Ireland,—to her state of morals and religion, the education of the Roman Catholic youth, and their disregard of the laws, and say, What is the cause of all these? We aver it is Catholicism, and Catholicism alone. Had Popery been *rooted* out, at the time of the Reformation, in that fine country, as it was in England and Scotland, the Irish would long ago have been a *moral*, an orderly, and a happy people. That *wretched* system has entailed on them all their miseries. Had they been contending for *truth*, they would have met the approbation of every lover of science, of sound philosophy, and right reason: but in contending for a system which reason spurns and common sense condemns, and to give up for it all that makes life comfortable and happy, is an instance of the power of *fanaticism* far more astonishing than Hohenlohe's miracles.

Temporal comfort, were it nothing else, should lead to make them abjure a *form* of religion which is so injurious, and so incompatible with their true interests. Prosperous manufactures and Popery are incompatible; the one is a dead weight upon the other, and render a Catholic population incapable to compete with a Protestant one. Catholics, if *true* to their religion, have above a *hundred holidays* and *festivals* yearly to observe, and that rigidly. Of the *loss* which the master would sustain on his raw material not being wrought up and not in the market, with the other evils connected with his machinery standing idle on these 100 days throughout the year, we shall not descant. These, every one, however ignorant of Political Economy, can see at a glance: we merely state, for the information of the Catholic workman, that, supposing all things equal betwixt him and the Protestant labourer, he would, at the end of the year, be *one-third* worse off than the Protestant workman.

Suppose, on an average, the *latter* has 313 working days at *half-a-crown* a-day. This would give him £.39: 2; 6d. a year. But the *former*, the Catholic, has only 213 working days, which, at half a-crown, give him only £26: 12: 0d. a-year, shewing a difference against him of £12: 10: 6d. yearly. Add to all this, the *sums* they must pay to their clergy, for every clerical act, at births, marriages, and funerals; for absolutions and indulgences*; for the dispensation of the sacraments, and masses for the dead; and when all these are added to the other, the loss to a poor Catholic labourer must indeed be great. If he has a family, the greater still are his disadvantages.

But of all this the Protestant poor in Scotland are free. They pay not a farthing to their clergyman for any thing. Births, marriages, and funerals, the administration of the sacraments, and attendance on the sick, are all "without money and without price." The stipends of the clergy are *no burden* upon them. They are paid from the land, and it would not benefit the farmer a farthing though all the tithes were done away at this moment. He would just have to pay their value to the landlord as so much more of rent—or, in other words, the landlord would let his farm at a higher rate.

The results of the *two* systems, Popery and Protestantism, upon the ma-

* During the space of 250 years, the sum of 250,000,000 of livres, which, says Saurin, would, on a moderate calculation, have gone to Rome, had the Protestants been Papists, "for indulgences, and annats, and such other *trash*," were saved to the State, and thus both enriched the Government and individuals! What a sum for this kind of trash must go from a population of 6,000,000 in Ireland! What a rich harvest must Rome and the Priests draw from such a numerous body! And how must such sums keep the Catholics poor, in comparison with Protestants, who knew none of these things as stated above!.

nufactures, industry, and comfort of a people, are verified and proved in all those countries where they are allowed to grow up together. In Germany, in stepping from a Protestant village to a Popish one, you seem thrown at the distance of a thousand miles from the seat of improvement, cleanliness, and comfort !

The same observation applied, lately at least, to the method of teaching in their Universities. The celebrated M. D'Alembert, in his treatise entitled, "*De l'abus de la Critique en matiere de Religion*," makes the following remarkable observation on this head : " We must," says he, " acknowledge, *though with sorrow*, the present superiority of the Protestant Universities in *Germany* over those of the Romish persuasion. This superiority is so striking, that foreigners who travel through the empire, and pass from a Romish Academy to a Protestant University, even in the same neighbourhood, are induced to think that they have rode in an hour four hundred leagues, or lived in that short space of time four hundred years ; that they have passed from *Salamanca* to *Cambridge*, or from the times of *Scotus* to those of *Newton* *."

But we do not need to go to *Germany* to show the practical connexion that there is between the improvements in science, the free spirit of the reformed religion, and the comfort and happiness it sheds upon its followers ; we have only to go to Ireland, and pass from the Protestant to the Popish countries, there to be satisfied of the fact. There, in the latter countries, the barbarism of the *fifteenth* century still reigns ; and misery, and ignorance, and superstition, and vice, (and too frequently *crime*,) meet your eye in their most disgusting and loathsome forms ; while among the Protestant population, industry, and comfort, and an independent spirit, are found.

Indeed, these are the sure and certain results of the two systems : and we repeat it, had Protestantism been planted in Ireland, and cherished, as in Scotland at the Reformation, it is hardly possible to conceive, at this day, what would have been Ireland's proud and enviable situation. Introduce manufactures into her in her present state as you will, they will never flourish till Popery be abolished, or a *universal* system of indulgences be granted to the workmen to labour at all times—on holidays as well as high festivals ; manufactories and large works can ill agree with these ; and the system that permits Monks, and Nuns, and Hermits, to sit down on the land as so many *drones* on society, ought not to receive the countenance and support of enlightened legislators. Popery is the great evil ; it is the *moral* and physical plague of Ireland, and, till it be changed, it will continue a *leprosy* in the British Empire †.

In the present state of Ireland, we consider the great body of her Catholic population to be as unfit for the enjoyment of political power as the slaves in the West Indies are for perfect liberty. The Catholic population are the mere tools of the Priesthood. The Priest has only to move his little finger, and they must obey ! the Priest, in his turn, must obey the Bishop, and the Bishop the Pope—and thus a *foreign* power is perpetually operating throughout the *whole* mass of her population. Not a *solid* answer has yet been given, or can be given, to the question, Is there no danger from a foreign jurisdiction ? The common one is, Oh ! there is no fear while we have the power in our own hand ‡. But is not that power weakened when you

* See D'Alembert : *Melanges de Literature, d'Histoire and de Philosophie*, Vol. iv., p. 376.

† Of this system there cannot be two opinions. *It is an insufferable nuisance*. And yet there are many that would elevate it to power, and its professors to the high places of this Protestant realm—what inconsistency !

‡ Some ridicule this fear, by telling us that the Protestants in the Empire exceed the Catholics in the proportion of 4 to 1 ; that in Ireland the property is as 50 to 1 ; and that if their comparative influence, with respect to riches, rank, and intelligence, over the whole kingdom, were estimated, we should find the difference to be as *ten thousand to one* ! and therefore they fear not though all the 100 members from Ireland were in Parliament to-morrow. Nor should we, were the Pope not their

divide it with them? Are they less dangerous with a seat in Parliament, and in possession of places of trust, with the forts and magazines of the kingdom in their hands, than they would be without any or all of these?

A participation of power, it is replied, will *soften* them, and render them perfectly innocuous! This can never be with an *infallible* religion, which changeth not, and cannot change, and which, by her second *Lateran* Council, commands all Catholics in power in Church and State to take an OATH to *extirpate Heretics*, and that under the pain of excommunication, if they be negligent. The want of political power is to them what the want of *hair* was to Samson. Give them power, and their strength will return; and then, laying hold of the two pillars on which the Constitution standeth, and by which it is borne up, they will pull it down, and glory that they have avenged themselves on the lords of the Philistines!

We have listened to every argument that has been employed for this "Emancipation;" yet not one of them has proved, or tended to prove, that Catholicism is favourable to *civil* liberty or *religious* toleration. This is the more astonishing, especially when we consider so many of its warmest supporters are the avowed friends of the people, and of political reform. But, perhaps, with Sir Francis Burdett, they may think that no sacrifice is too great a *boom* for Catholic emancipation!

The arguments which the Catholics themselves have chiefly used are taken from what they call the *justice* and *equity* of their cause,—their *numbers*, in comparison of the Protestants in Ireland,—the *antiquity* of their faith,—the inconsistency and injustice of disqualifying them, for merely holding the *tenets* of those *illustrious* individuals, by whom the desired privileges were first obtained,—the persecution in punishing them for "*mere speculative doctrines*,"—and the fair and unquestionable claim they have to emancipation, from "*the pretended violation of the treaty of Limerick.*"

These are their most *potent* arguments; and yet not one of them is of the least weight. Justice and equity are merely relative terms in this claim. When applied to natural, or perfect rights, they are of universal application. In *conventional* rights, they go no farther than these rights provide for their exercise. Every man has a right, for example, to teach himself, his family, and others; but every man has not a right to teach in any university, church, or chapel, whether belonging to the Establishment, or respectable Dissenters, till he has *qualified* himself for teaching there, according to the rules of that society. All men have a *natural* right to life, character, and property; but all men have not a natural right to be Legislators, Judges, admirals of our fleets, or commanders of our army. The Nation has a right—a *conventional* right—to say who these men shall be, and what are the qualifications necessary for such to have; and if those who desire them, and yet will not qualify, or take the oaths which the Nation has judged proper and fitting for the secure holding of these offices and places of trust, the individual, or individuals, be who they may, have themselves, not the State, to blame for their exclusion. The *illiberality* and bigotry complained of are on their own side, and not on that of the Nation. This is the exact case with Roman Catholics. They will not qualify, nor yield one *iota*. The State must yield to their absurdities, or be in danger from their machinations!

To intimidate, they boast of their "*numbers*," and insist, that, as they are *six to one*, the *minority* should give way to the *majority*. This argument would be conclusive, were the rights and privileges they demand confined to Ireland; but when the measure is viewed as a *general* measure, affecting the *whole* Protestant population of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, then

Head—and if they were united by no stronger ties than Protestants; but this alters the case: and we would not admit an Alien into Parliament, whose paramount duties and fidelity were to his liege lord, not to ours; neither would we, for the same reason, admit a Catholic, who is bound, and whose first and highest duty it is to obey the Pope.

the argument turns upon itself, and destroys their claim; for it is quite clear, that if they ought to have a seat in Parliament, and political power, *because they are as six to one in Ireland*, it is equally clear, that, when they are as *six to twenty-two* in relation to the *whole empire*, that their claim from *numbers* vanishes. Their argument recoils upon itself, and, on their own showing, being the minority, they ought to submit to the *majority*, and not unreasonably insist, that the whole *frame* of the British Constitution shall be *remodelled* to suit their fancies, or gratify their wishes.

This argument, from "the antiquity of their faith," is a very lame one. The error of ten thousand years is not less error than if it was of yesterday. What is *morally* wrong to-day, must be so for ever. If the antiquity of a religion were to give superior claims, then the *Pagan* religion would have the strongest, because one of the *oldest*.

As to their argument, of enjoying the privileges of "those illustrious individuals" who held the same tenets with themselves, and obtained "*Magna Charta*," we tell them, that they have a great deal more liberty than "*Magna Charta*" bestows on them. Nay, that "*Magna Charta*" was founded by those who did *not* hold the slavish tenets to the Pope which Roman Catholics at present hold. They threw off the power of the Pope; they would not obey him. It was for *John's* declaring himself the Pope's vassal,—swearing allegiance, on his knees, to the Papal Legate,—and agreeing to hold his kingdom *tributary* to the HOLY SEE, which enraged the BARONS, and made them assemble, and bind themselves by oath to a union of measures, and to demand, resolutely, from John, their king, a ratification of a charter of privileges granted by Henry I. John refused. The Pope supported him, as his vassal,—*prohibited* the confederacy of the Barons, denouncing them *rebels*! The Barons disregarded this*. They laughed at the thunders of his Holiness; sword in hand, they *compelled* JOHN to yield to their demands, and sign that solemn CHARTER which is the *foundation and bulwark* of English liberty.

In all this they were not Papists. That charter, however, is nothing but the *foundation*. It is not the *superstructure* of our Constitution. Many centuries have been necessary to mature it. To the glorious sun of the Reformation in 1688, which dispelled the mists and clouds of bigotry and ignorance, that still darkened its brightness, do we owe its purity and perfection.

The Roman Catholics farther maintain, that they are punished, when the Protestants withhold from them political power, "for points of *mere speculative doctrine*," while "the Jew, the Deist, and Atheist, have no such incapacity attached to them." We deny that Roman Catholics are disqualified, on account of "*mere speculative doctrines*;" their disqualification, as they well know, proceeds upon totally different grounds. It proceeds on their *political doctrines*,—on their belief that Protestant Governments are *heretical* powers, which nothing but *force* can compel them to own or submit to, and which it becomes them to use all their power and influence to involve in anarchy and confusion, that so they may overturn them, and set a Popish Prince upon the throne. These were the reasons of their *exclusion* from political power. The doctrines of "Transubstantiation, the invocation of Saints, the worshipping of images, and the sacrifice of the Mass," were merely chosen as *tests*, as the *shibboleth* of the party, whereby to detect those who were considered as dangerous to our Protestant Constitution. Their exclusion was founded on their *subordination* to Rome, and their cruel *insubordination* to the British Protestant Constitution. This is the true reason of their exclusion, not their religious principles.

The Episcopal Church, with the Presbyterian, formed a part of the Constitution. They were deemed essential and integral parts of it. Our an-

* Let the Catholics of Ireland imitate these brave Barons in this ennobling example. Let them throw off the Pope, and we consent to admit them into Parliament to-morrow.

cestors believed that the *Altar* and the *Throne* stood upon the same foundation,—that the one supported the other, and added to the strength and solidity of the social edifice; and therefore the Catholics, being spiritually, conscientiously, and actively opposed to the safety and integrity of every other Church and form of religion, (believing that there could be no salvation beyond the pale of their own Church,) were to be specially guarded against, and rendered incapable of hurting either the Church or the State.

The Jew, the Deist, and the Atheist, had no hostile feelings or intentions against the Church and State, such as the Catholics had, and therefore no precaution or safeguard was necessary against them. Besides, they were *weak* and inefficient, and were without any *HEAD* to marshal them, at once, and mould them to his purpose. But this was not the case with the Papists; the Jesuits at that time were above *thirty-six thousand strong*, and boud “to go, without deliberation or delay, wherever the Pope should think fit to send them.” But this is not all; the Kings of France, Spain, and Portugal, with the Emperor of Germany, were disposed at that time to assist JAMES the *Second*, and to pull down Protestantism. These circumstances rendered exclusion necessary; and though many of them do not *now* exist, yet some of them still do, and call imperiously upon the nation not to give Papists political power.

Is the Holy Alliance more friendly to Protestantism than Louis was, or the House of Guise? The Pope, though not so powerful *now in temporals*, is equally so in *spirituals*. France is as bigoted as she was at our Revolution in 1688, if not more so, and she has an account to settle. Spain and Portugal have not changed, and every one knows the politics of Russia and of Austria. Add to all this, the old element brought again into full operation, viz. the Jesuits, with the increased population of Ireland; and when these are taken into the account, say if danger to Protestantism be not greater now than then, even allowing, what is not the fact, that the zeal of Protestants is as great and united at this day, as it was when the *Test Act* was passed by our fathers.

The restoration of the Jesuits is of itself ominous. It speaks in language not to be misunderstood. It tells us that the zeal of Christian Princes has waxed cold. It is but lately that France, Poland*, Portugal, and Spain, declared their *public enemies*, traitors, and parricides; and notwithstanding “the affected softness and complying spirit that reigned in their conversation and manners, their consummate skill and prudence in civil transactions, their intimate acquaintance with the arts and sciences, and a variety of other qualities and accomplishments, by which they insinuated themselves into the peculiar favour and protection of statesmen, persons of the first distinction, and even of crowned heads, yet such was their *relaxed* and modified system of morality, accommodating itself to the propensities of mankind, and suiting itself to the *sensual* and *voluptuous*, that in time, all their cunning and dexterity could not save them; and monks, courtiers, public schools, and princes, united their efforts to get rid of such vermin, and they were accordingly banished with ignominy from their dominions. Yet this dangerous and enterprising order has been restored since 1815, and is in full activity in Great Britain and Ireland! In France, they have got a firm footing, apparently; and as they will strive to unite the prudence, and learning, profound skill in worldly affairs, and dexterity in transacting all kinds of business with the office of *confessors*, their sagacity and penetration will, through experience, soon enable them again to direct the consciences of the Catholic world, and again to lead kings and princes into whatever measures seem most conducive to their ambition and aggrandisement. Their character was admirably described, and their transactions and fate foretold, with a sagacity almost prophetic, so early as the year 1551, by Dr George Brown, Bishop of Dublin; and we cannot, we apprehend, do a greater duty to society than to give the following extract from his sermon.

* See Histoire des Religieux de la Compagnie de Jesus. Tom. iii. passim. Boulay, Hist. Academ. Paris, Tom. vi. p. 559, 648, et passim.

"There are," says the Doctor, "a new fraternity of late sprung up, who call themselves *Jesuits*, which will deceive many, who are much after the Scribes' and Pharisees' manner. Amongst the Jews, they shall strive to abolish the truth, and shall come very near to do it. For these sorts will turn themselves into several forms: with the Heathens a Heathenist, with the Atheists an Atheist, with the Jews a Jew, with the Reformers a Reformade, purposely to know your intentions, your minds, your hearts, and your inclinations, and thereby bring you at last to be like the fool that said in heart, '*There was no God.*' These shall spread over the whole world, shall be admitted into the Councils of Princes, and they never the wiser; charming of them, yea, making your Princes reveal their hearts and the secrets therein, and yet they not perceive it, which will happen from falling from the law of God, and by *winking* at their sins; yet, in the end, God, to justify his law, shall suddenly cut off this society, even by the hands of those who have most succoured them, and made use of them: so that at the end they shall become odious to all nations *."

Whether it would be safe to a Protestant Constitution, under all the above circumstances, to admit such persons, or their disciples, into Parliament, is for the consideration of Protestants and their faithful representatives. The question, we apprehend, denying, as we do, that the Treaty of Limerick † was ever violated, comes just to "the old story,"—the two *grand Postulata*, which are these:—

1. "Are those powers of the human mind, to which the Roman Catholic religion addresses itself, as well calculated to promote the best interests and most rational improvement of society, as those to which the Reformed religion addresses itself?" If this question can be answered in the affirmative,—if it can be clearly shown that the Catholic religion is as favourable to intellectual, moral, and political liberty,—tends as much to rouse the emulation of men in science and in art,—guards them as much against bigotry and superstition,—puts as much into their hands those weapons by which they can so resist the beginnings of despotism, as that there shall be no need for suffering it to ripen into revolt;—then there is a *philosophical* reason for any attempt which may be made to extend the exercise and the influence of the Catholic religion. But if, on the other hand, it shall appear (as it has done in our *previous* observations) that Catholicism rather represses than excites the exercise of the understanding,—that it deals more with the *senses* and the *imagination* than with *reason*,—that it is hostile, not only to *free* inquiry, but to those elements of human nature upon which free inquiry depends,—that it is a *mental* *despotism* itself, and that it disposes men towards other despotisms;—then there is a philosophical reason why every re-

* This singular passage, almost a prediction, was accomplished in part in 1762, by the suppression at that time of the Jesuits in France, and by the universal indignation which the perfidious stratagems, iniquitous avarice, and ambitious views of that society had excited among all the orders of the French nation, from the Throne to the cottage." Dr Brown was originally a Monk of the Augustine Order, whom Henry VIII. in 1535, created Bishop of Dublin.

† This Treaty was a military one, for the sparing of human blood. It settled not the great question of national policy. It could neither tie up the hands of the Sovereign nor Parliament. William, however, did try to get Parliament to ratify it, but could not. Yet that treaty is silent as to the political privileges which are now sought. The only article of a general nature provides merely for the security of the Roman Catholics in the exercise of their religion. It is this:—"The Roman Catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of Charles II.; and their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a Parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security, in that particular, as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of the said religion."

This is all; and no one needs to be told that it was under Charles II. when the several disqualifying Statutes passed against the Catholics.

straint, short of injustice and oppression, should be put and kept upon the Catholic religion."

2. "As to the question of fact, it is this:—Did mankind, under the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, when it had uncontrolled sway, and the wealth of the universe to patronise and reward the efforts of its votaries, ever rise to the same elevation in the intellectual, moral, and political scale, as they have done under the exercise of the reformed religion? If this question can be answered in the affirmative, by an appeal, either to the history of the world, when all the nations of Europe were absolute Catholics, or to a comparison of the condition of society in Catholic States—say France, Spain, or Austria,—with the condition of society in a Protestant State—say England or Scotland; then the Catholic religion is entitled to the same political toleration, encouragement, and support, as the reformed religion. But if, on the other hand, it shall appear, either from past history or present observation, that the Catholic religion has ever been accompanied with intellectual, moral, and political darkness,—that, under it, whatever may have been the form of Civil Government, the mass of the people have been the slaves of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry*; why, then, every means, short of injustice and oppression, by which the Catholic religion can be restrained, is an *advantage*,—a *blessing* to society."

These questions, the discussions above, in our apprehension, *fully* answer. It is in vain for the advocates of Catholicism to avoid their conclusions, and try to escape by an appeal to circumstances; by saying, that though there might be some remote *places* and *times*, where and when the Catholic religion was a little dangerous to intellectual improvement and civil liberty, yet that, in England, and during the nineteenth century, there is really nothing upon which the dangerous part of the Catholic system could act: that though there had been such things as *Papal* curses, to prevent men from tilling the ground, as of old,—edicts prohibiting the reading of the Scriptures, and almost all the books, by the common people, because such ignorance was wholesome to the Catholic Church,—that it was true a *few* immolations had taken place in the DUNGEONS of the INQUISITION, and a few *quartered* and *burnt*, and a few *massacres*, and a few "*Auto da fés*," a *broiling* of *Jews* and *Heretics*, for the love of God!; and two or three more little things which *timorous* persons might construe into an attempt, on the part of the *Godly* Fathers, to take the whole power of the world into their own hands, for the good of souls; yet that these matters were all done away with *now*; and the Catholic, instead of being the *credulous* bigot which he *then* was, has become the advocate of every thing enlightened and liberal.

"This is all very pleasant, and easy to be said," and very possibly, *if well set to music*, it might also "*be sung in the churches*,"—we mean all true Catholic churches, and their *abettors*; but really to us it looks *more* than gratuitous. The whole induction of facts now given compels us to shut "our ears to these words of the *Syren*, and opening our eyes to those *spoilers* of beautiful theories—the facts—to lay the blame of a large portion of that mischief which has befallen *modern* nations, upon the grasping and persecuting spirit of the Catholic religion."

We lay out of sight the *Imperial* and *Papal* contentions from 1067 to the Reformation, and the almost *breathless* succession of plots, &c., from the activity and intrigue of the Pope, and his emissaries the Jesuits, to overthrow the Protestant Government of Great Britain, as proofs of the mischief which Catholics have done. All these we pass over, and ask, "If France had been Protestant, would her Revolution have been so bloody and murderous? If Spain had not been Catholic, would they not at this moment have been free and flourishing? and if Ireland had been Protestant from the Reformation downward, would her population be sitting at

* In the face of this, which all history attests, and the Catholic countries exhibit at this moment, we wonder at Mr Brougham and his friends becoming the advocates of Catholicism, and the *utility* of giving to them *POLITICAL POWER*."

the present moment, the most beggarly, wretched, and ignorant, that is to be found among the civilized nations of Europe?" No; the same *spirit* of enterprize and industry, the same *sun* of intelligence, comfort, and independence, would have poured his rays of prosperity upon her, as upon England and Scotland; and Ireland, as a twin-sister, smiling in loveliness in the midst of the ocean, would have been found riding majestically on the waves with Great Britain, and partaking of her plenty, her power, and her glory!

But the fact is, as has been abundantly shown, that the Catholic religion is not of a nature to be altered by circumstances. Its fundamental *tendency* is to establish a *tyranny* over the minds of its worshippers,—to dictate to them, not their actions merely, but their very thoughts. It goes about to do this, by the most terrific appeals to their *imagination*; and as long as imagination is liable to be abused, so long will the *spirit* of Catholicism be too powerful for any circumstances but those by which the ruling and influential majority of society shall be led to adopt and to profess the pure, and genuine, and liberal principles of the Reformation. "There arose," we are told, in Israel, after the death of Joshua and the Elders, "another generation after them, which *knew not the Lord*, nor yet the *works* which he had done for Israel, and who forsook the Lord and served *Baal and Ashteroth*;" and for whose sake "the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he delivered them up into the hands of the spoilers that spoiled them, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies round about, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies."

The young and the rising generation of this country, who are now engaged in the active duties of life, have grown up ignorant of Popery and its cruelties. By a noble generosity, Protestants were willing that "the scenes of former times and the days of other years" should be forgotten, and that rancour and religious animosities should cease in our land. Hence the countenance and support which the Catholic question has received from multitudes who detest it as a nuisance, but still are lovers of liberty. But the aged of this country have not forgotten what their fathers told them of the thralldom from which the Reformation and Revolution delivered them. They cannot shut their eyes to the strenuous and vigorous attempts which are continually making by *Jesuits* and others, to regain, for the Catholic religion, a footing in this country, and which they can only obtain by granting them political power; "and therefore" it is "that they deem themselves justified in resisting every attempt which to them seems to have even a chance of driving them back again to that state of temporal and spiritual thralldom from which the Reformation delivered them."

These observations, in our humble apprehension, exhaust this important subject. They demonstrably show that the Catholic religion is unfavourable to intellectual, moral, and political liberty; that among the great mass of Catholics, it has been accompanied with intellectual, moral, and political darkness; and that, under it, no matter what the Civil Government be, Catholics have ever, in their mind, been the slaves of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry,—swayed by the will of a Sovereign Pontiff, and ever ready to execute the orders of his obedient Priesthood.

The concluding paragraph of C. C. only remains to be noticed. "We are said," he continues, "to be *intolerant* too. This charge," adds he, "*we deny*." And what will not Catholics deny, when it is to serve their religion, and to leap into power? But we bring his denial to the bar of history, and at that tribunal we ask him,—Was it tolerance in Catholics that made Wickliffe flee his native land,—that, after a century in the grave, called him from his rest, and solemnly branded his memory with infamy? Was it tolerance that violated plighted faith, and by it burnt Huss and Jerome alive,—which made Luther hide himself ten months in the Castle of Wirtemberg,—caused the German Princes to form the league of Smalcald against the Emperor, and the Pope and Charles V. to resolve, mutually,

* For the above "*Postulatu*," and many of the observations that here follow, we are indebted to an able article in the Glasgow Herald, of date April 4, 1825.

the destruction of all who should oppose the Council of TRENT? Was it tolerance in the Catholic religion which prompted *Many* of England to light the flames of Smithfield,—and Bishop Beaton in Scotland to burn a Hamilton and a Wishart, and to obtain from France 3000 troops to overrun the country, and to reduce it to Popery? Was it “tolerance” in Louis XIV. to send his *dragoons* throughout his Protestant countries, who “cast some into large fires, and took them out again when half roasted,—who hanged others with large ropes under their arm-pits, and plunged them into wells, till they promised to renounce their religion,—who tied them like criminals, on the rack, and poured wine, with a funnel, into their mouths, till, being intoxicated, they declared that they consented to turn Catholics?” “Some,” continues the venerable Claude*, “they slashed and cut with pen-knives; others they took by the nose with red-hot tongs, and led them up and down the rooms till they promised to turn Catholics.” Was this *tolerance*? Or was it “tolerance” that revoked the Edict of Nantes, and made Pope Innocent XI. write† to Louis, to assure him that what he had done against the Heretics of his kingdom would be immortalized by the eulogies of the Catholic Church? and, as the first to honour him for his horrid butcheries, this same *pious* and humane Pope ordered “*Te Deum*” to be sung, and to give God thanks for this return of the Heretics into the pale of the Church—which was (April 28th 1689) done accordingly with great pomp!

In fine; was it “tolerant” in Pope Julius to be the occasion, in seven years, of the slaughter of 200,000 Christians,—of the Jesuits, from their rise, till 1580—i. e. about forty years—to cut off 900,000,—of the Duke of Alva hanging and putting to death 36,000,—of the Inquisition destroying in thirty years 150,000,—and of the Protestants, in the peaceful valleys of Piedmont and Ireland, butchering not less than 1,300,000‡,—besides those persecuted and cut off in the other Christian countries of Europe, not to speak of the thousands and thousands of simple Indians in South America?

These things happened, not in consequence of the *political* principles of Protestants, or of any “disorders” or “oppressions” which they caused in the countries wherein they dwelt; they arose solely from the “intolerant” spirit of Popery, and from its canons against Heresy, which form part of the religion of Rome. If “the laws of *Draco* were written in characters of blood,” we ask, in what characters are the laws of Roman Catholics written, which order the extirpation of Heresy?

To palliate the cruelties of the Roman Church, C. C. says, “If Catholic States, in former times, enacted laws against Protestants, they were done more out of a *cautious policy*, to avoid those disorders and oppressions which ensued in other kingdoms where the new opinions prevailed, than from any spirit of intolerance.” Now the whole of history contradicts this statement. “Disorders and oppressions” wherever they prevailed, were caused by the Popish religion, not the Protestant. The fact is, the Protestants were too weak to oppose the whole power of the Hierarchy. They were anxious to be quiet. Every thing was done to escape persecution and war, but in vain. The Popes were ruthless, and Charles V. was long obedient. The Huguenots in France employed every means that prudence and wisdom could dictate. They sent the famous Amyraut, and the inimitable Du Bose, who was called by his countrymen “a perfect orator,” to the King, to complain of the infraction of their Edicts. But though Amyraut, by his talents, charmed the whole Court, and Du Bose’s eloquence threw it into rapture and astonishment, yet all their powers and talents availed not. They were

* See Claude on the Reformation, and Memoirs of the Reformation in France, by Saurin, p. 31.

† On May 18th, 1689, he delivered a discourse to his Consistory, in which he said, “the most Christian King’s zeal and piety did wonderfully appear, in extirpating heresy, and in clearing his whole kingdom of it in a very few months!”

‡ See P. Peronius, and Baldeus, and Vergerius, and Lord Orery, and others, for these facts.

forbidden the worship of their religion; soldiers were quartered in their houses till they changed their religion; their churches were shut up, and their Clergy ordered not to exercise their ministerial functions; and where this order was not *instantly* complied with, their churches were levelled with the ground. The Edict of Nantes, as we have seen, was revoked, and instead of the Huguenots creating "disorders," or causing "oppression," *eight hundred thousand** of these pious, magnanimous, and excellent persons, were banished France, and seen fleeing with their families, they knew not whither!

These facts sufficiently refute and shame C. C.'s assertions, that "the laws enacted" by Catholic States, "in former times, were done more out of a cautious policy, to avoid those disorders† and oppressions which ensued in other kingdoms, where the *new* opinions prevailed, than from any spirit of intolerance." It would be wise in Great Britain to imitate, at present, their example of a "*cautious policy*," at least in so far as to keep them from political power, and places of offices and trust in the State.

In the face of known facts, C. C. writes as if the *penal* laws against Catholics still existed, and liberty of conscience was still denied them to worship God as they please. His language under that head is as inflammatory as if they were robbed of this "noblest prerogative," "denied the exercise of their most sacred rights," and "interfered with in those relations which exist between man and his Creator." "It is dreadful," he exclaims, "to contemplate the practical operation of that system; but I will not harrow up the feelings of my readers with those bloody details, at which humanity shudders."

Now, in opposition to all this, will it be believed, that Catholics, in Great Britain and Ireland, are enjoying *full* liberty of conscience to worship God and the Virgin Mary, and all the Saints, and to say Mass, too, as often as they please, no one to make them afraid? Will it be believed, in the face of all this, "that Protestants protect them and their places of worship, and that they hold every right, and enjoy every privilege, but merely the holding of a *few* great offices of State, and sitting in the Legislative Assemblies,—that, in fact, they enjoy more privileges than either the Dissenters or the Established Church of Scotland possesses,—that they have the Elective Franchise to an extent which Britons have not,—and that every 40s. freeholder in Ireland is, by his vote for a Member of Parliament, represented by *that* Member, and through him has a vote in all the civil laws which are enacted, and measures carried on in Parliament? In so far, then, as civil rights are concerned, every Catholic freeholder has a voice, immediate and direct, in the Legislature, which *few* of the Scotch have; and unless it be pleaded that Members of Parliament sit to represent religious rights and religious interests, they can have no just reason to complain; but, on the contrary, every reason to congratulate themselves as having a voice in the Legislature, which Presbyterians even have not, and who, like them, have no spiritual representative in Parliament, to watch over the concerns and affairs of their National Church and its temporal interests.

C. C. bids us look to France for "a lesson of toleration and Christian forbearance!" and "which," he says, "this nation would do well to imitate." Imitate! in what? In the late persecution at Nismes? In the Bishop of Lyons endeavouring to rise above the temporal power? In the bigotry of the Missionaries? In the law against sacrilege, and in the liberality and piety of Charles X. hearing Mass in the intervals of his hunt-

* See Saurin's Memoirs of the Reformation of France, p. 33.

† Did the Huguenots create the disasters of France? Was it the young Prince of Condé that offered, to the wretched Charles IX., either *Death, Mass, or the Bastile*, if he would not renounce his religion? Was it the Huguenots that caused the *nine* years civil war in France, which, after *four* pitched battles—after besieging of several hundred places, after more than three hundred engagements, after prisonings, burnings, assassinating, massacring, murdering in every way—cost the nation a *million* of brave men, before the Huguenots could obtain even a free toleration!

ing sports? The liberality of France! Pray, Mr C. C., how many Protestants have places of power and trust under the Government of the Bourbons? Are not the Jesuits recalled, and all power again vested in them, whose creed is, "that *heresy* ought to be extirpated by fire and sword, in case it cannot be extirpated otherwise," and who are at this moment, both in France and Britain, employing all their learning, dexterity, and intrigue, to obtain the King's ear, and our Ministers of Parliament, and to convert the *credulity* of this nation to their own advantage? The "toleration and forbearance of France!" She is as intolerant at this hour, in her principles, as she was in the time of Lewis the Fourth,—her persecuting spirit only sleeps, because the Protestants, dreading their *clerical* enemies, who there are as powerful and implacable as ever, dare not shew themselves. France, at this moment, notwithstanding her revolution, is the strongest proof of Rome's "infallibility," and that her "doctrine and discipline change not." In thus far, as a Popish kingdom, she is consistent; for, assuredly, the doctrines of an "infallible" Church can *never* "change," under any circumstances, but must remain "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Such a doctrine, one could not believe, would be held in France in the nineteenth century. Yet so it is; and that we may not be surprised at it, doctrines equally *absurd*, and far more *pernicious*, are paraded before the eyes of Protestant Britain, and defended with all the sophistry and dexterity, enthusiasm and Jesuitical address, of a *Bellarmino* and a *Bossuet*. These destructive doctrines and opinions we shall expose as early as possible, believing in the truth of the maxim—"Flamma per incensas citius sedetur mistas:"—"The flames, when spread among the standing-corn, must *quickly* be extinguished."

KNOX'S "HARP OF ZION *."

WE have been much pleased with this little volume of Sacred Lyrics. The author must be favourably known to many of our readers, by another collection of Hebrew Melodies; and although we did not examine the previous volumes so attentively as we have done the present, we feel justified in saying that the latter is by no means inferior to the former. *The Harp of Zion* is a sufficiently expressive title for the work, which is composed of a considerable number of melodies, each of them founded on a passage of the Old Testament; some being translations of the Sacred Text, others presenting an original expansion of some simple Scriptural idea; while frequently we have a selection of the more striking facts in a historical detail, clothed in the garb of modern poetry. For, limited as is the application which some insist on making of the term, we feel ourselves warranted to say, that this is a volume of *poetry*. There is here little of the *wild*—but there is much of the *soft* and *tender*.

There are here few bursts of unconquerable passion; but there are not wanting touches of such simple emotion as almost all can sympathize in. There is here no jewelled pavement of perpetual glitter, over which the mind may wander till it is sick of the glorious profusion; but there are paths that are beautiful with refreshing dews and unspotted flowers.

What has particularly struck us in the perusal of the volume is its simplicity. In a fruitless attempt to imitate a powerful poet who but lately left us, many minor aspirants at the poetic wreath have represented passion that exists not among men; under the appearance of copying from Nature, they have been the painters of what Nature does not exhibit, and they themselves, if they but knew their own hearts, never in reality experienced. In these circumstances, we feel glad to meet with a youthful poet, who has chosen the simplicity of Nature, and appeals to passions that all men understand, although, as existing in the mind,

* The Harp of Zion, a series of Lyrics founded on the Hebrew Scriptures. By William Knox, author of the "Songs of Israel."

their delicacy is undoubtedly proportioned to the state of mental cultivation ; emotions which, while the most common, are also the finest of our Nature ; and who does so with an air of unconstrained expression, warmed by the pure flame of feeling, and yet regulated by simple elegance of taste. And although there is, perhaps, frequently a superfluity of common-place thought, it seems so naturally prompted, and often so befitting the occasion on which we are to suppose it to have been dictated, that we receive it without any unpleasant sense of deficiency in the poet's mind. The following, we think, is a good example of these remarks on the *simplicity* of the work :

Heaven.

Weep, mourner, for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights, away—
For hopes, that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal clay ;
Yet clouds of sorrow will dispart,
And brilliant skies be giv'n,
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heav'n ;
Where songs of praise are ever sung,
To angel-harp, by angel-tongue.
Weep, mourner, for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
Along the whelming wave ;
Yet though thy pleasure may depart,
And darksome days be giv'n,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heav'n ;
Where streams of joy glide ever on,
Around the Lord's eternal throne.

pp. 108, 109.

The air of simplicity which distinguishes Mr Knox's volume, depends in many cases on his apt introduction of scriptural expression. The following furnish instances of what we mean :

Lord, when thou westest forth of Scir,
And marched'st down to Edom's plain,
The earth's foundations shook with fear,
The heav'ns dropp'd their treasur'd rain.

p. 33.

My heart is tow'rd the chiefs of might,
The noble ones of Israel's race,
Who still were foremost in the fight,
Who gave their swords no resting-place,

Until the life-blood of the slain
Had drench'd Judea's fields like rain.

p. 35.

He is my God—I will prepare
A habitation meet for him—
My father's God, I will declare
His name between the cherubim.

p. 37.

She feebly to a distance crept,
And lifted up her voice and wept.

p. 43.

In several cases, this simplicity is combined with extreme beauty. This is particularly the case in what may be called the *descriptive* melodies. We might quote the "Morning in Judea," but we confess the following verses, on a Jewish Evening, are still more to our liking :

The sun is set, and yet his light
Is lingering in the crimson sky,
Like memory beautiful and bright
Of holy men that die.

O'er Tabor's hill, o'er Baca's dale,
The shades of evening softly creep,
Softly, as mother draws the veil
To wrap her infant's sleep.

The dews fall gently on the flower,
Their freshening influence to impart,
As Pity's tears of soothing power
Revive the drooping heart.

The twilight star from Hermon's peak
Comes mildly o'er the glistening earth ;
And weary hirelings joy to seek
Their dear domestic hearth.

Who sends the sun to ocean's bed ?
Who brings the nightshade from the west ?

Who bids the balmy dews be shed ?
Who gives the weary rest ?

Even He, who, at the season due,
Sends forth the sun's returning light,
Whose mercies every morn are new,
Whose faithfulness each night.

pp. 115, 116.

We have been much pleased, in reading this volume, with the knowledge of domestic emotion which the writer displays, and with the use he has made of that knowledge in the present case. We are persuaded that far greater advantage might be taken, than it is common to take, of this part of our passionate nature, in the work of ameliorating and gratifying the human mind. In this respect, Campbell has set an interesting and valuable example to future poets. How happy has he been in his picture of "the little Paradise of Home," and in his management of home associations ! At the touch of his magic

wand, the scenery of our earliest habitations is in our eye; the parents, with their grey hairs, are before us; the brethren of our boyhood are there; and all the early family, in their most endearing attitudes, are there. We remember, and we love them. Appeals are often made in poetry to feelings seldom to be met with in human life; and hence we may account for the faint and feeble impression which some poetry, distinguished by melody of verse and elegance of thought, produces on the mind. We were going to notice, as an example, the late illustrious Dr Thomas Brown; but we recollect that his somewhat metaphysical poems are interspersed with several domestic exhibitions of exquisite tenderness; and who, if he were called to turn to the most pleasing of his poetic sketches, would not fix upon these finely-drawn pictures—pictures for which his own very amiable heart peculiarly fitted him. The influence of domestic poetry on different minds is no doubt very various, according to the difference in the strength of domestic emotion, and the readiness of domestic association. There are many productions of genius which, presented to two individuals of the same degree of what are called *poetical powers*, produce a very different effect on the one mind, from that which they produce upon the other. Here, we conceive, very frequently lies the difference. There is less *excitability* of domestic passion in the heart of the one, than in the bosom of the other—or there is less correspondence in the poem with early situations and early affections of the one, than there is with those of the other. And thus, in the one case, no particular impression is made by the production, while, in regard to the other individual, it moves the tenderest chords of his heart, and awakens there the music of past romance and present love. But, after all, there are scarcely any feelings more general in civilized countries, than the domestic affections. We see them strong even in those who have cast off general benevolence, and transgressed the laws of their country, and of their God; and these often seem the last tie that remains to bind a man to any thing

like virtuous conduct. Indeed there is ample provision made for these emotions, and the remembrance of the scenery connected with them remaining present to the mind through life, in the circumstances both of domestic and of busy existence. Home is memorable—for it is the place of tranquil joy, of sweet communion, of moral education; and there domestic affection is firmly founded. For how is that passion built up within the mind? By the very circumstances that most nearly affect its interests and feelings. A family is *one*, not only as all its members live in contact, but as their actions and fortunes are closely allied together. They follow the same objects—they indulge in the same trains of thought—they have the same wishes, fears, and hopes; and there are happy instances where, in reference not only to time, but to eternity, hope, as it exists in all their hearts, rests on one common object of attraction. In these circumstances, hope is not only the prompter, but also the sanctifier of domestic love, and bears on the congregation of spirits in a course of holy enterprise—raising them aloft to the pursuits of a land that has no enmities, “where the lion and the lamb lie down together,” and where Love and Joy are ministering angels to every soul. The individuals of a family also meet the same calamities, and share in the same prosperities. They stand or fall together. The messenger of mercy to one member of the family, in his days and nights of sickness and sorrow, is another member of the family. Here, then, is alliance of circumstances; and hence springs up the uniting power of sympathy, and, along with it, the still holier and more efficient power of genuine love. And there are some exalted minds in the bosom of our families, in which there is a motive to domestic affection more sacred and more awful than all we have enumerated—the motive of duty. They hear the call of Heaven mingling with the voices of Nature. “I must obey God” is the language of their hearts, “and God is calling me to love.” And straightway they make the strengthening and establishing of domestic affection, in the inviolable recesses of their spirits, a matter of

thoughtful study and moral enterprise. Such is the foundation of the domestic affections. And the busy scene of human things presents the mind full often with contrasts to the scenery of the early home, and with contrasts, too, to its virtue and its joy—so that, by a well-known law of association, these early exhibitions, with corresponding affections, arise within the mind. It thus appears, that the mind is generally able to sympathize with the poetry of domestic tenderness—that the sentiments of domestic affection which glowed in a youthful breast, when it breathed the atmosphere of a father's dwelling, are, when its close personal contact with that dwelling, and with the other elements of its household-circle, besides himself, is at an end, still subject to the tenderest awakenings, that these affections, as generally reared, are

Thoughts that rise
To perish never,
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can e'er root out, abolish, or destroy*.

The poet, then, has here something in the human mind by which to hold—and the poet of home has thus a powerful instrument of mastery over his reader's heart. Nor, assuredly, should the poet of religion set at naught this instrument. He may thus create sacred associations and sacred sympathies, which, from their being involved in the scenes and loves of early life, may abide in the mind along with the glow of these affections, and the memory of these scenes. And even if he does no more than soften and refine the heart, he does not altogether lose his reward. Here he has Scripture for an example! It sets before us many a domestic community,—it points out, in vivid exhibition, the more ordinary feelings of domestic character, and the more striking events of domestic life; one member rejoicing in another member's joy; common supplications ascending to the common Heavenly Father; the mother's heart yearning over the couch of her afflicted offspring; the son at the

death-bed of the father, receiving his parting benediction. Death coming in and sweeping away the man in the flower of strength, and the child in the bloom of beauty; and friends visiting the house of lamentation, to "weep with them that weep."

In these sacred family-pictures there is often a resistless tenderness, and in the reader's mind a powerful sympathy with their joyous and their melancholy features. Mr Knox has laid hold of several of these features, in the spirit of true and simple taste, and bodied them forth in tender poetry. The following verses, we think, present a very natural and exquisitely beautiful display of a mother's emotions in the near prospect of death, and immediately after having gazed upon a new-born son. The only thing that strikes us as marring the effect, is the suggestion which naturally occurs in reading it, of the improbability of a mother, in these circumstances, actually expressing herself in such strains of lyric poetry as those in which Mr Knox has clothed the very natural sentiments he has so touchingly set forth. And, indeed, this feeling of incongruity, we confess, has annoyed us more than once in reading this volume, particularly in those cases where passages of ordinary conversation have been formed into melodies, as, for example, those entitled, "Judah to Joseph," and "Barzillai the Gileadite." But, after all, we have a strong liking to the lyric on "the birth of Benjamin." It is as follows:

Benoni! thou son of my sorrow,
I die by the pangs of thy birth!
And the sun shall arise on the morrow,
And find me no longer on earth;
And thou shalt be nurs'd by another,
And thou shalt be beauteous and brave,
When the head and the heart of thy mother
Repose in the gloom of the grave.
Yet sweet were the hopes that I cherish'd
As I thought—though unborn—upon thee,
When thou by my breast should'st be
nourish'd,
When thou should'st be rock'd on my
knee,
When thou with thy prattle should'st
cheer me
As lisping a mother's sweet name,

* Wordsworth.

When thou in thy strength should'st be
near me,

When sadness and suffering came.

O thou, my young son ! thou canst know
not

The anguish that throbs in my heart ;

And thy tear-drops of sorrow shall flow not

To see thy fond mother depart :

Yet when thine own brethren shall tell thee

Of her thou canst meet with no more,

Thou shalt weep o'er the loss that befall
thee—

The affectionate mother that bore.

I leave thee, Benoni ! I leave thee

For the silence and sleep of the dead ;

But though God of a mother bereave thee,

A father shall be in her stead.

I leave thee, but there is a promise

To dying mortality given,

That friends shall rejoin where a home is

Prepar'd for the righteous in heav'n.

pp. 20, 22.

The following is a representation
of our first parents in Paradise, and
partakes, we think, in a very consi-
derable degree, of the style of Moore.
The closing idea is pretty, and the
third stanza worthy of a more cele-
brated bard.

The mighty Lord of Heav'n and earth,

By Gihon's pure and placid stream,

That from the new-born hills came forth,

To sparkle in the sun's young beam—

Upris'd all lovely as a dream,

To hearts of holy feeling given,

The garden-how'rs with joy that teem

For the peculiar wards of Heav'n :—

For man and woman—blessed pair !

In innocence and beauty made,

With sinless lips to breathe the air,

Whose odorous gales around them
play'd ;

With hearts as pure as dew-drops laid

Within the rose's virgin breast ;

With souls that never felt a shade

Of gloom upon their prospects rest.

O blessed state ! O happy souls,

Whose feelings intermingling flow,

Like meeting streams whose current rolls

Unstopp'd by barrier-rocks below ;

Whose hearts, unwrung by jealous
throe,

Untouch'd by boding fear of death,

Cling to the hopes that round them show

A fair and everlasting path !

Delightful world ! how happy they,

To kneel upon the flowery sod,

At coming, at departing day,

And pour their fervent praise to God !

While angels, from their blest abode

Beyond the radiant stars of even,

Of meet, on their descending road,

The anthem on its way to heaven.

pp. 12, 14

In this melody now quoted, the
author introduces, it is obvious, a
good deal of imaginative thought ; and
although we are not inclined to think
that his imagination is of the highest
cast, or that he has always been
successful in his strokes of invention,
yet there is in the volume a pretty
copious introduction of such strokes.
And though we are aware that there
are excellent men who would almost
exclude the fancy from religion, we
are not at all inclined to find fault
with Mr Knox for the admission he
has given imaginative sentiment into
the work before us. When we turn
to Scripture, we find the sublimest
and most impressive of its writers
men of imagination. Isaiah's imagi-
nation was bold and daring,—Jere-
miah's free and ardent,—Ezekiel's
calm and meditative. But they were
all imaginative men ; and every reader
of Scripture knows full well that all
that is contained in their productions
is by no means bare *literality*—that
there are poetic similes and repre-
sentations which, though possessed
of a certain reality in nature, have for
objects things which have no such
reality. And who doubts that the
Apocalypse is a book of figure—
that our Saviour's parables were fic-
tions of imagination—and that a va-
riety of the vivid representations of
a future state are also imaginative
pictures, such as the fearful one of
“ the worm dying not, and the fire
unquenched ” for ever ? And what
may imagination effect in matters of
religion ? It may body forth heaven
to our mind's eye in palpable purity
and perfection—it may impress, by
fearful representations, the horrors
of eternal anguish—it may give to
the mind views of duty powerful to
command its assent and its obe-
dience, picturing forth resemblan-
ces and contrasts of virtues and vices,
in the strength and imposingness of
colourings of her own. And we will
feel more in contact with realities—
we will feel more prompted on to
goodness—we will soar higher in our
thoughts of heaven—we will feel
more awe-struck in reference to per-
dition, if imagination in our minds
gives its deep colourings, and its vi-

vid illustrations, to the scenery of another world. Hence, on analyzing the feeling produced by the finest discourses of Jeremy Taylor, and the causes by which the feeling is produced, every reader must perceive imagination to be a predominant, presiding power. It is when he is the poet—when he dives into the golden mines of imaginative thought, that he is most elevating, and perhaps most consolatory. His most effectual way to overpower was to go into "the chambers of his imagery," and draw thence statues of heavenly mould, breathing fresh and beautiful, to contrast and compare with things earthly, and to impress upon our souls ideas of hidden scenes of which these glorious monuments might be deemed faint fac-similies. He has been well denominated the Shakespeare of divines. These observations have a general reference, but, in religious *poetry*, the use of imagination is particularly to be desired as a means of gratification, and of favourable reception to the verities of true religion—while, at the same time, the evils which may be attendant on the introduction of it in the midst of theological discussion, are not likely to occur, in as much as, in reading such compositions, we are prepared to expect the exercise of the inventive faculty, and are in little danger of receiving, as realities, what are only bright shadows, conjured up to give colouring and force to truth. But, after all, both in poetry and prose, bounds ought certainly to be placed to the use of imagination as connected with religion. Its power, which constitutes the very means of its beneficial influence, may prove the hurt of men and the bane of religion. And never is it to be forgotten, that while every faculty of the human soul may be used for the amelioration of the individual spirit, and of persons within its influence, it may also be turned to the worst of ends, and gain the worst of purposes. Man holds his faculties in his hand, and it depends upon himself how they shall act, and what shall be their influence. Let imaginative thought be distinguished from the constituent realities of religion—let it never go against the revealed verities of

sacred truth—let it never be such as to serve no effect but the diversion of the mind of the reader or auditor from the theological *essentialities* associated with it. We are not aware that Mr Knox has violated any of the three rules now laid down. Where he is imaginative, he is generally the explainer of truth, and his fanciful ideas are kept distinct from the realities he illustrates; and where he *forms* ideas, and feelings, and expressions for Scripture characters, he never enters on wild improbabilities, nor touches the mysteries of our Holy Faith, nor leaves it uncertain that he is, in the case, the *poet*, not the *divine*.

The following lines we deem a specimen of very powerful writing, and they form almost a *contrast* to Mr Knox's usual mode of diction, which is particularly soft and tender. The subject is Remorse.

The flower that opens to the sky,
And sparkles in the morning rays,
Reminds him of the purity
The loveliness of former days;
The stream that all untroubled strays
Through lily banks and balmy bowers,
Reminds him of his blissful ways,
Ere sin had wither'd all their flowers.

His memory of the seasons past
Is but of pleasures that have fled
Away like rose-leaves on the blast,
Away like the departing dead;
His future hopes that wont to shed
A radiance through the hours of gloom,
Are dreary as the shades that spread
Around a murderer's midnight tomb.

His waking thoughts are like a flame
That burns within him—fierce, though
dim!

Like fever in his wasting frame
That thrills through every quaking
limb;

His dreams of rest—no rest to him—
Are fill'd with phantoms of affright—
Phantoms of happy days, that swim
Around him on the clouds of night.

His life is an oppressive load,
That hangs upon him like a curse;
For all the pleasure-thoughts that glow'd
Are now extinguish'd by remorse!
And death—oh death!—'tis worse,
'tis worse!

How dreadful in the grave to lie,
Yet sleep not! evermore to nurse
The worm that will not, cannot die!

pp. 26, 27.

The following is also in a style of

great strength. It forms part of a melody on the fall of Babylon, founded on a passage of Isaiah, Ch. xiii. 65—66.

How! Babylon! how! for the fate of thy land,
The terrible day of the Lord is at hand;
Like the roar of the ocean, the tumult of war
Is heard from the nations that gather afar;
Afar they are coming, with banners unfurl'd,
To sweep thee away like a cloud from the world.

The hand of the strong shall be weak as a child,
And the heart of thy brave shall with terror grow wild,
And the brow of thy haughty shall droop in despair,
And the wail of thy fearful shall float on the air,
And the hosts of thy mighty, at sight of their foes,
Like a woman in travail, shall shriek in their throes. pp. 65, 66.

To write a really good translation of almost any of the Psalms is, if we may judge from the failure of numerous attempts by men eminent for genius, a task of no ordinary difficulty. And we certainly think that Mr Knox has not succeeded remarkably well in his version of the 103d. There are, however, three stanzas in his version of that portion of the 107th which relates to those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters, which are, on the whole, very good. We refer to the following:

At the word of Jehovah the billows arise,
Like the mountain of Sinai that reaches the skies;
And the vessels are tossed like a leaf in the blast,
And the mariners stand in their terrors aghast.

At the word of Jehovah the billows divide,
And the channels of ocean lie naked and wide;
And the vessels are hung on the verge of the waves,
And the mariners shrink from their fathomless graves;

And they lift up their voice to the God of the deep,
And calmness comes down on the ocean like sleep,

And the sails, like a dream that rejoices the breast,
Glide away to the haven of safety and rest. p. 62.

Here we shall close our longer extracts, though we should like to be able to give a specimen of the moral pieces, which are generally in excellent taste and spirit. Two things (we may notice, before we close) which appear to us considerable defects, have struck us in the course of our perusal of this little volume,—a want of devotional feeling, and a want of moral reflection in the historical pieces. The former is, perhaps, the more free from objection of the two, inasmuch as the author has not selected devotional subjects; but we think the latter might have been avoided, and that with considerable addition to the effect; as, in reading many of the historical sketches, we have a sense of something like paucity of thought. Occasionally, too, there is a degree of weakness in the expression, even of a fine idea. For example, the following is the statement of "the stars in their courses, fighting against Sisera:"

The Kings of Canaan bravely fought,
But Canaan could no triumph boast;
The planets in their courses brought
Destruction on their heathen host.

p. 37.

Mr Knox, also, in one or two cases, errs against strict correctness, as in the following address:—

"Praise ye the Lord, the Lord ye praise."

There is sometimes a failure in the rhymes. *Death* very often occurs as the rhyme corresponding to *path*. The frequency of the recurrence produces almost an unfavourable effect.

These are defects, but they do not very materially mar the work. It abounds in simple and amiable feeling,—displays a correct and lively fancy,—and contains a few melodies of great power, and many of touching tenderness. And it avoids two faults which several poets, professedly sacred, have committed,—we mean, the representing man as, in childhood, pure and spotless, and the holding forth individuals, in lengthened exhibition, as entirely abandoned by their hopes, their virtues, and their God.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET—MR KEMBLE'S FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE CHARACTER IN LONDON—ALTERATION OF THE PLAY BY GARRICK.

[The article whose title is here appended, and which will be found interesting to theatrical amateurs, is extracted from Mr Boaden's *Life of Kemble*. We were prevented from inserting it in our notice of Mr Boaden's volumes last in Number, on account of the space which it must have occupied.]

It was on Tuesday the 30th of September 1783, that Mr Kemble made his first appearance at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the character of Hamlet. The bills announced the play as originally written by Shakespeare; by which was to be understood no more, than that, it was not the miserable alteration of the play, which had so discredited the taste and judgment of Garrick. There were, notwithstanding, *then*, (and they continue,) many important omissions, which the length of what is given alone can sanction: some of the passages absolutely essential to the conduct of the story; all of them to the full development of Hamlet's most interesting and singular character.

Hamlet has been more critically considered than any other of Shakespeare's dramas, and the Prince of Denmark has, in his personal character, afforded a constant theme for moral investigation. But although he is decidedly the great favourite of our countrymen, much pains have been taken to show, that their affection is misplaced, and that Hamlet is vicious and immoral, and consequently unworthy of that sympathy which has attended him from the time that Shakespeare exhibited him upon the stage to the present hour. Upon a hint from Dr Akenside, Mr Steevens has pronounced his conduct "every way unnatural and undefensible, unless he were to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired." It may readily be conceived, that such an opinion would never pass without contradiction; and a more highly philosophical and charitable decision has resolved all his seeming guilt into the really amiable irresolution of his nature.

I mention this dispute, to show the great attention that had been excited to the character; that in an age of commentary every line had been critically considered; and that, though youth might choose the part from the aid it really lends to the actor, yet it required a very "learned spirit of human dealing," a sound judgment, and all the other requisites of the art, to obtain for the performer, in that day, any marked and distinguished admiration.

I remember speaking once with Mr

Kemble upon the question agitated among the critics, whether *Othello* or *Macbeth* were our poet's greatest production. "The critics," said he, "may settle that point among them; they will decide only for themselves. As to the people, notice this, Mr Boaden: take up any Shakespeare you will, from the first collection of his works to the last, which has been read, and look what play bears the most obvious signs of perusal. My life for it, they will be found in the volume which contains the play of Hamlet." I dare say, in my time, some hundred copies have been inspected by me; but this test has never failed in a single instance.

The actor, therefore, who, on the previous reputation of learning and diligence, excited notice and challenged criticism, had every possible difficulty to contend with; if he agreed with his predecessors and contemporaries, it would be said that he wanted originality; if he differed essentially, in either conception or execution, he was open to the charge of self-sufficiency and presumption. To extricate him in some degree from this dilemma, and to dispose the audience favourably towards him, there was some influence to be used, and it no doubt was employed with considerable success. Mrs Siddons had, with becoming zeal, prepared her friends to welcome her elder brother; and as she had herself acted repeatedly with him, there could be no reasonable doubt of the opinion she expressed of his talents. I am not sure that the inadequate exhibition of *Othello* by Stephen Kemble, the week before, at Covent-Garden, did any harm to his brother. It was, to be sure, awkward to find a foil in his own family, but the incident seemed to turn itself into a joke against the manager of the rival theatre, who had engaged the *big*, instead of the *great* Kemble.

The cast of the play had nothing peculiar in it. Kemble took the performers of the other parts as he found them. Bensley was the Ghost—Farren the Horatio—Baddely the Polonius—Barrymore the Laertes. Packer had been so long the excellent or vicious monarch of the stage, that he was never deposed. By a very striking anticipation, Mrs Hopkins performed his mother; and Miss Field

was, the representative of Ophelia. Parsons was the Grave-digger of the *bill* only ; being indisposed, Suett, who had before "shovelled in dust" for him at York, attended him on this occasion. I notice this last circumstance, to show the malignity of one of his critics in the papers, who, finding his Hamlet full of faults, yet gave to Parsons his most decided approbation. This gentleman thus proved his power of seeing what was invisible to every perception but his own, or rather of writing from the play-bill without visiting the theatre.

On Mr Kemble's first appearance before the spectators, the general exclamation was, "How very like his sister!" and there was a very striking resemblance. His person seemed to be finely formed, and his manners princely; but on his brow hung the weight of "some intolerable woe." Apart from the expression called up by the situation of Hamlet, there struck me to be in him a peculiar and personal fitness for tragedy. What others assumed, seemed to be inherent in Kemble. "Native, and to the manner born," he looked an abstraction, if I may so say, of the characteristics of tragedy.

The first great point of remark was, that his Hamlet was decidedly original. He had seen no great actor whom he could have copied. His style was formed by his own taste or judgment, or rather grew out of the peculiar properties of his person and his intellectual habits. He was of a solemn and deliberate temperament,—his walk was always slow, and his expression of countenance contemplative,—his utterance rather tardy, for the most part, but always finely articulate, and in common parlance seemed to proceed rather from organization than voice.

It was soon found that the critic by profession had to examine the performance of a most *acute* critic. To the general conception of the character I remember but one objection; that the deportment was *too scrupulously graceful*; but, besides that Hamlet is represented by the poet as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," I incline to think the critic's standard was too low, rather than Kemble's too high; the manners were not too refined for such a person as Mr Kemble's.

There were points in the dialogue in almost every scene which called upon the critic, where the young actor indulged his own sense of the meaning; and these were to be referred to the text or context, in Shakespeare, and also to the previous manner of Garrick's delivery, or the existing one of Henderson's. The enemies

of Kemble, that is, the injudicious friends of other actors, called these points *NEW READINGS*; which became accordingly a term of reproach among the unthinking. The really judicious, without positively deciding, admitted the ingenuity, and praised the diligence of the young artist. They freely confessed, that there might be endless varieties in the representation of such a character; justifiable, too, by very plausible reasonings; and congratulated themselves and the public upon a new and original actor, whose performances, at all events, would never disgust them by common place, but would at all times tend to make Shakespeare better known, by the necessity for his being more studied; that the reference must be perpetual from the actor to the works; and in thus contributing to the fame of the poet, the performer might eventually establish his own.

A pretty extensive list of such points is before me, noticed by myself and by others, where Mr Kemble differed from Garrick or Henderson, or both. I am therefore quite sure that I do not attribute to the beginning of his career what I only noticed in the progress. The points too are curious in themselves, and merit to be here preserved; besides, that criticism unexemplified is as fruitless as metaphysics where the terms are not defined. We must have the passage literally before us, to know what we talk about. The first objection was to an emphasis. He was instructed to say,—

"Tis an *un-weeded* garden, that grows to seed."

But Mr Kemble thought, and justly, that "*unweeded*" was quite as intelligible with the usual and proper accent as the improper one; and besides, that the exquisite modulation of the poet's verse should not be jolted out of its music, for the sake of giving a more pointed explanation of a word already sufficiently understood.

"Sir, my good FRIEND! I'll change *that* name with you."

Thus Mr Kemble, upon Horatio's saying to Hamlet that he was his poor *servant* ever. Dr Johnson conceives it to mean, "I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend." In which case the emphasis would rest thus—

"Sir, my good FRIEND! I'll *change* that name with you."

Perhaps, it may be rather, "Change the term servant into that of friend. Consider us, without regard to rank, as friends." Henderson evidently so understood it, for he said,

"I'll change *that* name with *you*."

It was, I think, a novelty, when, after having recognized Horatio and Marcellus by name, Mr Kemble turned courteously towards Bernardo, and applied the "Good even, Sir," to him. The commentators were too busy in debating whether it should be evening or morning, to bestow a thought as to the *direction* of this gentle salutation.

It was observed how keenly Kemble inserted an insinuation of the King's intemperance, when he said to Horatio and the rest,—

"We'll teach you to *DRINK deep*,—ere you depart."

He restored, with the modern editors of Shakespeare, "*Dearest* foe," and "*Betwixt* the winds of Heaven," and he was greatly censured for doing so, because, as the first term is unknown to the moderns in the sense of *most important*, or, as Johnson thought *direct*, and the word *betwixt* not known at all, the critic said, it might show *reading* so to speak them, but did not shew clear *meaning*; a thing of more moment to a popular assembly. This is a question, I am sensible, on which a great deal may be said; but let it be observed, that it involves the *integrity of a poet's text*. For the present, let it rest.

"My father.—methinks I see my father."

Professor Richardson terms this "the most solemn and striking apostrophe that ever poet invented." Mr Kemble seemed so to consider it: the image entirely possessed his imagination; and, accordingly, after attempting to pronounce his panegyric,—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,"

a flood of tenderness came over him, and it was with tears he uttered,—

"I shall not look upon his like again."

I know the almost stoical firmness with which others declaim this passage; and the political opposition affected, between the terms *KING* and *MAN*; but I must be excused, if I prefer the melting softness of Kemble, as more germane to "the weakness and the melancholy" of Hamlet.

"Did *you* not speak to it?" (*To Horatio.*)

Not only personally put to Horatio, for this must certainly be done, with emphasis or without, (as the others had said they did not speak to the spectre, and had invited Horatio, that he might do so,) but

emphatically and tenderly, as inferring from the peculiar intimacy between them, that *he* surely had ventured to enquire the cause of so awful a visitation. Mr Steevens, from a pique which Mr Kemble explained to me, thought fit to annoy him upon this innovation; and, without naming the object of his sarcasm, has left it in the margin of his Shakespeare.

"Be it remembered, (says that editor,) that the words are not, as lately pronounced on the stage, 'Did not *you* speak to it?' but 'Did you not *speak* to it?' How awkward will the innovated sense appear, if attempted to be produced from the passage as it really stands in the true copies!

'Did *you* not speak to it?'

The emphasis, therefore, should most certainly rest on *speak*."

Here is, in the first place, a mis-statement. Mr Kemble never did so speak; but always placed the pronoun *you* before the negative; and, as to the awkwardness, it may be more difficult to discover than the critic was aware. Shakespeare, when putting a question, very personally indeed, preserves this very arrangement. As thus to Banquo, in Macbeth:—

"Do *you* not hope your children shall be kings?"

Mr Kemble, however, told me, that he had submitted this to Dr Johnson in one of those calls upon him which Boswell has mentioned, and that the Doctor said to him, "To be sure, Sir,—*you* should be strongly marked. I told Garrick so, long since, but Davy never could see it."

"And for my soul, what *CAN* it do to *that*,
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

Garrick here, with great quickness, said, "What can it do to *that*?" There is, I think, more impression in Kemble's manner of putting it. In Garrick it was a truism asserted; in Kemble not merely asserted, but *enjoyed*.

Having drawn his sword, to menace the friends who prevented him from following the Ghost, every Hamlet before Mr Kemble presented the point to the phantom as he followed him to the removed ground. Kemble having drawn it on his friends, retained it in his right hand, but turned his left towards the spirit, and drooped the weapon after him—a change both tasteful and judicious. As a defence against such a being it was ridiculous to present the point. To retain it unconsciously showed how

completely he was absorbed by the dreadful mystery he was exploring.

The *kneeling* at the descent of the Ghost was censured as a *trick*. I suppose merely because it had not been done before: but it suitably marked the filial reverence of Hamlet, and the solemnity of the engagement he had contracted. Henderson saw it, and adopted it immediately,—I remember he was applauded for doing so.

These two great actors agreed in the seeming intention of particular disclosure to Horatio—

“Yes, but there *is*, Horatio,—and much offence too,”

turned off upon the pressing forward of Marcellus to partake the communication. Kemble *only*, however, prepared the way for this, by the marked address to Horatio, “Did you not speak to it?”

In the scene with Polonius, where Hamlet is asked what is the matter which he reads, and he answers, “Slanders, Sir,” Mr Kemble, to give the stronger impression of his wildness, tore the leaf out of the book. Even this was remarked, for he was of consequence enough, at first, to have every thing he did minutely examined.

A critic observed, that, in the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he was not only familiar, but gay and smiling; and that he *should* be quite the reverse, because he tells them that he “has lost all his mirth,” &c. This was pure mis-apprehension in the critic. The scene itself, ever so slightly read, would have set him right. Hamlet, from playing on Polonius, turns to receive gaily, and with smiles, his *excellent friends*, his *good lads*, who are neither the *button on Fortunc's cap*, nor the *soles of her shoe*. And it is only when the conception crosses him that they were sent to sound him, that he changes his manner, puts his questions eagerly and importunately, and having an eye upon them, gives that account of his disposition, which rendered it but a sleeveless errand which they came upon.

Amid the dry cavils of criticism, let me indulge myself in saying, that such a piece of exquisite prose, as this very account, never was written even by Shakespeare himself. However lofty the conceptions, the expression is never turgid; and the reader may remark what care the Poet has taken to preserve it in a state of pure prose, for it never touches upon the measures of his verse. Let him compare the Moralists of Shaftesbury, for instance, and he will find there, wherever the writer strains after the sub-

lime, the language seems inclined to become blank verse if it could. The passage from Shakespeare I will here insert.

“I have of late, (but wherefore I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me.”

Bishop Warburton finely observes upon the above. “This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholy, sprung from thickness of blood; and artfully imagined to hide the true cause of his disorder from the penetration of these two friends who were set over him as spies.”

After this digression, I proceed with the *points* in Mr Kemble's performance of Hamlet.

“The *mobled* queen.”

Garrick repeated this after the player, as in doubt; Kemble, as in sympathy. And accordingly Polonius echoes his approbation, and says, that the expression is good. “*Mobled* queen is good.”

“Perchance to *dream*!”

Kemble prolonged the word “dream” meditatively. Just after to Ophelia, he spoke the word *lisp* with one—lithp. A refinement below him.

Henderson and he concurred in saying to Horatio,—

“Aye in my heart of heart, as I do thee.”

Garrick gave it differently,—“heart of heart.” But I think would have attained his purpose better by changing his emphasis to “heart of heart,” as I remember somewhere, I think, in Thomson,—

“And all the *lift* of life is gone;”

that is, I cherish thee in the divinest particle of the heart, which is to that organ itself what the heart is to the body. It emaciates these ideas much to try to unfold them, but some effort must be made, or we should talk vaguely.

In the mock play before the king, Garrick threw out, as an unmeaning rant, addressed to Lucianus,

"The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

But I have not the slightest doubt with Henderson and Kemble, that it is a reflection of Hamlet applicable to his own case, and quite on a par with that in Macbeth:—

"The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

Kemble gave the argument of the play in the finest manner possible.—

"They do but *jest*: POISON in *jest*," in *tone* and *observation* at the time beyond all praise.

The reference to Rosencrantz, after Guildenstern, with the pipe, "I do beseech you," is an innovation. It involves both persons in the disgrace; but if allowed at all, it can only be permitted as a felicity of *action* in the performance. At all events, the stately *march* from Guildenstern to Rosencrantz always seemed to me a *poor* thing; and indeed chilling what was to follow; too formal, in a word, for the condition of Hamlet's mind.

In the chamber of the queen—"Is it the king?" was addressed to the million. Hamlet's nature is so little vindictive! In this scene, it was doubted, whether, in "speaking daggers" to the queen, they were *drawn* and *sharp* enough? It struck me, that greater keenness would have been unfilial, and as if he took *delight* in the task, which only stern necessity imposed upon him.

Kemble *knelt* in the fine adjuration to his mother. An objection was taken, that the passage is *preceptive* rather than supplicatory: I think not.

"Mother, for the love of grace!
Lay not this flattering unction to your soul."

As an affectionate son, he is endeavouring to awake all the feelings of the mother in her, to combat the delusion of her guilty attachment. The more endearing his urgency, the more strictly natural. Hamlet does not do justice to himself, when he adds,

"Forgive me this, my virtue!
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good."

He would fain persuade himself, that he

is playing the politician, while, in reality, he is only giving way to the pious tenderness of his feelings. Nor is this the only instance to be found of his amiable self-delusion.

"And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you."

Henderson again differed from Mr Kemble's reading; thus—

"And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you."

In the *grave* scene he never entirely satisfied himself; he was too studiously graceful; and under his difficulties, seemingly too much at his ease. The exclamation, on hearing that the dead body was Ophelia's, had not the pathos of Henderson's, who seemed here struck to the very soul. The tone yet vibrates in my ear with which he uttered—

"What!—the fair Ophelia!"

Years after, I reminded Mr Kemble of this very fine point, and he readily came into the manner of his predecessor.

The whole management of the strange fencing scene with Laertes was very graceful and conciliatory; and the operation of the poison, the tender address to Horatio, and the death, exhibited a most interesting close of this amiable, unfortunate, but matchless character.

We have for so many years been accustomed to see Hamlet dressed in the Vandyke costume, that it may be material to state, that Mr Kemble played the part in a modern court-dress of rich black velvet, with a star on the breast, the garter and pendant ribband of an order—mourning-sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the hair in powder; which, in the scenes of feigned distraction, flowed dishevelled in front and over the shoulders.

As to the expression of the face, perhaps the powdered hair, from contrast, had a superior effect to the short curled wig at present worn. The eyes seemed to possess more brilliancy. With regard to costume, correctness in either case is out of the question, only that the Vandyke habit is preferable, as it removes a positive anachronism and inconsistency.

Having incidentally mentioned Mr Garrick's strange alteration of the play of Hamlet, it may not here be improper to add some account of it. In my youth, I remember to have seen it acted, and for many years afterwards I could not get the smallest information, whether

any copy was preserved of this unlucky compliment to Voltaire. A strange story was in circulation formerly, that it had been buried with the great actor; this however, it was said, was not upon the humane principle, that a man's faults should die with him, but as a sort of consecration of so critical a labour.

But Mr Kemble had in his library what I believe to have been the very copy of the play upon which Mr Garrick's alterations were made. He probably received it as a curiosity from Mrs Garrick, who, I remember, presented to him the cane with which Mr Garrick walked abroad, and which, as an accession to his vast collection of reliques of that great actor, Mr Kemble properly bestowed upon Charles Matthews.

He cut out the voyage to England, and the execution of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, "who had made love to the employment, and marshalled his way to knavery." He omitted the funeral of Ophelia, and all the wisdom of the prince, and the rude jocularity of the grave-diggers. Hamlet bursts in upon the king and his court, and Laertes reproaches him with his father's and his sister's deaths. The exasperation of both is at its height, when the king interposes; he had commanded Hamlet to depart for England, and declares that he will no longer bear this rebellious conduct, but that his wrath shall at length fall heavy upon the prince. "First," exclaims Hamlet, "feel you mine;" and he instantly stabs him. The queen rushes out, unproving the attendants to save her from her son. Laertes, seeing treason and murder before him, attacks Hamlet, to revenge his father, his sister, and his king. He wounds Hamlet mortally, and Horatio is on the point of making Laertes accompany him to the shades, when the prince commands him to desist, assuring him that it was the hand of Heaven, which administered, by Laertes, "that precious balm for all his wounds." We

then learn that the miserable mother had dropt in a trance ere she could reach her chamber door, and Hamlet implores for her "an hour of penitence ere madness end her." He then joins the hands of Laertes and Horatio, and commands them to unite their virtues (as a coalition of ministers) to "calm the troubled land." The old couplet, as to the bodies, concludes the play.

All this is written in a mean and trashy common-place manner, and, in a word, sullied the page of Shakespeare, and disgraced the taste and judgment of Mr Garrick.

There are upon this copy of Hamlet evidences of some unpardonable liberties taken by another great actor, Mr Betterton. The play itself was printed in 1703, and the passages omitted in the representation were denoted by inverted commas. After all the elaborate description of Betterton's address to the ghost, this is the way in which that address is exhibited as spoken on the stage:—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

What may this mean,
That thou dead corse again in complete steel," &c.

All the solemn gradations by which Hamlet adjures the spirit (so dear to an actor who can discriminate) were omitted. He employs no terrible or soothing terms—he treats him with neither ceremony nor affection, but after having commended himself to the care of angelic guards, at once asks the apparent shade of his father what he means by disturbing them? And it now occurs to me, that what Cibber complained of, that some Hamlets absolutely *bullied the ghost*, could only have proceeded from this brutal omission of the very lines that would have taught them how to approach so awful and mysterious a being.

WALLACE'S DREAM.

He last beam of day from the west had departed,
And night's darkest canopy hung o'er the plain;
While through the deep gloom the wild meteor
darted,
And shed its red glare o'er the field of the slain.
The camp-fires at intervals faintly were gleaming;
The gloom's gloomy spirit moan'd loud from his
cave;
The Carron's dark waters at distance were stream-
ing,
And sigh'd as they mix'd with the blood of the
brave!

By a moss-cover'd rock lay his country's defender
Asleep with his manly form wrapt in his plaid,
He dream'd of a land that had none to befriend
her,
How low in the dust her brave Wallace was laid!—

He dream'd of companions in peril and danger,
Now stretch'd on the wild heath and stiff'ning in
gore,
Who fought by his side in the land of the stranger,
And died to defend him by Carron's lone shore!

He dream'd that he saw deeply pictur'd before him,
His own cruel fate in the land of the slave,
But he dream'd that the banner of glory wav'd
o'er him,
That the tears of his country would hallow his
grave!
He started,—awoke,—drew his faulchion—'Twas
gory!

He rush'd high to heav'n his arm and his eye,
And swore to pursue the path onward to glory;
For dear Caledonia, to conquer, or die!

Acoubridge, 1824.

J. B.

MR BROUGHAM'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT GLASGOW*

It is not, perhaps, generally known to our readers, that in the University of Glasgow one office is filled by popular election. The Rector, or, as he is usually styled, the Lord Rector, is chosen at the commencement of each Winter Session, by the whole Professors and matriculated Students in *comitia*, held for the purpose. The Students and Professors are divided into four nations, and to the majority of each nation is given a vote—the last Rector, in case of an equality, having a casting vote.

It is thus apparent that the right of choice is substantially exercised by the Students, and as the number of these electors averages about 1500, the election is decidedly popular. Accordingly, it is frequently attended with the usual characteristics of such elections—canvassing, and preparatory meetings among the Students,—harangues of all sorts,—placards for and against the candidates put in nomination,—and, in short, all the modes of address or attack by which the Student hopes to strengthen his ranks. In some instances, the election is carried on with extraordinary spirit, and more than once has generated unkindly feelings in the University. But, for the most part, the only remarkable feature in the contest has been the steady perseverance with which the Students have rejected every attempt of their Professors to cajole or intimidate them into the choice of a particular person.

We have participated in the bustle of an election; we have also been bold enough to dispute the dictation of a Professor; and we enjoyed, in a high degree, the reward of our independence in the choice, and subsequent installation, of our favourite candidate, (we remember Lord Archibald Hamilton was the Rector for whom we struggled most keenly); and we doubt not that the youths who surrounded Mr Brougham in the Common Hall, on the 6th April, experienced a similar triumph, and

enjoyed similar gratification. It was indeed a proud day for both Rector and Students. The former was the successor of Jeffrey and of Macintosh, and his competitor was the gifted baronet who ranks highest in the scale of Scottish genius. The same wonderful name had been proposed on a former occasion, and it was supposed that a second nomination would of course bring success. But even then, Mr Brougham divided the votes with him, and, by the casting vote of Sir James Macintosh, became Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. The election was alike honourable to the Students. They spurned the idea of obedience to a Professor's nod, and the independence which they practised they appreciated and rewarded in another. In the disinterested exercise of their right, they had previously placed Jeffrey and Macintosh in the Rector's chair, and they now called on Mr Brougham to occupy the seat of these distinguished individuals, the only honour (and certainly not a mean one) they could confer. They thus completed a trio of rulers; friends of each other, and all breathing the kindred principles of freedom, and combining in themselves more literary talent than is to be found in any other three men in the empire.

It is not our intention to give any lengthened account of the discourse which Mr Brougham read to the assembled members of the University on the day of his installation. Indeed, we believe that this admirable specimen of critical reasoning and powerful eloquence is already familiar to many of our readers. And if we may judge from the deep attention with which it was listened to, and the fervent plaudits which frequently interrupted, and, at the conclusion, almost overwhelmed the orator, it has made impressions of no fleeting kind on both Teachers and Students. We have seen and admired Mr Brougham in the senate, but our admiration of him there was in-

* Inaugural Discourse of Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P., on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, Wednesday, April 6, 1825. Glasgow, 1825.

difference, when compared to the feeling with which we heard this discourse. His heart seemed to be expanded with the noble subject of his theme, (the moral and intellectual improvement of his fellow-citizens,) and the zeal and ardour which he displayed in pressing upon his hearers the great truths which warmed his own bosom, were every way worthy of the sentiments he promulgated. We present our readers with the following introductory exhortation to the Students:—

I feel very sensibly, that if I shall now urge you, by general exhortations, to be instant in the pursuit of the learning, which, in all its branches, flourishes under the kindly shelter of these roofs, I may weary you with the unprofitable repetition of a thrice-told tale; and if I presume to offer my advice touching the conduct of your studies, I may seem to trespass upon the province of those venerable persons, under whose care you have the singular happiness to be placed. But I would nevertheless expose myself to either charge, for the sake of joining my voice with theirs, in anxiously intreating you to believe how incomparably the present season is verily and indeed the most precious of your whole lives. It is not the less true, because it has been oftentimes said, that the period of youth is by far the best fitted for the improvement of the mind, and the retirement of a college almost exclusively adapted to much study. At your enviable age, every thing has the lively interest of novelty and freshness; attention is perpetually sharpened by curiosity; and the memory is tenacious of the deep impressions it thus receives, to a degree unknown in after life; while the distracting cares of the world, or its beguiling pleasures, cross not the threshold of these calm retreats; its distant noise and bustle are faintly heard, making the shelter you enjoy more grateful; and the struggles of anxious mortals embarked upon that troublous sea, are viewed from an eminence, the security of which is rendered more sweet by the prospect of the scene below. Yet a little while, and you too will be plunged into those waters of bitterness; and will cast an eye of regret, as now I do, upon the peaceful regions you have quitted for ever. Such is your lot as members of society; but it will be your own fault if you look back on this place with repentance or with shame; and be well assured, that whatever time—ay, every hour—you squander here on

unprofitable idling, will then rise up against you, and be paid for by years of bitter but unavailing regrets. Study, then, I beseech you, so to store your minds with the exquisite learning of former ages, that you may always possess within yourselves sources of rational and refined enjoyment, which will enable you to set at nought the grosser pleasures of sense, whereof other men are slaves; and so imbue yourselves with the sound philosophy of later days, forming yourselves to the virtuous habits which are its legitimate offspring, that you may walk unhurt through the trials which await you, and may look down upon the ignorance and error that surround you, not with lofty and supercilious contempt, as the sages of old times, but with the vehement desire of enlightening those who wander in darkness, and who are by so much the more endeared to us by how much they want our assistance.

After this introduction, Mr Brougham proceeds to the two subjects of his discourse—"the study of the rhetorical art, by which useful truths are promulgated with effect, and the purposes to which a proficiency in this art should be made subservient." When inculcating the study of the rhetorical art, he recommends, in the strongest terms, to the devoted attention of the student, "the chaste, finished, nervous, and overwhelming compositions of them that, 'resistless, fulminated over Greece'"—and, at considerable length, proves the superiority of the Grecian orators over those of all other countries and times. He afterwards points out the propriety of studying the best English authors, who flourished from the end of Elizabeth's to the end of Queen Ann's reign; and in a very happy, and somewhat excursive manner, guards against the imitation of their defects. This branch of the discourse is concluded by a strong admonition of the necessity of constant preparation, and careful study, even after the taste has been formed, and habits of chaste composition acquired.

We have not been able to find room for extracts from this portion of Mr Brougham's discourse, nor have we any wish to injure the effect of his argument by partial quotation. We proceed to the second part of the subject before us—"the noble purposes to which eloquence may be made subservient." To do justice to the

author, we ought to quote this portion of his discourse entire, but our limits do not permit us. We shall enrich our pages, however, with the concluding paragraph of the discourse; and from the specimen we are about to give, those of our readers who have not already perused this eloquent effort of commanding intellect, may form some idea of the splendid powers of the highly-talented author.

Let me therefore indulge in the hope, that, among the illustrious youths whom this ancient kingdom, famed alike for its nobility and its learning, has produced, to continue her fame through after ages, possibly among those I now address, there may be found some one—I ask no more—willing to give a bright example to other nations in a path yet untrodden, by taking the lead of his fellow-citizens,—not in frivolous amusements, nor in the degrading pursuits of the ambitious vulgar,—but in the truly noble task of enlightening the mass of his countrymen, and of leaving his own name no longer encircled, as heretofore, with barbaric splendour, or attached to courtly gewgaws, but illustrated by the honours most worthy of our rational nature—coupled with the diffusion of knowledge—and gratefully pronounced, through all ages, by millions whom his wise beneficence has rescued from ignorance and vice. To him I will say, “*Homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt quam salutem ho-*

minibus dando: nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus quam ut possis, nec natura tua melius quam ut velis servare quamplurimos.” This is the true mark for the aim of all who either prize the enjoyment of pure happiness, or set a right value upon a high and unsullied renown. And if the benefactors of mankind, when they rest from their pious labours, shall be permitted to enjoy hereafter, as an appropriate reward of their virtue, the privilege of looking down upon the blessings with which their toils and sufferings have clothed the scene of their former existence; do not vainly imagine, that, in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more vulgar crowd of evil-doers, who have sacrificed to their own aggrandisement the good of their fellow-creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monuments of their inglorious fame:—theirs will be the delight—theirs the triumph—who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the reflection, that the prodigious change they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can make dim no more—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious, though costly, and though late reaped, yet long enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below!

I'll think on Thee.

WHEN far from home and thee I'm
roaming,
Lost on ocean's bosom hoar,
I see the billows round me foaming,
And listen to their ceaseless roar;
I'll think upon my native shore
Where still my fondest dreamings be—
I'll think on thee.

If doom'd, with bosom wrung with sorrow,
In orient climes to wander far,
Where Beauty's eyes their brightness borrow

From the glow of twilight star:
In peaceful days—in direst war—
By land, or on the billowy sea,
I'll think on thee.

Mayhap in Afric dungeon, moaning
To the breeze that fans not me,
Hyænas answering to the groaning
Of my deep despondency—
Star of my heart! the thought of thee
Shall o'er my sunken spirits gleam,
Like rapturous dream.

But wilt thou, love, at close of even,
When straying lone in Scottish glen,
Where hues of earth and tints of heaven
Woo thee from the haunts of men,—
Say, wilt thou for the wanderer then
Heave one deep sigh—let fall one tear—
And wish him near?

Oh, think on bliss gone by—departed
Like yon sun's last golden ray,
Whose glance was yet so sweetly darted.
It promise gave of brighter day,—
Yes, joys as bright, and hopes as gay
As sunbeam's farewell smile at eve,
Thy lot shall give.

Oh, let not the music round thee flowing
From every bush and blossom'd tree,
Be heard, without one thought bestowing
On him who, roving, thinks on thee!
'Twould damp thy spirit's lightsome glee,
Yet Heaven the tear would well approve
That's dropt for Love.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES. WRITTEN BY HERSELF. London 1825.

It would have been but justice to the public, we think, to have mentioned that these "Memoirs of Madame de Genlis" contain but a small portion of the memoirs of that lady; and that, so far from being illustrative of the history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the part now published embraces only a portion of the eighteenth. The narrative, which was begun in 1812, commences with the birth of the Countess in 1746, and these volumes bring us down only to the year 1778. Of course, all that part of her history which relates to the period of the Revolution, and which is likely to possess the strongest interest for foreigners, is yet untouched.

The impression which is communicated by these volumes is a singular one. Aware, as every one is, of the extent to which a spirit of frivolity pervades the character of our French neighbours, it was still difficult to conceive that the Countess de Genlis, whom the mind associates with all the grave dignity of a teacher of youth, and a framer of systems of education theoretical and practical, should ever have formed one of the triflers of a French Court. This illusion these volumes will completely destroy. They exhibit her in an amiable but most insignificant light—wasting half her life in exhibitions on the harp,—in the composition of quadrilles and allegorical ballads, and *vers de société*,—in the performance of theatrical exhibitions and masquerades,—and the elaboration of ingenious dresses. Her studies, her writings, her domestic duties, form only occasional interludes in the regular drama of show and society. Her real existence is in the centre of ball-rooms and salons. All these follies, however, are detailed with such openness, and such a tone of infantine simplicity, that these Memoirs, however little calculated to raise the character of the author, are exceedingly amusing. They abound in anecdotes of all kinds; the great names of the day appear occasionally among the idlers of Madame de

Genlis's acquaintance; and though her notices of these are neither so numerous, nor by any means so impartial as might be wished, they occasionally possess both interest and justice. One prejudice, founded, no doubt, in good feeling, pervades the work, and sometimes appears in rather an amusing shape. She had, from her earliest youth, an extreme dislike to the party called the Philosophists, and after sneering in different parts of these Memoirs at Helvetius, D'Alembert, and the other literary men connected with the Encyclopédie, or holding opinions of a similar nature, she goes so far as to say of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," that it is, "in fact, a bad book in all respects,—extremely diffuse, without novelty of remark, and excessively tiresome!"

Madame de Genlis was born on the 25th of January 1746, on a little estate in Burgundy, near Autun. She had scarcely received her existence, when she narrowly escaped being again deprived of it by an unlucky accident. She was born so weak, that the nurses would not venture to put her in swaddling-clothes, and she had been placed in a chair, covered with a down-pillow. The Judge of the district, who was almost blind, came in to pay his compliments to her father, and had just, in his usual way, separated the large flaps of his coat, to seat himself in the identical arm-chair which contained the child, when the thing was observed, and poor Madame de Genlis escaped being crushed to death by the weight of a *Juge de Paix*.

The very early part of her life we must take the liberty of passing over. It contains much, perhaps, which to herself may be interesting, as recalling feelings which it is a happiness in age to revive, but it is by far too much dilated and spun out for general readers. She was placed under the surveillance of a governess, *Mlle. demoiselle de Mars*, for whom she soon conceived an enthusiastic attachment. Her vocation to instruct seems to have developed itself at a

very early period indeed. Her window looked out upon a small spot where the boys of the village were accustomed to assemble to play and gather rushes, and she was immediately struck with the idea of giving them lessons in the catechism, declamation, and the principles of music; all which, leaning on the wall of the terrace, she "performed in the gravest manner." Already, too, her taste for theatricals had been gratified. Her mother had composed a comic opera in the pastoral style, in which the young lady played the part of Love, and she had also performed *Iphigenia* and *Zaire*! Such was the applause excited by her appearance in the costume of Love, that she wore no other dress for nine months, walking about constantly with a pair of azure wings on her shoulders. It is difficult to conceive how her parents should have indulged this freak, whatever might be the sentiments of the young lady as to her appearance in that costume; but perhaps not a little of that eternal propensity to display, which characterised her future life, may have been owing to this very singular style of education.

Sometime afterwards, the family quitted Burgundy for Paris, and went to lodge at the house of the Countess's aunt, Madame de Bellevau. Here she continued her studies, and devoted herself particularly to the guitar, on which she made rapid progress. Here, too, she soon became acquainted with some of the literary men of Paris. Marmontel, among others, was a visitor at her aunt's, and she was present at the reading of some of his Tales. Even at the early age of twelve, that good taste in literature, which is the strongest feature in Madame de Genlis's literary character, displayed itself. Marmontel's foolish and improbable tale of the "Self-styled Philosopher," which was the first of his works with which she became acquainted, she justly set down from the first, as dull and absurd. At a later period, indeed, she wrote a critique of his novels, which had the effect of throwing the moralist into a transport of rage. Her acquaintance with another man of letters, the financier Mohdorge, who

wrote verses very prettily, inspired her with the idea of attempting to versify herself. The composition, which is preserved, must be admitted to be very superior to Dr Johnson's *Elegy* on the duck. In fact, it is by no means deficient in point. Her mother had a waiting-maid named *Victoire*; her own name was *Félicité*, and that of her governess *Mars*. What Frenchman or Frenchwoman would desire better materials for an epigram? Here is Madame de Genlis's *quatrain*:

*Félicité, Mars, et Victoire,
Se trouvent rassemblés chez nous.
Est-il rien de plus grand, est-il rien de
plus doux
Que de fixer chez soi le bonheur et la
gloire?*

She now read the best poems regularly, and particularly the beautiful sacred odes of J. Baptiste Rousseau; and, by attending while her brother received his Latin lessons, began to make some progress in that language.

A sad reverse of fortune soon occurred. The affairs of her father, which had gradually been getting into disorder, were now completely ruined; and after payment of his debts, it was found there would remain only an annuity of 1200 francs a-year for the support of the family. The governess, to whom she was so much attached, she was under the necessity of parting with, and she removed with her mother to a small lodging in the Rue Traversière, which she afterwards quitted for Passy.

At Passy, where she resided, in the house of an amiable and eccentric old gentleman named Popelinère, her life seems to have passed nearly in the same manner as in the hotel of her aunt. Concerts, balls, theatrical entertainments, and a constant intercourse with literary society, made the time glide rapidly away. On her return to Paris, she practised the harp with such assiduity, that her progress astonished the most celebrated professors, who used to surround her chair and listen to her with admiration as she played. D'Alembert, who had written an article on music in the *Encyclopédie*, came among the rest, but she took a dislike to him immediately, for the

philosopher had unfortunately "a vulgar expression of face, and was fond of telling low and ludicrous anecdotes, in a sharp and shrill tone of voice." But the most singular personage with whom she was then in the habit of associating was the celebrated Count St. Germain. The whole account of the man is so interesting, that we shall quote it at length.

He had then the appearance of not more than forty-five years old, though, by the testimony of people who had seen him thirty or thirty-five years before, it appears certain that he was a great deal older: he was somewhat below the middle size, well made, and active in his gait; his hair was black, his complexion dark, his face expressive of talent, and his features regular. He spoke French elegantly, and without any accent, and likewise the English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was an excellent musician, and could accompany any song on the harpsichord extempore, and with a perfection which astonished Philidor, as much as his style of preluding. He was well acquainted with physics, and was a very great chemist. My father, who was well qualified to judge, was a great admirer of his abilities in this way. He painted in oil colours, not, as has been said, in the finest style, but very well; he had discovered a secret respecting colours, which was really wonderful, and which gave an extraordinary effect to his pictures; he painted historical subjects in the grand style, and never failed to ornament the draperies of his women with precious stones; he then employed his colours in painting these ornaments, and his emeralds, sapphires, rubies, &c. had all the brightness and the glancing brilliancy of the precious stones they imitated. Latour, Vonloo, and other painters, went to see these paintings, and admired extremely the surprising effort of these dazzling colours, which, however, had the disagreeable effect, not only of throwing the figure into shade, but of destroying, by their truth, all the illusion of the picture. "Notwithstanding, in the ornamental style, these colours might have been happily employed; but M. de Saint Germain never would consent to give up the secret. M. de Saint Germain's conversation was amusing and instructive; he had travelled much, and he knew all the details of modern history with such precision, that he has been said to have spoken of the oldest persons as if he had lived among them; but I have never heard him speak in this way. He seemed to have the best principles; he ful-

filled all the external duties of religion, he was extremely charitable, and agreed in allowing that his morals were perfectly pure. All was grave and moral in his behaviour and his discourse; yet it must be confessed that this man, so singular for his talents and the extent of his knowledge, and for all that can secure personal consideration—learning, elegant and imposing manners, exemplary behaviour, riches and beneficence—this man was nevertheless an impostor, or, at all events, a person who had made himself eminent by the possession of some secrets, known only to himself, which had unquestionably procured him a robuster health and longer life than are usually allotted to man. I confess I am persuaded, and my father believed it firmly, that M. de Saint Germain, who seemed not above forty-five, was in reality at least ninety. If men did not abuse all the gifts of Nature, they would generally reach a much greater age, of which we still see some examples; if they did not yield to their passions, and their intemperance, the age of man would be perhaps a hundred, and a very old age, a hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty. In this case, at ninety, a man would have the vigour of one of forty-five or fifty; my supposition, therefore, with regard to M. de Saint Germain, is by no means unreasonable, if we admit farther, that he had discovered, by means of chemistry, the composition of some potion peculiarly adapted to his constitution; and we may suppose also, without believing in the philosopher's stone, that he was much older than the age which I have assigned him. M. de Saint Germain, during the first four months of our acquaintance, not only never spoke extravagantly, but never even uttered a single uncommon phrase; and he had something so grave and so respectable in his demeanour and appearance, that my mother never durst venture to question him relative to the singularities ascribed to him. At last, one evening, after he had accompanied me by ear in several Italian airs, he told me that in four or five years I should have a fine voice, adding, "And when you are seventeen or eighteen, should you not be glad to stop at that age for at least a number of years?" I replied that I should be charmed to do so. "Well," said he, "I promise you it shall be so:" and immediately he changed the conversation.

These few words encouraged my mother, who, an instant afterwards, asked him if Germany was really his native country. He shook his head with a mysterious air, and heaving a deep sigh,

"All that I can tell you of my birth," replied he, "is, that at seven years old I was wandering about the woods with my governor, and that a reward was set upon my head!" These words made me shudder, for I never doubted the sincerity of this important communication. "The evening before my flight," continued he, "my mother, whom I was never more to behold,—fastened her portrait upon my arm." "Oh, Heaven!" cried I, upon hearing this exclamation. M. de Saint Germain looked at me, and seemed to be touched on seeing my eyes filled with tears. "I will show it you," he continued, and at these words he bared his arm, and undid a bracelet admirably painted in enamel, and representing a very handsome woman. I contemplated this portrait with the most lively emotion. M. de Saint Germain said no more, and changed the conversation. When he was gone, I was extremely grieved to hear my mother ridicule *his proscription*, and *the queen his mother*; for *the price put upon his head at the age of seven*, and his flight into the woods *with his governor*, all led us to believe him the son of a dethroned sovereign. I believed, and I wished to believe, a romance of so extraordinary a kind, so that the pleasantries of my mother on the subject shocked me extremely. After that day, M. de Saint Germain said nothing remarkable in this way; he spoke only of music, of the arts, and of the curious things he had observed in his travels. He gave me perpetually excellent sweetmeats in the shape of fruits, which he assured me he made himself; and of all his talents, this was not the one I esteemed the least. He gave me also a box for bonbons of a singular kind, of which he had himself made the lid. The box was of tortoise shell, and very large; the top was ornamented with an agate in composition, much smaller than the lid. On placing the box before the fire a moment, the agate was no longer seen, but in its place was a pretty miniature, representing a shepherdess holding a basket of flowers; the figure remained until the heat was again applied to the box, and then the agate reappeared, and bid it as before. This would be a pretty method of concealing a portrait. I have since invented a composition with which I can make a perfect imitation of all sorts of pebbles, and even of transparent agates; that invention has led me to guess at the artifice of M. de Saint Germain's box.

To finish what relates to this extraordinary person, I must add, that fifteen or sixteen years after, in a journey to Siena in Italy, I learnt that he had lived in

that city, and that he was not believed to be more than fifty years of age. Sixteen or seventeen years after that, being at Holstein, I learnt from the Prince of Hesse, brother-in-law of the King of Denmark, and father-in-law of the Prince Royal, now on the throne, that M. de Saint Germain had died in his palace six months before my arrival in the country. The prince had the politeness to answer all my questions relative to this remarkable personage; he said that he had neither the appearance of infirmity nor old age at the time of his death, but that he appeared to be worn away by some insurmountable grief. The prince had given him apartments in his palace, and made chemical experiments with him. M. de Saint Germain had arrived in Holstein without any appearance of poverty, but without attendants, and without any show of splendour. He had still preserved some diamonds. He died of consumption, and was seized, before dying, with unspeakable terrors, which even affected his reason, which two months before his death was completely disordered; and every part of his conduct proved him to be suffering all the fearful agonies of a troubled conscience. I was exceedingly grieved at this recital, for I had always preserved a strong interest in this singular personage.

Passing over some details which more immediately concern her mother, we come to an event on which much of the destiny of Madame de Genlis was to depend—her marriage. The history of this connection is rather romantic. Her father, on his return from St. Domingo, had been taken prisoner, and conveyed to England. Among his fellow-prisoners was the Count de Genlis, an officer who had distinguished himself by his bravery and his services. He became very intimate with the father of the Countess, who, during their intercourse, had frequently shewn him a box, on which her portrait was painted, in the attitude of playing the harp. He had also read many of her letters which were in her father's possession, and felt a strong interest in the fair writer.

Soon after his exchange, he waited on her mother at Paris, to deliver some letters from her father, and his personal introduction confirmed the impression produced by the letters. Of the progress of the attachment the Countess says nothing. The marriage was a private one, for M. de

Puisieux, the near relative of the Count, had proposed for him another alliance with a lady of fortune, and the lovers knew not how to evade the storm which their union was likely to cause. The truth, however, was soon discovered, and the indignation of M. de Puisieux, as they had expected, violent enough. After spending some time at the seat of the Marquis de Genlis, the brother of her husband, the Countess removed to Origny, a convent in the neighbourhood, where she was to pass the time while her husband's regiment was quartered at Nancy. We think the picture of life in a convent presented in the following pages has nothing in it of a very repulsive kind.

I was comfortable here, and beloved ; I often played on the harp in the abbess's apartment ; I sung motetts in the organ-gallery of the church, and I played tricks with the nuns : I ran about the corridors in the night, that is, at midnight, in strange disguises, generally attired as the devil, with horns on my head, and my face blackened ; I awoke the young nuns ; I entered quietly into the cells of the old women whom I knew to be deaf, and painted their faces with rouge and patches, without awakening them. They got up every night to go to the choir ; and their surprise may be guessed at, when, after hastily dressing without a glass, they met at the church, and found each other thus painted and patched. I easily gained admission into the cells, for the nuns are forbidden to lock themselves in, and are obliged to leave their keys in the door day and night. During the carnival, with the abbess's permission, I gave balls in my apartments twice a-week. I was permitted to introduce the village-fiddler, who was blind of one eye, and sixty years old. He piqued himself upon knowing all the figures and steps, and I still recollect that he called the *chassés flaqués*. My dancers were the nuns and the boarders ; the former represented the men, and the others were the ladies. I gave for refreshments, cider, and excellent pastry made in the convent. I have since been at many superb balls, but certainly I have never danced at any with so much spirit and gaiety of heart.

There happened here a grand adventure, which spread the fame of my courage through the convent. A young person, who wished to become a nun, came with her mother to Origny, where they were lodged in some large rooms adjoining to mine, and which had been empty for the

last three years. Every body in the convent went to bed before ten ; for my own part, I generally wrote, read, or played on the harp, till two o'clock in the morning. The very night of the arrival of the young novice, I heard some one at midnight knock gently at the door of my room ; it was the novice and her mother. They were trembling, and told me that they had been awakened by a strange noise, which they heard in a cabinet adjoining their room, and into which they had not entered. As the night was very windy, I told them that the noise was not surprising. They replied, that it was so prodigious, that it seemed as if some person without was attempting to break open the window which looked out upon the poultry-yard. The mother thought it must be a robber, who, having scaled the walls, was endeavouring to enter the house ; the daughter said she believed it simply to be an apparition. Mademoiselle Victoire, my waiting-maid, who was very courageous, offered to go and investigate the matter ; and I, piqued with the desire of emulating her, said, that we should all accompany her. All agreed to go ; I distributed arms—the broom, the tongs, fire-shovel, &c. I marched at their head, and we entered very gaily into the apartment of the two strangers. On arriving at the door of the cabinet, we listened, and heard, in reality, an extraordinary noise. Nevertheless, with one of those impulses of imprudence and boldness which have often inspired me through my life, I burst open the door, and made Victoire, who had a light, enter first : opposite the door was a window, with a large white curtain drawn . . . and scarcely had the valorous Victoire cast her eyes on this curtain, than she turned pale, her knees shook, and the light wavered in her trembling hand ; for she saw, as I did at the same moment, two large feet, which passed out under this curtain . . . It was equal to seeing a robber ; but, without more consideration, I rushed forward, exclaiming, " Well, let us speak to him ; do not leave me alone, but come forward ! " . . . and, as I said this, I laid hold suddenly on the curtain. . . . What was our agreeable surprise, on discovering that these supposed feet were only a pair of men's shoes, so placed as to produce the illusion which had so alarmed us. As to the noise, it proceeded from a screen, of which one of the nails had been loosened, so that when put in motion by the wind, it struck against the window with such force as to have broken two or three panes. This apartment had been inhabited some years before by an old lady,

who was waited upon by her own manservant, a permission which was granted to all the married boarders, and which I had myself; the large shoes had apparently belonged to the servant, who had forgotten to carry them away; the room was never entered, so that the shoes still remained there.

I passed four months and a half at Origny, and my time passed away very agreeably. I learnt of the nuns several very pretty kinds of work, and of a servant of the poultry-yard how to bring up pigeons and fowls; I also taught myself to make pastry and *entremets*; my guitar, my harp, and my pen, employed me a great part of the day, and I devoted at least two hours every morning to reading. I was very ignorant, for I had never read any books all my time up to that period, having been given to the study of music, however, I was very curious, and I burned with anxiety to acquire information. They lent me at the convent the inestimable Ecclesiastical History of Feury, with which I was enchanted; and a lady of St Quentin lent me Pompiignan's poems, and a volume of Moncrif's songs. I was passionately fond of verse, and I composed many poems at Origny, among others a kind of Epistle on the Happiness of a Religious Life, and the tranquillity of the Cloister, and I made extracts from all I read—a habit which I have preserved all the rest of my life. Besides, I wrote long letters to my mother and M. de Genlis; and amidst all these constant and lasting occupations, I still found time to achieve so many school-guls' frolics, that it would require a volume to detail them.

Madame de Genlis gives a detail of a series of jokes played off at Genlis upon an unlucky painter of the name of Tirmanne, which really appear so grossly extravagant and improbable, that if they proceeded from any other source, we should be inclined to suspect their authenticity. Whatever may be the case, however, these details illustrate, in a very remarkable way, the complete absence of every thing like regular or rational amusement among French society, even in the country, at that period, though it leaves the phenomenon still more inexplicable by what strange metamorphosis these beings could ever have been converted into the actors of the Revolution. Madame de Genlis's own share in the mad frolics of the time was by no means small. She was considerably advanced in her

pregnancy when the following incident took place:

One evening, when there was company at the chateau, and while my sister-in-law and Messieurs de Genlis were playing, after supper, at *reversis*, my brother proposed to me a walk in the court, which was spacious, covered with sand, and planted all round with flowers, to which I consented. When we reached the court, he expressed a wish to take a walk in the village. I was as willing as he. It was ten o'clock; all the public houses were lighted; and we saw through the windows peasants drinking cider. I observed with surprise that they all wore a very grave air.

My brother was seized with a fit of frolicsome gaiety, and he knocked at a window, crying out, "Good people, do you sell any *sacré chien*?" and after this exploit, he dragged me after him, as he ran into a little dark street, where we both hid ourselves, ready to die with laughter. Our delight was increased by hearing the tavern-keeper, at the door of his house, threatening to "cudgel the little blackguards" who had knocked at his window. My brother explained to me that *sacré chien* meant brandy. I thought all this so pleasant, that I insisted on going to another little tavern adjoining, to make the same polite enquiry, which met with the same success, we repeated several times that agreeable practice, trying which of us should say "*sacré chien*," and ending by shouting it together, and every time running off to hide ourselves in the little street, where we burst into fits of laughter till we could hardly stand. Happy age! at which we are so easily transported with gaiety, when nothing has yet exalted the imagination or troubled the heart!

All this time, too, she was busily engaged on a work, entitled, "Reflections of a Mother Twenty Years of Age!"

In her account of the Chevalier de Jaucour, Madame de Genlis gives an anecdote which bears a considerable resemblance to Washington Irving's adventure of My Uncle in the Tales of a Traveller.

The chevalier, who was born in Burgundy, was educated at the college of Autun. He was twelve years of age when his father, who wished to send him to the army under the care of one of his uncles, brought him to his chateau. The same evening, after supper, he was conducted to a large room, where he was to

sleep; on a stool in the middle of the room was placed a lighted lamp, and he was left alone. He undressed himself, and went immediately into bed, leaving the lamp burning. He had no inclination to sleep, and as he had scarcely looked at his room on entering it, he now amused himself with examining it. His eyes were attracted by an old curtain of tapestry wrought with figures, which hung opposite to him: the subject was somewhat singular; it represented a temple, of which all the gates were closed. At the top of the staircase belonging to the edifice stood a kind of pontiff, or high-priest, clothed in a long white robe, holding in one hand a bundle of rods, and in the other a key. Suddenly the chevalier, who gazed earnestly on the figure, began to rub his eyes, which, he thought, deceived him; then he looked again, and his surprise and wonder rendered him motionless!—He saw the figure move, and slowly descend the steps of the staircase!—At last it quitted the tapestry, and walked into the room, crossed the chamber, and stood near the bed; and addressing the poor boy, who was petrified with fear, it pronounced distinctly these words:—"These rods will scourge many,—when thou shalt see them raised on high, then stay not, but seize the key of the open country, and flee!" On pronouncing these words, the figure turned round, walked up to the tapestry, remounted the steps, and replaced itself in its former position. The chevalier, who was covered with a cold sweat, remained for more than a quarter of an hour so bereft of strength, that he had not the power to call for assistance; at last some one came; but not wishing to confide his adventure to a servant, he merely said that he felt unwell, and a person was set to watch by his bedside during the remainder of the night. The following day, the Count de Jaucour, his father, having questioned him on his pretended malady of the preceding night, the young man related what he had seen. In place of laughing at him, as the chevalier expected, the Count listened very attentively, and then said: "This is very remarkable; for my father, in his early youth, in this very chamber, and with the same personage represented in that tapestry, met with a very singular adventure." The chevalier would very gladly have heard the detail of his grandfather's vision, but the Count refused to say any more upon the subject, and even desired his son never to mention it again; and the same day the Count caused the tapestry to be pulled down and burnt, in his presence, in the castle court-yard.

Madame de Genlis became acquainted with Rousseau in a very singular manner. His strange unsociable habits were well known, and Madame de Genlis, though she had expressed a wish to see him, had little idea that her wish was likely to be gratified. M. de Sauvigny, a friend of Rousseau, one day called, and told her in confidence that her husband intended to play off a trick upon her, and to introduce to her 'the celebrated comic actor Preville, in the character of Rousseau. Preville possessed great powers of mimicry, and could alter the expression of his countenance entirely. His height, also, nearly corresponded with that of Rousseau. The fact was, the plan had been formed, but afterwards forgotten; when Rousseau really proposed to his friend to call on Madame de Genlis. Sauvigny intimated the visit, but Madame de Genlis, conceiving this to be merely part of the plot, expected only to see Preville.

The next day I waited with impatience for the appointed hour, thinking that the metamorphosis of a *Crispin* into a philosopher would be highly ludicrous and entertaining. I was in high spirits whilst expecting his arrival, at which M. de Genlis, who knew that I was naturally very timid, was much surprised, being unable to understand how the idea of receiving so grave a personage could possibly produce that impression upon me; and when he observed that I laughed the moment Rousseau was announced, my behaviour appeared to him quite unaccountable.

I must confess, that nothing ever appeared to me so odd and fantastical as his figure and appearance, which I merely considered as a masquerade. His coat, his marron-coloured stockings, his little round wig, the whole of this costume, his manners and deportment, seemed to me a scene of comedy most ludicrous, and perfectly well acted. I however made a prodigious effort, assumed a tolerably-appropriate countenance, and, after having stammered out two or three words of politeness, sat down. The conversation began, and, fortunately for me, in a rather lively strain; I remained silent, and now and then burst into a fit of laughter, but so naturally and so heartily, that this extraordinary display of mirth did not displease Rousseau. He said several pretty things respecting youth in general: I thought Preville witty, and that Rous-

seau himself would not have been so entertaining, as he would have been displeased at my laughing. Rousseau spoke to me, and as I did not feel the least embarrassed, I answered very unceremoniously the first thing that occurred to me. He thought me a very odd person, and I thought he acted with a degree of perfection which I could not sufficiently admire. Caricatures have never made me laugh, but what delighted me in this instance was the simplicity, the natural and unaffected manner of him whom I looked upon as an actor, and who consequently appeared to me much superior in private, to what I had seen of him on the stage. I however could not help thinking that he represented Rousseau as too indulgent, good-natured, and cheerful. I played on the harp, and sang some of the songs of the *Devin du Village*, Rousseau looking at me all the while, smiling with that kind of pleasure which is produced by genuine infantile simplicity; and in taking his departure, he promised to come again the next day to dine with us. I had been so much entertained by his company, that this promise delighted me, and I jumped for joy, and accompanied him to the door, saying all the pretty things and all the odd things imaginable. When he was out of the house, I ceased to constrain myself, and began to laugh most heartily; M. de Genlis, struck with astonishment, looked at me with an air of severity and displeasure, which redoubled my mirth. "I see very well," said I, "that you acknowledge at last that you have not deceived me, and you are piqued; but indeed how could you suppose that I should be simple enough to take Preville for J. J. Rousseau?" "Preville!" "Yes: it is in vain to attempt to deny it—I shall not believe you." "Are you mad?" "I confess that Preville has been most entertaining, and has acted most naturally, and without exaggeration; in short, that nothing could be better as a performance; but I am persuaded, that with the exception of the dress, he has not imitated Rousseau. He has personified a good old man very amiable, and not Rousseau, who would certainly have thought my conduct very strange, and would have been seriously offended at such a reception." I had no sooner pronounced these words, than M. de Genlis, and M. de Sauvigny, began to laugh so immoderately, that I began to feel surprised; an explanation ensued, and, to my great confusion, I heard that it was certainly J. J. Rousseau I had received in that singular manner. I declared that I could never receive him

again if he were to be informed of my stupidity, and was promised that he should never know what had occurred: a promise which was strictly kept.

The most singular circumstance in all this is, that, by this conduct, silly and inconsiderate as it was, I gained the good opinion of Rousseau. He told M. de Sauvigny, that I was a young person, the most unaffected, cheerful, and devoid of pretensions, he had ever met with; whereas, but for the mistake which had inspired me with so much confidence and good humour, he would have seen nothing in me but excessive timidity. I therefore owed this success to an error, and could not possibly feel the least proud at it. Knowing all the indulgence of Rousseau, I met him again without any feeling of embarrassment, and have always been perfectly at my ease with him.

It is impossible to proceed regularly through these Memoirs. They possess so little of a connected interest, that analysis is rendered quite impossible. Short anecdotes, brief and passing remarks on authors, seldom profound, and frequently unjust and prejudiced, characters of all the author's acquaintances, sometimes drawn with great force and liveliness, and the everlasting detail of theatrical performances, make up the volume. Towards its close, however, as those terrible events were maturing, which were soon to convert this scene of tranquil gaiety into confusion and terror, Madame de Genlis pauses a little, to consider the state of society in the higher ranks, as it then existed; and her views, though containing little that is new, may be supposed to be tolerably correct.

At this period, grand recollections and recent traditions still maintained in France good principles, sound ideas, and national virtues, already somewhat weakened by pernicious writings, and a reign full of faults; but in the city and at court, there were still found that refined taste and that exquisite politeness, of which every Frenchman had a right to be proud, since, throughout all Europe, it was universally held to be the most perfect model of grace, elegance, and dignity. Several ladies, and some few great lords, were then met with in society, who had seen Louis XIV., and they were respected as the wrecks of a great age. Youth became restrained in their company, and naturally became silent, modest, and attentive; they were listened to with pro-

found interest, for they seemed to be the organs of history. They were consulted concerning etiquette and the usages of society; their suffrage was of the utmost importance to those who were entering into public life; in a word, contemporaries of so many great men of all kinds, these venerable characters seemed placed in society to maintain the ancient feelings of politeness, glory, and patriotism, or, at least, to delay their melancholy decline. But in a short time the influence of these feelings scarcely appeared, except in an elevated style, in a simple theory of delicate and generous conduct. Virtue was retained only from the remains of good taste, which still held in esteem its language and appearance. Every one, to conceal his own way of thinking, became stricter in observing the *bien-séances*; the most refined ideas were sported in conversation concerning delicacy, greatness of mind, and the duties of friendship; and even chimerical virtues were fancied, which was easy enough, considering that the happy agreement of conversation and conduct did not exist. But hypocrisy always betrays itself by exaggeration, for it never knows when to stop; false sensibility has no shades, never employs any but the strongest colours, and heaps them on with the most ridiculous prodigality.

There now appeared in society a very numerous party of both sexes, who declared themselves the partisans and depositaries of the old traditions respecting taste, etiquette, and morals themselves, which they boasted of having brought to perfection; they declared themselves supreme arbiters of all the proprieties of social life, and claimed for themselves, exclusively, the high-sounding appellation of *good company*. Every person of bad *ton*, or licentious notoriety, was excluded from the society; but to be admitted, neither a spotless character nor eminent merit was necessary. Infidels, devotees, prudes, and women of light conduct, were indiscriminately received. The only qualifications necessary were, *bon ton*, dignified manners, and a certain respect in society, acquired by rank, birth, and credit at court, or by display, wealth, talent, and personal accomplishments. Whenever claims are firmly and perseveringly supported, though they be not well-founded, they give the persons who make them a certain footing and consideration in society, when they are wealthy, clever, and keep a good table. Sharp-sighted people, and keen observers, may laugh at them; but the public yield, as the very obstinacy of their pretensions seems to give them a just right. Though the dances are despised by the ladies, yet they

are reckoned *hommes à bonnes fortunes*. Bustling, and self-important individuals without influence, deceive no one; yet they are courted and flattered by the votaries of ambition and intrigue, who reckon it prudent to engage them in their interests. Prudes obtain the external respect due to virtue; pedants, without real learning, enjoy in conversation almost all the deference paid to the learned. When we reflect on the never-failing success of claims perseveringly supported, who would attach much importance to the suffrages of society?

The usurping and arrogant circle I have just mentioned, that society so contemptuous towards every other, roused up against itself a host of enemies; but has received among its members every man of well-known merit, or of high fashion, from his rank or situation, the enmity it inspired was evidently the effect of envy, only gave it more eclat, and the unanimous voice of the public designated it by the title of the *grand society*, which it retained till the Revolution. This did not mean that it was the most numerous, but that, in the general opinion, it was the most choice and brilliant, by the rank, personal estimation, *ton*, and manners of those who composed it. There, in the parties too numerous to claim confidence, and at the same time not sufficiently so to prevent conversation,—there, in parties of fifteen or twenty individuals, were, in fact, united all the ancient French politeness and grace. All the means of pleasing and fascinating were combined with infinite skill. They felt that, to distinguish themselves from low company and ordinary societies, it was necessary they should preserve the *ton* and manners that were the best indications of modesty, good-nature, indulgence, decency, mildness, and elevated sentiments. Thus, good taste of itself taught them, that to dazzle and fascinate, it was necessary to borrow all the forms of the most amiable virtues. Politeness, in these assemblies, had all the ease and grace which it can derive from early habit and delicacy of mind; slander was banished from the *public parties*, for its keenness could not have been well combined with the charm of mildness that each person brought into the general store. Discussion never degenerated into personal dispute. There existed in all their perfection, the art of praising without insipidity and without pedantry, and of replying to it without either accepting or despising it,—of showing off the good qualities of others without seeming to protect them,—and of listening with obliging attention. If all these appearances had been founded on

moral feeling, we should have seen the golden age of civilization. Was it hypocrisy? No,—it was the external coat of ancient manners preserved by habit and good taste, which always survive the principles that produced them; but which, having no longer any solid basis, gradually loses its original beauties, and is finally destroyed by the inroads of refinement and exaggeration.

In the less numerous circles of the same society, much less caution was observed, and the *ton*, still strictly decorous, was much more *piquant*. No one's honour was attacked, for delicacy always prevailed; yet under the deceitful veils of secrecy, thoughtlessness, and absence of mind, slander might go on without offence. The most pointed arrows of malice were not excluded, provided they were skilfully aimed, and without any apparent ill-will on the part of the speaker, for no one could speak of his avowed enemies. To amuse themselves with slander, it required to arise from an unsuspected source, and to be credible in its details. Even in the private parties of the society, malignity always paid respect to the ties of blood, friendship, gratitude, and intimate acquaintance; but, beyond that, all others might be sacrificed without mercy. No one's reputation was branded,—but the society held bad *ton*, vulgar and *provincial* manners, up to scorn, and ridiculed every one they disliked,—which was actually sacrificing them on the altar of public scorn, for their frivolous decrees had the force of law. This, too, was a natural consequence. Wherever an association is generally regarded as superior to every other of the same kind, there exists a tribunal, from whose sentences there is no appeal.

To whom can we appeal, when there exists no sovereign power to whom we can have recourse? When we find no longer persons forming a pre-eminent society, established by unanimous consent, the arbiters of good taste, the dispensers of praise, and judges of propriety, the power of ridicule is weakened; and this is the reason why nothing is ridiculous among nations uncivilized or sunk into barbarism; and even among those which have been long agitated by political convulsions. After these convulsions are over, the most essential and speedy step to be taken is the re-establishment of order; but the graces cannot be organized; they cannot be recalled by edicts; they easily take flight, but it requires a long time to recal them. The only subject of ridicule which can exist in the decay of good taste is that of folly united to insolence; this will be always univer-

sally felt, in all countries and in all nations.

In order to finish my picture of the highest circles of the eighteenth century, I must add, that in the most private of its coteries, it was requisite that the scandal should be, as it were, *divided*; for any one person who should have undertaken to retail it would have soon become odious. It was also necessary, even in the commerce of scandal, to mingle in the narration something of grace, gaiety, or whim: mere scandal is always a melancholy affair, and is always coarse and vulgar; besides, it would have contrasted ill with the habitual tone of these circles; it would have been in a bad and low taste.

Such was the system of hollowness and hypocrisy which was thus consecrated among society at that period, covering a disposition to every crime, and only worn for a time, because the period had scarcely yet arrived when it might be shaken off with security. In 1774 Louis XV. died, and the unfortunate Louis XVI. mounted the throne. Madame de Lamballe, the favourite of the new queen, was also the intimate friend of the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, with whom Madame de Genlis then resided at the Palais Royal. Her portrait of the favourite is not flattering. Her face and figure were extremely handsome, and her disposition good; but she was full of all possible affectations. She had a habit of pretending to be perfectly inattentive in conversation, and then suddenly starting from her reverie, she would repeat as from herself, the opinions expressed by the speaker whose views she had adopted, affecting great astonishment when she heard that the same thing had just been said. She used to faint at the sight of a picture, or a piece of music. Madame de Genlis on one occasion brought her at once to her senses, by calling on the surgeon, who was present, to bleed her immediately. She revived, of course, before the application of the lancet.

Soon after the death of her son by the measles, (with regard to whose death she relates a ghost story, at which most of her readers will be disposed to smile,) she was herself attacked by illness: her physician, Tronchin, ordered her to Spa, and she

set out, accompanied by a friend of her husband, and a German painter. Here her health was soon re-established. We must conclude with her visit to Ferney. She had no introduction to the Patriarch, but aware that young married ladies from Paris were generally well received by him, she sent him a note, requesting permission to visit him. Voltaire returned a very gracious reply, with an invitation to dinner and supper. The whole interview displays Voltaire in a very disagreeable, but, we have no doubt, a very faithful light. The constant homage he received had so inordinately increased his natural vanity, that he had become incapable of listening to any thing which tended in the slightest degree to oppose or interfere with his opinions and prejudices. Our extract is long, but we think it possesses considerable interest.

I left Geneva early, in order to arrive at Ferney, by my calculation, just before M. Voltaire's dinner hour; but as my watch was a great deal too fast, I got there too soon, and did not discover my error till I arrived. There is no kind of awkwardness more disagreeable than that of arriving too early for dinner at the house of persons who know how to employ their morning hours. I am sure I must have cost one or two pages to M. de Voltaire; but it consoles me to think that he was no longer engaged in writing tragedies. I only prevented him from writing a few additional blasphemies—a few more licentious verses. Earnestly wishing to look pleasing in the eyes of this celebrated man, who had done me the honour to receive me, I had taken great pains with my dress; I never wore so many feathers and flowers. I had an unlucky presentiment that my attempts in this way would be the only ones which could have any success. On the road, I tried to keep alive my feeling for the illustrious old man whom I was about to visit. I repeated verses from his *Henriade* and his tragedies; but I felt, that, even supposing him never to have profaned his genius by so many productions unworthy of it, and that he had never written any thing but the splendid compositions destined to immortalize him, I could only in his presence testify my admiration in silence. It would be allowable, and natural, to show a feeling of enthusiasm for a hero, for the liberator of a country, because, without either reading or talent, all can

comprehend deeds of this description, and our gratitude seems to authorise such an expression of the sentiment they inspire; but when we declare ourselves the zealous partisans of a literary man, we announce our conviction of our ability to judge correctly the merit of all his works; we engage to speak to him about them, to discuss and to expose his opinions; how much then are all these pretensions misplaced in a young person, and especially in a female!

I took along with me M. Ott, who had just returned from Italy. He had a great deal of talent, and very little literature; he spoke French very badly, and had never read a line of Voltaire; but from his reputation, he had acquired for him all the *requisite* enthusiasm. He was in transports on coming in sight of Ferney, which I at once wondered at and envied; I should have been glad to catch a share of them. We passed before a church, on the front of which these words were inscribed—“*Voltaire raised this temple to God.*” This inscription made me shudder; it could only have been inspired by the most extravagant and impious irony, or the most singular levity.

At last we arrived in the court of the château, and got out of our carriage. We first entered a dark anti-chamber. M. Ott, on perceiving a picture, cried out, “It is a *Correggio!*” We went near it; but though placed in a bad light, it was in reality an original picture by Correggio, which M. Ott was exceedingly displeased at seeing hung in such a place. On entering the drawing-room we found it empty. I saw evident signs throughout the château of that disagreeable confusion which announces an ill-timed visit. The servants had all an air of bustle, and on every side there were bells ringing, the noise of feet coming and going, and of doors opening and shutting. I looked at the drawing-room clock, and saw, with vexation, that I had arrived three quarters of an hour too soon—a discovery which did not contribute to give me ease and confidence. M. Ott saw, at the other end of the room, a large painting in oil, of which the figures were half the size of life. A splendid frame, and the honour of being placed in the drawing-room, seemed to announce something important. On drawing near, to our great surprise, we discovered a regular ale-house sign—a ridiculous picture, representing Voltaire surrounded by rays of glory like a saint, with the family of Calas at his feet, and trampling his enemies under them, Fréron, Pompignan, &c., who were expressing their humiliation by opening their mouths wide, and making the most hi-

deous grimaces. M. Ott was indignant at the design and colouring, and I at the whole composition. "How can any one think of placing such a thing in a drawing-room?" cried I. "Yes," replied M. Ott, "and leave a picture of Correggio in a dark anti-chamber!" The picture was entirely the invention of a miserable Genevese painter, who had presented it to M. de Voltaire; but it appeared to me unaccountable how the latter could have had the bad taste thus pompously to expose so wretched a production. At last the door of the drawing-room opened, and Madame Denis, the niece of Voltaire, made her appearance, with Madame de Saint Julien. These ladies told me, that M. de Voltaire would come down stairs shortly. Madame de Saint Julien, who was very agreeable, but whom I did not at all know, was residing at Ferney for the summer; she styled M. de Voltaire *my philosopher*, and he called her *my butterfly*. She wore a gold medal at her side. I thought it was an order, but it was a prize for shooting, given by M. de Voltaire, which she had gained a few days before. This kind of exploit is remarkable in a woman. She proposed to me to take a walk, to which I gladly consented, for I felt myself so awkward and embarrassed, and I dreaded so much the first appearance of the master of the house, that I was glad to escape a moment, in order to retard the terrible interview. Madame de Saint Julien led me out upon a terrace which would have commanded a magnificent view of the lake and the mountains, had not some one had the detestable taste of erecting on the terrace a long walk entirely shaded with trees, which shut out the view. The only glimpse you could catch of the beautiful scenery was by little loop-holes, through which I could not pass my head; and the roof of the walk was so low that it caught my feathers continually. I stooped low down, and, in order to make myself still shorter, I bent my knees a great deal. I was constantly treading on my gown, stumbling, breaking my feathers, and tearing my clothes; and in this most inconvenient attitude I was not in the humour for enjoying the conversation of Madame de Saint Julien, who, being a little woman, and wearing a morning undress, walked about quite at her ease, talking all the time very agreeably. I asked her, laughing, whether M. de Voltaire had not been displeased at my dating my letter *Adieu*. She replied, "No, but that he had remarked that I did not adopt his orthography." At last we were told that M. de Voltaire was in the drawing-

room. I was at this moment so harassed and out of humour, that I would have given any thing to have been able to transport myself to my inn at Geneva.

Madame de Saint Julien, judging of my feelings by her own, hurried me along with her. On reaching the house, I had the vexation, in passing through one of the rooms, to see myself in a looking-glass. My hair was all in disorder, and my whole appearance was discomposed and truly pitiable. I waited a moment to put myself a little in order, and then I courageously followed Madame de Saint Julien. We entered the drawing-room—and I stood in the presence of M. de Voltaire. Madame de St Julien advised me to salute him, saying, with great good nature, "He will be very much pleased." I approached gravely, and with the expression of respect due to old age and great talents. M. de Voltaire took my hand, and kissed it. I do not know why so ordinary an action should have so much touched me, as if that kind of homage were not as common as unmeaning; but I was really flattered that M. de Voltaire should have kissed my hand, and I, in my own mind, felt perfectly inclined to embrace him, for I maintained all my usual self-possession. I presented to him M. Ott, who was so highly delighted at hearing himself named to such a distinguished character, that I thought he would have burst into tears. He immediately took from his pocket some miniatures he had painted at Berne. As ill-luck would have it, one of these paintings represented the Virgin with Jesus in her arms, at sight of which M. de Voltaire expressed some very silly and disgusting impieties. I thought it contrary both to the duties of hospitality, and to the claims of decency, to express himself in such a manner in presence of a person of my age, who had no pretension to the character of an unbeliever, and whom he saw for the first time in his life. I was much disgusted, and turned towards Madame Denis, so as not to seem to notice what fell from her uncle. He changed the subject of conversation, and spoke of Italy and the Fine Arts in the same strain as he wrote concerning them, that is, without taste and without knowledge. I only said a few words, expressive of my disagreement with his opinions on the subject. Literary topics were not mentioned at all, either before or after dinner, for he thought, I believe, that such subjects could not be very interesting to a lady who came forward in conversation in such an unassuming manner. However, he kept up the conversation with polite-

ness, and sometimes even with gallantry, towards me.

During the whole time of dinner M. de Voltaire was very far from being agreeable. He seemed always in a passion with his servants, incessantly crying out to them, and that too with such strength of lungs, that I often started involuntarily. As the dining-room repeated sounds very strongly, his tremendous voice reverberated in the most alarming manner. I had been told beforehand of this singular foible, which it is so unusual for any one to display before strangers; and, in fact, it was evident enough that it was the mere result of habit, for his servants were not surprised at it, or minded it in the least. After dinner, learning that I was fond of music, he desired Madame Denis to play on the harpsichord. Her old-fashioned style transported me, in fancy, to the times of Louis XIV., but it did not recal the most pleasing features of that great age. She was finishing a composition of Rameau's, when a pretty little girl, about seven or eight years of age, entered the room, ran up to him, and clasping her arms round his neck, called him *papa*. He received her caresses with great good nature, and seeing that I was delighted at this agreeable sight, he told me that the child belonged to a grand-daughter of the great Corneille, to whom he had given a marriage-portion. How affected I should have been at that moment had I not recollected his *Commentaries*, in which his injustice and envy are so awkwardly and openly displayed! Here we were continually shocked by the appearance of contrasts of the most repulsive kind; so that admiration was either arrested in its flight, or altogether destroyed by disagreeable recollections, sometimes even by disgusting improprieties.

M. de Voltaire received several visitors from Geneva, and then proposed to take me out in his carriage. Horses were put, and he, with his niece, myself, and Madame de Saint Julien, entered the *berline*, and set out. He took us to see the houses he had built, and the benevolent establishments he had founded in the village. He was greater there than in his works, for every where was seen a well-directed benevolence: and we could scarcely be persuaded that the same hand which had written such impious, false, and wicked things, should have performed such kind, wise, and noble actions. He showed the village to every stranger that came to visit him, but he did it unaffectedly; spoke with the utmost simplicity and good feeling on the subject, told us what he had done, and yet had not the

least appearance of boasting of his conduct; and I know but few persons who could say as much. On our return to the house, the conversation was very lively, and we spoke with great interest of every thing we had seen. I did not set out before night; M. de Voltaire invited me to stop till next day after dinner, but I was desirous of returning to Geneva.

All the busts and portraits of him that I have seen are extremely like him; but no artist has fully expressed the eyes. I expected to find them keen and full of fire, and they were certainly the liveliest I ever saw; but they also had something indescribably soft and tender in their expression,—the whole soul of *Zaïre* was expressed in them. His laugh and bitter smile greatly altered the expression of his face. He was much broken down, and his old-fashioned style of dress made him look still older. He had a sepulchral tone of voice that made him look very strange, particularly as he had a custom of talking excessively loud, though he was not deaf. When neither religion nor his enemies were talked of, his conversation was simple and pleasing, without a particle of affectation; and, consequently, with such wit and talent as he possessed, perfectly delightful. It seemed to me that he could not bear that any one should have a different opinion from his own; and when opposed in the least degree, his manner became warm and bitter. He had certainly lost much of the politeness and habits of society he had formerly been accustomed to; and it was quite natural that this should be the case. Since he had been residing here, people came to see him only to flatter and praise him to the skies; his opinions were held oracular; all that surrounded him were his most humble worshippers; he heard of nothing but the enthusiasm he inspired, and the most ridiculous exaggerations seemed in his eyes only common offerings of homage and respect. Kings have never been the object of such extravagant adulation, for etiquette forbids certain flatteries to be lavished on them; conversation is not carried on with them; their presence awes and silences; and, thanks to this feeling, flattery is forced at court to retain some marks of modesty, and not to show itself unless under the most delicate forms. Open and unrestrained flattery I never saw but at Ferney, and there it was altogether grotesque; but when it can please, from the influence of habit in such a shape, it must necessarily spoil the taste, conversation, and manners of the individual exposed to its fascinations. Hence were the personal feelings of M. de Voltaire so extremely

irritable, and hence did critical attacks cause him a childish chagrin he never could conceal. At that moment he had just felt a very keen disappointment. The Emperor was about to travel very close to Ferney, and as M. de Voltaire expected a visit from the illustrious traveller, he had prepared fêtes, and written verses in honour of the event, which unluckily every body knew. But the Emperor travelled on without stopping, or even sending him a single message. Some one asked him, as he was approaching Ferney, if he would see M. de Voltaire, when he drily replied—"No! I know him too

well already." This cutting and profound saying proves that he had read his works like a man of talent and an enlightened monarch.

With these long extracts, which give, on the whole, perhaps too favourable an idea of the work, we conclude. The remaining portion, which will embrace events of more interest and importance, will, we hope, be less liable to the objection of trifling and frivolity which characterizes the part already published.

STATISTICAL SKETCH OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ESTABLISHED AND
DISSENTING CHURCHES IN SCOTLAND.

Spring-Meeting of the United Associate Synod 1823.

HERE is, in the meeting of this Synod, a goodly sight for you who stickle for the absolute necessity of an Established Church to preserve and propagate religion, notwithstanding the example afforded by the moral and religious condition of eleven millions of your brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. You good Pastors, who have been inducted into your parishes by the gentle and most Christian-like arguments of police batons, fixed bayonets, and drawn swords,—you who can prevail upon your parishioners to pay the last *kippy* of your modified tithes, by the no less kindly persuasives of hornings and captions, will perhaps be a little surprised when you are told, that, of the two millions and ninety-three thousand people, who compose the population of our country, there are more than three hundred and forty thousand persons who, after paying you for instruction, which they never received, and for which, unquestionably, they would never pay, were it not for the said executorial of the law—(these peace-speaking ministers of the ministers of the Gospel, hornings and captions)—support, in addition, a priesthood of their own choosing—a priesthood for whom no *regium donum*, the pledge and reward of political servility and religious indifference, is doled out from an unwilling exchequer—a priesthood, all of whose members have received an education equal, if not superior to your own—a priesthood which numbers among its ranks in the present day more of learning

and of zeal in the performance of its duty, than you for your life can boast of, with all your comfortable livings, your exchequer-compensations, and your Chapel-Royal Deaneries. The names of the Rev. Dr Jamieson, and of the Rev. Dr M'Crie, as proofs of what I aver, will perhaps not be absolutely strange to you, unless you have really bestowed more of your time than I am willing to suppose, in meditating profoundly on the original, and, to you, most inestimable works of the learned Procurator for the Church. However, this is going a step too far to attack even a small portion of that army of the faith in Scotland, which is directly backed by the laws and by the army of the Government in Scotland. Instead, therefore, of preaching up the doctrine, that an Established Church, that is, a class of religious instructors, known and distinguished by certain religious tests, and receiving a fixed allowance from Government, or from persons whom Government compels to pay it, is, and always has been the greatest bane of the Christian Religion; I shall only advert very shortly to the appearance which Scotland now presents, in reference to what may be called the "statistics of religious sects," and conclude with some statements and observations on the Spring-Meeting of that body of Dissenters, (or, more properly speaking, Seceders,) in Scotland, which is by far the most numerous and respectable of the non-established churches on this side of the Tweed.

In the few details I am about to lay before my readers, I wish it to be understood that I have taken the trouble of counting off, with the aid of a sharp-pointed pencil, from authentic documents, less than a year old, the numbers of parishes, congregations, and clergymen, that I have occasion to refer to.

There are in Scotland nine hundred and three parish churches, and nine hundred and seventy-two Ministers performing religious service in these parish churches. All of these Clergymen are entitled to a house, offices, and a portion of glebe-land, both equal in value, on an average, to about £.40 a-year; and to receive, either from the tithes of the parish or from the Exchequer of the country, at least £.150 a-year; some have considerably more: those who reside in Royal Burghs are not entitled to houses and glebes. A very small number, indeed, receive, chiefly from ground-rents of houses, which have been built on their glebes, a sum not much short of a thousand a-year; but it may be properly enough stated, that the average income of the Clergymen of the Church of Scotland is not above £.210, exclusive of their houses and glebes, which I have valued above at £.40 a-year; in all £.250; an income which the country does not at all grudge to them, especially when they are seen performing their religious duties so well, as, upon the whole, they are performed by the Established Clergy of Scotland.

But besides these 900 parish-churches and 970 Clergymen, there are, connected with the establishment, Chapels of Ease in populous parishes, where the Clergymen are usually elected by the heads of families, and paid by the rents of seats, nearly in the same manner as they are among Dissenters. The income thus arising to the Clergymen of these chapels is usually from £.130 to two or three hundred a-year, and in some cases even more. These Chapels of Ease are chiefly used as stepping-stones to parish churches; and since the Magistrates of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and some other large towns, have given admission to so much liberality as, instead of pushing forward their own num-

scull nephews, and sons-in-law, and cousins, whom nobody would hear, to present to valuable town-livings only those Clergymen whose acceptable qualities would ensure the filling of the pews of the church and the purse of the town, the young men who display any talent in these Chapels of Ease are sure to be soon translated to a better and more secure living. Unfortunately there are only 55 of these chapels, and about the same number of pastors in them. There are, moreover, in connexion with the church, 38 chapels, and nearly the same number of clergymen who are styled Missionaries, in various remote districts of the Highlands. These persons are very scantily supported by an annual allowance of £.2000 from the Crown. The Society for propagating Christian Knowledge has upon its list seven chapels, and the same number of preachers. Forty new chapels are about to be erected by means of the Parliamentary grant of £.100,000 which was made some time ago; and in these chapels it is intended that the preacher shall receive £.120 a-year, and, I believe, a house, and small piece of land. In connection with the Church of Scotland there are between forty and fifty congregations and Clergymen in England, six in Canada, four in India, and about a dozen more in other places abroad. I shall throw these foreign kirks out of my calculation, and I find that Scotland is thus supplied with places of worship, and Clergymen of the Established Presbyterian faith:

	Cong.	Min.
Parish Churches for (in round numbers).....	900	970
Chapels of Ease (Ministers chosen and paid by Congregation) for.....	55	55
Chapels in the Highlands depending on the Royal Bounty.....	38	38
Chapels depending on the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.....	7	7
	1000	1070

Scotland thus exhibits, by a close enumeration, one thousand places of worship, and one thousand and seventy ordained and regularly-officiating Clergymen, for a population,

after deducting about 340,000 for Dissenters, of 1,750,000 persons*, at a cost, if the estimate I have made above is correct, (and I believe it is rather above the truth,) of little more than £.250,000 a-year.

I now turn to the Dissenters, who, I will confess, are rather my favourites, although I have not the honour of belonging to their body. The United Associate Synod of the Secession Church (as the greatest body of the Dissenters have chosen to designate themselves) require of their candidates for the office of Clergyman precisely the same course of education as is required by the Established Church; namely a four or five years attendance and study of the ancient languages, mathematics, belles-lettres, and moral and natural philosophy, at some of the Scotch Colleges, and an attendance afterwards, during five years, on their own Professor of Theology, by whom the same doctrines are taught as those in the Theological chairs of the Established Church. The United Synod, in reference to the members who adhere to its communion, corresponds to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Its jurisdiction is exercised in the same manner as that of the Assembly over the Presbyteries and kirk-sessions under its inspection. The doctrine, the discipline, and form of worship, are precisely the same in this Synod as in the Established Church. And the chief reasons which they had in the year 1732, and which they still have, for their separation from the Established Church, are set forth in a short summary of principles which they published in the year 1820, to be "The sufferance of error on the part of the Established Church, without adequate censure: *The settling of Ministers by patronage, in reclaiming congregations*: The neglect or relaxation of discipline: The restraint of ministerial freedom in testifying against mal-administration; and the refusal of the prevailing party to be reclaimed." To persons at all acquainted with the history of this sect, it is very clear that they could very soon be

amalgamated with the Established Church, were it not for the despotic law of patronage, which, as it has hitherto most unfortunately been administered, has tended to alienate a considerable proportion of the population of Scotland from the Established Church, and prevented the voice of the people from being heard in the appointment of the established instructors, whom they are, notwithstanding, obliged by the law to pay. Wherever the right of presentation, which is possessed by an oligarchy contemptible in point of numbers, has been exercised with discrimination, and with a due regard to the feelings of the people, it has been found that dissent either dwindles into insignificance, or drags on a sickly and precarious existence. The Magistrates of our large towns, for reasons to which I have already adverted, now take special care in the appointments to the vacant livings in their gift; and the consequence is, that dissent is there making no progress, nay, is rather on the decline. To the honour of many patrons, and particularly those of the female class, a similar care is beginning evidently to be taken in appointments to country parishes; and even patrons whose regard for religion is held even by themselves at a very low estimate, are cautiously looking out, in spite of political engagements and partisanship, for young men to fill their churches, who will draw a good sum from their congregations at the Sunday collections, and thus save the pockets of the proprietors from assessments for the poor, and similar parish burdens. Sordid interest is thus made to advance the cause of religion; and it is very evident, that if a similar spirit had displayed itself a century ago, there is little probability that we should ever have had any thing more than a very small handful indeed, of a population separate from the communion of the National Church. What I have said of the education, the doctrine, the jurisdiction, and discipline of the Clergymen of this Synod, applies equally to a small sect of Presbyterian Puritans,

* A vast proportion of this latter number (exclusive even of very young children and superannuated and bed-ridden persons) will not, and, in a great measure, from want of church accommodation, cannot receive religious instruction publicly at all.

calling themselves the Reformed Presbytery,—to the Associate Synod, which, till very lately, was one with the United Associate Synod,—to the Original Burgher Associate Synod,—to the Constitutional Presbytery, and to the Synod of Relief. All these sects differ scarcely an atom from one another in any point, and all of them differ from the Established Church, substantially only in one point, the rejection of patronage, and in this other rather important respect also, that they derive their incomes solely from the people who attend their churches, without the power of compelling them to pay longer than they choose to continue receiving the benefit of their instructions. The only other Dissenters from the Church of Scotland, worth noticing, are, 1st, The members of the Scottish Episcopal Communion, some of whose Ministers are graduates of the great English Universities, and are men, all of them possessing a high character for their attainments, their zeal, and their piety; 2dly, The Independents, or those belonging to the Congregational Union in Scotland; and, 3dly, Roman Catholics, the Ministers of whose church, in this country, are, with scarcely a single exception, remarkable for the purity and simplicity of their lives and conduct, and the great moderation and liberality of their sentiments. Methodists, whose Clergy are generally very ill-educated men, and who, to the shame of the Church of England, abound in such overpowering numbers in that country, are quite insignificant, in numbers or respectability, in Scotland. Quakers, Unitarians, Baptists, Jews, and a few other nondescript sort of sects of religionists, exist in small numbers in some of the larger towns in Scotland.

In the numbers of Congregations and Ministers, these sects respectively stand thus:

	Cong.	Min.
1. United Associate Synod of the Secession Church,.....	328	275
2. Associate Synod,.....	19	11
3. Original Burgher Associate Synod,.....	46	32
4. Constitutional Presbytery,.....	16	10
5. Synod of Relief,.....	82	80
6. Reformed Presbytery,.....	27	18
7. Scottish Episcopal Union,.....	66	70
8. Other Episcopalians, not of the Scottish Episcopal Union,.....	6	7
9. Independents, or the Congregational Union of Scotland,.....	72	68
10. Roman Catholics*,.....	58	46
11. Other sects uncertain, but not probably exceeding,...	50	40
	760	657

In this enumeration are included, however, thirty-five Congregations and Clergymen in England connected with the United Synod, and other five in Ireland connected with the third-named class of Dissenters. We shall therefore find, after making this deduction, that there are, as near as can be calculated, (and I vouch for the correctness of the ten first-mentioned classes of this list,) about 720 Dissenting Congregations in Scotland, and nearly 620 Dissenting Clergymen. The discrepancy between the numbers of Congregations and Clergymen arises from the circumstance of a good many of the Congregations being unable to give full support to a regular Clergyman, although the people keep together in the different places, and receive such occasional supplies of instruction as their own means, or the disposition of their respective church-courts, can afford to them: some sects have no Clergyman.

These six hundred and twenty Dissenting Clergymen enjoy incomes from their respective congregations, on an average, I believe, of about £.130 or £.135 a-year, including in this the estimated yearly value

	Cong.	Min.
* By the Roman Catholics, Scotland is divided into two districts—the Lowland and the Highland. In the <i>Lowland District</i> , there are one Bishop and one Bishop-coadjutor,.....	37	28
Highland District, one Bishop,.....	21	18
Together,	58	46

The Episcopalians divide Scotland into six dioceses.

of a house and garden, usually provided by the Congregation, which may be worth £.15 or £.20 yearly, making the actually paid money-stipend about £.110 or £.115 a-year. But in towns containing above 10,000 inhabitants, the incomes are much larger—in some instances amounting to three or four hundred a-year. Some Congregations of the Scottish Episcopal Communion receive much support from a number of the oldest and most wealthy families in this country, as well as from rich English families, who are now immigrating into Scotland in considerable numbers every year; and the income of a part of their Clergy, derived from voluntary contributions, is more than double that of the average sum received by the Clergy of the Established Church from a compulsory assessment. Notwithstanding these instances, however, I do not think I err much in fixing the average income of the 620 Dissenting Ministers of Scotland at £.130 a-year each. This will give a little more than £.80,000 a-year, voluntarily paid by the people of Scotland for religious instruction, in addition to the £.250,000 which they are forced by law to pay to the Established Church; a sacrifice scarcely any part of which would they have been called upon by their consciences to make, had it not been for the disgraceful re-enactment of the law establishing the right of patronage in 1712.

The Dissenters in Scotland seem to be extremely inattentive to the statistics of their various churches. A good lesson in this respect might be derived by them from their brethren, the Methodists, in England. At the Annual Conferences of these Methodists, the Clergymen from every Congregation in their connection carry or send up the exact number belonging to each Congregation, the numbers that have died, or have joined in their communion, and various other details of extreme importance, if properly considered, to the prosperity of their association. By tables of the kind, which may be easily drawn up from such returns, the state of a whole church, or of any particular portion of it, may be seen at a glance. One great end would

be served by demanding such an annual return from every Clergyman in the communion of the Scottish Dissenters—they would all be stimulated to the utmost to do their duty faithfully and zealously, not only as in the sight of their God, but in the sight of every member of their own church, and in the sight of the world. Such statistical details, and full reports of all the proceedings of their church courts, should be regularly printed and distributed among their own flocks, and in the world at large. This conduct is what the state of national opinion now demands. But in the absence of such tables, which I trust the Dissenters need not be ashamed to produce, I shall state what are their numbers, with as close an approximation to truth as my present data and inductions will permit. I have found that the whole Congregations amount to 720. It has been seen that above 100 of these are without Pastors, because they cannot fully support them. Now I conceive that none of these hundred Congregations can contain above two or three hundred individuals, and indeed that, if I am right in my statement, that £.130 is the average income of a Dissenting Clergyman, I am of opinion that it may fairly be deduced from this fact, that the average number in each of the 720 Congregations is 500 souls, or 100 families of five persons each. The persons who compose the great majority of Dissenting Congregations belong to the lower grades of life; and when I say that each of the five hundred individuals, young and old, who compose a Congregation, can only afford to pay about 5s. a-year for the support of a Clergyman, besides 2s. a-year for the support of the poor, by a weekly contribution of a halfpenny at the door of the church, which I know to be the practice and the pride in these Congregations of the poorest man in them, I shall come very near what I considered to be the average stipends of the Clergy. Five shillings a-year from each of 500 contributors yields £.125 a-year for the support of the Pastor, and upon this understanding I may safely say, that, on an average, each of the 620 Congregations with fixed Pastors, contains 500 persons, and that hence

the whole dissenting population of Scotland, who have fixed Pastors, must amount to 310,000, and with the addition of the 100 Congregations which have no Pastors, and which may probably be taken at an average of nearly 300 each, we shall find that about 340,000 persons belong to dissenting sects in Scotland. I rather think that this is considerably below the truth; but it is impossible to attain positive accuracy in such a calculation, unless the respective classes of dissenters should undertake to order a census of their people. Let me venture to hope, that they will see the propriety of such a measure, both for their own satisfaction and that of the public.

Such a body of Dissenters in the midst of an Established Church, although apparently set in opposition to it, is yet its greatest friend. The utter apathy into which persons, with a sure and steady income, are seen so often, nay, so uniformly to fall, when not roused by opposition, or contrast to their own conduct, would have long ere now shed its drowsy influences, upon our Established Clergy, to a much greater extent than it has done, had it not been for the positive knowledge and zeal of Dissenters; whom they saw around them, with no such advantages of a sure and permanent income. It gave me no small pleasure to hear this same sentiment come from the lips of two of the most sincere and able friends and ministers of the Church of Scotland, at a public meeting last summer. They acknowledged, with that true liberality which is always characteristic of the Christian, whose heart is on the right side, the obligations under which the Church of Scotland lay to the Dissenters. "These men," said Lord Balgray, on the Bench, a few months ago, when he had occasion incidentally to speak of the non-established Clergy, "These men seldom come before us and the public in this Court, but I, as well as many others, can give my testimony to the silently beneficial effects of their pious and useful labours in the midst of their Congregations."

The Dissenters are often taunted with the violent animosities which are sometimes produced in their

Congregations by a division of sentiment as to the choice of a Pastor. For my own part, I confess I like occasionally to see a little wholesome squabbling, when it is not carried too far; at all events, I prefer being occasionally exposed to the chance, which in practice is, but rare, of some pretty fierce discussion, whether I carried my point or not, to the dead calm, and slavish, and irreligious lukewarmness, which is almost uniformly produced in a Congregation when a patron, perhaps a reckless debauchee, or something no better, thrusts into their pulpit a person whom they never saw before, and who, coming upon them as from a polluted hand, may well be suspected, notwithstanding all certificates of due qualification, of participating in the debasing qualities of his patron.

These remarks have been partly suggested by what occurred at the meeting of the United Associate Synod last month, in reference to the settlement of a Clergyman in one of their chapels in Dunfermline. A great majority of the Congregation had voted for a particular candidate to fill the vacant church; but it so happened, that the minority thought that the election was irregular, because the persons presiding had rejected a few votes which would have swelled the minority, although they would have been far from carrying the day, even if all of the rejected votes had been taken in. The whole matter was brought before the Synod, and warmly discussed, both by Commissioners sent up on the part of the minority, and by those who were of opinion that the election was good. It was quite annoying to hear some of the old Parsons in the Synod deploring the said division among the people of the chapel. Why, this temporary division and bickering is just one of the best things that could have possibly happened to them. Have they not had the satisfaction of sending to their Supreme Ecclesiastical Court Commissioners to plead their cause? Have not these Commissioners had an opportunity of making a set of spirit-stirring speeches, of shewing their powers of reasoning and of eloquence, and have not their

opponents also been roused in the same manner to push forward their talents in the field of judicial pleadings? I should care little as to what became of the main question. I would look at the effects, highly beneficial to the growth of independent and manly feeling which it produced upon every one who handled it. Public debates have in all ages exerted a singular and powerful influence, both on those who take part in them and on those who listen; and when the orators of Dunfermline and their opponents had 150,000 people (which is, at the lowest estimate, the proportion of Dissenters, under the inspection of their judicatories,) eager listeners, as substantially they were, to all that was said, well might they be proud of exercising their powers in such a cause. At the close of all, the Synod acted like men of sense, and ordained the young Clergyman who had decidedly the most votes to be inducted into the charge. Such an order has a very different effect here, however, from what it would have if coming from the Venerable Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Should this latter body ordain a Clergyman to be inducted into a parish, and not a soul of the parish should ever go to hear his pulpit lucubrations, they would, notwithstanding, be obliged to pay his full salary to this obnoxious person; whereas in the former case, if the Dissenter happened to be displeased with his Synod, and with the person whom they judged to be the successful candidate in the disputed election, he might turn upon his heel,—bid both Synod and preacher good-morning,—and, free from every obligation to either of them, sally forth into the world, in search of some new religious association, and some new religious instructor, both more to his mind, and on whom he could now bestow what formerly was devoted to the purposes of religious instruction among his late friends. This is exactly the way things are managed in the United States, and ought to be managed every where.

I have before me a file of an Edinburgh newspaper, in which the proceedings of this Spring-Meeting of Synod are very fully detailed; and I

have been vexed to observe, on the part of some of the Clergy, a sort of tendency to set at nought popular feeling, and to exalt the throne of clerical authority. I do not say that this tendency is very observable, but let this class of our priesthood, high as they may consider themselves in point of respectability, great as they may be in point of numbers, beware of the usurping spirit of priestcraft, by which the world is now too old to be taken in, and let them, whilst they perform the duties of their sacred office with that firmness which becomes them as men, see to it, that they also perform them with the mildness of temper, and singleness of purpose, which becomes them as Christians.

There are only two other subjects which particularly arrested my attention in looking into the debates of this Synod; the first was the discussion as to the propriety of appointing another Professor of Theology, in addition to the individual who alone fills this office at present, and who delivers a course of lectures to about 140 or 150 Students each autumn. The argument was overwhelming for the appointment of another Professor, to instruct their clerical aspirants in some other branches of learning than in the meagre outlines of Systematic Divinity, which is all that the present Professor can possibly pretend to communicate to them. Hear the words of a Dr Pringle, when combating some very weak arguments against such an appointment: "The general progress of knowledge, literature, and science, in the world around us, lays us under the necessity of so training up our young men, that they may meet society in general, not merely as ministers, but as men, qualified to keep their ground in the various circles of society in which they may be placed." A Mr Ritchie displayed very considerable talents and powers of debate in developing the same ideas. It would be well if our Venerable Assembly would take a lesson on this subject from their seceded brethren. Perhaps then we should not see among some of this body so dogged and intolerant a feeling towards an undeniable improvement in the mode of study among their Students, which has, year after

year, been urged on their notice by one of the greatest orators, and best of men, within the pale of their church.

The only other part of the proceedings of this Dissenting Assembly which seems to possess any general interest, is that which relates to the notorious Fletcher, styling himself "The Rev. Alexander Fletcher of London"—a man whom, if I were not satisfied that he labours under a most calamitous hallucination of intellect, I should designate the most consummately impudent of all hypocrites—the basest and most contemptible of men. This man belonged to the Presbytery of London, which is placed, and considers itself under the spiritual inspection and jurisdiction of this United Associate Synod, whose sittings generally take place at Edinburgh. Fletcher was summoned to appear at their bar, to answer, in the first place, last year, for a series of disgraceful conduct towards an amiable and excellent young lady in Glasgow. But I will not rake up the disgusting story, which has long ago been thoroughly exposed by the London Press. Suffice it to say, that both in autumn last and now, he neglected the summons of his ecclesiastical judges.

They at first intended to depose him formally from his office; but, in consideration of the evident signs he has exhibited of partial alienation of intellect, they satisfied themselves with simply allowing his name to drop from their roll of ministers. He is no longer a member of their body.

It is highly satisfactory to observe the tone of moderation and good sense which marked, upon the whole, the proceedings of this great body of Dissenters. Their ministers and ruling elders, coming up from all quarters of Scotland, and from some parts of England, have exhibited a memorable lesson of the manner in which even the external affairs of the Christian Church can be effectually managed, without the aid of the civil arm to provide for the subsistence of its ministers, or to interfere for the purpose of enforcing its decrees.

The General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland has now met, and I shall take an opportunity, in the Number of this Magazine for June, to offer a few commentaries on its proceedings, and perhaps to follow out some of the ideas I have ventured to broach in the foregoing *esquisse*.

EVENTUAL DISUSE OF WAR—CESSATION OF WARS.

(Continued from page 480.)

Book III.

Chapter IV.

Cessation of Wars incident to the Fourth Stage.

THE Fourth Stage is, according to our division of the subject, the *ne plus ultra* of Pagan civilization. With this restriction, it possesses, however, abundant room for those admirable displays of science and art which dignify the antiquities of Greece and Rome—for all the glories, whether of the academy or the field, of the splendid ages of Pericles and Augustus. A nation in the Fourth Stage exhibits a combination of the most incongruous circumstances;—an extraordinary degree of perfection in the most striking creations of the human intellect; in poetry; in the exact sciences; in the arts, both of peace and war; philosophical refinements, leading the professors, amidst the varieties of sophistical doubts, fanciful discoveries, and ingenious inventions, into the gloomy haunts of incredulity and atheism; a religious creed of mingled absurdity and impiety, vitiating the morals, and degrading the manners and minds of the whole society.

Notwithstanding the praise which has been so generally bestowed upon the civilization of the ancient republics, there appears no reasonable ground for excepting them in the application of our strictures. Instances of extraordinary advances, in the most brilliant departments of science, may indeed, with great justice, be urged in their favour; but they are, after all, only proofs of partial economical improvement, rather than of high attainments

in the essential elements of civilization. The genius which, in the first instance, led to the improvement really achieved, is incidental to all ages ; and the favourable circumstances which, in the cases alluded to, rendered it productive of such happy fruits, were altogether fortuitous. The agency of those united causes was, however, insufficient: the great principle was wanting, through which alone the superior paths of civilization can be reached. Christianity was unknown. The intellects of men became polished, but the heart continued to suffer from the corrosion of the ancient rust: while talent shone pre-eminent in some detached portion of the community, the quantity of happiness diffused among the whole (the only sure test of a high order of civilization) was proportionably small.

After a reference to this simple standard—the moral and political condition of the great body of the people—many of our illusory prepossessions in favour of the ancient world are dispelled. The civilization of nations, whose population were in an extraordinary degree, when contrasted with modern instances, sunk in the extremes of ignorance, vice, and misery, cannot appear in a very advantageous light, notwithstanding their high attainments in the more meretricious objects of human pursuit, and the splendid career of a comparatively few elevated individuals, who, in the most perfect times, might justly be considered the ornaments of society.

In the course of the preceding illustrations of our subject, we have already adverted to the two distinct classes in which civilization, considered in its aggregate character, as a great stock of social improvement, may be divided: the one portion acquired without the direct assistance of Christianity, or by the power of reason only, feebly aided by the light of revelation; the other by the same power, under the special guidance of the true religion. The first may be accumulated to the point at which our Fourth Stage terminates, after which, without extraordinary support, it is subject to constant diminution; the latter, never in danger of any permanent re-action, is capable of an indefinite amount of increase, varying only in degree according to the temporary preponderance of its peculiar cause.

This distinction forms a principal feature in our general reasoning, and will assist us in this place to develop further the view we have taken of the wars incident to the Fourth Stage. Those wars, as briefly described in the preceding book, are peculiar to this period only, in respect to the higher turpitude of their character: in the succeeding times, into which a portion of the Christian graces has been infused, the pride and ambition of princes, the turbulent restlessness of a vain and presuming nobility, the cupidity and unwise jealousy of merchants, the senseless prejudices of the ignorant vulgar, have not been wanting to swell the pages of history, unfortunately almost wholly conversant in the details of crime and death. But these causes were necessarily diminished in force, by the gradual introduction into the society of a new principle of action, arising out of the cares and interest connected with the awakened hopes of a future and better existence. Ignorance thenceforward lost much of its power, and slavery many of its victims: a mistaken zeal and a novel species of usurpation, bigotry, and priestcraft, may, at one time have increased, rather than diminished the occasions of wars; but a decided benefit generally accrued by the gradual inclination of their former ferocious character.

We have before alluded to a marked difference in the state of the ruling political power between the Third and Fourth periods. In the first, the Government is completely despotic; in the latter, it acts under some material restraint, either from laws, customs, or other permanent circumstances. This restraint increases in force as the Fifth period is approached and entered, Christianity being at bottom the only true parent of rational liberty. The wars of the Fourth Stage are for the most part waged at the instance, and for the gratification of the Sovereign; but he is compelled, previous to their commencement, to consult the temper, inflame the passions, and court the consent, either directly or indirectly, of a principal portion at least of his subjects. Other causes of war subsequently occur; and it is only at the particular era we are now considering, that the love of glory, or thirst for ra-

pine and extended dominion and wealth, are the exclusive incentives to the trade of blood.*

The European states have long since witnessed the termination of this era: all the modern wars are attributable to circumstances already referred to, more or less independent of those above-mentioned, and to which we shall have occasion to revert in the sequel. It is not necessary to repeat our reasons for believing, that in all other parts of the globe, where either the era in question is only now approaching, or is already entered upon, its duration will be comparatively short, and that its peculiar vices can never permanently disturb the general harmony to which we presume to look forward. The probable universal diffusion of CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION is, it will now have been sufficiently understood, the foundation of this our confident expectation.

The permanent establishment of civil liberty, or even its temporary introduction in any material degree, being altogether excluded from our notion of the economy of a community in the Fourth Stage, it is necessary to revert to the ancient republics, in order to show, that, with respect to this particular, as well as the other criteria of civilization, they possessed no claim for the assignment of a higher station. The earliest condition of the small Grecian states, in whose favour some appearance of liberty may be adduced, does not fall within the scope of our argument: they were then simply domestic combinations of the patriarchal class, in which, whatever liberty they may have enjoyed, was of that negative description which is the result of the absence of all inducement or opportunity for the exercise of oppression. When they became more consolidated, their Government assumed, in substance, generally the oligarchical form, in which the members acted under the impulse of the same vices, as if they respectively occupied separate thrones, and their rule was perhaps equally injurious to the real interests of the people. We should in vain seek for the resort of true liberty among those vicious, but elegant retreats of the early arts and sciences. Nearly the same observation will apply to the case of the Romans. The great body of those masters of the world were at all times the slaves of a comparatively small portion of their countrymen: in their happiest days, they were oppressed in all manner of disgusting modes, by the patrician order, whose ambition or avarice hurried them into all the miseries of interminable war. But as a proof that Rome was, in the period here referred to, not more backward in civilization than the era in which we would place her, it may be observed, that those tyrants were at no time altogether independent of the vulgar herd, who were at once the objects of their fear and scorn; they were compelled, in the promotion of their own individual ends, to flatter their vices, and humour their short-sighted ignorance, by the lure of ideal advantages. Even the Cæsars, notwithstanding their occasional tremendous sallies of self-willed despotism, were, in spite of their superior power, obliged, on the whole, to act with the same politic caution.

Our design does not include the task of accounting for, or even of noticing, extraordinary events; but it may be well, in this place, (to shorten the labours of minute criticism,) if we advert briefly to the wars of a peculiar description, which long afflicted the most civilized of the European nations during their passage through the Fourth and Fifth periods. The Oriental Scythians, after gradually peopling the countries of Sarmatia, Scandinavia, Gaul, Germany, &c., encroached upon the northern borders of the Roman empire, and thus exhibited the phenomenon of a people, in an advanced stage of civilization, contending for existence with a race of unreclaimed barbarians. It is evident that, in this case, peculiar circumstances produced a deviation from the ordinary course in which savages, necessarily weak in political resources, are scarcely a match for the earliest candidates for civilized life. The barbarous hordes were chiefly indebted to their geographical position for their temporary power: in possession of an immense tract of country, adapted, in an extraordinary degree, to their unsettled habits, they had few inducements, and no inclination, to commence the inevitable, although long-protracted work of improvement. The principle of population,

by which the human race possess a tendency to multiply, in a ratio disproportionate to that of the increase of the means of subsistence, has been assigned as the cause of the continual inroads of those people upon the Roman territories. We should rather refer the fact at once to their habitual indisposition to civilization, which provides the only effectual remedy to the evil of a redundant population; but, at any rate, it is an occurrence of which there can now be no danger of a repetition. The potent arm of civilization has at length reached those strongholds of barbarism, and no other part of the globe affords equal facilities for the lawless dominion of that deadliest foe to the happiness of mankind.

Chapter V.

Cessation of Wars incident to the Fifth Stage.

Among the wonderful aberrations of human conduct must be reckoned the frequent attempts to unite the most discordant principles. A wayward inclination to wrong, against the feeble but steady demands of right, is the source of this disposition. The claims of right are at length heard and acknowledged, but error long after disputes the exclusive mastery of the mind: the subject of the contention fondly clings to passion, in the act of submission to reason; and vainly hopes to effect a reconciliation between them, by assigning to both an asylum in the same breast.

It is thus that Christianity and bigotry—the purest instance of celestial beneficence, the bitterest fruit of human depravity and folly—came, in the apprehension of partial observers, to be associated together. Christianity, viewed from its early dawn, when it was conversant only with the pure and lowly of heart, appears, to the just and enlightened mind, all that the imagination can pourtray of moral excellence: when it was at length unwarrantably forced into the service of the State, when it was apparently combined in interests with the politic despot, the ambitious priest, and the proud aristocrat, its intrinsic merits were for a time lost in the contemplation of the horrid deeds which were continually perpetrated, professedly under its sanction. Wars undertaken with the sole view of propagating the Christian faith, or to advance the interests of the numerous individuals who derive worldly profit from the institution of that religion, are peculiar to the Fifth era. These causes are frequently united with those of the disturbances of the preceding period; but it is totally unconnected, during the age under contemplation, with the principal bias of the one subsequent to it, in which an earnest predilection for civil liberty acquires a lasting influence over the human mind.

The attempt to establish the permanent reign of error upon the superstructure of Christianity, must, from a circumstance independent of supernatural interposition, prove abortive. Islamism, or any superstition growing almost exclusively out of the passions and vices of mankind, can be erected only in a society which has not extended its improvements beyond the Third era; Christianity, pure, simple, and true, but divested of all extrinsic recommendations, can, on the other hand, be seriously entertained only by a people in a more advanced state of cultivation. The abuses adhering to it must of necessity decay with the increasing knowledge of the times. Its most prominent defects became naturally the first objects of correction. Bigotry, a spirit of intolerance, and the prostitution of the sacred name of Religion to the furtherance of worldly policy, are the earliest marks of deformity obnoxious to the scrutiny of awakened reason. They can subsist without interruption only during that gloomy period, which, with a metaphorical licence, may be termed the profound night of the human mind: in the opening dawn, to which Religion is herself the chief accessory, an early effort is naturally made towards their removal, and proves the first essay of reformation. The existing deprivation of natural rights is a less obvious, although, in point of fact, an equally strong, impediment to the propagation of genuine Christianity, and its serious consideration is therefore reserved for the more mature light of a later age.

(To be continued.)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Penn has in the press, in two volumes 8vo, a new edition of his *Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Metastatical Geologies.*

The Book of Nonconformity, in which the Churches of England are vindicated from the calumnious Misrepresentations of their Catholic and Protestant Translators, is announced for publication.

Mr Cadell has in the press, a Tale in 3 vols, entitled, "Massenburg."

A Dissertation on the Pageants, or Dramatic Mysteries, anciently performed at Coventry, by the Trading Companies of that City, chiefly with reference to the Vehicles, Characters, and Dresses of the Actors. To which are added, the Shearmen and Tailors' Pageant, and other municipal Entertainments of a public nature, by Thomas Sharp, is announced for publication, in 4to.

Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner, in England and Scotland, in 2 vols 8vo.

There is preparing for publication, by subscription, in a 4to. vol, the Memoirs of Zehued-Din Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, King of Ferghana, Samarkand, Kabul, &c. Written by himself, in the Taghatai Turki; and translated partly by the late Dr John Leyden, M.D., and partly by W. Erskine, Esq.

Wood's Treatise on Rail-Roads will be published in a few days.

Mr Baron Field's Geographical Memoirs on New South Wales, containing an Account of the Surveyor-General's late Expedition to two New Ports, the Discovery of Boreton Bay River, together with the Geography, the Geology, the Botany, &c. of the country, is just ready for publication.

Mr Henry Phillips announces Floral Emblems, in one volume 8vo.

The Works of the late Dr Lightfoot, edited by the Rev J. R. Pitman, A.M., in 13 vols 8vo., will be published within the month.

Mr Shaw's Supplement to his Works on Diseases of the Spine, and Bones of the Chest.

There is forthcoming, in four 8vo. vols, the whole Works of R. Leighton, D.D., Archbishop of Glasgow; with a Life of the Author; by the Rev. J. N. Pearson, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Dr R. Harrison announces his second volume of the Surgical Anatomy of the Arteries of the Human Body.

Beranger's new volume of *Chansons* have been published in Paris, and the *Liberatees* are in extasis with their poet's patriotic effusions.

M. de le Martine, author of *Méditations Poétiques, La Mort de Socrate, &c.* has prepared and sold for publication, for 10,000 francs, a new poem, *La Mort de Childe Harold*, destined to complete the Adventures of Lord Byron.

College Recollections, in 2 vols post 8vo., are nearly ready.

Colonel Forrest, author of a "Tour of the Ganges and Jumna," announces for publication "A Picturesque Tour through the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada."

The second edition has lately been published, at Copenhagen, of a work on the Character, Manners, Opinions, and Language of the Peasants of the Northern Part of the Island of Zealand, by M. Jørgen.

Patriarchal Theology, or the Religion of the Patriarchs, illustrated by an appeal to the subsequent parts of Divine Revelation, in a series of Letters, by the Rev. T. T. Biddolph, A.M. Minister of St. James's, Bristol, is announced for publication.

A Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees is in the press.

The third volume of W. Savage Loudon's Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen is nearly ready.

The author of "Fifteen Years in India," &c., has in the press, "Forty Years in the World, or Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life."

The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, with Notes Historical and Critical, and Lives of the most celebrated Living Poets, by A. Cunningham, in 4 vols. small 8vo., are nearly ready.

Disquisitions upon the Painted Greek Vases, and their probable connection with the Shows of the Eleusenian, and other Mysteries, by J. Christie, a Member of the Society of Quakers, in one volume 8vo. with plates, is announced.

Mr. G. Senebier, author of the "Hortus Grampineus Woparnensis," has in the press, an Essay on the Weeds of Agriculture; with their Common and Botanical Names, their respective Characters and evil Qualities. The Posthumous Works of B. Holdich, Esq. late Editor of the Farmer's Journals, are also coming forward.

The Remains of the Rev. Christian F. Schwartz, missionary in India, consisting of his letters and journal, with a Sketch of his Life, are in the press.

Dr Busby's Concert Room and Orchestra Anecdotes will certainly be published in a few days; and Mr Elmes's Schools of the Fine Arts will follow almost immediately.

On the Religions of Ancient Greece, the Public, the Mystical, and the Philosophical, by W. Mitford, Esq. 8vo., is nearly ready.

A Series of Tables, in which the Weights and Measures of France are reduced to the English standard, by C. Knight Sanders, Lieut. in the Corps of Royal Engineers, will speedily be published.

Ancient Paintings and Mosaic, discovered at Pompeii, by J. Goldcutt, Architect; to be completed in Four Parts, imp. 8vo. and proofs in 4to., each to contain Five Plates, engraved by E. Finden.

A Novel, called "O'Hara," of which Lord E. Fitzgerald is the hero, is preparing for the press.

A volume, containing many letters to and from Pope, Steele, Gay, Bolnbrooke, with some Poetical Fragments, by Pope, will shortly be published. They are from original MSS. and will be printed uniformly with Roscoe's edition, to which the work will form a supplement.

The edition of Stephens' Greek Thesaurus, which has been so long passing through the hands of Messrs. Barber and Valpy, will be finished this year.

Mr R. Sweet, F.L.S., author of "Geraniaceæ," and other Botanical Works, intends giving in numbers, a complete history, accompanied by the best mode of cultivation, &c. of that beautiful tribe of plants called Cistus, or Rock Rose.

Col. C. J. Napier has in the press a Memoir on the Roads of Cefalonia, with Plans for their defence; to which is added a Statistical Account of the Islands, with Averages as to Climate, &c.

Miss Letitia Eliza Landon has a second volume of poetry—the Troubadour—in the press.

Mr Tredgold has nearly ready for publication, a Practical Treatise on Rail-roads and Carriages, the data derived from original experiments; including some new inquiries respecting Steam-Engines, and their application to Steam-Carriages, and Station-Powers; the theory and effect of Gas-Machines, and the principles of estimating the first cost and annual expense of Rail-roads; 8vo., illustrated by Four Plates.

Shortly will appear, in one volume 8vo., Poems, by the late Mrs Elizabeth Cob-

bold, of Holywell, near Ipswich; with an interesting Memoir of the Author.

Mr H. Moses is now engraving, in outline, a Series of Sixteen Designs, by Retsch, to illustrate Schiller's Ballad of "The Flight of the Dragon." Part I, containing Four Engravings, will be ready in a few days.

A gentleman lately returned from a tour of three years, chiefly spent in Italy, will soon present to the public a Panoramic View of the City and Antiquities of Rome, drawn on an accurate scale, and coloured after nature. It will be contained in a case of the size and form of a quarto volume. Under the upper case will be a printed commentary on the picture, or a descriptive and historical account of its various objects.

Miss Aikin is about to publish the poetical works, with the correspondence and other prose pieces of Anna Letitia Barbauld, with a Memoir, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Adventurers; or Scenes in Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth, 3 vols. 12mo.

Nearly ready, The Story of a Life, by the author of Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy, Recollections of the Peninsula, &c. &c., 2 vols. post 8vo.

The facetious author of "My Notch-Book, or Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephen," has another work in the press, entitled, Travels of My Night-cap, or, Reveries in Rhyme, with Scenes at the Congress of Verona.

A Description of the Island of Madura, by the late T. E. Bowdich, Esq., to which are added, a Narrative of Mr Bowdich's last Voyage to Africa, terminating at his Death, Remarks on the Cape de Verde Islands, and a Description of the English Settlements on the River Gambia, by Mrs Bowdich, with numerous Lithographic Illustrations, will shortly appear.

The Village Pastor, by one of the authors of Body and Soul, in one volume.

Sketches of Corsica, or a Journal of a Visit to that Island, an Outline of its History, and Specimens of the Language and Poetry of the People, illustrated with views, by R. Benson, is announced.

There is preparing for publication, London in the Olden Times; or, Tales intended to illustrate some of the Localities, and the Manners and Superstitions of its Inhabitants, from the 12th to the 16th century.

Dr Walt, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has undertaken to translate two or three additional volumes of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, from the Arabic MSS. In the public library of Cambridge.

Preparing for publication, Flora Rossii; or a Description of the Fossil Ve-

getable Remains found in the Coal Districts of Durham and Northumberland; with a particular account of the Concomitant Stratifaction; by J. B. Taylor, F.S.A. Bishopwearmouth.

Mr Donovan has just issued the Prospectus of his *Gleanings in British Ornithology*, which form part of his "*Gleanings in Natural History*," announced for publication long since.

The Rev. Dr Philpotts is preparing a series of Letters to Mr Butler, on the Theological parts of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church.

A novel, entitled *Truth and Fashion*, will appear this month.

Mr Mitchell is preparing a Dictionary of Greek, to unite the two Languages, giving the signification of words in common; distinguishing those purely ancient or modern, and noticing any change in the meanings; or, a Compendium of the Modern Words to be used as a Supplement of Words to the Dictionaries existing of the Classic Language.

In the press, *Patriarchal Theology*; or, the Religion of the Patriarchs; illustrated by an Appeal to the Subsequent Parts of Divine Revelation; in a Series of Letters, by the Rev. T. T. Biddulph, A. M., Minister of St. James's, Bristol.

A Succinct View and Analysis of Authentic Information extant in Original Works, on the Practicability of joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by a Ship-Canal across the Isthmus of America, by R. Briks Pitman, is in the press.

In the course of May will be published, *The Oracle of Human Destiny*, or the Unerring Foreteller of Future Events, by Madame V. Parmand, Professor of the Celestial Sciences at Paris.

In the press, and shortly will be published, *The Travellers*, a Tale, 3 vols. 12mo., illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of Modern Greece; by T. T. C. Kendrick, Author of the *Kako Dæmon*.

Nearly ready, the *Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times*, of the Right Hon. Geo. Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron, in 3 vols. 8vo., embellished with an accurate portrait from a miniature by Holmes, a portrait of the Marchioness Guiccioli, and sundry other embellishments.

Classical Disquisitions and Curiosities, Critical and Historical, by Benjamin Heath Malkin, LL.D. F.S.A. Head Master of Bury School.

Dr Moseley will publish in May, the *Dictionary of Latin Quantities*, or the *Proodian's Alphabetical Guide to the Measure of every Syllable in the Latin Poets*.

Mr Fraser, author of a *Tour in the*

Himala Mountains, has lately returned from Travels in the more distant parts of Persia, and will speedily submit to the public the fruits of his researches.

Shortly will be published, by the command of, and dedicated by permission to, His Most Gracious Majesty, *Views and Illustrations of his Majesty's Palace at Brighton*, by John Nash, Esq., Private Architect to the King, &c. &c. &c.

Part I. of Dr Alexander Jameson's *New Practical Dictionary of Mechanical Science*, embellished with many hundred Engravings on copper and wood, will be published early this month.

Mr G. Thomson, of Edinburgh, is preparing a Sixth Volume of his Collection of the Songs of Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and other eminent Lyric Poets; united to the Select Melodies of Scotland chiefly, and to many of those of Ireland and Wales: with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano forte: composed by Haydn, Beethoven, &c., who have also arranged many of the Melodies for two and for three voices.

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A Statement of the Experience of Scotland with regard to the Education of the People, with remarks on the intended application of the Schoolmasters to Parliament.

The First Number of a new periodical, "*The Dumfries Monthly Magazine*," is announced to appear early in July.

In the press, and in a few days will be published, a Critical Examination of Dr Macculloch's work on the "*Highland and Western Isles of Scotland*," containing a Refutation of his Calumnies and Misrepresentations concerning the manners, character, and present condition of the Highlanders; an estimate of his Literary Qualifications; together with some Remarks on his Statements in justification of the violent improvements which have been recently introduced in the North, and on the actual state of Highland Economy and Population.

A Treatise on the Dairy Breed of Cows and Dairy Husbandry, &c. By William Aiton.

Observations on the System of the Patent Laws; with Outlines of a Plan proposed in substitution for it. By Joseph Astley, Esq.

Mr Peter Buchan of Peterhead is pre-

paring for publication. *Gleanings of Scottish, English, and Irish scarce old Ballads, chiefly Tragical and Historical*; many of them connected with the localities of Aberdeenshire, and to be found in no other collection, with explanatory notes. A good many of the Ballads have been taken down by the Editor from the mouths of very old women.

Mr Frazer has announced a Work, in three large volumes 8vo. to be published by subscription, entitled *Killinn*; or *Portraits, Pictures, and Lyrics, with Relics, Memoirs, and Tracts, illustrative of national Principle and Character*; Civil and Rural Economy; Antiquities, Language, Ancient Poetry, and Music, of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

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Speech on Pluralities delivered in the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, on the 13th April last, with additional Remarks and Illustrations. By the Rev. John Sommerville, A.M., Minister of Currie. 1s. 6d.

A Narrative of the loss of the Kent, East-Indiaman, by fire, in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st of March 1825. In a letter to a Friend. By a Passenger. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The King has addressed a letter to the President of the Chamber of Deputies, requiring a Grand Deputation from that body to be present on the 29th May, at the ceremony of his Majesty's Coronation. The Minister of the Interior has also been authorised by the King to announce to the President, that orders had been given to prepare apartments at Rheims for one hundred members of the Chambers, independently of those who form part of the Grand Deputation.

The law to indemnify the emigrants has passed the Chamber of Peers, having been previously modified by an amendment, confirming the possession of the

holders of property confiscated during the Revolution, and providing that no stipulation of the present law shall affect in any manner property acquired before the publication of the constitutional charter. The emigrants long entertained an expectation that the forfeited property would be restored; but the question will now be set at rest, if the Chamber of Deputies agree to the amendment.

Recent letters from Paris state, "That such part of the French army as is not wanted for the reinforcement of the garrisons in the fortified towns retained in Spain, will return immediately into France. On the 15th inst. the 17th Regiment of Chasseurs, forming a part of

the troops to be withdrawn arrived at Bionne. They would be followed by the artillery of the 12th, and other Regiments, to the extent of about 8000 or 10,000 men.

The law against sacrilege has passed in the Chamber of Deputies by 305 to 210 votes. This law awards the punishment of death to the public profanation of the Host. The Merchants and Bankers of Paris have petitioned the King for the establishment of commercial treaties and official agents with the new Governments of South America. By this petition it would appear, indeed it is one of its most remarkable traits, that the effects of the new policy of England is regarded with great jealousy.

Mr Louis Courier, celebrated in France for his writings against absolute power and the Jesuits, was murdered in the department of the Indre, whilst walking in one of his own woods.

RUSSIA — *Petersburgh, March 3.* —

The long-subsisting differences respecting the North-west coast of America have been perfectly adjusted, by a convention concluded and signed by Mr Stratford Canning and Count Nesselrode. By this convention, the limits of the navigation and trade of both parties are accurately defined, and many things relative to the subject regulated. The conference respecting the affairs of the East continue, it is positively affirmed that Mr Canning takes no active part in them.

Theatre of St. Petersburg destroyed by fire. —

The 14th March, in the evening, the New Theatre at St. Petersburg, which was opened only on the 1st of January, was burnt to the ground. It was entirely of wood, but very elegant, and had been built in an uncommonly short time. How the fire originated is unknown, and it is the more extraordinary, as, on account of Lent, there had been no performances for some weeks. It was the only theatre in the capital lighted with gas, but this did not cause the fire, because it happened that there was no gas making in the gas-works, which are at a small distance. It is fortunate that the measures adopted for extinguishing the flames, which the Emperor himself directed, prevented them from extending to the gas-works, and the great timber-yards adjoining, otherwise the damage would have been immense.

GREECE. — It is again stated that Patras has surrendered to the Greeks, and the statement is again contradicted. The negotiations carrying on between the Turks and besiegers have probably given rise to these reports. A letter from Zante also mentions, that the Egyptian fleet has

landed troops at Modon and Coron. This statement, like another made two months ago, almost in the very same terms, is most probably a fiction. If troops have really been landed at the places named, nothing more can be intended than to reinforce the Turkish garrisons which still occupy these towns.

By letters from Corfu, dated the 19th ultimo, it appears that affairs in Greece are going on more favourably for the independent cause. The 5000 troops which were landed at Modon have been met by a body of Greeks, proceeding towards Patras, and the whole of them put to flight. The whole of the rebellious chiefs had been put down, and banished to the islands, and it was supposed that the Greek fleet will be more than a match at sea for that of the Pacha of Egypt, the only enemy they have to apprehend.

The Allgemeine Zeitung of the 9th, contains a correspondence between P. I. Rodios, secretary general to the Provisional Government of Greece, and Mr Secretary Canning. Mr Rodios writes in the name of his Government. After detailing the efforts made, and the triumph obtained by his countrymen, the establishment of a regular system of laws and administration, and the vain supplication addressed to the European Sovereigns at Verona, he complains (if the note published last summer in which Russia proposed that the contest between the Greeks and the Turks should be settled by a convention, under the guarantee of the Great Powers, which would allow the Ottoman Government a limited dominion over Greece, divided into three principalities, under so many Princes or Hospodars, and at the same time should secure to Greece the enjoyment of substantial freedom. M. Rodios declares that they "would prefer a solemn death to the disgraceful lot intended to be imposed on them." He then adverts to the "philanthropic conduct" of England towards the various States of South America, hopes that the Greeks will be deemed entitled to as much support from England as the Colombians and labours to prove that the interests of her trade will be greatly promoted by the recognition of Greek independence, and that an effectual barrier would be thus erected "against the increase of a vast European power." Mr Canning's answer is as guarded as became our doubtful alliance with the Porte and Czar, our mediation between these powers, and our neutral relations to the belligerent parties in Greece. He manifestly favours a middle term of adjustment; but gently blames the Russian proposal for having come too late, and promises, on the part

of the British Government, nothing beyond a strict neutrality.

AMERICA.

SOUTH AMERICA.—A detailed official account of the splendid victory gained in Peru by the Colombian army over the Spaniards, has at last reached this country. It fully confirms the accuracy of the first intelligence in every material point. The Spaniards lost 2600 men in killed and wounded, and all the rest of their troops capitulated with their generals. The victory was extremely honourable to the arms of the Colombians, for their force in the field consisted only of 5780 men, while that of the Spaniards was 9310. Immediately after the battle, Bolivar intimated an intention to crown his glorious achievements by an act of noble moderation—by surrendering into the hands of the Peruvian Congress, the moment it assembles, the Dictatorship, which they had confided to his patriotism and energy at a time when the existence of the republic was in the most imminent danger. The resolution of the British Government, to acknowledge the independence of Colombia, had occasioned excessive joy in Cartagena. Public illuminations and rejoicings continued for several days and nights.

Recent American papers inform us, that the inhabitants of Cuba are in a state of great fermentation. Rigorous decrees have been issued against mason lodges and secret societies; and a military commission has been appointed for trying suspected persons. It is believed that the party who aim at independence have sent agents to Bogota to crave the aid of the Colombian Government.

UNITED STATES.—New York papers to the 16th ultimo have been received. The new President delivered his inaugural speech on the 14th ultimo in the Hall of the Senate. The President sets out with declaring the principles on which he intends to govern the affairs of America—and takes a review of the progress made in settling the inhabitants of the country since the declaration of independence. Since that period, a population of four millions has multiplied to twelve; a territory, bounded by the Mississippi, has been extended from sea to sea; new States have been admitted to the Union, in numbers nearly equal to those of the first confederation; treaties of peace, amity, and commerce, have been concluded with the principal dominions of the earth. It goes on congratulating the Senate on the flourishing condition of America. The allusions to Foreign States, are decorous and conciliatory; and, in one place, a friendly

bias is evinced towards this country; and the indirect manner of disclosing it gives it a higher zest.

UPPER CANADA.—Upper Canada (little more than thirty years ago an entire wilderness,) from the best evidence that can be obtained, has now nearly one million of acres of land under cultivation; 8,067 dwelling-houses, of a superior description to the common log-houses of the country (which, not being ratable, are not enumerated); 396 merchants' shops (exclusive of storehouses), 304 grist mills; 386 saw mills; 73 stone-horses for covering mares, for hire or gain; 30,771 horses fit for service; 27,614 working oxen; 67,644 milch cows; 91,975 young horned cattle, from two to four years old; and 484 carriages for pleasure. The total valuation of the assessed property in the province, on which the rate of one penny in the pound is collected for the public service, or rather for the service of the several districts, is £1,969.074¹/₁₀13¹/₁₀1d. The white population is not greatly short of two hundred thousand souls. These items, it is probable, would have received a considerable augmentation had the assessment-rolls from the Eastern London, and the Gore district (for 1821) been received in time for publication.

WEST INDIES.—*Dreadful Fire at St. Thomas's.*—We are favoured with a variety of letters by the Leeward Island mail, giving details of a dreadful fire at St. Thomas's. About one half the town has been destroyed. The estimated loss is nearly two millions of dollars. One of the letters states, that suspicions were entertained that the fire was by incendiaries, and that several suspicious characters had been in consequence apprehended. The other accounts attribute it entirely to accident. The fire broke out early in the day in the market-place, the very centre of business. We select the following as the most minute in the details of this dreadful calamity:—"We have to make you acquainted with a dreadful calamity which has happened to our town on the 12th instant. About eight o'clock A. M. a cry of fire was heard about the market-place, and with such fury the element was spreading, that at 12 o'clock it had reached the western extent of the town, levelling in its way every wooden building with the ground; of about 12 fire proof, there were but six saved, by the greatest exertion, to which we owe the great luck of having it in our power to write the present at our desk in its usual place." Having the flames just in our front, with a north-east breeze, we could only preserve ourselves by keeping the doors constantly wet from the inside. The more valuable part of

the town, all above the market, has not suffered in the least. A subscription of 10,000 dollars was raised immediately for the momentary relief of the poor. One consolation we have—that it happened accidentally."

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.—An Extraordinary Gazette has been published, containing the despatches of Sir A. Campbell, which detail the particulars of the victory over the Burmese. On the 1st of December, the united force of the Burman Empire, amounting to about 60,000 men, appeared in front of our army, and different actions took place till the 8th, when our efforts were crowned with the most complete success. The enemy were driven from all their works, abandoning their guns, with a quantity of arms of every description; of 300 pieces of ordnance, 240 are in our camp. The loss in killed and wounded is at least 5000 men; and the total defeat of the Burmese army most fully accomplished.

A second despatch, of the 16th December, announces another great victory over the army of Bundoola, re-collected, and considerably re-inforced, after his late defeat. "My dispositions," says Sir A. Campbell, "being complete, the preconcerted signal-guns were fired, and I had the pleasure to hear Brigadier-General Cotton's reply, which assured me that all was ready on his side; the artillery now opened, and the three columns rushed on to the assault with the most determined and enthusiastic bravery, and in less than fifteen minutes were in full possession of this most stupendous work, making the enemy suffer most severely, and obliging him to leave his camp standing, with all the baggage, and a great proportion of their arms and ammunition. When it is known that thirteen hundred British infantry stormed, and carried by assault, the most formidable, entrenched, and stockaded works I ever saw, defended by upwards of twenty thousand men, I trust it is unnecessary for me to say more in praise of men performing such a prodigy; future ages will scarcely believe it. The prisoners declare that our appearance before their works was treated by them all (from their generals downwards) with the

utmost derision and contempt, so confident were they in their immense superiority in numbers, and the fancied security of the works they had constructed."—"Our gallant friends afloat," continues Sir Archibald, "were determined not to let this auspicious day pass without their share in its operations." Lieut. Keller, of the *Arachne*, proceeded up the river, attacked thirty-two of the enemy's war-boats, and brought away thirty, besides destroying several fire-rafts, as well as materials and combustibles for constructing others. The native troops acted throughout with the utmost steadiness and bravery, emulating the Europeans in that determined valour which always characterises the British soldier.

General return of killed, wounded, and missing. From the 1st to the 7th December 1824, there were 26 killed, 245 wounded, and two horses missing.

Names of officers killed and wounded.

Killed.—3d regiment Madras native light infantry, Major Walker. His Majesty's 13th light infantry, Brevet Captain and Lieutenant O'Shea.

Wounded.—His Majesty's 13th light infantry, Captain Clarke, severely; Ensign J. Blackwell, slightly; Ensign R. W. Croker, severely. His Majesty's 38th regiment, Lieutenant J. S. Torrens, severely, not dangerously; Lieutenant A. H. M. McLeroth, severely. His Majesty's 89th regiment, Captain R. C. Rose, severely. Honourable Company's Madras 1st European regiment, Lieutenant O. Butler, slightly. Madras 26th regiment native infantry, Ensign Smith, severely. Madras 28th regiment native infantry, Lieutenant J. C. Tarriano, severely; Ensign O'Brian, severely. Madras 43d regiment native infantry, Lieutenant Scott, slightly.

Names of officers wounded on the 9th December 1824.

89th regiment.—Lieutenant A. B. Taylor, slightly; Lieutenant A. Dowdall, severely; Assistant-Surgeon J. Walsh, slightly.

1st European regiment.—Captain J. Roy, slightly.

12th native infantry.—Lieut. Glover, severely, arm amputated.

Total, 2 killed, 46 wounded.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—*March 29.*—On the Report of the Scots Juries Bill, Lord Melville moved some amendments; and, on the motion of the Noble Lord, they were ordered to be engrossed. Adjourned.

TRIAL OF SCOTCH PEERS.

April 14.—Lord Colchester made a report from the Committee who had been appointed to consider the state of the laws relating to the trials of Peers for offences in Scotland. It was understood to recommend some amendments in the act of Queen Anne, by assimilating the law of Scotland, and the forms of process in all such cases, to the law of England. The Noble Lord then introduced a Bill, founded on the recommendation of the report, which was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

22.—Lord Holland, pursuant to notice, brought in a Bill to amend the Scotch law respecting forfeiture by corruption of blood, &c. The Noble Lord briefly explained, that, in cases of high treason and attainder, the object of the Bill was to confine the law to the offending party, and to remove it altogether from their successors or descendants. The Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

25.—Lord Liverpool, in answer to a question by the Earl of Lauderdale, in regard to the Corn-laws, said, that some alteration was necessary, but that he was of opinion nothing could be done during the present Session of Parliament.

CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

The Duke of York, in rising to present a Petition from the Dean and Chapter of St. George, Windsor, against the Catholic claims, observed, that the principles he had imbibed on this subject remained unchanged. He conceived the admission of Roman Catholics into the privileges they claimed, would be contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and would, in his opinion, be a severe blow to it. His Royal Highness referred to the coronation oath, which he thought had not been sufficiently considered, and read a part of it, to shew that there could be no mental reservation, and that therefore its obligation could not be removed from the Sovereign. He declared, that nothing should make him alter the opinions he now entertained, wherever he was placed, so help him God!

29.—The Scottish Sheriff-Court Bill went through a Committee, and some

verbal amendments were introduced, after a conversation between Lords Melville, Rosslyn, and others. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*March 28.*—Petitions from several of the Incorporated Trades of Glasgow against the Catholic Claims were read, and ordered to lie on the table. Mr Spring Rice presented a petition from the Protestant inhabitants of the county of Limerick, in favour of the Catholic claims, at the same time expressing their opinion that such a measure would not be good unless accompanied with the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders, and the forming an adequate and permanent provision for the Roman Catholic claims.

Mr Littleton rose for the purpose of informing the House, that it was his intention, as soon as possible after the second reading of the Bill, to submit a measure for regulating the Elective Franchise in Ireland. He was not now prepared to say to what amount he should raise the qualification or the principle of registering freeholds. He did not think it would be less than £.5, or more than £.10. He conceived that, coupled with a security like this, emancipation might be carried.

The House then went into a Committee of Supply, when, after some discussion, £.40,000 were granted for public works, and the repairs of public works; £.10,000 for defraying the expense of the works at the College of Edinburgh; £.15,950 for the harbour of Portpatrick; and, among other grants, £.40,000 for the British Museum.

29.—The Water of Leith Reservoir Bill was read a second time. The West India Bill was read a second time without a division.

RICHARD CARLISLE.

Mr Hume presented a petition from Mr Richard Carlisle, complaining of the hardships to which he was still subjected. He was condemned to three years imprisonment, and a fine of £.1500; and he had suffered six years imprisonment. The additional imprisonment was because Mr Carlisle could not pay the fine, the means of paying such fine being withheld by the Government. They had seized his property, and they still withheld it, and yet the Government required him to pay his fine. Mr Secretary Peel observed, that the conduct of Mr Carlisle had been so violent, that it was impossible to advise the extension of indulgence to him. Be-

sides corrupting various persons in the neighbourhood, Mr Carlile had given him (Mr Peel) distinct notice, that if he were detained in prison after a certain day, he should consider himself justified in "murdering" the first keeper, or other person who should approach him with the view of preventing him from leaving the prison.—Petition ordered to be printed.

Mr Littleton gave notice, that, on the 14th April he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to regulate the Franchise in Ireland.

Lord F. Gower gave notice, that, on Tuesday, April 26th, he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to make a pecuniary provision for the Roman Catholic Clergy in Ireland.

Mr Hume then moved for a series of papers in addition to those already before the House, regarding the Burmese war, viz. an account of Birman encroachments before 1822; also of the authority under which the East India Company took possession of the Island of Sinkporee, to which the Birmans laid claim, and the taking possession of which by the Company was the avowed cause of the war.—Papers ordered.

COMBINATION LAWS.

Mr Huskisson rose, pursuant to notice, to move for a Committee of Supply to inquire into the effect of the repeal of the Combination Laws. Since these laws were repealed in the last Session of Parliament, proceedings of a very serious nature had taken place. He was quite satisfied, that if some remedy was not applied speedily, the evil would grow to a magnitude that would require very different measures. But without any particular statement of the violence committed, he might show what the views and principles of the individuals were, and the sort of right they claimed with interference to the conduct and property of their employers. Their objects might be collected from the articles by which they professed to be regulated. The Lanark, Dumbarton, and Ayrshire colliers had not less than between twenty and thirty of these articles. They were as regularly organized as some of the new governments that had sprung up in different parts of the world. They had their deputies, electors, president, secretary, and committees. By the Ayrshire association, provision was made for a general meeting of delegates, and not alone from those of the same trade, for here there was a union of trades, and each might send delegates to the general meeting,—a sort of federal republic of different trades. All laws passed at a meeting of delegates were binding upon the members, and one of

these laws was, that no employer should be allowed to keep a stock of coals on hand, as he might thereby be enabled to rescue himself from the control of the association. After some farther observations, the Right Honourable Gentleman concluded by moving for a Select Committee, one of whose objects it should be to inquire into the conduct of the workmen in various parts of the kingdom, and the propriety of the repeal of Sect. 5, Cap. 95, of his present Majesty. After some remarks from Mr Hume, Mr Peel, &c. the motion was agreed to.—Adjourned.

31.—There was no business of importance, and the House, at its rising, adjourned, for the holidays, to the 14th April.

April 14.—The House having met, agreeably to adjournment, petitions were presented against granting any favours to the Roman Catholics, from Glasgow, and other places.

15.—Leave was given to bring in a Bill for the consolidation of the Excise and Custom Acts.

18.—Mr Abercromby presented a petition from inhabitants of Edinburgh against the Edinburgh Improvements' Bill. A great majority of the inhabitants, he said, were against the Bill in its present form, and prayed to be heard by counsel. Sir George Clerk presented two similar petitions. The proposed alterations in the city of Edinburgh, he said, were very extensive, and, he thought, required consideration. He therefore should recommend the postponement of the Bill. A great number of petitions for and against the Catholic Claims were presented from various places. The Scots Juries' Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Friday next.

ROMAN CATHOLIC BILL.

Sir F. Burdett then moved the order of the day for the second reading of the Roman Catholic Bill.

Mr Brownlow said, circumstanced as Ireland was, it could not remain so much longer: the remedy must be on the principles of concession, instantly and fully. If he were asked, if he still persevered in his former opposition, (for it had never been enmity,) he would say No; for many of the grounds of his former opposition had been removed, and he was bound, if in error, to make a frank acknowledgment of that error. He would say, that the Roman Catholic religion, as a system, was now free from the imputation of being a state within a state, and the power of the Pope was confined wholly to affairs of a spiritual nature. The Hon. Member referred to the evidence taken before the Committee, and said, from the

question put to Dr Doyle, it appeared, that if the Pope interfered with the rights of the Crown, the Clergy would oppose him by spiritual weapons, and teach the people that obedience to their Sovereign was their duty. That opinion was not confined to Dr Doyle, for the Archbishop of Dublin had stated the same doctrine. On those subjects he had received much new light; and he was inclined to vote for the Bill of the Hon. Baronet. But he did not think that Bill went far enough, as he was of opinion that a provision should be made for the Catholic Clergy, and a reformation take place in the elective franchise, and by that his final support of the Bill would be determined. Mr Banks contended that the proposed additions would render it even more objectionable. He would move the Bill be read a second time that day six months. Mr W. Peel seconded the amendment. Colonel Bagwell thought the expence of paying the Catholic Clergy might, in the course of a few years, be met by saving the expence of 10,000 bayonets. Mr Dawson differed from Mr Brownlow. He found it impossible to reconcile what passed before the Committee, with conduct which had been sufficiently notorious in other places. He dreaded the proposed alteration of the laws, because he considered it dangerous to the liberties of England, and the happiness of the people. Lord Milton contended, that the present measure was the best calculated for maintaining the Protestant Church in Ireland. Lord North would ask the opposers of this measure, for what period they were waiting to grant these privileges. On Mr Goulburn rising to deliver his reasons for opposing the second reading of this Bill, the cries of—question, question! adjourn, adjourn! became so loud, as rendered it impossible for him to proceed. The debate was then adjourned till Thursday.

21.—The order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate on the Catholic Relief-Bill being read, Mr Goulburn, who considered himself in possession of the House, opened the discussion by reiterating all his former arguments against the measure. Lord Binning supported the Bill. Mr Wallace spoke at considerable length against it.

Mr Secretary Canning then rose, amidst loud cheers from all sides of the House—"Often as it has fallen to my lot to address the House on this important question, I approach its consideration, on the present occasion, with very peculiar satisfaction; for, in travelling over this beaten ground, the subject presents to me a new

and most cheering prospect. (*Hear hear.*) God forbid that, within these walls, and before this Assembly, I should enter into any discussion upon articles of Christian faith. But when we regret that one man believes in transubstantiation, and proceed so far as to exclude him from Parliament, in consequence of that belief, let it not be forgotten, that the man who believes in consubstantiation sits at our side, and enjoys every privilege of the constitution. I am surprised when a question comes before us, for the admission of sectaries, that we can think of quarrelling with the Catholic upon the ground I have described, when we sit by the side and vote in the House with those who deny the divinity of our Saviour, (*Hear.*) But then come the political objections; a Papist, it is said, cannot bear due allegiance to a Sovereign of this country. But who was it that brought a king to the block, and who was it that stripped Episcopacy of its mitre? I will not say who they were, but they were not Papists. Mr Pope, the distinguished poet, was, as you all know, a Roman Catholic, and Bishop Atterbury at one time endeavoured to convert him to the Church of England. Mr Pope stated, in his reply to the Bishop's letter, "I hope all churches and all Governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered; and where they are or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them, which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and states; I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word." Here is a confirmation of what Dr Doyle said, when he denied the interference of the spiritual authority of the Pope with the temporal allegiance of the subject. I will trouble the House with one other observation; I have brought under the notice of the House the internal situation of the Catholics, and the internal situation of Ireland. In our great and wonderful increase of prosperity, we have outgrown other nations, and it is in human nature, both in individuals and in nations, to look on great prosperity with something like invidiousness. There is in some cases a feeling of this nature among other nations. They look to our internal state for some spot which is to taint and destroy our constitution, and where can they find it? where do they always direct their attention but to Ireland, and to the state of the Catholics? There they look for the destruction of our power. I, Sir, would

disappoint both our envious friends, and those who are really anxious for our welfare, from conceiving that our prosperity is the best security for the happiness of Europe. I, Sir, would heal this rankling wound of Ireland, so that not even a cicatrice should remain. If the Bill should pass, it will produce this result; and I, Sir, shall give my support to the measure." (The right honourable gentleman took his seat amidst loud and long continued cheering).

Mr Secretary Peel opposed the measure at considerable length, and with great ability. The very preamble of the Bill, he said, he considered as somewhat ominous. He did believe that the late King had great personal weight upon this question. (*Hear, hear.*) But suppose a King, after he had taken the oath against transubstantiation, were to revolve the subject in his mind, and arrive at a different conclusion with regard to his religious belief, what would be the consequence? If, then, this were so, if a King and a Queen, after their accession to the throne, with the facilities which this Bill would afford, were to be at liberty to change their religious creed, the peace and tranquillity of the country would henceforth rest upon the mind of one individual. (*Cheers.*) It was no great satisfaction to him that Dr Doyle told them that indulgencies were limited, the shortest to a quarantine of forty days, and that the longest was never granted for more than seven years. (*Laughter.*) All these doctrines he regarded as having a direct influence and bearing upon the practical conduct of the man, and, as such, wished to see them kept from mingling beyond a certain sphere in the civil intercourse of life. He must still persist in rejecting this measure.—Mr Brougham declared, that the speech of the Right Honourable Secretary for Foreign Affairs had so completely answered, as it were, by anticipation, the speech that they had just heard, that he should not trouble the House by carrying the question any farther than where it then stood. The Bill for disfranchisement he objected to, and that also for paying the Clergy, because it went to increase the influence of the Crown, and to give it an officer in every parish of Ireland. Stran-

gers were then ordered to withdraw; and on a division the numbers were—For the second reading, 268—Against it, 241—Majority, 27.

22.—Mr Kennedy presented a petition from Edinburgh, against the Leith-Docks' Bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in a Bill to assimilate the law of England to the law of Scotland and Ireland, in regard to spirit-duties.

26.—Mr Littleton moved the second reading of the Elective Franchise Bill. He pointed out the subjection to their landlords of the 40s. Irish freeholders, and adverted to the acts for limiting the right of voting, which this Bill went to extend; his own opinion was in favour of £.10, but that might be settled in the Committee. Mr L. Foster and Mr Brougham objected to the Bill; Sir J. Newport, Mr Plunket, and others, supported it. Mr Banks moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read this day-six months. The House divided. For the second reading, 233.—For the amendment, 185.—Majority, 48. The Bill was read a second time. Adjourned.

28.—Upwards of 200 petitions were presented against any alteration in the system of the Corn-Laws, which occupied the House nearly four hours. Mr Whitmore then brought forward his promised motion on the subject. When we talked of the principles of free trade, it was quite impossible to live under the laws at present existing in regard to corn. The elements of distress were already evincing themselves, and if the system were continued, it would have this further injurious tendency, that it would engender similar laws in other countries. He concluded by moving, "That the House do resolve itself into a Committee, for the purpose of considering the Corn-Laws." Mr Gooch and Mr Huskisson opposed the motion, on the ground that it was ill-timed. The question was discussed at considerable length, after which the House divided. For the motion, 47—Against it, 187—Majority, 140.

29.—The Game-Laws' Bill was read a third time, and passed. Lord Leveson Gower's resolution, for making a national provision for the Roman Catholic Clergy, was carried, after considerable discussion, by a majority of 43. Adjourned.

 BRITISH CHRONICLE.

Melancholy Shipwreck.—Early in the morning of the 27th of February, the Brig Resolution, Captain Holm, of and from Hamburg, bound for New Orleans, of 300 tons burthen, was driven on shore at Haroldswick in the Island of Unst, Zetland, during a tremendous snow-storm from the S. S. E., and dashed to pieces. All on board, including the owner, Mr Kelting, of Altona, and his lady, two passengers, (Jews,) and the crew, perished, excepting the Captain, whose preservation is almost miraculous. The vessel was partly laden with linens, stockings, mill-stones, and bricks. By the unremitting exertions and authority of Thomas Edmondston, Esq. of Bunness, Justice of Peace, a considerable part of the linens and stockings has been saved; and in this gentleman's house Captain Holm has received every comfort and hospitality. Great depredations were committed by the peasantry on the *debris* of the cargo and vessel which the waves had scattered on the strand; and the disposition to plunder, which, unfortunately, in many countries, is so prevalent on similar occasions, was in a high degree excited, by the circumstance of some casks of spirits being found among the wreck, with which the plunderers most liberally regaled themselves. But it is the imprudent and illiberal practice that has too long, and frequently existed in those remote Islands, of granting a remuneration, totally inadequate to the exertions and dangers of the salvors, that encourages such revolting and disgraceful scenes at shipwrecks; and this much must be admitted, that the depredations of the Islanders were more confined to theft than open violence. Of the bodies, nine have been found, and decently interred. This melancholy shipwreck affords another proof to the many already existing of the utility of a light-house being established on the northern extremity of these Islands, where the rapidity of the currents, and tempestuousness of the sea, often baffle the skill of the most vigilant navigator. Had such a light-house existed, the unfortunate Resolution would, in all probability, have been in safety, either by standing out to sea, or taking shelter in the secure and excellent harbour of Baltasound, which is separated from Haroldswick only by a single headland, and which is too little known to northern mariners. For a full description of it, it is only necessary to refer to a very per-

spicuous and accurate chart, published by Captain Ramage, R. N., under the sanction of the Lords of the Admiralty.

March 29.—*Mr Brougham.*—This day the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the city of Edinburgh, unanimously voted the freedom of the city to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. in testimony of their admiration of his powerful and distinguished talents, exerted on many public occasions in behalf of objects of important national interest; and of the pleasure they experience in reflecting, that, as a native of this city, he has ever shewn the warmest zeal for its prosperity, and, as a pupil of its High School and University, he here laid the foundation, and exhibited the early indications of those varied literary and scientific acquirements, which have since so splendidly adorned his maturer years. Honours are never so grateful as when they come from those who are opposed to us by their general views, or their habits of party connection. On the succeeding Monday, Mr Brougham was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, by the casting vote of Sir James Mackintosh, who had gone thither on purpose. The public dinner given to Sir James the same day, was attended by upwards of 300 Noblemen and Gentlemen. John Maxwell Esq. M.P. for Renfrewshire, officiated as chairman; Mr Wallace of Kelly, as croupier. Sir James, from severe indisposition, was unable to attend.

29.—The Presbytery of Paisley met, when it was moved by the Rev. Dr Monteith of Houston, and seconded by the Rev. Dr. Scott of Greenock, that the General Assembly be overtured against pluralities of office. An overture was accordingly brought in, approved of, and adopted; Mr Fleming of Neilston dissenting.

30.—*Presbytery of Glasgow.*—At the ordinary meeting of the Presbytery, it was agreed, by a majority of 13, to petition both Houses of Parliament against the Roman Catholic Bill.

April 3.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Annan, that Reverend Court had under their consideration the two overtures transmitted from the General Assembly, respecting the more effectual instruction of Students in Divinity, when the Presbytery, in one voice, highly approved of both overtures. Two additional overtures to the General Assembly were proposed, and unanimously adopted—the one against the union of Professorships

with ministerial charges, the other for ameliorating the condition of Parochial Schoolmasters.

April 5.—Dinner to Mr Brougham.—

This day a public dinner was given to Mr Brougham, in the Assembly Rooms, George-Street. About 800 Noblemen and Gentlemen were present. The large room was so excessively crowded, that about 180 Gentlemen had to dine in a separate apartment, and were admitted into the gallery after dinner. Public interest was so greatly excited to see and to hear this celebrated individual, that, for several days, tickets of admission bore a high premium; and, notwithstanding all that was done for enlarging the accommodation, it is believed more individuals were excluded than obtained access to the rooms. But to those who were so fortunate, the spectacle—when the great-room, gallery, and orchestra, were crowded in every part with intelligence, listening to an eloquence which seized on every ear, enchained every understanding, and hurried away the feelings of all present—was morally sublime. Mr Brougham, accompanied by Mr Cockburn, (the Chairman,) Lord Glenorchy, Lord Charles Russell, General Hay of Rannes, Mr Ferguson of Raith, Thomas Thomson, Esq. Advocate, and a number of other Gentlemen, entered the room a few minutes past six o'clock, and was received with great cheering. After the cloth had been removed, and the usual preliminary toasts drank, Mr Cockburn, after a speech of great elegance and feeling, in which he pointed out the distinguished merits of their illustrious guest, concluded by proposing his health, amidst loud peals of applause.

Mr Brougham.—I am sure you will readily believe me when I say, that I rise under considerable embarrassment, to express my feelings on the present occasion. Albeit, not unused to public meetings of this sort, I yet feel inability to describe the sense I entertain of the very singular kindness with which I have been received this day by my fellow-citizens of Edinburgh. I know I owe it partly to the kindness of my friend the Chairman, which he has expressed so eloquently and feelingly to-day, and that I may also lay claim to it by two titles, by one of which especially I would desire to take it, and it is this: I am your fellow-citizen, born, bred, and educated in this town. How much I owe to that, I want utterance to express. Suffice it to say, that I deem I owe every thing to that education I received in Edinburgh, and I have never been slack to say so, in England as well as here. The other claim I have to your

kind consideration is founded on a still higher title, not that I take credit for all the panegyrics so lavishly bestowed upon me by my partial friends, but I feel that on returning to you, after so long an absence, I can stretch out my hands and say, with sincerity, I am a public man, and these hands are clean. (*Peals of applause.*) But there is one expression of my friend's which I do object to. He talked of the *trial* of the late Queen. I never in public nor in private heard so gross a profanation of language, as that expression conveys, or one so contrary and revolting to the feelings I entertain of that most extraordinary proceeding; and although it is quite customary to describe it by that term, I never can hear it made use of without protesting against it. It was *NO TRIAL*. But that time is now gone by, and though I might be silent, my respect to my principles oblige me to contradict my worthy friend, and to say to him and to you, that that phrase is incorrect. Trial it was none—where there was an evident interest in the destruction of their victim, in those who sat on the Bench of Justice, and pretended to try the Queen; Trial it was none—where that defenceless female was surrounded and oppressed by an array of all the powers and prerogatives of state, and defended only by the arm of the law, while the princes of the land and the powers of darkness united to oppress their victim. Trial it was none—where the accusers and the judges broke through every form of justice and of judicial practice, in refusing access to the witnesses before they were produced in Court. Talk of the *six* days that I stood in that place which they sacrilegiously called a "Court of Justice," testifying my abhorrence of their proceedings, and then say that the Queen was tried. (*Loud and repeated bursts of applause.*) But I now recur to more pleasant recollections than these—to the remembrance of former scenes, though the pleasure I feel in meeting you here be damped by the blanks around me, occasioned by the loss of those with whom I have spent many pleasant days in this town, and who, had they been left to us, would have been amongst the foremost to have met me here. In this town it was, as was truly observed by our worthy Chairman, that I first imbibed the principles of a liberal Scottish education; and it is fit that I should tell you, as many of you may not have heard of it, what I have frequently told to others, in other places, and in other meetings, perhaps not so intelligent as that I am now addressing, though not less popular, that I have seen no

other place of education more efficient than that which is established in this city. I have been in the habit of seeing and considering many methods of education, but I have not seen one plan, or any one system, so well adapted to the teaching of youth, rightly to estimate the blessings of a free Government, and to train them up to become good citizens and valuable members of society, as that adopted in the High School—I mean the old High School of Edinburgh, and the Scottish Universities. Great improvements, no doubt, will be made, and are daily making in the education of youth. What I say is this—that such a school is altogether invaluable in a free State—in a State having higher objects in view, by the education of its youth, than a mere knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and the study of Prosody. That in a free State like this higher objects should be kept in view, there can be no doubt, though I confess I have passed much of my time in these studies myself. Yet a school like the old High School of Edinburgh is invaluable, and for what is it so? It is because men of the highest and lowest rank in society send their children to be educated at that school. The oldest friend I have in the world, and whom I rejoice to see here to-day, is your worthy Vice-President (the Hon. William Douglas Haileyburton). We were at the High School of Edinburgh together, and in the same class along with others who still possess our friendship, and some of them in a rank of life still higher than his. One of them was a nobleman, who is now in the House of Peers; and some of them, again, were shopkeepers in the town of Edinburgh—some of them were shopkeepers in the lowest part of the Cowgate of Edinburgh—some of them the children of persons who kept a very inferior description of shops in Edinburgh—and one or two of them were the sons of menial servants in the town. There they were, sitting side by side, giving and taking places from each other, without the slightest impression on the part of my noble friends of any superiority on their part to the other boys, or any idea of inferiority on the part of the other boys to them. This is my reason for preferring the old High School of Edinburgh to a Patrician School, however well regulated or conducted. There are many among us here that are but young, who have only known the gay holiday-time of political existence,—who have not lived in that dark and troublous time, when the patriot was frowned down by public men, and was notoriously singled out by

them for that purpose, as you have seen exemplified in the case of the gentleman who now supports your Vice-Chairman, Mr James Gibson Craig. There were not wanting those who, by themselves, and their abandoned minions, have had recourse to men of as abandoned principles as their own for crushing the freedom of speech and of fair discussion. Blessed be God, these days are now gone by, and very shortly many may not credit the tale I have now told. But we have now seen that there was a tract of time, when a member who got up in his place in Parliament, and was bad enough to advocate the principles of free trade with foreign nations, was denounced as a jacobin—as a theorist, at least, or a visionary; but I have lived also to see those very principles acted upon by the same men, and in the very same place, who, but a short while before, were loudest in the cry of “jacobin and visionary;” and hollow majorities voting in favour of the same measures which they formerly execrated;—following in their principles those very same maxims of ours in favour of free trade, and this, too, by men who formerly followed the cry of him who uttered his severest declamations and jokes against us. Let us not twit them with their change, for as their conversion to our principles is but recent, and may not be so determined and steady as generally happens with new converts, let us not twit them with it, so as to give them a pretence to turn back again; but rather let us extend our eye to the change which has taken place in their foreign policy, which is no less singular. For how many long years has it been painful, and even degrading, to feel that one was an Englishman! I mean during that dark night, in which, in league with the tyrants of the continent, England was foremost to succour tyrants in every attempt against the liberties of mankind, and a counsellor was always to be found in her at the elbow of every one of them who wished to sacrifice and trample on the rights of nations; and not a despot could turn his eye towards this country but met the glistening eye of fellow-feeling;—and the iron hand of the oppressor, reeking with the blood of the slain, was greeted in her friendly grasp;—when Europe beheld the degrading spectacle of the union of Liberty with Tyranny—a set of despots leagued together against the liberties of the human race—and when the most detestable object of the basest superstition never turned in vain for assistance of the government of the freest country on the face of the earth. That black and disgraceful night

has now gone down the sky—the voice of Englishmen has been heard at last. What man is there now, in half-represented England, or in non-represented Scotland—or even in tortured misgoverned, and persecuted Ireland—what man, I ask, dare now to stand forth and say, “I befriend the Holy Alliance?” Not only is there no such man, I will not say so wicked, but so foolish, who is not bent on his own destruction, or struck with judicial blindness—there is no man out of the precincts of Bedlam who will now dare to say, “I am a friend to the Holy Alliance.” If any men have so unnatural, so innate a propensity to royal admiration, at least they have now the grace to confine themselves to the region that best befits them, of men locked up in some of the offices of state, or to conceal their migrations among the familiars of court, or to linger behind the arras, in friendship with the vermin—the natural inhabitants of the place—or in the congenial society of Alexander, Frederick, and Francis—of lizards, vipers, and toads, and, worse than all, of those who eat the toads,—if there be any such men, I never can get them to confront me in Parliament: I seek them there with longing eye. All attempts to call them forth are in vain; none of them will appear: they all chime in with the cry against the Holy Allies: all are betimes at hand when a division is called for, and then they hide themselves and their tenets from the rays of that sun who must feel almost disgraced by shining upon them. He then combated the erroneous idea, that *ambition*, by which was meant place and power, ought to be the first object of every public man. He knew of none who had so little power as the ministers of this country. It was a system of base truckling, and paltry compromise. He must do so much for one man to secure his co-operation, twice as much to another, and to a third he must promise every thing. He is like the poor deluded man who embraced a cloud, and took it for a goddess. He considered him the truly ambitious man who boldly placed himself in a situation which enabled him to back his country in her need. The learned Gentleman thus concluded: I return my grateful thanks for the honour you have done me this day. I consider this meeting as beyond all example, (and I have seen many,) but this is the most astonishing assemblage of intelligent individuals I ever witnessed. It is astonishing to me,—past words to express. But, oh! how dearly am I repaid for my humble exertions, when I see in it such a representation, and such a display of li-

beral and enlightened opinions in the inhabitants of this country, and when I consider that it portends to that country such a blessed and happy consummation of their fondest wishes! I propose as a toast, “Lasting prosperity to the City of Edinburgh.” The learned gentleman sat down amidst loud and lengthened applause.

The Croupier (the Hon. Douglas Gordon Haliburton) then gave “The Duke of Norfolk, and Catholic Emancipation.” The “Health of Sir James Mackintosh” was given by Mr Jeffrey; “The advancement of Education among the Lower Classes of the People” by Mr A. Scott; “The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town-Council of the City of Edinburgh, and may they long continue to make a liberal use of their Patronage,” (amidst loud cheering,) by Mr Cockburn; Mr Gibson Craig gave “Mr Brougham, and may the Opposition in the House of Commons ever have such a leader.” Mr Brougham returned thanks, and gave “The Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Argyll, and the Whigs of Scotland.” “The Honourable James Abercromby, and success to his efforts to procure a real representation of this city in Parliament,” was given by Mr R. B. Blyth; “The speedy Emancipation of the West Indies, and Slavery wherever it might be found,” by James Moncrieff, Esq. Advocate; “Sir Henry Moncrieff, and the Independence of the Church of Scotland,” by John Archibald Murray, Esq. Major Leith Hay gave “Bolivar, and the Independence of South America;” John Cunninghame, Esq. Advocate, “The President of the United States, and a lasting friendship with that great people.” A number of other speeches and toasts followed. At about one o’clock Mr Brougham and Mr Cockburn left the room, and the meeting immediately separated.

6.—Mr Brougham was installed into the honourable office of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in presence of a most numerous assembly of professors and students. Never, on any occasion, was witnessed so much ardour of feeling, or so intense a desire to pay respect to mental greatness.

9.—*Ladies’ Society for the Education of Female Greeks.*—A meeting was held in the great Assembly-room, George-Street, for the purpose of instituting a Scottish Ladies’ Society for the Education of Grecian females. The room was crowded to excess. James Moncrieff, Esq. Advocate, was in the chair. He addressed the meeting at considerable length,—stated that the object of the Society was, to lay the foundation of a system for giving the most important aid to a race of

people who had ennobled themselves by their exertions to escape from the yoke under which they so long had groaned, and who begged the sympathy of the civilized nations of Europe, to enable them to acquire the knowledge of their forefathers. One, or, if necessary, more than one female teacher was to be sent over, to counteract the national prejudice against male teachers, and to lead the females of the country to acquire that education necessary to fit a whole people to exercise the privileges of a free government, and to spread over all ranks the blessings of learning and knowledge. Dr McCrie and the Rev. Henry Grey severally addressed the meeting, and a series of resolutions were adopted by acclamation. The collection made at the door in aid of the institution amounted to more than £ 50.

13.—*Corn Laws*.—A petition to both Houses of Parliament, by the farmers and others connected with agriculture in the northern district of Fife, praying that no alteration be made in the Corn Laws in the present Session, has been numerously signed at Cupar.

—*Dreadful Fire at Stirling*.—A fire broke out in a close in Baker-Street, Stirling, which, from the crowded state of the houses, and the progress made before being discovered, excited the utmost alarm. A number of the inhabitants soon collected, who used every exertion to avert the impending calamity. By the time, however, the Government-engines from the Castle reached the spot, it was hopeless to use any efforts to save some stables situated in the close, which were literally in one mass of fire; and the flames, from time to time, sweeping along the roofs of the adjoining houses, excited the utmost terror among the inmates, many of whom were busy in removing their property, and others in preparing, should necessity require it. After an hour's incessant labour, it was cheering to find the exertions which all had so promptly and unsparingly bestowed prove successful, and the fire was ultimately subdued.

—The Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, after a lengthened discussion, agreed to transmit an overture to the General Assembly against pluralities—45 voting for the overture, and 10 against it. On the 14th, a long discussion took place respecting a petition to Parliament against the bill in favour of the Roman Catholics. The petition was ultimately carried—22 voting for it, and 7 against it.

17.—*Alarming Fire in Edinburgh*.—Between one and two o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the top flat of a house six stories high, in Milne's Court, Lawnmarket. The alarm which this occasion-

ed was dreadful. It was an old house, surrounded on all sides with buildings of a similar description, and, from the narrow and winding stair, the inhabitants of the burning tenement were able to save very little of their furniture, and some of them had barely time to clothe themselves before they were forced to escape for their lives. The tenants of the adjacent houses were busied all night in removing what they could, and in flying from the scene of danger. The firemen were early on the alert, and notwithstanding the confined nature of the spot, succeeded in bringing three engines to bear upon it. By their exertions, the devastation was checked about seven in the morning, after the three upper floors were consumed; but partly from fire and water, and from fallen floors, the whole tenement is a ruin. Mr Shiels's triangle, which has undergone some improvement, and was tried at the Cross on Saturday morning, was employed on this occasion, but was not so effectual as was anticipated. The defect appeared to be in the distance of the operator from the pipe, which prevents its being directed upon the fire with precision. The engines continued to play upon the smouldering ruins till three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Mr Sheriff Duff and Dean of Guild Waugh were early on the spot, giving directions; and we observed also the Earl of Fife, and Sir William Elliot, Bart. A detachment of the 72d regiment was in attendance, as were the high constables and police.

Several alarming fires occurred about the same time at Kilmarnock, Cullen, and Auchtermuchty. Though the amount of damages occasioned by these fires has been very considerable, fortunately no lives were lost.

19.—A numerous meeting of mechanics, &c. was held in Bakers' Hall, Lawnmarket, previous to opening their Subscription Library, when the rules and regulations were read, which appear to be judiciously framed for the purposes in view. A list of the books already got was also read, (amounting to nearly 300 volumes,) in the selection of which considerable taste and judgment have been displayed; amongst these are a number of donations by gentlemen in this city; and, indeed, to any gentleman anxious to encourage education, or diffuse general knowledge among this class of the community, no better opportunity can present itself of forwarding these views than by giving donations of books to this institution, which will prove (from the lowness of the entry and quarterly payments, 5s. and 1s. 6d.) one of the most useful ever set on foot in Edinburgh. Many very

valuable donations, from different gentlemen, friends to the Institution, have already been received.

20.—*Synod of Perth and Stirling*.—The Synod held its ordinary half-yearly meeting. The only business of public interest which came before it was the cause respecting Mr Nelson's presentation to the church of Little Dunkeld. There appeared for the Presbytery, the Rev. Mr Butter; and as dissentients and complainers, Dr Niven, and Mr Innerarity; and F. Jeffrey, Esq., for Mr Nelson, the presentee. After parties were heard, and some discussion, the Rev. Mr Thomson of Perth moved that the whole case be remitted back to the Presbytery, to proceed in the same according to the rules of the Church, and enjoin the Presbytery to take care that no presentee be inducted into the vacant parish of Little Dunkeld, who is not qualified to preach, and hold ministerial intercourse with the native Highlanders of the parish, in the Gaelic language. Dr Knox of Larbert, moved that the Presbytery do take steps to inquire into the state of the parish of Little Dunkeld, respecting the absolute necessity of the Gaelic language being understood by its minister. The motion of Mr Thomson was carried, and the matter, by dissent and protest, will be carried to the General Assembly.

20.—A meeting of the tenantry of the county of Mid-Lothian was held in the Royal Exchange Coffee-room, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament against any alteration in the Corn Laws.—Mr Newton in the chair. Mr Newton entered at some length into the state of the agriculturists, as compared with the manufacturers; after which, a series of resolutions, and a petition to Parliament embodying these, were severally read and approved of.

22.—A meeting of the Noblemen, Freeholders, Justices of the Peace, &c. for the county, was held in the County Hall, when petitions to Parliament, of a similar tendency, were moved by Mr Gibson Graig, and adopted by the meeting. The Noblemen, Freeholders, &c. and Tenantry of East Lothian, and other places, have also agreed to petition Parliament on the same subject.

A numerously-attended meeting was held in the Town-Hall of Musselburgh, for the purpose of establishing a Mechanics' Institution. Subscription-papers were opened in the room, and a considerable sum subscribed; a number of mechanics and others put down their names as members.

26.—*United Associate Synod*.—This day the Synod agreed, without a vote,

that, on account of the offences of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher of London, his contumacy, his refusing to submit to the sentence of the Synod, and from his giving no appearance of repentance, he shall be declared a fugitive from Discipline.—The Synod at the same time declaring, that though he was worthy of being deposed, yet, from the peculiar circumstances of his case, they were content with merely expunging his name from the roll. His name, therefore, was ordered to be expunged.

28.—The Presbytery of Glasgow resumed the consideration of the overture, respecting the plurality of offices, laid on their table at last meeting, and agreed, without a vote, to adopt the overture, and transmit it to the General Assembly. The Presbytery then, on the motion of Dr Burns, unanimously agreed, that, while they deprecated the idea of rendering the office of the ministry subservient to the augmentation of the salaries of offices in colleges, they should instruct their commissioners to bring before the General Assembly, in the manner which they shall think most effectual, the importance of using those means which the Assembly shall think best, for procuring to the offices connected with the Theological Faculty of the several colleges, such augmentations as they shall require, in a manner suitable to their importance, and to the dignity and welfare of this kingdom.

30.—The fourth session of the Edinburgh School of Arts was closed by Mr Lees, with a lecture on the principles and powers of the steam-engine. The lecture-room was very crowded, and most of the directors of the institution were present. The school has been more numerously attended this session than last; and the number of names put down for the drawing-class is far beyond what can be received into it.

Metropolitan University.—Mr Thomas Campbell has lately addressed a letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P., on the project of establishing a University in London. Men of distinguished public character, it appears, have pledged themselves to assist him, one of whom has offered to raise £100,000 for the project, requesting him, at the same time, to draw up a plan for the establishment. This, he has declined for the present. He has thrown out, however, a number of suggestions on the utility of the plan. He considers that £150,000, or perhaps £200,000, would be wanted to set the institution on foot. The sum might be raised in 2000 shares of £100 each: and the whole annual expense of education

for a young man, exclusive of board, would not exceed £.30 a-year. The project seems to have been so favourably received, that steps will probably soon be taken to carry it into effect. We consider it of no small importance to the empire at large. London wants very much an intellectual institution to animate its torpid mass of trading ignorance; and the establishment of such an institution, with all the aids which modern experience can furnish, would compel our old and faulty colleges to reform themselves.

Mr Henry Drummond, the banker, has founded and endowed, at his own expence, a Professorship of Political Economy at Oxford. The salary is £.150 per annum.

It is said that the embassy of the Duke of Northumberland, who has been appointed to represent the King of Great Britain, at the coronation of the French Monarch, will cost nearly £.50,000, and that the expence will be borne entirely by himself. There will be in his Grace's train nearly a hundred persons: one half domestics, the rest gentlemen. His Grace's dress of state is a dark blue coat, with stand-up collar; the collar, the cuffs, the front and back, composed of one solid mass of gold embroidery in leaves, forming a bold scroll; the waistcoat and breeches white kerseymere. The young noblemen and gentlemen in the suit will wear the same kind of uniform, only less ornamental.—The comptroller of the household, and the upper servants, will all wear court-dresses: the coat of dark brown superfine cloth, with rich cut-steel buttons, lined with white silk.

The usual annual grant of £10,000 for building Edinburgh College has passed in the House of Commons. It was stated that a similar grant next session would complete the objects which the Commissioners had in view.

Milk and Cream.—The following are the prices of these commodities advertised by the great *Westminster Dairy Company*. Our housekeepers may compare them with what is charged here—

Best Double Cream, 4s. 0d. ³ / ₄ quart, ale meas.	
New Milk, 0s. 4d. ditto.	
Skimmed Milk. 0s. 2d. ditto.	

The milk to be delivered by the servants of the Company, from cans effectually secured by locks, to prevent the possibility of adulteration.

Professional Concerts.—The series of Professional Concerts in this city was terminated this season by a performance chiefly of sacred music, selected from the works of the four great masters, Handel,

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. In this performance, the Society fully sustained its former character; and when it is recollected that many of the same *pièces* were heard but a few months ago, with all the advantage which the concentrated talent of the country could bestow, the test, though a severe one, was highly creditable to the Society. The chorusses were very effective, and the solo parts were no less ably executed. Miss Noel, as usual, delighted by her unaffected and impressive manner, and rich and accurate intonation. Mr Thorne's singing was powerful and energetic, and, if we except his corrupt pronunciation of the Latin, without a fault; and the exquisite feeling and judgment displayed by Mr Swift, particularly in the Mount of Olives, entitle him to the highest praise. At the close of the first act, a MS. overture, composed by Mr Finlay Dun, evinced that his continental studies have not been in vain, and that his abilities as a composer are not inferior to his talents as a performer. Another novelty produced was Beethoven's overture to Leonora, by which we can only at present say, that it seems a masterpiece of difficulty.

Spirits.—By a parliamentary paper just published, the quantity of spirits that paid duty, in each of the three kingdoms for the year ending 10th October 1824, was,

England,.....	4,361,256 gallons.
Scotland,.....	5,189,109½ ditto.
Ireland,.....	8,158,018 ditto.

Just compare the last returns of population of the United Kingdom, viz.

England,.....	11,977,668
Scotland,.....	2,092,014
Ireland,.....	6,801,827

with the quantities of spirits, and it very plainly shews the effects of good distillery law in Scotland and Ireland, that allows fine home-made spirits to be used at a reasonable price. Allow England to have the same fine spirits to go into use as in Scotland and Ireland, and taking the quantities of these two countries, compared with the population, instead of 4,361,256 gallons, the quantity for England would be about 19,000,000, which would consume nearly 1,000,000 quarters more barley annually. The same papers state 128,481½ gallons home-made spirits, left for consumption, within the Highland line of Scotland, for the year ending also 10th October 1824. What is called the Highland line is supposed to contain from 1-4th to 1-5th of the whole population of Scotland; and while they are said to use a great quantity of spirits in the

North, there does not appear, by the paper already quoted, to be much over 1-40th part of what pays duty consumed there ;—the conclusion may easily be drawn without saying more.

Needle in the Stomach.—Many singular and well-authenticated cases are on record, of needles being swallowed, and afterwards finding their way out of the human body, at various parts of it, from the arms, legs, &c. A workman lately applied to a surgeon in Allôa, complaining of an uneasy pain in the region of his stomach, which had continued for several weeks, and which had latterly been confined to one spot. After a narrow examination, a distinct, though deeply-seated hardness was felt, as if a pointed instrument lay in and across the stomach. On the following morning the pain was felt very acutely, and the point of something more distinctly distinguished, when the surgeon cut down upon it, and extracted a needle, (No. 5. sharp,) exactly one inch and a half in length, and pointing directly inwards. The man, however, was not aware in what manner the needle had entered. About a year ago, a patient applied to the same surgeon, under circumstances somewhat similar, when a needle was cut out of the arm, which the individual supposed he had swallowed about eleven years previous. Both needles were of a jet black ; the former slightly corroded.

Linen.—The quantity of plain linen imported into Great Britain in 1824 is 225,000 ells, of which 204,000 came from Russia, and 21,000 from Germany. Of Hessen Canvas, Packing ditto, Drilling, and Pack Duck, &c. 16,100 ells. Of Damask and Diaper, 8627 ells ; of Cambrics and French Lawns, 30,509 pieces. The quantity of linen imported from Ireland is 46,489,925 yards.—The quantity of Irish linen exported is 14,991,879—of British linen 43,909,834 yards, and of British sailcloth 1,591,409 ells. This is exclusive of a small quantity of each sent to Ireland. Of the linen exported, nearly one-fourth goes to the United States, about as much to the British West Indies, about one-seventh to Brazil, as much to Gibraltar, one-tenth to the Foreign West Indies, smaller quantities to Canada, Spain, and Portugal, and Spanish America, and almost none to France, Germany, or other parts of Europe. The duties on importation of linen yield only £.24,074.

Rates of Half-Pay at present established for the Navy and Marines.

FLAG OFFICERS. per diem.	
Admiral of the Fleet,.....	£.3 3 0
Admirals,.....	2 2 0
Vice-Admirals,.....	1 12 6
Rear ditto,.....	1 5 0

CAPTAINS.	
To each of the 1st 100 as they stand on the general list of officers in seniority,.....	0 14 6
To each of the next 150,.....	0 12 6
To the rest,.....	0 10 6

COMMANDERS.	
To each of the 1st 150 on the list,.....	0 10 0
To the remainder,.....	0 8 6

LIEUTENANTS.	
To each of the 1st 300 on the list,.....	0 7 0
To each of the next 700,.....	0 6 0
To the remainder,.....	0 5 0

ROYAL MARINES.	
Colonels,.....	0 14 6
Lieutenant-Colonels,.....	0 11 0
Majors,.....	0 9 6
Captains,.....	0 7 0
First Lieutenants of seven year's standing,.....	0 4 6
The rest,.....	0 4 0
Second Lieutenants,.....	0 3 0

MASTERS.	
To the 1st 100 on the list, being qualified for first or second rates,.....	0 7 0
To the next 200, being for third or fourth rates,.....	0 6 0
The remainder, having been five years in the Navy, two of which as acting or second masters, or as master's-mate, mate or midshipman,.....	0 5 0

MEDICAL OFFICERS.	
Physicians, after 10 year's service,.....	1 1 0
Ditto after three ditto,.....	0 15 0
Under that time,.....	0 10 6

SURGEONS.	
Six year's Service,.....	0 6 0
Under that time,.....	0 5 0

ASSISTANT-SURGEONS.	
Three year's service,.....	0 3 0
Two year's,.....	0 2 0
Dispensers,.....	0 5 0

CHAPLAINS.	
After eight year's service at sea, or ten in harbour,.....	0 5 0

PURSERS.	
To the 1st 100 on the list,.....	0 5 0
To the next 200 ditto,.....	0 4 0
The remainder,.....	0 3 0

Payable Quarterly.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

April 19. The Right Hon. James Ochoear, Lord Forbes, to be his Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

20. The Honour of Knighthood conferred on Robert Mowbray, Esq. of Cockairny, county of Fife, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and one of the Deputy Lieutenants of the said county.

23. The Honour of Knighthood conferred on Henry Jardine, Esq. King's Remembrancer for Scotland.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

March 30. The Rev. Charles Muirhead ordained first Minister of the First Associate Congregation, Cupar Angus.

April 14. The Rev. John Aiton, ordained Minister of the Parish of Dolphington, Lanarkshire.

— Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart, of Lee and Carnwath, Bart. has presented the Rev. John Wilson to the Church and Parish of Walston, in the Presbytery of Biggar.

17. Mr. Alexander Niven was ordained Minister of the Parish of Balfour.

19. The King has been pleased to present the Rev. Gavin Cullen to the Church and Parish of Dalmeicellan.

21. The Presbytery of Brechin ordained the Rev. Mr. William Cion to the Pastoral Charge of the Church and Parish of Menmuir.

30. The United Associate Congregation of Kintell gave a unanimous call to Mr. James Millar, preacher of the Gospel, to be their Pastor.

III. MILITARY.

3revet Lieut. Gen. S. Lord Combermere, G.C.B. and G.C.H. local rank of Gen. in the East Indies only 29 Nov. 1820.
Capt. Emmett, R. Eng. Major in the Army 5 July 1821.

1. 11. Gds. Cornet Drake, Lieut. by purch. vice Lord G. A. Hill, prom. 14 April 1825.
20 Lieut. Lloyd, from Rifle Brig. Cornet do.

4 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. Trimble, from h. p. Nova Scotia Pen. Assist. Surg. vice Freer, 97 F. do.

5 Lieut. Sir H. J. Seton, Bt. Capt. vice Matthews, ret. 24 March do.
Cornet Seton, Lieut. do.
J. W. King, Cornet do.

3 Dr. Serj. Maj. Higgins, Quart. Mast. vice Bruntton, dead 14 April do.

4 Lieut. Daly, Capt. vice Sale, dead 26 June 1824.
Capt. Elliott, from h. p. 21 Dr. Capt. vice Barlow, dead 1 July do.
Cornet Smith, Lieut. 10 Dec. do.

E. Harvey, Cornet by purch. 24 March 1825.

Serj. Maj. Harrison, Adj. with rank of Cornet vice Dixon, Quart. Mast. 23 June 1824.

Cornet and Adj. Dixon, Quart. Mast. vice Allan, dead do.

8 Lieut. J. T. Lord Brudenell, from h. p. 8 Dr. Lieut. repaying diff. vice Paulby, 12 Dr. 10 March 1825.

Cornet Harrison, Lieut. vice Van Cortlandt, 14 F. 14 April do.

9 G. Shedden, Cornet by purch. do.
T. Harrison, Vet. Surg. vice Norton, dead do.

0 S. Lyne, Cornet by purch. vice Beaumont, ret. 21 March do.
Paymast. Wardell, from h. p. 24 Dr. Paymast. vice Tallon 51 do.

Capt. Arnold, Maj. vice Jones, ret. 14 April do.

1 Lieut. Harvey, Capt. do.
— Wetherall, Capt. by purch. vice Dunie, ret. 29 June 1824.

Cornet Ahmuty, Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet F. D. George, from R. Mil. Coll. Cornet 21 March 1825.

12 Dr. Lieut. Pariby, from 8 Dr. Lieut. vice Weight, h. p. 8 Dr. rec. diff. 10 March 1824

Gren. Gds. — Angerstein, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Vernon, prom. 2 April do.
G. A. F. Houstoun, Ensign and Lieut. do.

Gent. Cadet A. W. Torrens, from R. Mil. Coll. (Page of Honour to His Majesty) Ensign and Lieut. 14 do.

1 F. Lieut. Ingram, Capt. 7 do.
Ensign Butler, Lieut. do.
Lieut. Sanson, from h. p. 21 F. Lieut. do.

T. Wood, from R. Mil. Academy at Woolwich, Ensign do.

5 A. M'Kenzie, do. 9 do.
Lieut. Wright, Capt. 7 do.
Ensign Everard, Lieut. do.

— Burghell, Lieut. 8 do.
— M'Nabb, Lieut. 9 do.
— Stewart, from h. p. 5 F. Ensign 8 do.

— Barr, from 29 F. Ensign 9 do.
L. Desborough, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 10 do.

H. D. Lacy, Ensign 11 do.
J. Goulou, Ensign vice Pigott, 26 F. 12 do.

4 Lieut. Graham, Capt. 7 April 1825.
Ensign Espinasse, Lieut. do.

— Rawlins, from 9 F. Lieut. 9 do.
— Clarke, from h. p. 68 F. Ensign 7 do.

5 T. Brooke, Ensign 8 do.
Lieut. Galbraith, Capt. 7 do.
Ensign Denny, Lieut. do.

6 S. G. French, Ensign 8 do.
C. T. Henry, Ensign 9 do.
J. A. B. M. M'Gregor, Ensign, vice Foley, prom. 24 March do.

2d Lieut. Pottinger, from R. Art. Lieut. 9 April do.

7 Lieut. Penrice, Capt. 7 do.
Hutchinson, Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Rainsford, from 8 F. Lieut. do.

— Westerra, from 70 F. Lieut. do.
— Sievwright, from 55 F. Lieut. do.

— Fergusson, from 57 F. Lieut. do.
— Forbes, from 52 F. Lieut. do.

— Strangways, from 71 F. Ensign do.

8 Lieut. Ross, Capt. 7 do.
Ensign Puckwick, Lieut. 8 do.
Lieut. Drom, from 24 F. Lieut. do.

— Gennys, from 31 F. Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet J. S. Whitty from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Rainsford, 7 F. do.

9 A. Ne-bitt, do. 7 do.
Lieut. and Adj. Davis, Capt. 8 do.
Lieut. Powell, from 57 F. Capt. 7 do.

Ensign Brownrigg, Lieut. do.
F. Burslem, from R. Mil. Academy at Woolwich, Ensign 8 do.

— Wells, do. 9 do.
J. D. Milne, do. vice Rawlins, 4 F. 10 do.

10 C. L. Strickland, Ensign, vice Hankey, prom. 51 March do.

Lieut. Leard, Capt. 7 April do.
— Galie, Capt. 8 do.

— Unacke, from h. p. 18 F. Lieut. 7 do.

Ensign Tait, from 31 F. Lieut. 8 do.
H. Honeyman, Ensign 9 do.

H. C. Powell, Ensign 7 do.
Lieut. Richardson, Capt. do.
Ensign Moore, Lieut. do.

Lieut. Wily, from h. p. 85 F. Lieut. 8 do.
— Benson, from h. p. 5 F. Lieut. do.

Ensign Stuart, from h. p. 59 F. Ensign 7 do.
W. Fyers, Ensign 8 do.

12	Gn. Gds.	Lieut. Durie, Capt.	7 April 1825.	25	F.	H. Seymour, 2d Lieut.	8 April 1825.
		Capt. French, from h. p. 81 F. Capt.	8 April			R. K. Elliott, 2d Lieut.	9 do.
		Ensign White, Lieut.	7 do.			M. Ross, 2d Lieut.	10 do.
		— Carew, Lieut.	8 do.	24		Lieut. L'Estrange, Capt.	7 do.
		Lieut. Knight, from h. p. 61 F. Lieut.	9 do.			Capt. Miller, from 46 F. Capt.	8 do.
		H. A. West, from R. Mil. Acad. at				Ensign Campbell, Lieut.	7 do.
		Woolwich, Ensign	8 do.			Lieut. Harris, from 89 F. Lieut.	8 do.
		H. G. Forsteen, Ensign	9 do.			Cornet Playford, from h. p. Brunswick	
		R. Schneider, Ensign	10 do.			Hussars, Ensign	7 do.
		H. Y. Gold, Ensign vice Boates, 61 F.	11 do.			N. Leslie, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-	
		Assist. Surg. Dealey, from h. p. 60 F.				wich, Ensign	8 do.
		Assist. Surg. vice Douglas, superseded	7 do.	25		F. T. Matland, Ensign	9 do.
15		Ensign Brownrigg, Lieut. vice Howard,				J. E. Orange, Ensign	10 do.
		killed in Action	29 May 1821.			Lieut. Swyny, Capt.	7 do.
		C. Savage, Ensign	do.			— Wolsey, Capt.	8 do.
		Capt. Lantott, from h. p. 60 F. Capt.				Ensign Lingard, Lieut.	7 do.
14		vice Kelly, Rifle Brig.	9 April 1825.			— Mackenzie, Lieut.	8 do.
		Ensign White, Lieut. vice Linton, dead				Lieut. Unacke, from h. p. Rifle Brig	
			25 Aug. 1824.			Lieut.	9 do.
15		T. H. Tidy, Ensign	14 April 1825.			— Sedley, from h. p. R. Staff Corps,	
		Lieut. Maxwell, Capt.	7 do.			Lieut.	do.
		— Humphrys, Capt.	8 do.			Ensign O'Brien, from h. p. Newfound-	
		Ensign Battersby, Lieut.	7 do.			land Pen. Ensign	7 do.
		— Blair, Lieut.	8 do.			— Griffiths, from 99 F. Ensign	do.
		Lieut. Radford, from h. p. 52 F. Lieut.		26		E. S. Cassan, Ensign	8 do.
			9 do.			W. O'Connor, Ensign vice Morris, 45 F.	
		H. Rudyard, from R. Mil. Acad. at				Lieut. Murray, Capt.	7 do.
		Woolwich, Ensign	8 do.			— M'Latchie, Capt.	8 do.
		J. R. Norton, Ensign	9 do.			Ensign Strange, Lieut.	7 do.
		T. Wright, Ensign	10 do.			Lieut. M'Innes, from h. p. Cape R.	
16		Lieut. Browne, Capt.	7 do.			Lieut.	8 do.
		— D'Arcy, from 17 Dr. Capt.	8 do.			— Sinclair, from h. p. 78 F. Lieut.	
		Ensign Thompson, Lieut.	7 do.				do.
		Lieut. Alexander, from h. p. 56 F.				Ensign Piggott, from 5 F. Lieut. vice	
		Lieut.	8 do.			Montgomery, 50 F.	9 do.
		J. McIntosh, Ensign	do.			Gent. Cadet C. W. Campbell, from R.	
		B. K. O'Dwyer, Ensign	9 do.			Mil. Coll. Ensign	8 do.
17		Lieut. Jeffries, Capt.	7 do.	27		J. Maule, Ensign	9 do.
		Capt. Robison, from h. p. 17 Dr. Capt.				Et. Lieut. Col. Hare, Lieut. Col. by	
			8 do.			purchase, vice Henry, ret.	31 March
		Ensign Moffatt, Lieut.	7 do.			Capt. Hesthote, from Sub Insp. of Mil.	
		Lieut. Frazer, from R. Staff Corps,				in Ionian Islands, Maj.	do.
		Lieut.	8 do.			Lieut. Talbot, Capt.	7 April
		2d Lieut. Brooke, from R. Art. Lieut.				— Furnes, Capt.	8 do.
			9 do.			— Freeman, from 55 F. Capt. vice	
		H. Des Vaux, Ensign	8 do.			Vandeleur, 21 F.	9 do.
		R. Stirling, Ensign	9 do.			Ensign Skator, Lieut.	7 do.
18	F.	Lieut. Dillon, Capt.	17 April 1825.			Lieut. Christian, from 87 F. Lieut.	
		— Graves, Capt.	8 do.				8 do.
		Ensign Thompson, Lieut.	7 do.			— North, from h. p. 100 F. Lieut.	
		Lieut. Moyle, from h. p. 8 F. Lieut.	8 do.			vice Ridge, R. Staff Corps	8 do.
		— Spencer, from 11 F. Lieut.	do.			— Young, from h. p. 1 W.L.R.	
		Ensign Buchanan, from 80 F. Lieut.				Lieut.	do.
			9 do.			J. Maclean, Ensign	do.
		R. Dunne, Ensign	8 do.			R. Whalley, Ensign	do.
19		R. A. Haly, Ensign	9 do.	28		C. Roberts, Ensign, vice Grier, 35 F.	
		Lieut. Raymond, Capt.	7 do.				10 do.
		— Hughes, Capt.	8 do.			Lieut. Eason, Capt.	7 do.
		Ensign Scott, Lieut.	7 do.			Capt. Parsons, from h. p. 10 Dr.	8 do.
		Lieut. Harding, from 51 F. Lieut.	8 do.			Ensign Barron, Lieut.	7 do.
		Ens. Mitchell, from h. p. 63 F. Ens.	7 do.			Lieut. Lord S. Lennox, from 32 F.	
		T. Atkins, Ensign	8 do.			Lieut.	8 do.
		G. Cotton, Ensign	9 do.			Ensign Wardell, from 32 F. Lieut.	
21		Capt. Brady, from R. African Colonial					9 do.
		Corps, Capt.	7 do.			— Ogilvie, from h. p. 27 F. En-	
		— Vandeleur, from 27 F. Capt.	do.			sign	7 do.
		2d Lieut. Young, 1st Lieut.	do.			— Probyn, Ensign	8 April 1825.
		Lieut. Wrixon, from h. p. 10 F. 1st				M. Andrews, Ensign	9 do.
		Lieut.	8 do.			Lieut. Pennington, Capt.	7 do.
		J. H. Eveleigh, 2d Lieut.	do.			Bl. Maj. Belshes, from h. p. 59 F. Capt.	
		J. Brady, 2d Lieut.	9 do.				8 do.
		Lieut. Barlow, Capt.	7 do.			Ensign Bell, Lieut.	7 do.
22		Capt. Le Mesurier, from h. p. New-				Lieut. Dighton, from h. p. 71 F. Lieut.	
		found. Pen. Capt.	8 do.				8 do.
		Ensign Gorton, Lieut.	7 do.			— Faden, from h. p. 65 F. Capt. do.	
		Lieut. Croly, from Newfound. Vet.				Gent. Cadet Hemphill, from R. Mil.	
		Comp. Lieut.	do.			Coll. Ensign	7 do.
		— Kyffin, from 47 F. Lieut.	do.			G. Congreve, from R. Mil. Acad. at	
		F. J. St. Quintin, Ensign	do.			Woolwich, Ensign	8 do.
		J. A. Mackey, Ensign	9 do.			W. H. Sheppard, Ensign	9 do.
23		Lieut. Harris, Capt.	7 do.	31		Lieut. Boardman, from h. p. 6 W.L.R.	
		Capt. St. George, from h. p. 18 F. Capt.				Lieut. vice Harding, 19 F.	8 do.
			8 do.			— Bulkeley, from h. p. 7 F. Lieut.	
		2d Lieut. Matthews, 1st Lieut.	7 do.			vice Ranie, 35 F.	do.
		Lieut. Williams, from h. p. 14 F. 1st				Lieut. vice Gennys, 8 F.	do.
		Lieut.	8 do.			Ensign Wetenhall, from 91 F. Ensign	
		F. J. Phillott, from R. Mil. Acad. at		32		vice Tait, 10 F.	do.
		Woolwich, 2d Lieut.	7 do.			Lieut. Lawrence, Capt.	7 do.
						Capt. Baines, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Capt.	8 do.

- 32 F. Ensign Calder, Lieut. 7 April 1825.
Lieut. Bowles, from h. p. 83 F. Lieut. 8 do.
— Waymouth, from h. p. 7 Dr. Lieut. repaying diff. do.
T. C. Crawford, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 8 do.
A. R. G. Thomas, Ensign 9 do.
Lieut. Barra, Capt. 7 do.
Capt. Sutherland, from 2 W. L. R. Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Clandinin, Lieut. 7 do.
— Gibson, Lieut. 8 do.
— Stanford, from h. p. 62 E. Ensign 7 do.
J. F. Elliott, Ensign 8 do.
E. W. Young, Ensign 9 do.
W. Hadley, Ensign vice Kenyon, 50 F. 10 do.
- 33 Lieut. Norton, Capt. 7 do.
Capt. Cradock, from 55 F. Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Stoddart, Lieut. 7 do.
Lieut. Sweeny, from h. p. 54 F. Lieut. 8 do.
W. G. Hughes, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 7 do.
B. J. Hooke, Ensign 8 do.
C. Lewin, Ensign 9 do.
Capt. Power, from h. p. 3 Huss. Ger. Leg. Capt. 8 do.
— Stapley, from h. p. 55 F. Capt. vice Cradock, 54 F. do.
Lieut. Smith, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. 7 do.
J. McCarthy, Ensign 8 do.
A. Sargent, Ensign 9 do.
Lieut. Prendergast, Capt. 7 do.
— L'Estrange, Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Gibbons, Lieut. 7 do.
Ensign and Adj. Roberts, Lieut. 8 do.
Lieut. Shenley, from 65 F. Lieut. 9 do.
Ensign Liardet, from 80 F. Lieut. 10 do.
— Hay, from h. p. Canadian Pen. Ensign 7 do.
J. Ihara, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 8 do.
P. Murray, Ensign 9 do.
H. Wake, Ensign 10 do.
- 37 Lieut. Massey, Capt. 7 do.
— Fenton, Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Long, Lieut. 7 do.
Lieut. Sarsfield, from h. p. 66 F. Lieut. 9 do.
Ensign Harvey, from 68 F. Lieut. 10 do.
Cornet Grant, from h. p. 19 Dr. Ensign 7 do.
— Amiel, from h. p. Cav. Staff Corps, Ensign 8 do.
D. E. Todd, Ensign 9 do.
- 38 Ensign J. Campbell, Lieut. vice Mitchell, dead of his wounds 1 July 1824.
— Tudor, Lieut. 10 Feb. 1825.
E. Evans, Ensign 24 March
Lieut. Bernard, from h. p. 24 F. Lieut. vice Coghlan, 61 F. 9 April
G. Green, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign vice Campbell, 72 F. 7 do.
- 39 Lieut. Newport, Capt. do.
— Hart, Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Fitz Gerald, Lieut. 7 do.
Lieut. Colquhoun, from h. p. 16 F. Lieut. 8 do.
Ensign Smith, from 48 F. Lieut. 9 do.
— Sleeman, from h. p. 56 F. Ensign 7 do.
J. L. Innes, Ensign 8 do.
N. Reid, Ensign vice O'Meara, 62 F. 9 do.
- 40 Lieut. Butler, Capt. 7 do.
Ensign Moore, Lieut. 8 do.
— Curtin, Lieut. 8 do.
Lieut. Lewis, from 1 W. L. R. Lieut. 9 do.
Ensign Miller, from h. p. 1 W. L. R. Ensign 7 do.
J. Bulkley, Ensign 8 do.
S. Nicholls, Ensign 9 do.
H. T. Lewis, Ensign vice Williams, 57 F. 10 do.
- 42 F. Lieut. Fraser, from h. p. 42 F. Lieut. vice Fitz Gerald, cancelled 24 March 1825.
— Malcolm, Capt. 7 April
Brevet Maj. Macdonald, from h. p. 49 F. Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Campbell, Lieut. 7 do.
— McDuff, from h. p. 15 F. Ensign do.
— Thomson, from h. p. 1 F. Ensign do.
Gent. Cadet D. Cameron, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign 8 do.
Charles Dunsmuir, Ensign 9 do.
Serj. Maj. Duff, Adj. and Ensign vice Robertson, res. Adj. only 14 do.
Assist. Surg. Dempster, from h. p. 81 F. Assist. Surg. vice M'Pherson, 62 F. do.
Lieut. Maclean, Capt. 7 do.
Capt. Forloug, from 58 F. Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Morris, from 25 F. Lieut. 7 do.
— Gossein, from 57 F. Lieut. 8 do.
— Thomas, from 64 F. Lieut. 9 do.
W. G. Bryan, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 7 do.
Hon. A. A. Spencer, Ensign 8 do.
Lieut. Cowell, from h. p. 19 F. Lieut. vice Goodiff, 66 F. do.
— R. Lewis, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 7 do.
G. C. Barnewall, do. vice Powell, cancelled 8 do.
D. Campbell, do. vice Morphy, 60 F. 11 do.
- 47 A. Donnellan, do. vice Smith, 39 F. 9 do.
- 48 Lieut. Danford, Capt. 7 do.
Capt. Maxwell, from h. p. 49 F. Capt. 8 do.
- 49 Ensign Simpson, Lieut. 7 do.
Lieut. Eastwood, from h. p. 3 Ceylon R. Lieut. 8 do.
— Sparks, from h. p. 2 Gn. Bu. Lieut. 9 do.
Ensign Burrowes, from h. p. 5 Gn. Bu. Ensign 7 do.
B. Vincent, Ensign 8 do.
A. Wightman, Ensign 9 do.
H. Keating, Ensign vice Sheaffe, 55 F. 10 do.
- 50 Lieut. Johnstone, Capt. 7 do.
— Montgomery, from 26 F. Capt. 8 do.
Ensign Ross, Lieut. 7 do.
— Kenyon, from 55 F. Lieut. 9 do.
— Burton, from h. p. 44 F. Ensign 7 do.
A. C. D. Bentley, Ensign 9 do.
W. L. Tutor, Ensign do.
Lieut. Mawdesley, Adj. vice Tyndell, prom. 4 Jan.
Lieut. Hawley, Capt. 7 April
Capt. Rains, from R. Art. 8 do.
Ensign Meade, Lieut. 7 do.
— Forinan, Lieut. 8 do.
Lieut. M'Pherson, from h. p. 92 F. Lieut. 9 do.
Gent. Cadet G. Cholmondeley, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign 7 do.
B. J. Gray, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 8 do.
F. Clayton, do. Ensign 9 do.
R. Webster, do. Ensign 10 do.
Ensign Estridge, Lieut. by purch. vice Tyndale, prom. 11 do.
E. Parker, Ensign do.
- 52 Lieut. Pritchard, Capt. 7 do.
Capt. Godfrey, from h. p. 62 F. Capt. 7 do.
Ensign Bentham, Lieut. 7 do.
Lieut. Spooner, from h. p. 74 F. Lieut. 8 do.
Ensign Carr, from h. p. 43 F. Ensign 7 do.
W. W. J. Cockerat, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign 8 do.
C. Vereker, Ensign 9 do.
W. Butler, Ensign 10 do.
- 53 Lieut. Knox, Capt. 7 do.
Capt. O'Grady, from h. p. 18 Dr. Capt. 8 do.

53 f Ensign Warren, Lieut. 8 April 1825
2d Lieut. Bunstead, from 60 F. 7 do.
Ensign Currie, from 94 F. Ensign 9 do.
H. Rowercroft, from R. Mil. Acad. at
Woolwich, Ensign 8 do.
R. Lovelace, Ensign 9 do.

Exchangers.

Lieut. Col. Reeve, from Gren Gds. with Lieut.
Col. Vernon, h. p. Unatt
Major Williams, from 85 F. with Major Fox,
h. p. Unatt.
Capt. Slegg, 1 Dr. with Capt. Marten, 17 Dr.
St. Leger, 14 Dr. with (apt. Methold, 73 F.
Marchuth, from 6 F. with Capt. Hume, h. p.
57 F.
Skinner, from 9 F. with Capt. Pinckney,
h. p. York Ra.
Perry, from 37 F. with Capt. Brown, h. p.
34 F.
Lieut. Hindle, from 6 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Be-
rens, 2 F.
Branding, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Lord J. Fitz Roy, h. p. 5 F.
Deane, from 50 F. with Lieut. Schoof,
67 F.
Davidson, from 46 F. with Lieut. Taylor,
h. p. 99 F.
Lieut. Ashe, from 47 F. with Lieut. Bennett, h. p.
101 F.
Laye, from Afr. Col. Corps, with Lieut.
Dowling, h. p. 21 F.
Ensign McGregor, from 6 F. with Ensign Hurwan,
h. p. 85 F.
Assist. Surg. Former, from 94 F. with Assist.
Surg. Kenwick, h. p. 6 Vet. Bn.
Staff Assist. Surg. Nicholson, with Staff Assist.
Surg. Howell, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Henry, 27 F.
Desbrisay, R. Art.
Henderson, R. Eng.
Major Hon. J. Jones, 10 Dr.
Durie, 11 Dr.
Capt. Matthews, 5 Dr. Gds.
Carnes, 81 F.
Coles, R. Art.
Cornet Beaumont, 10 Dr.
Staff Assistant Surg. Perkins.
Hospital Assistant Thornton.

Cancelled.

Major Hollis, R. Afr. Col. Corps.
Capt. Swynn, 25 F.
Lieut. Lingard, 25 F.
Fitz Gerald, 42 F.
Gardner, 48 F.
Ensign Griffiths, 25 F.
Grant, 37 F.
Powell, 45 F.
Hospital Assistant Orr.

Superseded.

Assist. Surg. Douglas, 12 F. (having absented him-
self without leave.)
Hosp. Assist. M'Christie.

*List of Killed and Wounded of the King's
Regiments in the Operations of the
Army, under the command of Briga-
dier General Sir Archibald Campbell,
K.C.B. in the Dominions of the King
of Ava, between the 1st and 15th De-
cember 1824.*

Killed.

O'Shea, 13 F. between the 1st and 7th Dec. 1824.
Darby, do. on 15th Dec.
Petty, 13 F. on 15th Dec. 1824.
Jones, do. do

Wounded.

Major Sale, 13 F. severely, not dangerously, on
15 Dec.
Danne, 15 F. slightly, do
Thornhill, do. severely, not dangerously, do
Capt. Macpherson, 15 F. severely, not dangerously,
on 15 Dec.
Clark, do. severely, do
Rose, 89 F. do. do
Lieut. Pattison, 13 F. severely, not dangerously, do
Torrens, 38 F. severely, not dangerously, on
15 Dec.
M'Leroth, do. severely, do
Taylor, 80 do. slightly, on 9 Dec.
Dowdall, do. severely, do
Ensign Blackwell, 15 F. slightly, and again slightly,
on 15 Dec.
Crocker, do. severely, do
Wilkinson, do. slightly, do
Assist. Surg. Walsh, 89 F. slightly, on 9 Dec.

Deaths.

General E. of Balcarres, Col. 65 F. Haigh Hall,
Iancashire 27 March 1824.
Sir Alex. Campbell, Bt. K.C.B. Col. of
80 F. Madras
Major-Gen. Kerr, of late 2 Ceylon, R. Edinburgh
17 April
J. Miller, late of R. Art. Charlton,
Kent 21 March
Lieut. Col. Fraser, 50 F. London 16 April
Lieut. Col. Paterson, Ret. Inv. Lieut. Gov. of
Quebec April
Major Burgh, 44 F. on passage from Bengal to
Board the ship Medway 6 Feb.
Ziegenar, h. p. 2 Lieut. Dr. Ger. L.g.
Hanover 24 Feb.
Capt. Petrie, h. p. 60 F. 5 Dec. 1824
Meiser, h. p. York Hosp. (arr Comp.
Chatham 18 Feb. 1824)
Couse, h. p. R. Art. Druges 30 March
Lieut. Fry, 5 F. Donmum 7 Feb.
Clarke, 77 F. Stonyhill, Jamaica 28 Jan.
Gordon, 92 F. Jamaica 31 do.
Campbell, h. p. 58 F. Dromore, Ireland 17 do.
M'Gregor, h. p. 84 F. Delavrar, N. H. 7 Feb.
Taitt, late R. Garr. Bn. Musselburgh 17 March
Dickenson, late 1 Vet. Bn. Manchester 18 do.
Ensign Walker, late 5 Vet. Bn. near Manchester 11 Feb.
R. Smith, h. p. 28 F. Stratton, Cornwall 1 Jan.
Paymast. Haasard, 74 F. Halifax, Nova Scotia 20 Feb.
Adjutant M'Laren, h. p. Berwick Fen. Cav. Cold
stream 10 March
Quart-Mast. Lieut. Smith, 41 F. Rangoon, 21 Aug. 1821
Dukes, h. p. R. Horse Gds. 6 July
New Windsor
Martin, h. p. 9 Dr. Stoke-
town, Roscommon, Ireland 20 March 1824
M'Intosh, h. p. King's Ame-
rican Foot, Peterhead 18 do.

Commissariat Department.

Assist. Com. Gen. Rossiter, Demerara 30 Dec. 1824

Medical Department.

Surg. Whitney, 80 F. Zante 5 Jan. 1824
Staff Surg. Quartley, h. p. Wimborne, Dorset
shire 27 March
Surg. Nieter, h. p. 2d Lieut. Inf. Ger. Leg. 11
november 3 do
Assist. Surg. Dr. Fraser, 77 F. Jamaica 5 do
Vet. Surg. White, h. p. 28 Dr. Exeter 27 do

1825.]

Register.—Markets.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1825.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck	1825.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.	
April 20	509	55 6 38 6	36 4	51 0 35 0	17 0 21 0	17 0 21 0	10 1	0 10	April 19	472	1 4	56	1 3
27	443	54 0 40 6	37 4	50 0 34 0	17 0 21 0	17 0 21 0	10 1	0 10	26	317	1 4	45	1 3
May 4	688	53 0 42 0	37 10	50 0 33 6	17 0 21 0	17 0 21 0	10 1	1 0	May 5	355	1 4	45	1 3
11	654	54 0 41 0	36 10	50 0 34 0	18 0 22 0	17 0 21 0	11	1 0	10	283	1 4	52	1 3

Glasgow.

1825.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.			Barley, 320 lbs.			Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal	Flour,
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	Irish.	Scots.	Stil. Meas.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.		
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.		
April 21	—	—	—	51 0 35 0	18 0 20 0	—	—	27 31	51 0 35 0	21 0 22 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
28	—	—	—	51 0 35 0	18 0 21 5	—	—	27 32	51 0 35 0	21 0 22 0	18 0 20 0	54 55
May 5	—	—	—	51 0 36 6	19 0 22 6	—	—	27 32	52 0 34 0	22 0 23 0	18 6 21 4	54 55
12	—	—	—	51 0 35 0	19 0 21 0	—	—	27 32	52 0 34 0	22 0 23 0	18 6 21 4	54 55

Haddington.

Dukeith.

1825.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1825.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck	
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	
April 22	231	30 6 38 0	35 11	28 0 35 0	15 0 20 0	18 19 6	16 0 20 0	April 18	17 6	18 6	1 3
29	304	30 6 38 6	36 6	28 0 35 0	17 0 21 0	16 19 6	16 0 20 6	25	17 0	18 0	1 2 1/2
day 6	520	30 6 38 0	33 7	28 0 35 0	15 0 21 6	16 20 0	16 0 20 0	May 2	17 0	18 0	1 2 1/2
13	487	29 0 37 6	34 6	27 0 32 0	15 0 21 0	16 20 0	16 0 20 0	9	17 0	17 9	1 2 1/2

London.

1825.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	d. d.
April 18	50 76	34 37	28 43	18 26	22 29	40 58	30 47	42 47	32 54	60 65	52 60	11 12
25	50 78	34 37	30 45	19 26	22 30	41 55	36 44	42 48	33 33	60 63	52 60	11 12
May 2	52 80	34 37	33 45	21 27	22 32	44 47	33 37	42 48	33 33	60 65	52 60	11 12
9	50 76	34 37	30 44	20 27	22 31	44 47	33 37	42 48	33 33	60 65	52 60	11 12

Liverpool.

1825.	Wheat, 70 lb.		Oats, 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.		Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.		Oatmeal, 240 lb.	
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.				Eng. 240 lb.	Irish. 196 lb.	Engl.	Scots.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
April 26	4 6	11 0	2 9 3 10	5 0 6 3	55 38	40 44	36 56	48 55	46 54	20 27	31 33	30 33
May 5	—	11 8	3 4 3 9	5 0 6 3	—	40 43	—	56 58	—	24 23	32 33	—
10	—	11 0	2 9 3 10	4 9 6 3	—	40 44	34 56	45 55	—	20 27	31 34	— 34

England & Wales.

1825.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
April 9	68 7	29 2	38 2	23 7	37 10	39 8	—
16	67 2	28 1	37 4	23 9	36 5	37 4	—
23	66 6	27 4	36 5	23 8	35 10	36 6	—
30	67 0	26 3	36 3	25 11	35 10	36 10	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock after noon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Apr. 1	M. 25 A. 19	30.212 .198	M. 50 A. 51	F.	Morn. frost. day sunsh.	Apr. 16	M. 42 A. 50	29.568 .818	M. 44 A. 50	W.	Dull, but fair.
2	M. 32 A. 46	.198 29.999	M. 50 A. 50	W.	Ditto.	17	M. 54 A. 42	.976 .999	M. 49 A. 52	N.	Fair sunsh. but cold.
3	M. 36 A. 46	.975 .960	M. 50 A. 50	W.	Dull & very cold	18	M. 50 A. 40	.990 .980	M. 49 A. 47	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
4	M. 36 A. 48	.985 .967	M. 50 A. 55	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	19	M. 25 A. 39	.958 .908	M. 46 A. 50	Cble.	Ditto.
5	M. 32 A. 48	.967 .999	M. 51 A. 55	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	20	M. 37 A. 49	.610 .402	M. 50 A. 50	Cble.	Dull, with showers rain.
6	M. 34 A. 48	30.117 .117	M. 54 A. 52	W.	Ditto.	21	M. 42 A. 55	.39 .128	M. 54 A. 54	Cble.	Ditto.
7	M. 35 A. 51	.140 29.999	M. 55 A. 55	W.	Ditto.	22	M. 58 A. 50	.252 .450	M. 54 A. 48	Cble.	Foren. suns. aftern. rain.
8	M. 37 A. 50	.999 .991	M. 56 A. 56	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	23	M. 51 A. 41	.596 .122	M. 48 A. 48	E.	Fair, rather dull, cold.
9	M. 55 A. 50	.932 .938	M. 57 A. 54	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	24	M. 30 A. 40	.345 .415	M. 44 A. 44	E.	Morn. snow, day fair, cold
10	M. 34 A. 45	.969 .710	M. 52 A. 54	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M. 51 A. 41	.452 .450	M. 46 A. 41	Cble.	Fair but cold dull.
11	M. 45 A. 50	.512 .512	M. 52 A. 51	W.	Dull, with showers rain.	26	M. 35 A. 41	.596 .281	M. 47 A. 46	Cble.	Dull, slight rain foren.
12	M. 33 A. 40	.440 .644	M. 48 A. 41	W.	Morn. frost, showers hail.	27	M. 37 A. 46	.104 28.998	M. 48 A. 46	Cble.	Moderate rain, mild.
13	M. 27 A. 37	.644 .767	M. 45 A. 44	NW.	Morn. frost, day dull.	28	M. 77 A. 45	.990 .150	M. 46 A. 50	E.	Dull, but fair, mild.
14	M. 29 A. 50	.460 .351	M. 48 A. 52	W.	Morn. rain, day dull.	29	M. 58 A. 44	.260 29.323	M. 16 A. 48	Cble.	Foren. rain aftern. fair.
15	M. 39 A. 50	.564 .509	M. 52 A. 52	W.	Dull, flying showers rain.	30	M. 37 A. 44	.512 .475	M. 47 A. 49	Cble.	Thunder and light aft. rain

Average of rain, 1.685 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE dry weather which prevailed at the date of our last continued till the 27th April, and vegetation was almost at a stand. Wheat looked yellow and sickly on light lands. Oats gave a partial and irregular braid where the seed had been sown in April. Early-sown oats and beans came up more evenly. Clover made no progress, and pastures scarce began to vegetate. A copious and very seasonable rain fell on the 27th, and dropping weather has prevailed ever since. The depth of rain that has fallen since that period amounts to something more than 3½ inches; the soil is, in consequence, sufficiently moist. Sowing of barley, and planting potatoes, were about half way when the rain commenced, and though something has been done, at intervals, towards finishing these operations, there still remains a proportion of each to be committed to the soil. On retentive soils, working land with the plough and harrow is at present impracticable. The improvement in the growing-crops, since the commencement of the present month, is strikingly remarkable. All seeds previously committed to the soil have given a regular braid. Where oats came up partially, a second braid has appeared, and the plants now stand sufficiently close. Wheat has recovered a green, healthy colour. Clover grows rapidly; we have seen some begun to cut in the neighbourhood of towns. Pastures afford a fresh bite, and beans shew a vigorous plant.

Mr Whitmore's motion respecting the revision of the Corn-laws has excited considerable interest. It was lost, and a temporary rise in the price immediately followed. Having got time to calculate more coolly, speculators begin to think that the foreign wheat, now let out from under lock, on paying a duty of 10s. per quarter, and the probability that Canadian corn may come accompanied with some smuggled from the United States, have already produced a fall in the prices at Mark-lanc.

Cattle sell uncommonly high; some fat oxen have lately brought nearly 10s. per stone. Dutch milch-cows, and cattle for grass, also sell high. At some recent sales by auction, good draught-horses have sold at from £.45 to £.50 each; in general, they bring nearly double what they would have brought three years ago. Grass parks let higher than last year; and from the high price of lean stock, high profits on grazing is not expected.—*Perthshire, 12th May 1825.*

Course of Exchange, London, May 10.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 36 : 9. Altona, 36 : 10. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 15. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 150½. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 36¼. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 45¼. Lisbon, 51¼. Oporto, 51¼. Rio Janeiro, 46¼. Dublin, 9¼—Cork, 9¼ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3s. 17s. 9.—New Doubloons, £3s. 17s. 6.—New Dollars, 4s. 11¼d.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s. 1d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d.—Hamburg, 9s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 15s. 9d. a 20s.—Jamaica, 25s. a 30s.—Home, 35s. a 40s.—Greenland, out and home, 00 00.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from April 20, to May 11, 1825.

	April 20.	April 27.	May 4.	May 11.
Bank Stock.....	232½	233½	229	—
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	91½	91½	89½	90½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	92½	92½	90½	91½
3½ ½ cent. do.....	99½	99½	97½	98
4 ½ cent. do.....	106	106½	104½	105½
Ditto New do.....	—	—	—	—
India Stock.....	—	—	279½	280
— Bonds.....	82	84 86	—	72
Exchequer bills.....	60	56	46	53
Consols for account.....	92½	92½	90½	91½
French 5 ½ cents.....	fr. — c.	102fr. 50c.	102fr. 75c.	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 23d of March and the 19th of April 1825: extracted from the London Gazette.

Abrahams, M. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, oil-merchant.
Akers, M. Compton-street, cabinet-maker.
Ash, T. Birmingham, grocer.
Barker, J. Clare-market, potatoe-dealer.
Baxter, Mary, Cambridge, livery-stable-keeper.
Bray, J. London-wall, livery-stable-keeper.
Brealey, G. W. Aldersgate-street, linen-draper.
Brown, J. Austin-frairs, merchant.
Camelo, M. J. F. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, merchant.
Carter, H. Porten, druggist.
Cattle, J. A. Green-hammerton, money-scrivener.
Challenger, J. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, piano-forte-maker.
Chilcott, T. Lanternam, Monmouth, tailor.
Chittenden, H. Ashford, Kent, house-carpenter.
Clubb, W. Bristol, merchant.
Cope, H. Gough-street, Gray's-inn-lane, builder.
Davis, J. Liverpool, ale and porter-dealer.
Dixon, J. Little Eastcheap, baker.
Dovey, S. and J. Cox, Church-street, Soho, tailors.
Drury, R. Shewsbury, furrier.
Dryden, B. late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common brewer and victualler.
Fentum, J. Strand, shopkeeper.
Finch, W. N. Old Cavendish-street, wine-merchant.
Forsyth, P. and J. Bell, Berwick-upon-Tweed, drapers.
Fry, R. sen. East-street, Hoxton, cheesemonger.
Garner, R. M. Deal, merchant.
Gibbons, T. Warrington, grocer.
Godwin, W. Strand, bookseller.
Gough, E. Sedgley, Staffordshire, nail-factor.
Griffiths, J. Liverpool, grocer.
Haldy, J. F. and W. Norcott, Castle-street, Leicester-square, wine-merchants.
Harrison, J. Redlion-street, Holborn, trimming-maker.
Hawks, J. Old Jewry, hardwareman.
Hawkins, A. St. Alban's, shopkeeper.
Haylett, W. Hammermith, victualler.
Henley, G. Strand, cheesemonger.
Hood, J. jun. Deritend, near Birmingham, grocer.
Howes, W. jun. Robart's-terrace, Commercial-road, oilman.
Hyde, J. Winchester, grocer.
Innell, C. Chalford, Gloucester, clothier.
Knight, R. Bulvidere-place, Southwark, corn-dealer.
Lacy, T. Basinghall-street, dealer.
Madge, J. Southampton, baker.
Mann, C. Birmingham, victualler.
Mills, J. St. Clement's, Strand, stay-maker.
Millward, R. Longnor, Stafford, grocer.
Nadge, J. Southampton, baker.
Nairne, J. H. Rose-street, St. Luke's, brass-founder.
Nichlin, F. Hulme, Lancaster, joiner and builder.
Pinck, J. Chichester, linen-draper.
Quick, J. Portsea, music-seller.
Ramsbotham, C. W. Clement's-lane, merchant.
Robinson, H. P. Gun-street, Old Artillery-ground, silk-manufacturer.
Robinson, S. Fenchurch-street, stationer.
Runder, F. and F. W. Campbell, Hatton-garden, jewellers.
Smith, C. Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, silk-mercer.
Street, G. Dulwich, carpenter.
Sutton, R. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, colour-dealer.
Taylor, J. Little Pulteney-street, Golden-square, cheesemonger.
Thomson, J. Cheltenham, victualler.
Tomsey, J. Beaumont-street, Marylebone, grocer.
Trust, W. Wellington-street, Strand, perfumer.
Tuck, E. G. W. Edmonton, market-gardener.
Turner, B. Basing-lane, wine-merchant.
Wall, R. Brixton, wheelwright.
Ward, J. St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, merchant.
Washer, J. E. Bristol, tiler.
Weaver, E. Francis-place, Westminster, road, grocer.
Wigglesworth, G. Halifax, factor.
Wilson, T. Barnley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer.
Woart, W. Woolwich, baker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced April 1825; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Forsyth, William, upholsterer and cabinet-maker, Aberdeen.

Grant, Thomas, manufacturer in Glasgow.

Hodge, Dav. grocer, Muttonhole, near Edinburgh.

Jamieson, John, merchant in Glasgow.

Lang, William, grocer and spirit-dealer, Paisley.

Mowat, James, perfumer and hatter in Edinburgh.

Raid & Bryce, spirit-dealers in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Adam, John, senior, muslin manufacturer and agent in Glasgow; by John McEwen, merchant there.

DIVIDENDS.

Air, William, merchant, Coldstream; by William Alexander, W. S. Edinburgh.

Cuthill, Rev. Alexander, Ayr, by John Sloan, merchant there.

Forman, George & Co. merchants in Stirling, by George Smellie, merchant in Glasgow.

Page, G. & D. & Co. merchants in Edinburgh; by James Macdonald, silk manufacturer there.

Rae, John, merchant, Footdee, Aberdeen; by James Edmond, advocate there.

Walker, Alexander, merchant and insurance broker in Aberdeen; by James M'Hardy, advocate there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1824. March 17. At Gibraltar, the Lady of Major Hill Dickson, 64th regiment, a daughter.

22. At Ayr, Lady G. G. Cumming, a daughter.

— At Portmarnock, Mrs William Bell, a son.

23. At Kinross manse, Mrs Robertson, a son.

24. At Buddington, the Lady of George Steed, Esq. of the royal dragons, a daughter.

26. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Street, Esq. of the royal artillery, a son.

27. At Abbey Bank, Kelso, Mrs Dr Douglas, a son.

— At Garry Cottage, near Perth, the Lady of Anthony Maxton, Esq. of Cultoonhay, a son.

28. Mrs Clephane, 5, West Circus Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

31. At Stranraer, the Lady of Major General McNaughton, a daughter.

April 1. At Kelso, the Lady of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, of Grange and Fountainhall, Diocesan, a daughter.

2. The wife of William Lang, journeyman shoemaker, Paisley, was safely delivered of four children. One of them was still-born; the other three, with the mother, are doing well.

5. At Scarborough, the Lady of the late William Gurley, Esq. of Peterhead, island of St. Vincent, a son.

— At Polkenmet, the Lady of Sir William Balhe, Bart., a son.

4. At Pontfield, Mrs Captain Douglas, R. N. a daughter.

7. At Cockburn House, Fifeshire, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Mowbray, a son.

8. At 26, Forth-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Lyon, a daughter.

— Mrs Scott, of Darnley, a son.

10. At 20, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Aytoun of Ineharnay, a daughter.

— Mrs Dr Aiton, West Cumberland-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

11. At Edinburgh, the wife of Mr John Holmes, of Water-Street, Canby, a son.

— At Newtonlee, Mrs Robertson, a daughter.

12. At Longrigg Hall, in the county of Lancaster, Mrs Howard, a daughter.

13. At Leominster, Mrs Bontine of Ardoch, a son and heir.

14. At Closeburn manse, Mrs Anderson, a son.

— At Woodlee House, the Lady of G. Scott Elliot, Esq. of Larroon, a son.

16. At Warkton, the Lady of the Rev. David Wauchoppe, a son.

17. Mrs Scott Moncrieff, a son.

22. At Forns, Cathness, the Lady of Alexander Cruikshank, Esq. of Shelnahouse, a son and heir.

— At No. 1, Hill Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ramsay a son.

23. At Perth, Mrs George Bell, a son.

24. Mrs Kennedy, 71, Great King Street, Edinburgh, of a still-born child.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs T. Turner of Tinnerhall, a daughter.

29. At 35, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Pender, jun. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1824. June 6. At Banlaah, Bengal, at the house of R. B. Burney, Esq. George Gordon Macpherson, Esq. of the Bengal medical establishment, youngest son of the late Major Charles Macpherson, Inspector-General of Barracks for North Britain, to Maria, daughter of T. Dawney, Esq. of Buckinghamshire.

1825. March 26. At Liverpool, Mr John Exmore, of Plymouth, to Miss Lister, only daughter of the late Mr Alex. Elder, much mt. Kirkcaldy.

28. At Edinburgh, James Grant, M.D. of Edinburgh, near Jedburgh, to Eleanor Maria Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. Robert Elliot, rector of Whelshurke and Illeggate, Yorkshire.

29. At Glasgow, John Palfour, Esq. of Piling Street, to Miss Robina Gordon, third daughter of the late Capt. Robert Gordon of Invercharron.

April 1. At Morton, Mr James Cockburn, farmer, Pitlessie Mill, to Jane, youngest daughter of John Mann, Esq. of Morton.

5. At Castles, in Glenorchy, Lewis McFadden, Esq. Auchinlaugh, to Miss Lucy Munter, youngest daughter of Duke of Palmer, Esq. of Castles.

— Mr James Thomson, farmer, Ramrigg, Berwickshire, to Christian, daughter of Mr Chalk Howden, farmer, Buggs, Leith.

— At Gloucester Lodge, the Earl of Carnarvon, to Harriet, only daughter of the Right Hon. George Canning.

7. At Rinn, the Rev. George Loudon, minister of Lintrathoun, to Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Montgomery, Esq. of Dunblane.

— In Berkeley Square, London, George Ferguson, Esq. of Pittou, Captain in the R. N. to the Hon. Elizabeth Jane Rowley, eldest daughter of Lord Longford.

— At London, Charles Ross, Esq. to Lady Mary Cornwallis.

— At London, John Wylie, Esq. of Lombard-Street, son of Alex. Wylie, Esq. M.D., of Edinburgh, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Wylie, Esq. of the Old Jewry.

8. Mr William Inglis, tanner, Edinburgh, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr John Marshall, farmer, Windlestrawlee.

9. At Ewelme, Oxon, Neville Reill, Esq. eldest son of Andrew Reid, Esq. of Leonsdown, Herts, to the Hon. Caroline Napier, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Napier.

11. At Muttonhole, in the parish of Cranstoun, Alexander Elliot, Esq. of Leith, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Mr Robert Rintou.

12. At Polmak, Robert Bruce, Esq. of Ken net, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late William Murray, Esq. of Polmak.

— At Edinburgh, William Hugh Hunter, Esq. fourth son of Capt. Patrick Hunter, Queen's Street, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Henry Vetch, Esq. of Elrick.

April 18. At London, W. Tights, Esq. of Woodstock, in Ireland, to Lady Louisa Lennox, fifth daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Richmond.

— At Dundee, Christopher Kerr, Esq. conjunct town-clerk of Dundee, to Jane, third daughter of the late Wm. Hackney, Esq. merchant, Dundee.

— At London, Captain Long, to the Hon. Miss Stanley, eldest daughter to Lord Stanley, and grand-daughter to the Earl of Derby.

19. At Dinning, in the parish of Dunscore, Joseph Taylor, Esq. younger of Ellesland, to Mary, only daughter of Jas. McKinnel, Esq. of Dinning.

— At Keppoch, John Catell, Esq. younger of Tranent, advocate, to Jane, third daughter of Alex. Dunlop, Esq. of Keppoch.

— At Dundee, John Henderson, jun. Esq. advocate, to Jessy, eldest daughter of the late Rev. James M'Ewen, Dundee.

21. Sir John Gordon of Earlstoun, Bart. to Mary, only daughter of William Irving, Esq. Charlotte Square.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Maciek, surgeon, to Eliza, second daughter of Mr John Paton, sen. builder.

27. George More Nisbett, Esq. of Carnhill, to Isabella Frances, eldest daughter of F. Cartwright Scott, Esq. Charlotte Square.

DEATHS.

1824. July 3. At Raungoon, of the wounds received at the capture of Cheduba, Lieutenant Finlay Ferguson Robertson, 2d Madras European regiment, son of the late Mr John Robertson, Weem, by Aberfeldy.

Aug. 26. Lost in the Ganges, by the upsetting of his boat, Captain James Head, commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship the Canning.

Oct. 7. Near Raungoon, in consequence of the wounds he received while storming a stockade, Captain William Allan, 54th regiment, Madras native infantry, eldest son of Mr William Allan, Leppold Place, Edinburgh.

22. At the Isle of France, whether he had gone for the recovery of his health, Captain John Macintosh, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

Nov. 18. At Cassin Bazar, suddenly, Henry William Droz, Esq. in the civil service of the Hon. the East India Company, Bengal establishment.

22. At Falmouth, Trelawney, Jamaica, Mr Walter Hart Jop, son of the late Robert Jop, Esq. Lenth.

Dec. 16. At Bellemont, Jamaica, George Willis, Esq. surgeon, son of the late Thomas Willis, Esq. Kirkcaldy.

1825. Jan. 13. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, David Macvicar, Esq. one of the Masters in Chancery there, son of the late Neil Macvicar, Esq. of Fergushire, writer in Edinburgh.

16. At St. Toolies estate, Jamaica, in his 19th year, William Bryce Glas, sixth son of the late John Glas, Esq. Stirling.

Feb. 6. On board the ship Medway, off St. Helena, on his passage home, Major Adam Brugh, 41th regiment.

11. At Antigua, William M'Dougall, Esq. late of the island of Tobago, youngest son of the late Rev. Dr M'Dougall, minister of Makerstoun.

19. At Paris, the Princess of Metternich.

March 23. At Springfield, near Gretna Green, aged 88, Mr John Millar, senior, and father of the firm of Messrs Millar, the extensive cattle-dealers from Aberdeen to London. He was one of the oldest cattle-dealers of the Border, and had crossed the Solway Frith more than two thousand times, before the erection of the metal bridge at Garristown.

23. At Canbo, Northumberland, Helen, wife of Mr Orr, surgeon there, and daughter of the late Mr Duncan, baker, Edinburgh.

— At Gatehouse, James Credie, Esq. Provost of that burgh.

27. At Bath, in the 46th year of his age, the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert, brother to the Earl of Carnarvon.

28. At Larkfield, near Stirling, Miss Jean Galloway, of Barrowmeadow.

31. At Woburn Farm, near Chertsey, in the 62d year of her age, Charlotte, wife of Vice-Admiral Stirling.

April 1. At Minto-Street, Newington, Edinburgh, Mansfield, daughter of the late Robert

Forrester, Esq. Treasurer to the Bank of Scotland.

April 1. At Genoa, Lieut.-Colonel Wauschope, of Niddrie Marischall.

3. At Wick, Hugh Clunes Innes, aged 18, youngest son of James Innes, Esq. of Thrumster.

5. Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Robertson of Hallerail, in the county of Lanark, much and universally regretted for his amiable disposition, and for his many valuable qualities as a country gentleman. The corps of yeomanry of the Upper Ward, in the formation of which his unwearied activity and zeal was essentially useful, were so much attached to him, that, as a last tribute of regard, and mark of respect to his memory, they affectionately assembled in corps at his funeral, which they respectfully conducted with all military honours, under the command of Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart, of Lee and Carnwath.

6. At Glasgow, John Baird, Esq. M.D. aged 51 years, after a long and protracted illness.

— At Aberdeen, in the 50th year of his age, Mr John Dordard, merchant, Montrose.

— At Elm Row, Mrs Janet Foggie Ireland, wife of Patrick Gillespie, M. D.

7. At Edinburgh, in the 28th year of her age, Mrs Peter Gray, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Hutcheson, of Dalkeith.

— At Waterloo Cottage, near Dundee, Mrs Robert Millar, daughter of the late Provost Alexander Christie, of Montrose.

— At Port Glasgow, John Laird, jun. Esq. merchant there.

8. At Rosfield, near Dumfries, Mrs Janet Isabella Lundie, relict of Dr Andrew Wardrop, surgeon in Edinburgh.

— At Galashiel, Mrs Paterson, relict of Baibe Thomas Paterson, of Galashiel.

9. At her house, Bothwell, Mrs Marion Nesmith, relict of the late John Forbes Aikman, Esq. of Ross and Bromelton.

— In Clifford-Street, London, at the house of her father, General Dunlop, M. P., Anna, wife of Captain Davies, of the Grenadier guards; and on the 11th, their infant son.

10. At Port Glasgow, Mr James Lusk, aged 65 years. He filled the office of Postmaster there for 25 years.

— At his Lodgings, in Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, Lieut. Col. John Fraser, of the 50th regiment.

11. At Stawston manse, the Rev. James Douglas, minister of that parish.

— At Hkerton Rectory, near Wooler, Northumberland, aged 57, much regretted by her numerous family, Mrs Johnston, wife of the Rev. John Johnston, Rector of Hkerton, and daughter of the late Thomas White, Esq. of Primrose Barns, in the parish of Carrington, Mid-Lothian.

12. At Melrose, Mr Arohd. Anderson, late supervisor of Excise, aged 89 years.

13. At Makerstoun House, Sir Henry Hay Makdougall of Makerstoun, Bart.

15. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Henry Percy, C. B., M. P., fifth son of the Earl of Beverly.

— At the Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart, wife of Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glasserton.

— At his house, India-Street, Edinburgh, William M'Harg, Esq. of Kiers.

16. At 36, Castle-Street, Edinburgh, Miss Catherine Barkly.

— At the seat of the Countess of Guilford, Putney Hill, where he was on a visit, Henry Fuseli, Esq. R. A. in the 86th year of his age, Mr Fuseli was a native of Zurich, in Switzerland, and, after having distinguished himself as a scholar at the University in that city, he travelled to Germany, and came to England, about the year 1764, with a view of gaining an honourable livelihood by his literary attainments. Intended for the church, and educated accordingly, the art of design was fostered as an amusement, but not cultivated as a profession. It was the praise bestowed upon his drawings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the desire which that great artist expressed of having some of them copied, that animated his hope of becoming an artist, and thus determined his future walk in life. In the year 1771, he made the resolution to visit Italy, that he might study the antique, as well as the works

of Michael Angelo and Raphael, whence he returned to this country in the year 1779, since which period he has annually contributed to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. For twenty years Mr Fuseli has held the situation of Keeper of the Royal Academy, and filled the chair of Professor of Painting. As keeper, and therefore master in the school of drawing, some of the present members of the Royal Academy, who were his pupils, can testify to the extent of his knowledge, and the accuracy of his eye. As a critic, the public are well acquainted with his merits, from the notes in the last edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, and a volume of lectures which he delivered at the Academy; and as an artist, his merits will ever be appreciated for the boldness of conception that appears in every subject which he treated, the grandeur of his line, and the versatility of his powers, "from serious to gay." These remarks the series of pictures in the Shakespeare and Milton galleries, and those which have adorned the walls of the Royal Academy, fully justify.

April 16, Mr Alexander Johnston, ironmonger, Edinburgh, in the 68th year of his age.

— At London, Lieut.-Colonel John Fraser, of the 50th regiment.

17. At 25, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh. Major-General Thomas William Kerr.

— At his house, 29, Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, Horatius Cannan, Esq. W. S.

18. At Balcurvie, Miss Beaton, of Balbairdio.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Margaret Livingstone, spouse of John Livingstone, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, and daughter of the late Robert Bell, Esq. advocate.

— At Glasgow, Herbert Buchanan, Esq. of Arden.

19. At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mary Abercromby, second daughter of General Sir Ralph Abercromby, of Tulibody, K. L. and of Mary Anne, Baroness Abercromby.

20. At Montrose, Mrs David Whyte, aged 71 years.

21. At St Andrew's, Mrs Margaret Tod, wife of Mr David Balfour, writer there.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Wilson, late brewer, Portsburgh.

22. At Sornberg, Marion, second daughter of the late Bruce Campbell, Esq. of Gayfield.

— Mr David Christie, merchant, Montrose, aged 73 years.

— At Brechin, Jane Burnett, in the 95d year of her age.

23. Miss Margaret Scott, 45, Prince's-Street, in the 90th year of her age.

— At London, William P. Williamson, Esq. wine-merchant, Leith.

24. At his house, Warriston Crescent, Robert Durie, Esq. of Craigluscar.

— At St. Andrew's, Mr John Gunn.

— At the manse of Monivard, Mrs Jacobina Macduff, wife of the Rev. Colin Baxter.

25. At Kirkaldy, Margery, eldest daughter of George Beveridge, wood-merchant there.

26. At his house in Hill-Street, Berkeley Square, London, the Right Hon. James Lord Glastonbury, in the 83d year of his age.

27. At Glasgow, Mr Alex. Wyllie, cotton-yarn-merchant.

30. Helen Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart.

May 1. At 131, George Street, Edinburgh, Neil Macvicar, youngest son of William Burn, Esq. architect.

May 3. In the 32d year of his age, and 2d of his incumbency, the Rev. Robert Knox, minister of Ordequhill; deeply lamented by his parishioners. The circumstances attending his death must add poignancy to the feelings of his sorrowing friends, and deeply enhance their regret for his premature loss. On the 2d current, along with a gentleman recently presented to a church in the same presbytery, he had been paying a visit to a neighbouring clergyman; and they were returning on horse-back, Mr Knox riding a small vicious pony, which had often thrown him, and which many of his friends had intreated him to give up using. When they had proceeded a few miles homeward, the pony, in its customary way, made a start and threw its rider on the road, but by which he said he received no hurt, and again got on its back. They continued to ride at a pretty smart trot, until they had passed the toll-bar near the 6th mile-stone, on the road from Banff to Keith; when Mr Knox, after directing his friend to the proper road, bade him good-night, and rode off. It was about a quarter to ten o'clock P. M., when they passed the bar; and a gig; with two gentlemen, followed them soon after in the same direction. About half a mile past the bar, these gentlemen were alarmed by finding a person lying on the road, and their first impression was that he had been robbed and murdered; but on seeing his hat firm on his head, that he wore spurs, and had a whip in his hand, or close beside him, they concluded that he had been thrown from his horse. The gentlemen immediately called the nearest assistance; and on the people at the bar coming up, they recognised the person then supposed dead to be Mr Knox. He was placed in the gentlemen's gig, and carried to the toll-bar, and a medical gentleman instantly sent for; notice was, at the same time, sent to Colonel Gordon, who arrived in a few minutes, and immediately dispatched an express to Banff for another medical gentleman, and both were very soon on the spot. The left eye appeared considerably bruised and discoloured; on examination, the medical gentlemen could not discover any fracture; but they were afraid that a serious concussion of the brain had taken place; and by the morning they intimated that the case was hopeless. Mr Knox continued quite insensible to every thing around him, and expired about eight o'clock the following evening.

Lately, In Essex, Charles Williamson, Esq. student of medicine at the University of Edinburgh.

— On board the ship Simpson, on his passage from Bombay to London, Captain James Macalium, of the 4th regiment native infantry, Bombay establishment, in the 32d year of his age.

— At Kirkpatrick Fleming, Mary Scott, better known by the name of "Old Mally," at the very advanced age of 99. Mally kept a small public house, and by her attention to those frequenting it to spend a cheerful hour, and civil and obliging manners, she gained the respect and esteem of the whole neighbourhood. It is somewhat singular that Mally sold a dram, and resided in the same house in which she died, for the long period of 81 years.

— In St. Cuthbert's Charity Workhouse, John Birrell, aged 75. This individual sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and fought under General Wolfe in America. It is understood that his mother is still alive, being upwards of 300 years old, and resides in the parish of Falkland.

— At Cairnbrock, Wigtonshire, John Ross, Esq. of Cairnbrock.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
 AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY,
 BEING A NEW SERIES OF
The Scots Magazine.

JUNE 1825.

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EDINBURGH:
 PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>			<i>Morn.</i>			<i>Even.</i>			<i>Days.</i>			<i>Morn.</i>			<i>Even.</i>		
July 1825.			H.	M.		H.	M.		July 1825.			H.	M.		H.	M.	
Fr.	1		2	45		3	4		Su.	17		3	10		3	31	
Sa.	2		3	23		3	41		M.	18		3	53		4	12	
Su.	3		3	59		4	16		Tu.	19		4	32		4	54	
M.	4		4	34		4	50		W.	20		5	15		5	37	
Tu.	5		5	7		5	24		Th.	21		6	1		6	24	
W.	6		5	42		6	0		Fr.	22		6	49		7	18	
Th.	7		6	20		6	40		Sa.	23		7	50		8	26	
Fr.	8		7	4		7	30		Su.	24		9	5		9	47	
Sa.	9		7	59		8	30		M.	25		10	29		11	8	
Su.	10		9	8		9	46		Tu.	26		11	37		—	—	
M.	11		10	23		10	58		W.	27		0	6		0	33	
Tu.	12		11	31		—	—		Th.	28		0	59		1	20	
W.	13		0	2		0	27		Fr.	29		1	40		2	0	
Th.	14		0	54		1	17		Sa.	30		2	18		2	36	
Fr.	15		1	42		2	4		Su.	31		2	53		3	8	
Sa.	16		2	26		2	48										

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	D.	M.	H.
Last Quart...Fr.	8.	16	past 7 morn.
New Moon...Fr.	15.	18	— 10 aftern.
First Quart...Fr.	22.	27	— 3 aftern.
Full Moon...Fr.	29.	50	— 9 aftern.

TERMS, &c.

July

9. Court of Session rises.
12. Royal Burghs meet.
19. King George IV. crowned, (1821.)

Editor's Note.

"Greece," the "South American Seaman," "Marginal Notes," and perhaps "Parisian Madman," in our next.

We purpose, in July, to give a few hints to the *venerable Young Elders* of the last *General Assembly*.

The Latin Ode, we are sorry to say, will not exactly suit us. In this country, to our shame, we know so little of Latin quantity, that we cannot even make *nonsense* verses that will bear scanning. How foolish, then, to attempt making *sense* verses in a language of which Scotchmen are in general so lamentably ignorant!

As we consider Phrenology to be the purest and most contemptible hoax and humbug of the day, we can scarcely insert any thing in reference to it, either *pro* or *con*.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JUNE 1825.

REMARKS ON "TALKS OF THE CRUSADERS."

LONG before the era of the Crusades, the barbarians, who overturned the Empire of the West, had succeeded in establishing, on the ruins of ancient institutions, the system of feudalism, which they brought with them from their woods and fastnesses. This system, essentially warlike in its character, and equally adapted to the largest and the smallest states, soon spread over the greater part of Europe, and firmly established the dominion of ignorance, barbarism, and force, over the lingering, but degenerate remnants of ancient civilization. Such of the useful or liberal arts as had survived the wreck of Roman greatness, were lost in the Cimmerian darkness that succeeded that catastrophe; the works of genius, which had escaped the ravages of time and the destructive fury of revolution, were buried in monasteries and religious houses, where they were no longer understood or valued; science was swept away in the general ruin, the debasing absurdities of judicial astrology being all that remained of the astronomy of the Greeks; and Christianity, which, in a purer form, might have mollified the natural ferocity of barbarism, and exerted a benign and humanizing influence over the wild tribes that had embraced it, accommodated itself to the savage passions and prejudices which it ought to have corrected and restrained, and thus, instead of enlightening, contributed to brutalize the minds of its votaries. The spirit of liberty, in which genius lives, moves, and has its being, was utterly extinguished; the deadly nightshade

of superstition had instilled its pestiferous venom into the whole frame of society; and the utmost debasement and prostration of mind was strangely blended with that rage for war, adventure, violence, and disorder, which characterize imperfect civilization.

But the Franks, and other nations, who now acknowledged Rome as the spiritual mistress of the world, had preserved themselves uncontaminated by that effeminacy, sensuality, and voluptuousness, which equally degraded the character of the Latins and Greeks of the Lower Empire. Remarkable for an impetuous enthusiastic valour, the nature of feudal tenures and knight-service tended to foster the warlike spirit in which they delighted; while their leisure, occupied in martial exercises or the labours of the chase, rendered their bodies robust and vigorous, nurtured the habits which it was the object of their rude institutions to form, and prepared them, not only to endure the fatigues of war, but to display those qualities of high daring and enterprise, which, in the opinion of the world, atone for all its miseries, and shed a halo of glory around the darkest of its crimes. Religion, too, mingling with those tendencies which it ought to have repressed, and engrafting the wildest fanaticism on the martial character of the age, gave birth to the institutions of chivalry, which, in its turn, produced the age of romance, and effected a change in the manners and habits of men, remarkable in itself, and particularly deserving of attention from the in-

fluence it has exerted on the characters of modern nations.

Hence, between the age of Charlemagne and that of the Crusades, a revolution took place among the Spaniards, Normans, and French, which gradually extended to the rest of Europe. The infantry service was abandoned to the serfs, or villeins; the strength of armies consisted of cavalry; and the name of soldier was confined to the gentlemen, who served on horseback, (*equites*,) and were invested with the honour of knighthood. The Dukes and Counts, usurping the rights of sovereignty, divided their respective provinces among inferior barons; the barons distributed among their vassals the fiefs or benefices of their jurisdiction; and these military tenants, being *parces curiae*, composed the noble or equestrian order, which scornfully repudiated the peasant or burgher, as of a different and lower species. The dignity and purity of their blood was anxiously preserved by equal alliances; and those only of their sons who could produce four quarters, or lines of ancestry, without a bar sinister on their shield, might legally lay claim to the honour of knighthood; though a valiant plebeian was sometimes ennobled by the sword, and became the father of a new race. It was competent to an individual knight, however, to impart the character he had received; and the warlike potentates of Europe took greater pride in, and derived more glory from, this personal distinction, than from the greatness of their kingdoms, or the splendour of their diadems.

The ceremony of the investiture of knighthood, of which some traces may be found in the woods of Germany, (see *TACITUS De Mor. Germ.*), was, in its origin, simple and profane. The candidate, after some preliminary trial, was invested with the sword and spurs; and his face or shoulder was struck a slight blow, emblematic of the last affront which it was lawful for him to endure. But superstition mingled in every action of public and private life: in the Holy Wars it sanctioned, and in some measure hallowed the profession of arms; in the order of chivalry it effected an assimilation of rights

and privileges to those of the sacred orders of the priesthood. The bath and white garment of the novice were no very decorous copy of the regeneration of baptism; his sword, offered on the altar, was blessed by the ministers of religion; his reception was peculiarly solemn, being preceded by fasts and vigils; and he was dubbed a knight in the name of God, St. George, and St. Michael. He swore to perform the duties of his profession; an oath which education, example, and public opinion, combined to preserve inviolable. As the champion of God and the ladies, he devoted himself to speak the truth, maintain the right, practise courtesy, pursue infidels, despise the allurements of ease and safety, and vindicate the honour of his character in every perilous adventure.

Though the abuse of the same spirit provoked the turbulent to despise the arts of industry and peace, to esteem themselves the sole judges and avengers of their own injuries, and to neglect the laws of civil society, as well as military discipline; "yet," as Gibbon has remarked, "the benefits of this institution, to refine the temper of barbarians, and to infuse some principles of faith, justice, and humanity, were strongly felt, and have been often observed. The asperity of national prejudice," he adds, in continuation, "was softened; and the community of religion and arms spread a similar colour and generous emulation over the face of Christendom. Abroad, in enterprize and pilgrimage,—at home, in martial exercise, the warriors of every country were perpetually associated; and impartial taste must prefer a Gothic tournament to the Olympic games of classic antiquity. Instead of the naked spectacles which corrupted the manners of the Greeks, and banished from the stadium the virgins and matrons, the pompous decoration of the lists was crowned with the presence of chaste and high-born beauty, from whose hands the conqueror received the prize of his dexterity and courage. The skill and strength that were exerted in wrestling and boxing bear a distant and doubtful relation to the merit of a soldier; but the tournaments, as they were invented in France, and eagerly adopted

both in the East and West, presented a lively image of the business of the field. The single combats, the general skirmish, the defence of a pass or castle, were rehearsed as in actual service; and the contest, both in real and mimic war, was decided by the superior management of the horse and lance. The lance was the proper and peculiar weapon of a knight: his horse was of a large and heavy breed; but this charger, till he was roused by the approaching danger, was usually led by an attendant, and he quietly rode a pad, or a palfrey, of a more easy pace. His helmet, his sword, his greaves, and his buckler, it would be superfluous to describe; but at the period of the Crusades, the armour was less ponderous than in latter times; and instead of a massy cuirass, his breast was defended by an habuk, or coat of mail. When their long lances were fixed in the rest, the warriors furiously spurred their horses against the foe; and the light cavalry of the Turks and Arabs could seldom stand against the direct and impetuous weight of their charge. Each knight was attended to the field by his faithful squire, a youth of equal birth and similar hopes; he was followed by his archers and men-at-arms; and four, or five, or six soldiers, were computed as the complete furniture of a lance. In the expeditions to the neighbouring kingdoms, or the Holy Land, the duties of the feudal tenure no longer subsisted; the voluntary service of the knights and their followers was either prompted by zeal and attachment, or purchased with rewards and promises; and the numbers of each squadron were measured by the power, the wealth, and the fame of each independent chieftain. They were distinguished by his banner, his armorial coat, and his cry of war; and the most ancient families of Europe must seek, in these achievements, the origin and proof of their nobility."

With these few desultory remarks on the institution of chivalry, of which the Crusades were at once an effect and a cause, we come now to the admirable "*Tales of the Crusaders,*" embodying a vivid picture of the manners, usages, feelings, and

achievements, of that warlike and romantic age.

These are two in number; and as the scene of the first is laid on the borders of Wales, and that of the second in Palestine, we conclude that it was the author's design to exhibit the effects produced by the institution of chivalry on the domestic character and condition, as well as the military expeditions of that heroic age. Assuming that we are correct in this conjecture, we think the author has been completely successful in the execution of his plan. In the histories or chronicles of the time, the reader will seek in vain for a picture, so varied and yet so true, of the manners and customs of that heroic age, as these are displayed in the sentiments and conduct ascribed to the Norman knights, the flower of chivalry, who form the *dramatis personæ* of the first tale; and this picture is heightened in effect by the strong contrast presented between their systematic valour, gallant bearing, high sense of honour, and romantic devotion to the fair sex,—and the wild bravery, fiery spirit, savage manners, and restless love of predatory warfare, by which the Cymry were characterised. Raymond de Berengcr, and Hugh de Lacy, the Constable of Chester, are not so much individuals, though, in that capacity, they are brought fully and distinctly before our imagination, as the representatives of a class, who speak the language and utter the sentiments of the age. They are the impersonations of a mind, second—if, indeed, it be second—only to that of Shakspeare himself, which, by a strength of conception peculiar to such minds alone, can clothe the individual with the attributes of the time in which he lives, yet preserve his individuality, and give us at once the portrait of one man, and that of the class to which he belongs. But as it is among the great body of the people that we must look for those traits that go to form the character of nations at a particular period, so it is in his inferior characters that this author shines unrivalled and alone. In these he displays an originality of conception, and a power of development and presentation, unimitated, and inimi-

table. It will not, we think, be doubted, that Wilkin Flammock is one of his most powerful delineations; nor, making due allowance for his peculiar notions of female character, will any *man* hesitate to pronounce the modest, retiring, affectionate, yet ready-witted and high-souled Roschan, the most heavenly Peri that ever flitted through the pages of Romance. But while we are, amused with the imperturbable phlegm, the self-willed fidelity, the dogged obstinacy, the stubborn resolution, the effective courage, and rude wisdom of the stout burgher, we catch the contagion of higher feelings as often as his daughter comes upon the scene. Every word she utters is instinct with genius; and though, in conformity with the manners of the time, she shuns interference with all that is properly beyond a maiden's sphere, we readily yield to the force of her superior mind that ascendancy which it exercises, almost unconsciously, both on the character and fortunes of her mistress. Her wit is never at fault, her resolution never bends, her aspirations, though disguised, are always lofty, her prudence decided and unerring. She clings to her mistress like the ivy to an ancient tower; but it is not to climb to an elevation which she could not have reached by herself—it is not to entwine her roots with the strength of that to which she adheres—it is not to seek, but to give support. In her, a mind of the noblest mould is tempered with all the sweet and innocent graces of woman, and, above all, by that natural modesty which gives to female magnanimity its most witching charm. Hence, we constantly wish for her presence on the scene, and feel that it is never so animated as when she appears; yet we are forced to confess, that the author has shown his skill in not lessening the impression of her character by too great familiarity, and in leaving something for the imagination to do in filling up the general outline.

As to the hero and the heroine, they are composed of the usual materials, and neither will very deeply interest the reader. They suffer, of course, and are frequently in great danger; but there is compensation

in fiction as well as in law; they are finally united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and enjoy the happiness of that blessed state with a greater zest, from the misfortunes they endured, and the obstacles that seemed to obstruct the completion of their hopes. The generosity of the Constable, Hugh de Lacy, in renouncing his claim to the hand of Eveline de Brenger, who was his affianced bride, in favour of his nephew Damian de Lacy, deserves all due commendation; more especially when we consider the perilous fondness of old greybeards for young wives, and their perverse blindness to the consequences that but too frequently follow such ill-assorted marriages.

The character supported by the minstrel Vidal, who attends Hugh de Lacy to the Holy Wars, and immediately, on his return, executes a long-meditated vengeance, which happily falls, not on the head of the veteran Constable, but on that of a usurping and treacherous kinsman, is certainly improbable enough, according to our notions of probability. The minstrel, who proves to be Cadwallon of the nine lays, chief bard of Gwenwyn of Powisland, whom Hugh de Lacy had slain when he came to the relief of Garde Doloureuse, when closely besieged by the Welsh Chief and his Cymry, had entered the service of the Constable, with a determination to avenge the death of Gwenwyn, by devoting himself to the destruction of the man by whom he had been slain. His purpose, like that of Hamlet, appears, however, to have been shaken; and when he was about to renounce it for ever, a slight affront put upon him by the Constable fired his brain, and drove him to the desperate deed. He died in despair, because his blow had missed the intended victim, though it had fallen on the head of the guilty. Now, as we have said, all this generally considered is improbable enough; but the assumed character is admirably sustained, is completely original throughout, and is in perfect harmony with the manners and feelings of the semi-barbarous age to which the minstrel belonged.

Upon the whole, "The Betrothed," heavy in some parts, and in others very inartificially woven together, displays vast power of invention, and is equal, we think, to most of the author's preceding compositions, in the brilliancy of particular scenes, the richness of the costume, the originality of many of the characters, the high dramatic power of the dialogues, and the fidelity with which it shows the "age and body of the time" in which the scene is laid.

Turn we now from this homopicture of chivalry to the glorious, gorgeous East, rich in "barbaric pearl and gold," to the plains of Palestine and Syria, where the warriors of the West were assembled to do battle against the Infidels, and to rescue from their dominion the Holy Land and the Holy City. And here we shall state at once, that no notice, far less a few general and desultory remarks like ours, can convey the slightest idea of the second "Tale," entitled "the Tallisman," which we fearlessly pronounce equal, if not superior, to any thing the public has yet received from the pen of this inexhaustible and unrivalled writer. Nor do we deliver this opinion merely because the principal characters are historical personages, to whose very names a certain degree of interest will be attached. It is, no doubt, delightful to mingle in fancy in those scenes where the Lion-hearted Richard, and the mighty Saladdin, and the son of our own gallant William, are the actors; but, undazzled by the halo which history has shed around the names of these princes and warriors, we ground our opinion on the matchless felicity of the incidents, the skill and force with which the characters and councils of the Crusaders are presented to our view, the equal splendour of the diction and costume, the variety of fortune, and the perfect success with which the anagnorisis is effected. Never have we perused a work of fiction the charm of which proved so engrossing.

In these circumstances, the work of a critic is simple; for beyond delivering an opinion—*valeat quantum, valere potest*—it is vain to say much of a book which everybody will read,

and which the learned and unlearned will criticise. But still, for the credit of our honourable calling, we must say a little, should that little be away from the purpose.

And here we remark, that, so far as we recollect, this is the first of the author's works in which the hero is really an interesting and important personage. This will be fully understood by those who take the trouble of comparing the impression left on their mind by the Waverleys, and the Mortons, and the Quentin Durwards, with the deep sympathy they cannot but feel in the fortunes of Kenneth of Scotland,—second, if second, only to Richard himself in prowess; his superior in every higher qualification; a glass in which the noblest of the Crusaders might dress themselves; poor in worldly means, but rich in honour, and in fame; foremost among the foremost in the day of battle; and nobly concealing his rank, that he might lay the foundation of his fame by his own achievements; we are hardly surprised, when we discover that the poor Scottish Cavalier is David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland. The breach of military discipline, for which the impetuous Richard dooms him to death—a fate from which he escapes by means equally extraordinary and interesting—affects us the more deeply, from our previous impression of his character, but prepares the way for his subsequent fortune, and affords an opportunity for the discovery of his real rank, which he reveals under the seal of confession, on the eve of the day fixed for his execution. Retributive justice, however, ultimately takes effect; he vanquishes in the lists the crafty Conrade of Montserrat, who had beguiled him from his post, and stolen the banner of England which he had been appointed to guard; and he is finally rewarded with the hand of Edith Plantagenet, the niece of the royal Richard. This is as it should be. The reader, however, will be more deeply interested in what took place in the cave of the hermit of Engaddi, where he sojourned with Saladdin in disguise, after an indecisive encounter in the desert; and in the conduct and bearing of the gallant

knight, when he appeared before Richard, to proclaim his own breach of discipline, and after the rash monarch had ordered him for execution. Edith Plantagenet is Rose Flammoek, in a different guise and station.

But there is nothing more remarkable in this splendid tale than the portrait of Saladdin, the mighty Sultan of Egypt and Syria. He assumes all disguises,—is now a solitary cavalier, ready for the encounter with whomsoever he may meet,—now an inmate with the crazy hermit of Engaddi, reading horoscopes, and watching the aspect of the stars,—and now a physician, possessed of a “*talisman*,” by which he relieves his high-minded enemy, Richard, when at the point of death; but in all his disguises there is something which betrays the Sultan. In chivalrous generosity and courage he rivals the best and bravest of his foes, and infinitely surpasses them in policy and refinement. In short, as delineated by our author, the Historical Novel has perhaps no character to vie with Saladdin.

In “*The Talisman*” there is too little Orientalism for our taste; and what we have is frequently bad.

This fault will be appreciated by those who recollect how much of the charm of *Lalla Rookh* and *Anastasia* is owing to the fidelity and skill with which Oriental scenery, manners, and customs, are described and preserved. The general reader will not, however, consider this defect as more than a grain of dust in the balance; and where there is so much to delight, it will not be easy to persuade him that there is any thing to censure.

The other characters are conceived with equal force, and supported with equal skill. We purposely avoid details on a subject of this kind; but we particularly refer to the Count of Montserrat, the Duke of Austria, the Grand Master of the Templars, and the brave, honest, bull-headed Anglo-Norman De-Vaux. Let these portraits be examined, and then let any honest critic say, if he can, that the Author of *Waverley* is abated in power, or exhausted in resources. This has been the cry of the Cockney critics for some time past; and we have little doubt they will raise it now as heretofore; for, why should they not labour in their vocation? but the public will decide differently.

To Catharine, from her Mother, on parting.

Go, Catharine, go,—and with thee bear
A mother's hopes—a mother's prayer;
And should the thought of home e'er wake
One tender sigh—one touch of care,
Suppress it for thy mother's sake.

I would not have thee think of home,
To dash thy joys, when thou may'st roam
Through scenes more fair than ever I
Was wont to lead thee at the gloom,
And talk of joys long since gone by.

But can I bid thee never dream
Of days, which to my memory seem
The brightest, happiest of my lot,—
The days which still upon me gleam,
And make my sorrows half forgot?

Oh yes! in virtue there's a joy
To which the world is all a toy—
A bubble on this life's dark stream,
A thing of air—still to destroy
The days nought earthly can redeem.

Let virtue, then, my Catharine, still
Thy thoughts employ mid good and ill,
And often, often think of me,
Nor let thy bosom cease to thrill
At lessons I have given thee.

I will not—cannot bid thee now
Assume the pale and gloomy brow,
And give thy every thought to care,—
No, Catharine, no—but still the vow
Of Heaven is on thee—then beware!

I do not, dearest, tell thee this
To crush thy hopes—to mar thy bliss—
To dash thy brightest hours with woe—
To cause thee taste of wretchedness,
Nor ever youthful pleasures know:

I only warn thee of the sting
Which guilty pleasures ever bring,
When all our summer days are fled;
Oh then my bosom do not wring,
But with thy virtue make me glad!

CRITIQUE ON OUR LATE "NOTICE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW."

(By a Correspondent.)

SIR,

Edinburgh, June 1825.

THE leading article in your last Number, entitled, "Notice of the University of Glasgow—its Professors and Students," I have read with considerable satisfaction. It appears calculated to be extremely useful. The notice of the proceedings of public bodies is always of good consequence, both to these bodies themselves, and to all who feel an interest in the proper management of their affairs. But in the present case there is a double benefit; as, by bringing our townsmen acquainted with a practice to which the majority of them were probably strangers, and by pointing out its advantages, the way may be paved for the introduction of something similar into our own University. In Glasgow, I have no doubt that the public distribution of prizes, on the last day of the Session, produces the happiest effects. Nothing can be better fitted to awaken emulation and excite to the love of study. The thought of being so honourably and so publicly distinguished will ever be present to the mind of the young aspirant, and visions of glory will flit before his fancy during the whole Session. No day, no hour, will be allowed to pass idly, while, in the reward that awaits him, he sees the recompence for days of labour, and for the waste of the midnight oil. There can scarcely be a greater encouragement to good conduct and steady application. The day when such a system shall be introduced into our own University, will, by every one that wishes it well, be hailed with unmixed delight. But while the general spirit of the paper thus merits approbation, there are one or two points on which you will have the goodness to indulge me with a few remarks.

The panegyrics bestowed on the different Professors are, no doubt, justly deserved, and you have probably proportioned the warmth of your praises exactly to the merits of each individual. Of Mr Jardine, the present father of the College, I have never heard but one opinion. All

allow him to have introduced that system of instruction which so honourably distinguishes the University of which he is a member; and Mr Campbell's late encomiums must have contributed to spread his fame.

In a good old age, he is now reaping the honours and rewards of a well-spent life. Yet he was not, I understand, greatly distinguished as a lecturer, nor would his character have suffered if he had confined his voice within the walls of the College, and never spoken from the press. As the public ministrations of a clergyman are considered scarcely so important as his private duties, so, according to the plan on which education is conducted in Glasgow College, the public lectures of a Professor may be of less consequence than the way in which he conducts the examinations of his Students, and trains them to habits of thought and of expression. Still it is very desirable to have, if possible, both these excellences united in the same individual; a wish happily found in Mr Jardine's successor. While he follows up his predecessor's plan with all the vigour and energy of youth, I can well believe that his lectures will far surpass any thing that ever came from the logic chair. In saying this, I have no wish to detract from the merits of those who have gone before him. Each of them had doubtless strong claims on public respect, and none more so than the venerable gentleman who still lives to enjoy the gratitude and esteem of numerous pupils, highly distinguished in every walk of life, and in every quarter of the world. But it is necessary that Universities should keep pace with the growing intelligence and refinement of the age, and no one, perhaps, is better qualified to meet these demands than Mr Buchanan. It is long since the Faculty did themselves more credit by an election.

The number of exercises prescribed in the class of Natural Philosophy, and shewn up by the Students,

is absolutely astonishing to us in this sleepy corner. As the Session lasts only six months, the Students must have written eight in place of four weekly. But the most amazing thing is the labour which the Professor himself must undergo. How does he find time to examine so many? Truly, his office can be no sinecure. And the fact you have stated cannot fail to place both his diligence and the industry of his pupils in a very favourable light. Mr Leslie may be a man of greater science, but Natural Philosophy will be taught at Glasgow more successfully.

In your enumeration of Mr Mylne's predecessors in the chair of Moral Philosophy, it does not appear why the name of Dr Reid has been omitted. Was he less worthy of mention than either Francis Hutcheson or Adam Smith? or has his philosophy had less extensive influence on the schools of Scotland? With respect to Mr Mylne himself, he is acknowledged to be an acute metaphysician, and an able teacher. But it is difficult to perceive what advantages his classification of the powers of the mind, or that of Dr Brown, possesses over those formerly in use. The truth is, that every writer, and every lecturer, on these dark and abstract subjects, thinks it necessary to introduce some changes, by way of giving an air of novelty to his speculations. But these seldom go beyond the phraseology. They resolve themselves into a mere dispute about words; and Dr Brown's philosophy in particular is nearly as unreadable as his poetry.

The way in which you speak of the Professor of Law would seem to insinuate that he has no other claim to notice than the having succeeded "that accomplished scholar, and excellent man, John Millar." If this is your meaning, allow me to say, that you cannot be acquainted with his character, and know little of his merits. Having met with him once or twice in Glasgow, and heard much of him from others, I can assert, that he is a gentleman in his manners, and truly benevolent in his feelings. He has not, indeed, been so much puffed as his predecessor, but this may easily be accounted for, without supposing him to be either a less ex-

cellent man, or a less able lawyer. I believe that he is at least his equal in both respects.

We come now to the Greek class.

And here I cannot but lament with you, that Greek literature is at so low an ebb in this country. In fact, a knowledge of it can scarcely be said to exist. From one end of the kingdom to the other, you would have some difficulty in finding half a dozen who deserve the name of Greek scholars. And the worst of it is, that while all other branches of learning are making rapid advances, this alone seems to be on the decline. The remedy which you propose for this melancholy state of things is the only effectual one. Let the study of Greek be commenced in the schools at a much earlier period, and carried there to a much greater extent. When this shall be done, we may hope to see some progress made in it, and scholars worthy of the name rising up around us. The idea of such being produced by college teaching alone, is immeasurably absurd. So long as young men enter the University, "unable to distinguish an Alpha from an Omega," I venture to predict that they will never go beyond the merest elements; and that as to any useful purpose, they might just as well be strangers to the very form of the letters. The change which has been introduced into the principal schools is something, but it does not go half far enough, and never will, till you can infuse more liberality into Greek Professors themselves. They have uniformly opposed every improvement of the kind. It may appear strange, but it is no less melancholy than true, that the moment any one finds himself placed in a Greek chair, he seems to consider himself called on to retard the progress of that knowledge which he is so well paid to promote. Whatever may be the motive, whether they esteem Greek a language too sacred to be communicated any where except within the venerable walls of a University, or whether they find the rudiments best adapted to their own acquirements, or whether they fear that their pockets might suffer by a more enlarged system of previous instruction, I pretend not to determine. Each of these may perhaps come in

for its share, and when all are united, it is little wonder that the literature of Greece should be almost unknown, and its authors no better than a sealed volume within the limits of Scotland.

After the statement, however, lately made by the Professor at Glasgow, it may seem that the above representation places matters in a somewhat too unfavourable light, and the retirement of a College affords facilities for carrying the study of Greek to a considerable extent. That statement consists of two parts: First, "that many of his students had come to him unable to read the Greek Alphabet—unable to distinguish an Alpha from an Omega, and yet they had finished their first six months course of studies, by reading, fluently, Lucian's Dialogues, and the Iliad of Homer." The circumstance, even if true, is not absolutely miraculous. It is, in my apprehension, quite within the bounds of human accomplishment. But the number that thus distinguished themselves would be very small; and besides, would you call any one a Latin scholar, because he could construe two or three pages of Cornelius Nepos? An equally learned Grecian is he who can, by dint of hard labour, hammer out a few lines of Lucian. Before you can be admitted into the University of Dublin, you must be able to read the four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, Walker's Lucian, Ormeston's Extracts, and the first eight books of Homer. The same law, or one equally extensive in its requirements, I should suppose, exists in England. And why should Scotland be an exception? The second part of the statement is, that the "Students of the second year had composed Greek verses so accurate, in point of quantity and metre, and so pure in point of idiom, that they would have satisfied even the critical eye of a Parr or a Porson." It is rather difficult to believe that the Professor made such an avowment. If he did, he must have calculated on its being heard only by boys and ladies, with the addition, perhaps, of a few old women. Any one acquainted with the subject will either look on it as a mere figure of speech, or view it with contempt. The thing is impos-

sible. Nothing like it was ever known in this country, nor ever will be; while the present system flourishes. I affirm, that the best scholar in the class could not write ten lines of prose in a pure idiom, and will stake my credit on the result. Till a complete reform is introduced, we need not hope to witness such achievements.

In the course of the article, the following observations also occur: "Another great fault I have to find with our Universities is, that their Principals, and some of their Professors, are working parish-priests in the town or neighbourhood where their University is situated. The voice of all Scotland has settled this point, that the moment a Principal or Professor accepts of the office of a priest, he should be ousted from his Principalship or Professorship; and the moment a priest is invested with the gown of a Professor, he should be stripped of that of a priest. The only men who object to this arrangement are our priests themselves, who always have been, and, as long as they shall continue an exclusive corporation, always will be, to say the least of them, fond of power and emolument, no matter how inconsistent these may be with what they (secularly?) call their sacred and peculiar office."

Is this paragraph seriously written? At all events, it takes a narrow and partial view of the subject. Have pluralities, against which the tocsin of alarm has been so loudly sounded, yet done any injury either to the Church or to the Universities? Has religion or literature suffered? If evils do exist, let them be pointed out. But no such thing has been alleged; and the General Assembly would have displayed a strange sort of wisdom, had they proceeded to legislate against mischiefs which, if possible, are at least extremely remote, and, in truth, never likely to arise. In Glasgow, there are only two cases of plurality. The number is small—would that it were greater, for sure I am, that the gentlemen who hold these double offices will yield to none in an enlightened zeal as ministers, or in the faithful discharge of their College duties! Every one who knows any thing of Glasgow, and is fit to think for himself, will

admit, that however odious the name of Pluralist, they are at the head of the clergy. In point of natural talent, acquired attainments, and liberal and enlightened minds, is there one can come into competition with them? Nor would it be easy to find either a student or parishioner complaining that their interest and instruction are neglected.

Nor is it exactly true, that the only men who object to pluralities are our priests themselves. By referring to the late proceedings of the General Assembly, you will find that the majority of the clergy voted for their abolition. This was no doubt a suicidal act, proceeding from very mistaken notions, but still they were guilty of it. Luckily, however, the laymen of the Assembly, satisfied of the advantages, resulting both to religion and to education from the present system, placed their *veto* on the overtures, and saved the country from one of the greatest injuries which it could sustain. The truth is, that the outcry against pluralities has been got up merely for the purposes of party. Dressed out, as it has been, in the showy drapery of declamation, it has assumed a shape well fitted *ad captandum vulgus*, and to catch a few breaths of popular applause. The promoters of it can scarcely have any other object in view; for it would puzzle them sadly to shew that the union has hitherto done evil, and to point out any beneficial effects that would follow from the disjunction. But in all societies there are some restless spirits, who have no pleasure in quiet. Raising themselves to the rank of leaders, "*doctores capite alto ferentes*," they are never happy unless their greatness is before the public eye, and their consequence exhibited by agitating the public mind; while the common herd, the "*ignobile vulgus*," follow in their train, with all the pride and conceit of a hollow independence. While subjects of dissension and debate are wanting, they make them for themselves, and will hardly scruple to sacrifice both the interest of their order and the good of their country, for their own individual advancement. To such persons, a passage which I read a few days ago in Ta-

citus seems peculiarly appropriate. "*Nec*," says he, "*deerat Otho protendens manus, adorare vulgum, jaccare oscula et omnia serviliter pro dominatione.*" Just so with our would-be church reformers. Power is their aim, and they stick at nothing for the attainment of it. They pay court to the passions of the vulgar. They flatter the silly and the ignorant with being most excellent judges, and scattering about their sweetest smiles, submit to all the degradations of slaves, in order to acquire dominion, which they may exercise with the tyranny of a despot.

Unfortunately they are making rapid strides towards their object. It becomes those who wish well to the existing order to be on the alert.

I have only one other remark to make. You speak of the now very mediocre priesthood of Glasgow. The fact that it is very mediocre must, I fear, be allowed. But when or how has this happened? In my opinion, the falling off must be ascribed to the lately-adopted plan of filling up vacant churches.

It is the custom now to permit each separate congregation to choose for itself.

The Magistrates, who have the greatest interest in the election, have thrown, cowardly enough, I think, the responsibility off their own shoulders, and given themselves up to the guidance of those who have a very secondary concern in the matter. What is the consequence? Some bustling individual has a friend to provide for. Off he goes; and, canvassing the congregation from one end to the other, carries his point. This is all he cares for. He thinks not of the respectability of the church, or the credit of the city. His friend is his all; and having placed him in the pulpit, he leaves both Church and State to shift for themselves. In the late appointments; you see the effects of the system—a mediocre priesthood. Why, it is the only result that a wise man could anticipate. A clergy thus appointed will be mediocre, and daily degenerate. But how is the reproach to be wiped off? Let the Magistrates assume their rights, and no longer consent to be mere cyphers, in the exercise of their

most important privileges, but step forward with boldness, and act with a spirit becoming their high office. They cannot be insensible to the respectability of the clergy; if, laying aside all regard to petty cabals and private interest, they will seek

out men of the highest talents and most commanding characters to occupy their churches, they will soon restore the dignity of the priesthood, and the best interests of the city*.

Your obedient Servant,
G. F.

THE FORESTERS†.

* We have read the pages of this beautiful Scottish story with feelings of unmingled delight. Our stiff-set reviewing features have been sometimes relaxed by pity, again elevated by admiration, and anon touched with emotions of pride, when we surveyed the scenes of unmerited distress into which this family of the Foresters was sometimes plunged, or when we saw the pure undaunted brow of virtue and religion opposed to all that misery which can possibly be inflicted on this side the grave, or when we beheld the intellect of the poor peasantry of our native land rising, by means of that discipline which the institutions of no other land but our own supply, over the greatest privations of life, above the frown of the great, and far above the utmost wisdom of those who, in the world's eye, seem the only wise. From beginning to end, indeed, this tale exhibits nothing but scenes on which the soul loves to rest its regards, and to the contemplation of which it returns again and again with unsatisfied fondness. That man who has written them (we know not who he is) has traced out for himself a delightful course of heart-training, and we cannot help longing to participate in that double joy which he must feel when the exquisite images of his own mind are reflected from the minds of many an admiring reader and affectionate friend.

Aware, as we are, that he has been charged with over-refining the characters of our peasantry, we cannot allow the accusation to pass without bearing our own testimony to the fidelity with which many of his pic-

tures are drawn. In a quarter of our land, not very remote from that where the scenes described in this story are laid, we have seen, we have conversed with, nay, we are proud to say that we have been intimate with men, with all the externals of mere peasants, and whose worldly substance never reached one tithe of the sum which Michael Forester was able at last to bequeath to his lovely daughter; and yet these men of our acquaintance—these peasants—these very ploughmen—had received such an education, as the reading of the best Latin and Greek classics at their parish schools, and an attendance of one or two years at College, could afford them. These very men toiled with the blessed feeling of independence, at the daily and laborious occupations which the possession of little capital and a small farm renders necessary. We have known women too, in the same situation with Agnes Hay, who possessed all her softness of disposition, and all her ardour of affection, with perhaps a considerably greater share of mental activity. As to Lucy Forester, the only child of this family of Nature's own nobility, we must confess that our knowledge of our native peasantry is a little outdone in the picture which our author has given of this charming vision. Nevertheless, we can identify many of the lines which he has traced in her fair portrait, as being equally applicable to many a smiling, "rosy-cheekit lassie," that bounds o'er the health-giving hills of Caledonia.

Instead of twaddling, as is usual with us, over a dull, beaten road of

* Although the Editor has reasons for dissenting to some of the opinions expressed in this communication, he does not hold this to be any objection to the insertion of a paper in which there are not a few very sound observations.

† The Foresters. By the Author of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, &c. William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, Strand, London. 1825.

observations, which have already been a thousand times repeated, let us take our author's words, when he accounts for the superiority in mental capacity and vigour displayed by our peasantry.

Who can estimate the blessings of education, when it comprehends within its range almost every dwelling in the land, and when all the most numerous families of the very poorest men, up even from the child of six years old to the grandsire of fourscore, can read, and in due measure understand, the word of God, and the written commentaries of man? From the humblest huts in such a country, come sometimes forth, in power, the illuminators of the race; while all the ordinary outgoings of life partake of a loftier character, among those who pass unknown to the grave, along the quiet paths that all end there, as well as the paths of glory. Generations do not then disappear merely like the leaves; but their's is an undying spirit, that pervades future time, and invigorates the whole frame of social life, thus continually increasing in strength and beauty.

The story of the Forester family is very simple. Old Adam Forester cultivated, as a garden and nursery, a small hereditary possession between Roslin and Laswade. He lived by the produce of his few acres. Michael, his eldest son, who had received a tolerable grammatical education, and had been one year at college, assisted his father in the management of the little property. Michael was a man of strong good sense, and of unbending integrity. His only brother, Abel, by a course of crime, was nearly subjected to the last sad degradation which the arm of the law can inflict on mortals. To save his life, the brother, who by this time had married Agnes Hay, an interesting orphan, consented to mortgage, and, after his father's death, to sell Dovenest, the scene of all his earliest affections, a spot which was never severed from his memory. By the assistance of some friends, Michael, after the death of his father, became tenant of a farm in the vale of the Tweed. Here he was struck blind by lightning; but he had beside him constantly his wife, Agnes Hay, and their only child, Lucy, a very gem of beauty, and of every virtue that can adorn the youthful female cha-

acter. Poor Abel, the prodigal son, returned from long exile, and after a short period of delirium, of recovery, of remorse, recognition, and forgiveness, he laid his bones at last in the land of his fathers. Abel had been married, and had left an only daughter in charge on a parish in Westmoreland. Michael and Agnes resolved to bring home to their abode at Brackenbrae this unfortunate child. They came amidst the lovely lake-scenery of Westmoreland, to the hospitable vicarage of Ellesmere. Agnes was there taken ill of a fever. The news of it brought her daughter unexpectedly to the vicarage. She charmed every one who approached her. The visit was returned next summer by the good vicar's daughter and his son, a Cambridge scholar. After a few adventures, the most notable of which was caused by a profligate squire in the neighbourhood, to whose mansion Lucy had gone to act as the companion and friend of his sister, Lucy was married to the vicar of Ellesmere's son, and happiness beamed on every one connected with the families of Forester and of the vicar of Ellesmere.

Abel Forester had committed the crime of forgery, and, to save him, Dovenest was sold. The successor of the person to whom the price had been paid, in satisfaction of a debt not due by him who paid it, restored the price to Michael Forester, and, blind as he was, he resembled the man of Uz, in that his latter end was better than the beginning of his life.

Many exhibitions of parental, of filial, of conjugal affection, are presented in the course of the smooth flowing narrative. The strong but paternal feelings of old Adam Forester are wound up to the highest pitch, when the ruthless officer of justice comes in search of his wretched son Abel, who had been accused, but unjustly, of being lately accessory to a capital crime. Soon after the officer had gone, Abel appeared the first time for two years at his father's house. Cold, and hunger, and wretchedness, in all their most hideous forms, had lately been his only lot. He sunk, as if he would rise no more, on the floor of his father's dwelling. The unhappy father, visited within a few hours by some

of the strongest of all human passions, had been struck by them to the heart, and by passions, too, as opposite to one another as mid-day and midnight.

These sudden shocks had for the time communicated, as it were, a preternatural strength to their victim. But when the final excitation subsided, it left him weak as a reed. He was sensible, before others observed it, that a palsy had crept over him,—that his powers of speech were benumbed,—and that this must be the finger of death. There was no painful distortion to distress the hearts of his relations; his speech was not greatly changed; but a mortal weakness overspread face and figure, and there was an expression in his eyes that told the lids would in a few hours be closed. "I am dying, children, let me have all your prayers;" and in a few hours he did expire, but not till he learned that Abel, however guilty, was not chargeable with the last crime of which he had been accused.

The scenes at the farm of Brackenbrae are such as have charmed us all in reading the descriptions of Arcadia; they have in them, in fact, to a modern eye, much more of enchanting influence than we can conceive as belonging to the half-indolent life of a shepherd. When Michael returned from his labour on the hill,

—and found his Agnes sitting at her needle, dressed as he desired, and with their daughter, Lucy, at her work too, beside her knee, he felt his whole nature not only supported, but purified by the presence of so much beauty, innocence, and affection. At evening, he saw those for whom he had been toiling during the day; and a feeling far profounder than pride or admiration was constantly in his heart, whenever he left or entered the humble porch. An undisturbed quiet was for ever in his house, broken only by the sharp shrill voice of an aunt Isobel, who liked to speak in an upper key, or by her footsteps, still quick as those of girlhood—and sweetest of all sounds, by the prattle and the singing of his Lucy, in features, the very image of her mother, but the most glee-some of children, and wild as the fawn in the wood. Yet in the midst of all her mirth, Lucy would fall hush in a moment at her mother's voice, and all the smiles nearly disappear in the composed cheerfulness of her eyes and her forehead. Then those golden clusters lay still upon her fair temples; the child, at

the bidding of her mother's eye, would take up her book, perhaps the Bible—and read—or in employment equally religious, with her little hands would set the house in order against her father's return, and arrange, upon the table, his frugal meal.

Such was the family of Michael Forester, and we do indeed labour under a grievous mistake, if there was not in such a groupe more of true dignity and happiness than is to be met with, aye, in mansions of princes. Time rolled on, and the only interruption, if it really could be called so, to all this life of satisfaction and love, was the accident which deprived Michael Forester of the light of day for ever. He became reconciled, happy under his sore privation, and he went about doing good, even to a greater extent than before. Lucy had few companions, but every one who knew her was her friend. Mary Morison, the only child of a neighbouring tenant, became a constant inmate at Brackenbrae, and an affection, pure as that of the kindest sisters, arose between these two children of Nature. Emma Cranstoun, the young, beautiful, and accomplished lady of the manor on which Michael Forester lived, entertained an attachment for Lucy, more resembling that of an equal, than of a person so far removed above her by birth, education, and fortune.

At length the consummation of the wishes of Miles Colinson, the vicar of Ellesmere's son, arrives. By slow and sure means, not by expressions of boiling passion, and nonsensical harangues, he gained the affections of Lucy Forester; and by the liberality of his father, and of an old London solicitor, his uncle, he lived on a scale suitable to his means, in a country abounding with the choicest of Nature's beautiful things, and with a treasure which he could call his own, but which he would not have parted with for worlds.

After eating the pine-apple and the peach, how can we return to these *frivoleux* fruits the crab and the dogberry? After such a luscious entertainment, how can we think of opening those fiddle-faddle story-books,—those Tom Thumb and Goody-two-shoes adventures,—those Babes-in-the-wood tales, which are every day making their appearance

in bales, and which are only fit to make nurseries exult with unbridled joy, or melt in unbounded grief? These are the dainty things with which we are now usually supplied by our kind booksellers. We are quite resolved, however, that, after such a treat as this at Nature's own

board, we shall not soon touch a particle of that filthy artificial garbage which smokes, with deceitful fragrance, on the tables of the many rich, but obscure, book-jobbers, with whom the country is even more infested, than in the book-making days of the illustrious Martinus Scriblerus.

FOURTH REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE EDINBURGH SCHOOL OF ARTS
—GRINFIELD'S REPLY TO BROUGHAM ON POPULAR EDUCATION.

I HAVE before me the Fourth Annual Report of the Directors of the Edinburgh School of Arts, or Mechanics' Institution. The Report was laid before the Directors of the Institution by Mr Leonard Horner, their zealous and meritorious Secretary, on the 7th day of the present month. Few subjects can more appropriately find a place in the pages of the Edinburgh, or Scots Magazine, than an account of an Institution of great practical utility, which has been formed, and has now existed with daily increasing advantages, for four years, in the heart of the metropolis of Scotland. Fortunately for the interests of education, which are in the most direct sense also the interests of the great mass of society, the Edinburgh School of Arts, from its first establishment to the present moment, has received not only the countenance and patronage, but the solid pecuniary aid of multitudes of men in our community, distinguished from one another by all the most glaring, and the most minute shades of difference in political and religious sentiments. Without a single exception, the press of Scotland has applauded the liberality with which the enlightened and wealthy members of our society have contributed to extend the benefits of a scientific education to the mechanics of our city.

In the sequel, I shall devote a part of my attention to the history and present state of this Institution, and

conclude with some remarks on a late pamphlet, by a Rev. Mr Grinfield of Bath, which has been written with a view to refute the opinions set forth by Mr Brougham in his admirable, and most extensively-circulated "Observations upon the Education of the People." I know not whether I should have ever heard of this Rev. Mr Grinfield, or his pamphlet in reply to Mr Brougham, had I not, by the merest accident in the world, opened, in a public library, an aged London Journal for May last, which I believe Lord Byron very appropriately designated "My Grandmother's Review," and which contained a sort of analysis of Mr Grinfield's important work, in a spirit quite accordant with his own ultramundane notions on the subject of Mechanics' Institutes*.

Perhaps the best and most concise account of the origin and purposes of the Edinburgh School of Arts is that contained in Mr Brougham's pamphlet, which has deservedly excited so much attention in this, and the neighbouring country; and I do not hesitate in using it, for the purpose of putting on record, in an authentic form, the proceedings of this Institution, during the two first years of its existence. In the Number of this Magazine for the last month, I had occasion to state, that Dr Birkbeck of London had the honour of first delivering lectures on science to Mechanics, in the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, about twenty-five

* Since this paper was written, I observe that the Rev. Mr Grinfield has been taken up, and rather roughly handled, by a severe critic in the Number of the Edinburgh Review just published. On looking into the Article, I resolved to throw my own dull diatribe into the fire; but finding there was no fire in my room, on second thoughts I resolved to send it to the press, not without hopes that it might do some good, although very inadequate, to expose fully the base cloven foot of priestcraft, lurking under the fair tunics of this sophistical parson.

years ago. The eagerness with which the artisans of that great manufacturing city flocked to hear those lectures, which opened up to them the principles on which their daily operations were conducted, shewed distinctly what success might attend similar institutions in equally, or even less favourable localities. However, it does not appear that the plan was adopted on any considerable scale till the year 1821, when a number of gentlemen in Edinburgh resolved, if possible, to form an Institution on a plan somewhat similar to that of Anderson at Glasgow. The promoters of the measure began by drawing up a short sketch of the proposed Institution, and causing it to be circulated among the principal master mechanics, with a request that they would read it in their work-shops, and take down the names of such of the men as were desirous of being taught the principles of those sciences most useful to artisans. In the course of ten days, between 70 and 80 names were entered, and a private meeting was held of a few gentlemen who were disposed to encourage the experiment. These resolved to begin a subscription for the purpose. In April 1821, they circulated a prospectus among the mechanics, announcing the commencement of a course of lectures on Mechanics, and another on Chemistry, in October following,—with the opening of a library of books upon the same subjects, for perusal at home as well as in the room; the hours of lecture to be from eight to nine in the evening, twice a-week, for six months; and the terms of admission to the whole, both lectures and library, fifteen shillings a-year. A statement was then issued to the public at large, announcing the establishment of a “School of Arts,” with the particulars of the plan; and so well was it received by all classes, that in September notice was given of 220 mechanics having entered as students, and such a sum having been subscribed by the public, as enabled the Directors to open the establishment in October. When 400 had purchased tickets, the two courses of lectures were delivered by Dr Forbes and Mr Galbraith; to which one on Architecture, and one on Fariery, were added, with a class for

Architectural and Mechanical Drawing during the summer recess.

The Mechanical Lectures had hardly begun, when some of the students, finding the want of mathematical knowledge, proposed to form themselves into a class under one of their own number, a joiner, who had agreed to teach them, gratuitously, the elements of Geometry and the higher branches of Arithmetic. This suggestion was warmly approved of by the Directors, and some assistance in books being given, thirty met once a-week for Geometry, and once for Arithmetic; and adopting the plan of mutual instruction, they arranged the class in five divisions, each under the best scholar as a monitor, and going over in one night the lessons of the night before. The number of this class being limited to thirty, those who were excluded formed another on the same plan, under a cabinet-maker, also a student of the School of Arts. The joiner's name is James Yule; the cabinet-maker's David Dewar; and their successful exertions to teach their fellow-workmen are deserving of very great commendation. Mr Galbraith, the Mechanical Professor, adopted the plan of setting exercises to his pupils, and a list has been published of those who chiefly distinguished themselves by the number and accuracy of their solutions, being twenty-five persons.

The average receipts of the two first years were, from subscriptions, £.448 yearly, and from the students, £.300. The average expenditure was about £.620, and a saving of £.300 was made towards building a lecture-room. The expenditure includes, for furniture and apparatus, £.216 a-year; for books and binding, £.110; and for expenses incident to the subscriptions, as advertisements, collection, and meetings, about £.70; leaving of current necessary expenses about £.220 only; so that if the extrinsic subscriptions were at an end, or were confined to the accumulation of a fund for building, the students could themselves carry on the establishment, and have a surplus of £.80 a-year for the wear, and tear, and increase of the apparatus and the library; and if their contributions were increased to a pound yearly, which

would probably make very little, if any difference, in the number of students, an additional £.100 would be afforded for the better payment of the Lecturers, or for the establishment of new lectures.

In concluding his short historical sketch of the Edinburgh School of Arts, Mr Brougham has well remarked, that, as nothing can be more useful to the community of this great city than the formation of this establishment, so nothing can be more honourable to the inhabitants than the zeal and harmony with which all ranks have united in conducting it, and all parties among the rich, in giving it their support. He concludes with a well-deserved eulogy on the Secretary, of whose great and surpassing merits in forming, and in a great measure superintending the Institution, every enlightened citizen of Edinburgh has formed but one opinion, and that is in full accordance with the opinion of Mr Brougham.

In its constitution, the Edinburgh School of Arts differs considerably from most of those Mechanics' Institutions which have been lately formed; and I cannot help expressing my wishes that it had some more ingredients of popularity infused into its system. Mr Brougham touches very tenderly upon this point, in speaking of the Edinburgh Institution; but in treating of the abstract question, he has delivered his opinion boldly and decidedly, that the active management of these seminaries ought to be vested in the mechanics themselves, as soon as, by the aid of men of superior wealth and education, they have acquired a degree of stability and apparent permanency. It is with much hesitation that any one would presume to differ with so great a master, on a point of such vital importance to all these institutions. The experience of Edinburgh, however, which possesses the oldest of these schools but one, would seem to indicate, that there should at least be such a number of leading and influential men, to mingle in the deliberations of the mechanics, as may tend to prevent them from running headlong into the abyss of untried, but clearly absurd theories, and from spending too great a portion of their precious time in idle or passionate discussions,

about the petty details of their Institution. Nothing of this kind has taken place in Edinburgh, from the circumstance that the Directors and Office-Bearers, with the exception of the managers of the library and apparatus, are chosen wholly from the class of contributors. I am well-informed, that in more than one place, which I studiously avoid naming, the little squabbles about the private affairs of the Institution have produced very injurious effects on the conduct of the members, and have, without doubt, retarded their progress in education in a very material degree. The observation applies to Institutions not above half the age of that in Edinburgh. However, if the higher classes in cities or towns, which can properly support such seminaries, neglect, what is their most palpable duty, to give their best assistance and advice to the workmen in the commencement and organization of their establishments, I hold it to be a matter of the first importance that the men should act a firm and independent part, and carry the principles which Mr Brougham has laid down, on the subject of constitutional regulations, to their fullest extent, by assuming the entire management into their own hands. I observe that it has been recommended, in circumstances where the object can be effected, that no more than two-thirds of the Committee of Management should consist of artisans, and the remaining third of the higher classes of society. It is probable that this proportion may suit as well as any other, because if the higher class of the Committee should attempt to dictate to the mechanics, or, by dishonest or insidious means, to make jobs for themselves or their friends, of the funds or patronage vested in the Committee, the mechanics, having always numbers on their side, could at once rid themselves of such coadjutors. In practice, I should conceive that the union of prudence, with superior education and wealth, would always secure at least an attentive hearing to the minority, and that minority might influence and lead, most beneficially for their own interests, those very men who would otherwise have fallen into dangerous or fatal mistakes. In sup-

port of the view which Mr Brougham has so decidedly taken up on this subject, I conceive it would be unfair not to mention what takes place in the management of dissenting congregations in Scotland. They have not only the sole power of electing their own religious instructor, from that class whose education and character has been approved by their own pastors, but the committees of their members, in almost every instance, direct peaceably, independently, and to the satisfaction of all parties, (not even excepting their controversial spouses and daughters, the most difficult to please of all mortals,) all the concerns of their chapels, from the first laying of the foundation-stone, to the collection of the last sixpence of contributions for the support of their minister, and the last halfpenny of their habitable offerings for the support of their poor. In drawing this parallel between a religious and a scientific association, I really cannot help, after all, paying a tribute of profound respect to the sagacity of Mr Brougham, in recommending so strongly, that, in all cases, the men themselves should be intrusted with the sole direction of their own affairs. He cannot, I am sure, be blind to the effects which the occasional quarrels among half-educated men must, sometimes produce in scientific associations; and these quarrels are not rare among societies of far higher pretensions in the world than mechanics: but his comprehensive mind has seen, that the risk of mischief from such disputes is to be rated in a far lower scale than the risk of indifference, which is almost certain to arise in those cases where the men are entirely excluded from the management of affairs in which they have the deepest interest. When I consider these things, I own that I am very nearly converted to Mr Brougham's opinion; but I should like to have a little more experience of the practical working of these novel and wonderful machines, for the manufacture of philosophers by the gross, before I venture to express any very positive idea as to their probable permanency. One thing I may affirm in regard to them, without the fear

of contradiction from any, except those crazy, supernaturated bigots, whose ears never transmitted to their incorrigible brains one report that had the semblance of liberality, or even of common sense, that these Institutions, so far as we have yet seen their operation, have produced an elevation of habits, of understanding, and of moral feeling, among those who have attended them; that they have engendered mutual feelings of kindness and respect between the higher and the lower classes in our land; and that, in not a few instances, have the pupils already taken their station in a higher rank of society than they could ever have expected to reach, without the aid of that instruction for which they have been entirely indebted to Mechanics' Institutions.

To return from these general remarks, let us attend once more to the working of our Edinburgh Institution. I find from the Report of the Directors of last year, the third from the commencement, that 317 pupils had attended the various classes. By the present, or fourth year's Report, I find that the number was 310, of whom 262 were new students, and 78 had attended former sessions. Their several occupations were as follow:

Joiners, Cabinet-Makers, and Carpenters, . . .	82	Within that In- struments Makers	3
Shoemen & Clerks, . . .	60	Knife Makers	0
Masons and Marble Cutters, . . .	45	Ship Carpenters	0
Painters, . . .	11	Physicians	2
Brass Founders	11	Musical Instrument Makers	2
Smiths and Furners	10	Dentists	2
Architects and Surveyors	10	Coopers	2
Engineers and Millwrights	10	Farmers	2
Jewellers and Goldsmiths	8	Mechanists	2
Printers, . . .	7	Plasterers	1
Watch and Clock Makers	7	Gold Beater	1
Teachers	7	Pocket-book Makers	1
Tailors	5	Brewers	1
Tin and Copper-Smiths	4	Wood Turners	1
Curriers and Tanners	4	Cross and Golden	1
Boot and Shoemakers	4	The Cutter	1
Gardeners	4	Coach Wright	1
Engravers	3	Plumber	1
Bakers	3	Sawyer	1
Dyers	3	Shoeler	1
		Hatter	1
		Iron Turner	1
		Scamman	1
		Footman	1
		Not yet gone to a Trade	5
			<hr/> 510

Without in the least disparaging the zeal and high merits of those who have taken the lead in this Institution, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that the proportion of out

population who have attended these lectures has been but small, compared with the numbers that have crowded to similar Institutions in other quarters. If I do not greatly mistake the cause of this deficiency, I must attribute it to the circumstance before adverted to, that almost the whole power of management is vested in the contributors, and little in the Students. If I might venture so far, I would suggest to the friends of the Institution the propriety of allowing at least a small number of the mechanics, chosen by the whole body, to be present at their deliberations, and, in some instances, to have a vote in their decisions. Were this done, I could almost predict that the interest felt in the establishment would be doubled in a single year. The Directors have indeed given admission to the open principle, when they have committed the charge of the library and apparatus, which are increasing in value and usefulness every year, to separate committees, chosen among the mechanics themselves; and in the close of the present year's Report, the Directors express their high approbation of the conduct of those mechanics who were appointed to these different offices. They even go so far as to say, that the success of the Institution has greatly "depended upon the zeal and judicious conduct of Mr Black the Librarian, Mr Reston his assistant, and the members of the library and apparatus committees." The excellent conduct of these men, in their respective offices, might, it humbly appears to me, be taken as a pledge, that they would show equal judgment and zeal, although elevated to a higher rank in the management of the affairs of the Institution. It must, however, be acknowledged, that there is much reason in what the Directors have stated in the outset of their Report. Their object, they state, has been rather to convey accurate and substantial instruction to a limited number, than to hold out attractions for a crowded audience, who would look only for recreation and amusing information in the lectures.

The tone of the Reports has acquired greater firmness every year

since the commencement of this interesting experiment on the mental capacities and energies of a class of men hitherto shut out from the sacred temple of Science. This year the Directors say, that they

—have great satisfaction in being enabled to announce to the annual meeting of subscribers, the continued prosperity and the extending usefulness of the Institution, which was founded, and is supported, by their enlightened liberality. It has now passed the period when its success was exposed to interruption from those accidents which so often arise before experience has pointed out the best course of proceeding; and nothing can prove more decidedly that it is established on sound principles, than the quiet, uninterrupted regularity with which the business of instruction proceeds, the solid and useful attainments acquired by the Students, as will appear from the Reports of the Lecturers, and the ease with which the whole is managed, to the entire satisfaction, it is believed, of the Students, as not a single instance of complaint has occurred throughout the year.

The course of instruction, the Report goes on to say, has been very similar to that of the preceding year. The summer months, subsequently to the last Annual Meeting, were occupied by the Classes for Mechanical and Architectural Drawing, under the able direction of Mr DICK, who has expressed himself highly satisfied with the progress of the Students. From the beginning of October to the end of April there were Lectures five days in every week; one day was devoted to Chemistry, another to Mechanical Philosophy, and the other three were occupied with the Classes for the higher branches of Arithmetic, and for the Elements of Algebra and Geometry. This last is a department to which the Directors have all along attached the highest importance, it being quite obvious, that, unless the Student has been well instructed in those branches, it is vain to expect that he can understand the principles of Mechanical Philosophy, far less be able to turn them to account in the exercise of his trade.

Dr Fyfe, whose services to the Institution have been very highly and deservedly valued by the Directors, delivered, as formerly, a course of lectures on Chemistry and the Chemical Arts. In conformity with the wishes of the Directors, he states, in the concise Report given in at the

annual meeting, that he had directed the attention of his pupils to some of the Chemical Arts, and subjects at present claiming much of public interest. Two of these were Gas Illumination, and Brown's Gas Vacuum Engine. The former of these subjects, it is acknowledged, is of very great public consequence, especially since the strong contention which has arisen among Experimental Philosophers, as to the comparative illuminating power of Oil and Coal Gas, and their comparative expense, when applied to the purposes of illumination. But I scarcely think that Dr Fyfe could have occupied the time of the class as profitably as possible, when he attempted to repel the objections against the *principle* of Brown's engine, and the still stronger objections that have been urged against its practical application. At all events, one thing is certain, that it has not hitherto been applied to any useful purpose, and till that was done, I am disposed to think that the Directors might have allowed the time devoted to such demonstrations to be applied to others of clearly-acknowledged utility and value, which lie scattered so profusely over the wide field of chemical research.

Upwards of fifty of those who attended this class volunteered to answer such questions as their Professor should choose to ask on the subject of his lecture. Dr Fyfe, in concluding his Report, states, "that, during the whole of his course, the greater part of those who had intimated a wish to be present at the examinations, attended regularly, and gave the most convincing proofs of having paid the utmost attention during their attendance at the lectures; indeed, in the most difficult subjects, they evinced a knowledge far beyond what had been anticipated."

I make no apology for dwelling on these facts, apparently so minute, for I am convinced that these details have a greater intrinsic value, both for the present moment, and for guiding our speculations and conduct in future, than a thousand well-turned sentences, filled with most controvertible, often pernicious, and almost always stupid theories, of much the same kind as this silly

parson Grinfield has chosen to indulge in, about the extent to which it is possible with safety to illuminate the minds of the lower orders—the terrible danger that will arise to the national schools under the true apostolic superintendence of the Holy Mother Church of England—and the worse than all terrible things, the dangers that must arise to all churches which rest on so rotten a foundation as that of England. All these speculations we give to the wind, believing firmly, that true religion will only be fixed more securely in the hearts of mankind, the more they become acquainted with the sublime works of Nature, and the more intensely they can be made to reflect on the power which created and constantly upholds these works. I was rejoiced to observe, by the Report of last year, and by that of the present now before me, that two of the ablest clergymen of our Establishment had given their most unqualified approbation of the School of Arts. So far from dreading, that when the fullest effulgence of the light of science should be let in upon the religious principles and the religious institutions of our native country, that these principles and these institutions would be destroyed by the blaze, these ministers, conscious of the purity—the unassailable nature of the religion which they firmly believed and faithfully taught, courted the closest examination of its principles, and they expressed themselves pleased, that by such Institutions as this under consideration, a higher intellectual and moral condition was attained by those who formed the great bulk of every congregation; and that Science thus became in truth the handmaid of Religion, by creating a greater susceptibility of mind in the lower classes—a susceptibility which rendered them more and more fitted to comprehend and to apply to use the great truths of the Christian religion.

The question, therefore, as to the interference or not of these Institutions with the religion of the country, or the religious establishments of the country, seems to be set at rest, in so far as Scotland is concerned. As to the High Church party in England, and their few contemptible adherents

on this side of the Tweed, I really cannot venture even a "guess" as to what pitch they may carry their growling murmurs, or their loud and demoniac yells, against all that is respectable in the opinion of the public, in reference to Institutions which I am convinced are destined to work a great and beneficial moral revolution among the people of this country. Those drivellers who still bow at the shrine of a power, the very phantom of which has vanished from this land,—those sneaking sycophants, whose only purpose, like that of the Rev. E. W. Grinfield, Master of Arts, and Minister of Laura Chapel, Bath, is to secure the applause, and, what is of far more consequence, the substantial patronage of such worthies as the Bishop of Bath and Wells, will, I have no doubt, be somewhat astonished when they are informed, that the Right Honourable Robert Peel, Secretary of State for the Home Department, and the Right Honourable William Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade, have both, within the last year, been contributors to the funds of this Edinburgh Institution. It is stated in the Report, that these two distinguished statesmen sent their contributions in consequence of having read the last Annual Report for 1823-24. It is added, that "it is particularly gratifying to find the utility of the objects of this Institution so recognised, and the principles upon which it is established so approved, by two such eminent individuals, whose talents have raised them to the high station they hold in his Majesty's government, and with whose opinions the prosperity of the country is at the present day so intimately allied."

But I am on the point of overlooking the order which I should have observed, in attending to the Report on my table. Really, however, Mr Grinfield, and his abettors of the school of darkness, afford so many opportunities to their opponents, the friends of light, of giving them a few passing salutations of kindness, that I could not, in spite of all the rules of logic, keep straight on my path. I must now return seriously to the excellent Report which was presented by Mr Lees, the Lecturer on Mecha-

tics. This gentleman had succeeded another who had received a more lucrative appointment, soon after the commencement of the course. He first informs us, that he instructed his class in the rules of Arithmetic and Algebra, dwelling particularly on vulgar and decimal fractions, and on simple and quadratic equations. On subjects connected with the various departments of practical science, "such exercises were selected and solved before the Students as were fitted to awaken the curiosity;" so that, whilst their attention was thus effectually secured by an interesting question, an excellent opportunity was obtained of habituating them to close reflection, and to a train of deduction which constitute the great source of improvement.

The Report of Mr Lees, who seems to be a person extremely well qualified for the situation he holds, is altogether so interesting, that it is unnecessary to make any excuse for inserting that part of it which relates to Geometry and Natural Philosophy, entire.

The most important propositions of the first five books of Geometry were demonstrated, and their application shewn in the solution of a variety of useful problems. As it is evidently impossible, in the course of one Session, to enter at any great length into a subject so extensive as that of Mathematics, it is my intention, should it meet the approbation of the Directors, to open a second class at the commencement of next Session, in which I propose to teach some of the higher branches, and to enter fully into the practical details, in order that the Students may be better enabled to study those excellent scientific works with which the Library abounds, and that the instruction imparted in the SCHOOL OF ARTS may be made to bear with greater effect upon the common business of life.

In the Lectures on Mechanical Philosophy, after a comprehensive revival of those subjects which had been treated of by Mr Wilson, (the predecessor of Mr Lees,) I proceeded to that of bodies falling freely by the force of gravity. With this part of our course the Students were particularly gratified, because of the facility with which the formulæ deduced enabled them to solve a variety of interesting questions connected with it. I next alluded shortly to the subject of projectiles. The doctrine of Central Forces

then occupied our attention. After availing myself of the elegant illustrations which Astronomy furnishes on this subject, the effects of Centripetal and Centrifugal force were palpably exhibited in a variety of striking experiments on the Whirling Table. The motion of bodies down Inclined Planes was next considered. This led me to the Theory of the Pendulum, which was discussed with considerable minuteness. From the fundamental principle a number of formulæ were deduced, to meet all possible cases of calculation. I concluded this part of our course, more strictly called Mechanics, by an analysis of compound machines formed from the elementary powers already considered.

After establishing the fundamental principles of Hydrostatics, we proceeded to apply them to the subject of Specific Gravity, in itself one of the most important to a commercial country, and which was therefore investigated the more fully. The effect of the pressure of water against embankments, and the subject of floating bodies, were also briefly considered. Under Pneumatics, the more remarkable properties of the elastic fluids were taken notice of, and the effect of atmospheric pressure shewn by the Torricellian experiment, and by others of a similar nature. The construction of the Air pump, without which our Pneumatical inquiries must indeed have been very limited, was minutely explained. The causes of winds, but more particularly of the Trade Winds, were shortly considered; and this branch of our course concluded by some remarks on the ventilation of Mines and Chimneys.

The next general division of science which engaged our attention was that of Hydraulics. After giving a general view of the Theory of Hydraulics, I proceeded to shew the method of estimating the velocity of efflux, from a given aperture, under a given head pressure, and from thence the quantity of discharge in a given time. I then entered into an explanation of several Pneumatico-Hydraulic Machines, particularly of the various Pumps. My last Lecture was devoted exclusively to an exposition of the Principles and Powers of the Steam-Engine. I endeavoured to trace it from its origin, as little else than a toy in the hands of a Greek, through those various stages of improvement which led to that form which it assumed under the genius of the illustrious Watt.

Through the whole course I have uniformly endeavoured to shew the application of Mathematics to the various subjects which fell under our notice; first,

by deducing formulæ from fundamental principles, and then shewing the application of these formulæ to the solution of practical examples. Various questions were also proposed for private exercise during the session, the answers to which evinced an enthusiasm and a research which would have done honour to any class of Students.

The solutions of the prize exercises are subjoined, by which the Directors will be enabled to judge of the attainments of the Students, and how far the object of this branch of the Institution has been accomplished. They will see, that the Session has not been squandered in useless speculation, or idled away on that flimsy, superficial kind of knowledge, which, while the *stamina* of the scholar are miserably wanting, serves but to engender conceit, and to conceal ignorance under a specious covering of scientific terms.

I cannot conclude this Report of our proceedings, without expressing my unqualified approbation of the *very exemplary* conduct of the Students. During my whole intercourse with them, I have not met with one single instance even of the appearance of irregularity, but, on the contrary, with all that is correct, manly, and respectful.

This truly edifying Report is followed by an intimation from the Secretary, that a communication had been received from the Scottish Society at Cambridge, an association of certain members of that University, connected with Scotland by birth, relationship, property, or education, announcing that the Society had voted an annual sum of Ten Pounds for a prize or prizes in the Edinburgh School of Arts. It is very justly observed, that so marked a recognition of the utility of the Institution—so flattering a proof of the impression made by the publication of the Annual Reports, and, it is probable, by the prize-essays of the students published in the last Report, coming from such a place, cannot fail to be highly gratifying to all who take an interest in the general diffusion of knowledge. Hitherto we have been accustomed to look on both the Universities of England as the nurseries, the very hot-beds, of all that was most rank and disgusting in priestly insolence and aristocratic pride. We must begin to change our tone on this subject. When we find the sons of our nobility, and of the most wealthy and

respectable families in our country, who are receiving the benefits of education in these great seminaries which we had, in our Presbyterian spirit of levelling, marked out for speedy destruction, if more speedy reform did not prevent it,—when we find such young men, who can so honourably divest themselves of low, but close-clinging prejudices, as to acknowledge that there are such creatures as mechanics possessed of rational souls,—when we find them go farther, and, in the substantial form here presented to us, foster the spirit of the mechanics of their country, we may yet augur well of these venerable seats of learning, and encourage the pleasing hope, that they who contribute so handsomely to propagate the precious plant of knowledge in their own native country, will themselves enjoy all the benefits which a liberal share of its fruits can confer upon them in the land of the stranger.

Unfortunately, the Edinburgh School of Arts is not possessed of lecture-rooms for its own peculiar use. The Directors, however, have not been inattentive to the important object of obtaining a permanent building for the purposes of the Institution. They had accumulated, twelve months ago, from contributions and fees of students, about £500. At that time, a meeting was held in Edinburgh, to discuss the propriety of erecting a monument in this city, to the late illustrious James Watt. It immediately occurred to the Directors of the School of Arts, that, by combining their accumulated savings with the sum drawn from the subscription for this monument, it might be possible to erect an ornamental building, which would both serve as a monument to Mr Watt, and afford ample accommodation for the School of Arts. The measure was highly approved of, I believe, by almost every one. Among the resolutions carried at this meeting, for considering Mr Watt's monument, the following is that which refers to the School of Arts:

Resolved unanimously,—That, in order to secure the completion of this monument, and to render it appropriate to the name and character of Watt, it shall be employed for the accommodation of the

Edinburgh School of Arts; whereby the memory of Watt may for ever be connected with the promotion, among a class of men to which he originally belonged, of those mechanical arts from which his own usefulness and glory arose.

A near prospect now presented itself, that the wishes of the friends of the Institution would be accomplished by their obtaining a convenient building. However, there appeared to be less enthusiasm in the purses than in the tongues of the good citizens of Edinburgh, and the sum subscribed for the monument, although respectable, considering the season of the year at which it was proposed, yet fell very much short of the sum required for such an edifice as it was intended to erect. I understand, that if the Bill for carrying through certain splendid improvements in this city had had the good fortune to pass this Session, it was intended to build the monument to Mr Watt on a commanding spot not far from the head of the Mound. Now that this bill has shared the fate of so many brothers in calamity, I presume that the proposal for building this monument must also stand over for another year, when perhaps the people of Edinburgh, restored to a suitable degree of patience, under a few salutary twinges of local taxation, may perhaps, after all, allow themselves to be rid of the terror of never-ending fires, and, instead of houses of tinder and heaps of rubbish, be glad to see fire-proof palaces and noble monuments embellishing the high places of their ancient city.

I must now take leave of this excellent Institution, which, from all that can be seen, is at present conducted on principles which are calculated to give satisfaction to every reflecting mind. No panegyrics of mine can add to its merits, nor can any thing which I may have thoughtlessly, but unintentionably said amiss regarding it, detract in the least from its real value.

I observe, that, in the city of London, an Institution is now forming, which is likely to be of great use to the persons for whom it is intended. It has no doubt been suggested to the minds of its benevolent founders by the extraordinary success which has lately attended the opening of

Mechanics' Institutions and Libraries in every quarter of this country. I am disposed to think, however, that if the proposed London University were fairly established on the liberal footing which its patrons now contemplate, there would be little occasion for the Institution referred to. The young mercantile and professional gentlemen of London could as easily attend the University classes, whilst at the same time they were partially occupied in business, as the young merchants and manufacturers of Glasgow, and the young advocates and attorneys of Edinburgh, find leisure to attend classes only properly fitted for adults. The London Institution may well serve as a model for similar Institutions in large manufacturing and mercantile towns, where no University or other corresponding seminary exists for the education of the middling and higher class of gentlemen, who are tied down to constant residence in such towns.

On the 3d of this month, a number of gentlemen, favourable to the scheme, met in London, and I shall only copy the short abstract of the objects of the Institution, and the means for carrying it into effect.

The object contemplated by the founders of this Institution is the diffusion of useful knowledge among persons engaged in commercial and professional pursuits.

The means proposed for effecting this object, are,

1. The association of persons of the above classes, and the payment of an annual or half-yearly sum, by each.

2. The formation of a Library of Reference and Circulation: Reading and Conversation Rooms.

3. The cultivating a knowledge of English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Portuguese, and other languages.

4. Lectures on Polite Literature, History, the Principles of Trade and Commerce, Mathematics, Geography, Astronomy, Natural and Moral Philosophy, and the Sciences in general.

This is the outline of the plan of the London Institution, to which I heartily wish that success, which the apparently practical nature of all its objects seems highly to deserve. When the scheme has been more matured, it is possible that I may revert to the consideration of it more at large.

It is altogether astonishing to see the rapidity with which Mechanics' Institutions and Libraries are forming in every quarter of this kingdom. The observations published by Mr Brougham, which, I believe, have now reached a twentieth edition, communicated an impulse of the strongest description towards the forming of such associations; and in a Number of the Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine, about a month old, I find that there are above forty places enumerated in Great Britain or Ireland, in which Lectureships and Libraries, or one or other of these, separately, has been founded, or is about to be founded immediately, scarcely one of which was in existence two years ago. The flood of knowledge which will thus be let in upon society must produce effects of a very powerful character. If any attempt is made by such meddling and silly persons as this Rev. E. W. Grinfield, Master of Arts, and minister of Laura Chapel, Bath, to put down or to check that universal desire to attain truly practical knowledge, which may come home to the bosoms, and every-day business of human life, then, assuredly, that knowledge will be turned with prying eyes to the unworthy motives which actuate those who think that all but themselves should slumber on in silent and uncomplaining stupidity, without one thought beyond a mud cabin, or a mess of half poisonous vegetables.

Having spoken so repeatedly of the spirit in which the pamphlet of the reverend priest of Laura Chapel, Bath, is written, it would be unpardonable to dwell now upon its shallow, and ten-times-refuted arguments. It is, indeed, a little curious, that about one-half of the worthy parson's work is taken up in replying to some positions which do not appear within the four corners of Mr Brougham's pamphlet. This gentleman had not spoken one word about infant schools, and yet his reverend opponent takes up the cudgels, fights a shadow, whom nobody but himself saw, and at last sinks down, after a glorious Bobadil victory, pronouncing, at the same time, with his priestly mouth, these words, most

solemn and appropriate to so great an occasion. "Infant schools are all arrant humbug." The good father pronounces a panegyric almost equally striking on all schools for elementary education, except those which are within the pale of the Visible Church, or rather the Visible *Hgh* Church of England, and under her ghostly keeping. He has a very happy knack, which his clerical brethren the Jesuits had long ago, till their tricks were ripped up by Pascal, of putting any arguments he pleases into the mouth of his foe, and then falling foul of him for saying what he never said. He accuses Mr Brougham of wishing to withdraw both children and adults from the superintendence of the church under whose canopy they were born. Mr Brougham never wished to do any such thing; his object in introducing his Education Bill was to bring the children of one district into the same school, since it was there alone they could receive instruction, and to teach them to read and write, without inculcating any peculiar religious creed upon their young minds. This he left to be done by the parents, and by the priests whom the parents thought fit to employ for this purpose. In short, he wished to introduce the Scottish parochial system of education into England, with a very few modifications, which the nature of the country, and the character of the dominant church, required. In our Scottish parish schools, children belonging to half-a-dozen denominations are all engaged, without one dissenting voice, in learning exactly what this parson wishes never to be learned, except with his commentaries, and those of his brethren. With us in Scotland, in our parish schools, "Whig and Tory all agree." Each pays the master at quarter-day, for the *quantum* of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which he may have picked up during the three preceding months, and as to creeds and confessions, every one is left to settle that as he best may at home, and with his own peculiar priest. Why will these headstrong priests in England not allow things to go on in the same way there? Never can the education of the people go on rationally and systematically throughout a

country, unless those subjects are rigorously excluded from the *curriculum* of education, to which any class of the people has a rooted and irreconcilable aversion.

This reverend gentleman does not seem in the main to object to the education of the people. He says very plainly, that he can't prevent them obtaining education; and the great object which he has in view, is therefore to get their education into his own hands, or those of the same way of thinking with himself. Then he chalks out a pretty path, by which he would lead the grown-up people to useful knowledge. He would give them an unlimited supply of story-books, among which, we have no doubt, that Jack the giant-killer would make a distinguished figure, and he would make them read these books of his selection in the same way as the priests of Italy make their good flocks read the legends of the blessed saints, till they are quite overflowing with knowledge, and overpowered with admiration of the priest who put all this knowledge within their reach. But really I must have done with this parson, who thinks so highly of his own capacity to select pretty, sweet books, for all the people of England to read, and who derides every species of the mathematical and physical sciences, which are truly the most useful for men in the situation of mechanic. Poetry, and tales, and Taplin's Farriery, may all be studied in due time by those who have a taste for poetry and for shoeing horses. But I should think the artizan would be much the better for knowing, in the first place, the most convenient and economical method of applying heat to forge the shoe of a horse, before he would be particularly anxious about the refined and extended study of poetry.

With Mr Grinfield I have done for ever. Long may he live, and flourish, a Master of Arts, and minister of Laura Chapel, Bath! and long may his patrons, the devoted extinguishers of all that is truly laudable in human character, have such a defender of their sacred privilege of inflicting the plague of darkness wherever they set their feet!

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF GILBERT GREENWOOD.

Part IV., and last.

Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me read my life;
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum
Of ills I have endur'd.

Home.

ALTHOUGH now a prisoner in a strange country, I felt comparatively few of the evils of captivity. Captain Le Brun had not forgotten his promise, for as soon as he had despatched some official duties, he visited me, accompanied by his wife, his sister, and several other ladies; informed me that he had applied for my exchange, through a channel where he hoped to succeed, but that the thing would require time; he therefore requested me to exercise patience, and he had no doubt I would find my confinement less irksome than I expected. He added, that he had represented to those who had the civic authority in L'Orient the service I had rendered to him and the Republic while on board the *Louise*; in consequence of which, I would have many indulgences,—would be permitted to receive visitors; and he had given Madame Le Brun charge to supply me with some little comforts occasionally; and concluded by saying, I would find my jailor a kind, good-hearted old man: in fact, he was a worthy character, who had known better days. My dinner was sent every day from Captain Le Brun's: I had also a supply of coffee, wine, and fruits, in such abundance, that I was sometimes enabled to distribute a share to my fellow-prisoners. I had a small apartment to myself, liberally furnished, and was permitted free air and exercise some hours every day; some books and writing materials were sent to me, and much done to make me comfortable. One day, after I had been about a month in confinement, Captain Le Brun called, told me he was again going to sea, and as his return was uncertain, he hoped I would be in Britain before he returned to L'Orient; in anticipation of which, he kindly pressed my hand, and bade me adieu.

Madame Le Brun visited me occasionally, but always accompanied by her sister, Mademoiselle Beauvais; both were lively women, with no inconsiderable share of beauty. I could read and write French correctly, but spoke it very imperfectly; and they would laugh at my worse than Patois jargon; giving me, however, a fair opportunity of retaliation, by their attempts at broken English.

I found my jailor even better than he had been represented. He was a venerable, grey-headed man, upwards of threescore; he was not only humane, but a man of principle and piety, who seemed to delight in serious conversation. My private property had been carefully respected, and some additions made to it by Madame Le Brun. My linen was taken to wash by the jailor, and I was requested to change it as often as I pleased. My breakfast and dinner were always set down by a fine buxom-looking girl, whom I supposed to be his daughter, and who I soon discovered was my laundress. Her age could not be more than twenty-four; and there was a roguish twinkle in her fine black eye, and a wanton smile which played on her lip, that I saw not without some degree of pleasure. When she came to remove my things after dinner, I would sometimes pass a free joke with her, and make her take a glass of wine; the joke was heard with a slight blush, and the wine received with a curtesy.

Winter now approached, the weather became cold, and I heard nothing of my liberation; however, the comforts sent me by Madame Le Brun, and the still growing attentions of my female attendant, softened the rigours of my captivity. I had discovered that my jokes and innocent freedoms were far from displeasing to the gay and lively girl,

whom I saw about twice every day ; and being aware of the gallantry with which a Frenchwoman expects to be treated, I increased my freedom so far, as occasionally to imprint a kiss upon her lips, which was resented with such a lively, pouting reproach, as sometimes tempted me to repeat the offence. I now observed that she began to dress more smartly, her blandishments were softer, and she was never in haste to leave my apartment. I began to suspect, that by a little address, I might obtain still greater favours. Although I detested seduction, yet I believed, that if I could, by harmless freedoms, please the girl, and thus smooth the asperities of my captivity, I was doing nothing wrong. Such was my situation, when I was one day visited by Madame Le Brun and her sister, when my female jailor was present. After her departure, I spoke of her attentions to me, and expressed a hope that she was not less attentive to the good man her father. My visitors burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and at length asked if Madame Valance had never informed me that the jailor was her husband. This was a strange discovery ; however, I concealed my surprise, and after they were gone, began to reflect on my conduct. The playful badinage in which I had indulged with this woman, although innocent in a young, unmarried girl, was highly indecorous, even criminal in a wife ; and as I had repeatedly mentioned Monsieur Valance to her as her father, and she had never undeceived me, I began to think of her not in the most respectful manner, and firmly resolved on a change in my behaviour.

She came in after dinner ; I asked her to take a glass of wine ; and having on a former occasion drunk to her sweetheart, I now drank to her husband. I observed a blush suffuse her cheek, but she made no observation. For several days after this, she attended as before, and I now treated her with more respect, but abstained from the slightest approach to gallantry, and the lady soon began to relax in her attendance. Madame Le Brun and her sister again visited me, and in the course of conversation, hinted a suspicion that I

had lost the good graces of Madame Valance, which they regretted, as her good will was necessary in my present situation.

I had already felt the conviction of having incurred the lady's displeasure, in the negligence with which I was now attended, but consoled myself with having acted correctly. Captain Le Brun again came into port, visited me, expressed regret at the length of my confinement, and assured me he would instantly exert himself in my behalf, promising to see me again the day after next. On the following day, no dinner arrived, a thing which had never happened since I was imprisoned. A week passed, and I neither saw nor heard ought of the Le Brun family. Madame Valance never came near me, except when sent by her husband, and then she did not allow her eyes to rest on me for a moment. My heart misgave me concerning the Le Bruns, and I knew not what to think, when one evening, long after dark, my worthy jailor, who had never failed in his kindness to me, brought in a bundle, which, upon opening, I found contained some linen, and a note written by Mademoiselle Beauvais ; the purport of which was, that Madame Valance having conceived a hatred against me, had taken a most diabolical revenge, for she had inspired Captain Le Brun with a fatal jealousy of an improper intimacy between me and Madame Le Brun, whose domestic happiness she feared was for ever ruined ; that I would be removed in a day or two to a prison in the interior of the country, and inclosing a hundred francs, bade me a last adieu. This was indeed a thunder-stroke,—when I was reckoning upon being liberated, to have the horrors of a lengthened and comfortless captivity set before me ; however, there seemed no alternative, and I waited my fate with a stoical composure, my keenest feeling being for Madame Le Brun, whom I believed innocent at heart of what she had been so maliciously accused.

I saw no more of Madame Valance, and, in two days after, was marched above fifty miles up the country, to an old *chateau*, now converted into a prison. Here I found

a number of sailors, a few of whom were Scotchmen; they had several times attempted to break their prison, and were therefore now kept in close confinement; our jailor was a morose, sullen fellow, and instead of softening, embittered our captivity. Hitherto, I had scarcely thought seriously either of the past or future; but I had now reflection, as it were, forced on me; and in the gloom of my prison I began to deliberate upon my conduct in past life, and the retrospect afforded me no consolation: conscience told me, I had been headstrong, the slave of every wayward passion, and, in many respects, an abandoned profligate; that my resolutions of amendment had been evanescent, and scarcely ever carried into effect; that illicit pleasure had been my only pursuit, in which I had often degraded myself below all that gave dignity to man. I endeavoured to palliate this by the unkindness of my parents; but conscience again told me I had never attempted to recover their good opinion. Again I thought of my few good actions, and found that they had uniformly been productive of suffering to myself, hurling mischief on my own head: my preventing the seduction of a silly girl, by Hector Jarvis, had been the primary cause of my being here, and my squeamish conscience, with respect to Madame Valance, had riveted my chains, which were ready to be loosed, and had probably ruined the peace of a worthy family for ever. These, and similar reflections, began to produce a strange effect on my mind; and I endeavoured to persuade myself, that virtue was at best an empty name; but when I thought of Ellen Gray and her venerable father, my heart smote me, and I shed the first tears I had done for many a year.

My sufferings accumulated every day; my companions in misery were illiterate, rudely profane, and wanted only the means to plunge into profligacy of the lowest description. While the parting gifts of Mademoiselle Beauvais lasted, I enjoyed more comforts than my companions; but my money was expended, my linen was stolen, and I was soon reduced to the same equality of wretchedness with my fellow-prisoners. The

perintendent of our prison was a military invalid; he and his family, consisting of his wife, and a daughter by a former marriage, had apartments in the chateau, which was very extensive. I had on several occasions been useful to my fellow-prisoners, by my skill in medicine, and the superintendent knew that I was a surgeon. I had lingered more than two years in this state of hopeless captivity, which, for any thing I knew, might be interminable, and was one evening sitting in a very despondent mood, when the jailor entered, requesting me to accompany him instantly to the superintendent's. I did so, and was informed that Mademoiselle Villette had fallen down stairs, and fractured one of her limbs. There was not a surgeon within many miles, and I was asked if I could set it. I replied in the affirmative—began the operation—and as the accident was so recent, I reduced the fracture more speedily, and with far less pain to the sufferer than was expected. Her father then inquired if I would undertake the cure, to which I replied with confidence, that I would.

I had several times before seen Mademoiselle Villette; she was a handsome brunette, seemingly in the last of her teens, and, to appearance, a pleasant, good-humoured girl. Exclusive of any advantage which might accrue to myself in this case, as I hold him no man who would not feel for a woman in distress, I exerted myself to the utmost for her comfort and speedy recovery. The success was beyond my expectations; she recovered rapidly, and her limb became sound as ever. Madame Villette, I discovered, was only the stepmother of my patient, and, under a fair disguise, hated the girl most sincerely; and I could see that she hardly thanked me for my success; while the gratitude of the girl and her father was all that I could have expected, alleviating many of my privations, with the knowledge of her father, and not a few of which he was ignorant. Caroline was a young and accomplished girl, who led a very miserable life with her stepmother, of which she had complained to me oftener than once; for I was now something in the capacity

of physician in ordinary, but still a prisoner. I had prescribed for every individual of the family, and was in some degree trusted. Having opportunities of conversing with Caroline, without exciting suspicion, and finding that my little gallantries were not displeasing, I continued them without any sinister or criminal motive, beyond chasing ennui, by chatting with a pretty girl, who had it in her power to add to my comforts, or rather to lighten the inevitable sorrows of my captivity.

I could now speak French, if not fluently, yet with facility, and had much pleasure in my *tête-à-têtes* with Caroline; our intimacy continued to increase, and might at last be said to have ripened into friendship. One day she met me with a sad countenance, and upon my inquiring the cause, informed me that the *chateau* was to be no longer a prison; that we were all to be removed to the *dépôt* at Biche, where the prisoners were treated with great rigour; her father had received orders to join the Commissaries with the army, and she should be left with an ill-natured stepmother. No wonder she was dejected, both on my account and her own. She conjured me to escape, if possible, rather than be carried to Biche—wished she could escape too, and, bursting into tears, left me. The same evening she again met me,—inquired if I had thought on what she said,—and before we parted, told me that she would undertake for my safe escape, provided I agreed to take her along with me, and carry her to Britain; she would leave me to deliberate till to-morrow; but after that, my determination would be too late.

I did deliberate, during a sleepless night. I thought of my hopeless captivity, and, what will appear strange, considering the resolution ultimately formed, I thought of Ellen Gray. Morning found my mind a chaos of disorder. Caroline came, spoke of herself, and the dangers she dreaded,—those to which I should too certainly be exposed,—smiled and wept alternately, intreating me to fly while it was in my power. I inquired her projected means of escape; she informed me of friends in

Brest, to whom she could conduct me in disguise, and then we would be safe; that she had money of her own sufficient to carry us to America, should it be impracticable to reach Britain, but that to-morrow evening was the latest opportunity we should have of putting our scheme in execution. I still hesitated; again she smiled and wept. I thought of the *dépôt* at Biche, with no Caroline to care for me; I looked at her fine eyes swimming in tears, pressed her hand, and cried, "Caroline, let us fly!" "One condition is yet to make," replied she; "you must swear upon the holy Bible to make me your lawful wife on the first possible opportunity—when you do this, I am ready—if not, we part to meet no more." She tried to smile, but tears were streaming over her cheeks. I folded her in my arms—kissed them away—took the oath, and requested her to prepare for our flight.

On the following night she disguised me, in a manner likely to excite no suspicion; and after a most fatiguing journey, during which we were twice in imminent danger of detection, we arrived safe at Brest. I must, in justice to Caroline, mention here, that from the moment of our departure she did not once permit me the freedom of an embrace, a liberty which she had not refused at the *chateau*. "Never shall you press my lip," said she, "till our hands are joined at the holy altar;" and she firmly adhered to that resolution. She believed I was a Protestant, and her friend in Brest being of that persuasion, a minister was procured,—we were married,—the shades of night left us to love and repose; I sunk asleep, with my bride folded in my arms, and, before I awoke, had a dismal vision of Ellen Gray, in mourning weeds, looking on me reproachfully, with her eyes swimming in tears. A vessel was found nearly ready to sail for the new world; we continued in safety till our embarkation, and bade adieu to Europe, as we believed, for ever. When off the Canary Islands, in a fog, we run foul of a British Convoy for the West Indies—were captured—and carried into Jamaica. I had no difficulty in

proving myself a British subject, and being set at liberty, began to practise as a surgeon in the island.

I was acquiring distinction in my profession, and rising in respectability: Caroline, by the liveliness peculiar to her national character, and the pleasantness of her manners, was much admired among the planters; and we were often asked out to parties of pleasure. One day we dined in a large party, among whom were several strangers; but what was my surprise, or, rather, bewildered astonishment, when I beheld Hector Jarvis seat himself opposite to me and Caroline! He exhibited equal surprise at seeing me, but stretched his hand across the table, shaking mine with the apparent warmth of a brother,—talked of Aberdeen, Balwhinny, and our former intimacy, with an ease and impudence which, well as I knew him, astonished me. He gave me his address, insisting that I should visit him, and instantly made up a party from those present, to meet me on an early day the following week.

This unexpected meeting had, to a certain degree, confused my brain, for although I was glad to find I had not been guilty of murder, as I had till now believed, yet it certainly gave me no slight alarm to meet him here; besides, his presence called up recollections which I had vainly tried to eradicate, and my awkward confusion, in spite of myself, was evident, not only to Caroline, but to all the company; for my mind was absent, and I felt a presentiment of evil impending over my head. Caroline congratulated me upon finding an old, and evidently an intimate friend, and was surprised to see me so absorbed in thought. I had resolved to tell her the whole truth; but Ellen Gray was so intertwined and blended with the tale, that my heart smote me before I began the recital, and I spoke of Hector as a strange character, without hinting that I either hated or feared him. I was under the necessity of accepting his invitation, but before the day came round, he took an opportunity of meeting me privately, spoke of our encounter, blained himself most unhesitatingly, thanked me for bringing him to the gates of death, as that

first made him think seriously of his conduct, and concluded by saying I should now find him an altered man, and my steady friend. At the dinner-party he made several of his friends engage to employ me professionally, and behaved with remarkable politeness. Shortly after, he called at my house, where he soon became a frequent visitor, and I found had gained the good opinion of Caroline. I cautioned her to beware of him, hinted my dislike, but still in general terms. He was in the practice of calling at all seasons, and often when I was out. One day, when I came in, Caroline appeared thoughtful, and, in my opinion, uneasy; but in reply to my inquiries, said nothing was the matter; next day she had regained her wonted cheerfulness, and looking on me with fondness, inquired whether I had ever written to my friends in Scotland, and, in particular, to the worthy minister, Mr Gray of Balwhinny. It will readily be supposed that this unexpected query wrought a change on my countenance. I saw that she remarked it, and indeed seemed to be watching for it: she then told me that Hector had informed her of all my previous history. "Did he tell you that he was a scoundrel?" cried I, with asperity. The entrance of a visitor interrupted the conversation, which neither of us attempted to renew; but I observed that Caroline became lost in melancholy, which seemed to increase every day.

Several weeks had passed away, and I became seriously alarmed for my Caroline's health. One evening she embraced me with greater fondness than usual, and said she found a tropical climate did not agree with her constitution, and begged that, if I valued her happiness, I would adopt measures for returning to Europe without delay. The emotion which she exhibited convinced me there was some other cause than want of bodily health which had urged this request, and I said, "Where do you wish we should go, my love?" "Any where—only leave this place!" said she, striving to disguise her agitation. "There is a mystery in this—tell me all—confide in me, Caroline," cried I, sadly alarmed. "Will you promise to act by

my directions, and take no step without my consent? if not, my lips shall be closed for ever on the subject."

"I promise," cried I, impatiently, taking her hand, and confirming my pledge by a fond embrace. "Well, I have at last discovered that your assertion is true—Hector Jarvis is a villain—he tried to alienate my heart from you, by informing me that you have a wife, Ellen Gray, and several children, at Balwhinny, near Aberdeen; although this could not alter my affections, it destroyed my confidence in you—this has been the cause of my melancholy. But now the detested monster has appeared in his own shape; for he this day shocked my ears with a declaration and proposals which I cannot repeat—I shall die if I see him again, and will not stay here,—but you have sworn to obey me—take no steps to resent this; your safety is dear to me, and you would not certainly put your life in hazard, to leave me, without a protector, at the mercy of Hector Jarvis." This last appeal fixed my resolution. "No, my dear Caroline—for your sake I will not meet the villain—but we must fly—his villany will not stop here."

I then, in few words, told her the history of Hector, our meeting on the field of death, and the cause, acknowledging an attachment to Ellen Gray, but concealing the mutual pledges of constant faith which had been exchanged between us—these I had now long been vainly striving to forget. Knowing that this detested monster, with whom my evil fate had again brought me into contact, would have recourse to any measure, however desperate, for the gratification of his passions, which were doubly in arms against me, I made instant arrangements for leaving the West Indies, not deeming my Caroline safe till the Atlantic should roll between us and that demon in human shape.

I had engaged our passage on board a vessel for London, and it was within two days of her sailing, when I rode to some distance, to take leave of a friend. In my absence, Caroline was waited upon by a slave, saying, that he had been sent by his master, whom he named, to inform her, that I had met with

an accident, which prevented me from coming home, and that he was instructed to conduct her to me. Alarmed for me, and unsuspecting, she instantly accompanied the negro, who conducted her to a lone house close by the shore, where she was led into a room, and found herself in the presence of Hector Jarvis. The villain had his plan laid, watched my egress, and had adopted the scheme of decoying her to a house where he intended to detain her, till a boat arrived from a vessel, in which he intended to carry her from the island. Happily for her and me, there was a negro about the house to which she had been conducted, whose wife I had recovered when at the point of death; he had afterwards repeatedly come to my house with little presents, to shew his gratitude, and knew Caroline; he saw her led into the room, heard her shriek soon after, and in a little a negress ordered him to run for the Doctor, for the lady was dead. The faithful negro ran to my house; I was just returned, and had not dismounted from my horse, when the negro approached, crying, "Oh! Massa—Missis Greenwood—Jarvey—pistols—run, Massa!" and he pointed in the direction. "Since my first meeting with Jarvis on the island, I had never rode out without arms. Alarmed by the agitation of the negro, I stood for a moment in wild astonishment, when he again cried, "Run, Massa, dis way," and he darted swiftly forward. I followed, approached the house, from which a man had issued, bearing a woman in his arms, and, before I could overtake them, had placed her in a boat, whose oars were extended, when I sprang on board. I instantly saw the wretch, with Caroline in his arms, and before he had time to resist, I tossed him into the sea, and seizing Caroline with one hand, while I held a pistol in the other, compelled the rowers to run into shallow water. All this was the work of less time than it takes to relate it, and I conducted Caroline home in a state of alarm approaching to frenzy. I watched beside her during the night; another only had to intervene till the Merlin sailed; but afraid lest Jarvis should attempt

some other desperate scheme, we went on board next day, slept a night in the harbour, and soon left the tropical isles far behind us. There was only another passenger, a Mrs Logan, who proved an agreeable companion for Caroline; our voyage was pleasant, without any thing remarkable, till off the Lizard Point; we were there overtaken by a dreadful gale, and in the dark ran foul of another vessel, and received so much damage, that it was with difficulty we reached Plymouth harbour. The storm abated; but as the Merlin had to unload part of her cargo and refit, we took our passage in the Swift, a smack for the Thames, Mrs Logan accompanying us. When off the Isle of Wight, it began to blow fresh, and the sailors foreboded a dreadful storm. It was twilight, I was on deck, and forgetting the limited space, compared with that of the Merlin, in stepping carelessly backwards, I tumbled overboard. The vessel was running at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour; the man at the helm was the only one who saw the accident, and I was soon left far behind them, and as it was getting dark, I was given up for lost. I was a tolerable swimmer, and a passage-boat for Cowes coming past, when I was almost exhausted, picked me up. It was some hours before they reached the harbour, when I was so benumbed by the cold from my wet clothes, that I was put to bed insensible of my situation. I slept till late next morning, when it blew almost a hurricane, and when my preservers learned where the vessel from which I fell was bound, they congratulated me on my escape, saying, it was impossible the smack could weather the storm. This was poor consolation to me, and my anxiety for Caroline was beyond expression. The storm continued, and for three days we had no communication with the mainland.

Oh! it was a dreadful interval of time.

The first arrival brought dismal tidings of numerous wrecks on the coast of Sussex; and soon after we had newspapers, with details of the disasters at sea, among which was that of the Swift, from Plymouth;

all hands perished; it added, that the corpse of a lady had come on shore, supposed from that vessel; the body was dreadfully bruised, but there was no writing found about her to indicate the place to which she belonged; however, her shift was marked C. V. and her gown, which appeared to be French manufacture, had been lodged with the churchwardens of Hastings, where the corpse was buried.

This was dreadful information, and I hastened to leave the Isle of Wight: I had fortunately my pocket-book in my coat when I fell over-board, in which was a bill on London, for a small sum, which, with some loose money in my pocket, was all the wealth I now possessed in the world; but of what value was wealth to me? Had I possessed a kingdom, I would have renounced it, in exchange for my Caroline. I posted to Hastings—saw the gown, and at first glance knew it to be one which Caroline had often worn on shipboard, and recognised a stain from a glass of wine, which the sudden heeling of the Merlin had spilt on her lap. I was conducted to her grave, bedewed it with my tears, and reckless of the present, and indifferent about the future, proceeded to London, impiously accusing Providence of neglect or injustice, in the lot distributed to mortals.

I was attacked by a kind of mental stupor, from which it was some weeks before I recovered; during that period, I never stirred out of doors, but, conscious of my situation, lived in constant horror of intellectual derangement, and, since the fatal information concerning Caroline, had never looked at a newspaper. This gloomy fit began to wear off; I felt returning reason, and, for the first time in my life, knelt to Heaven, with fervent expressions of thanksgiving. A little reflection convinced me that some employment was immediately necessary for the preservation of my reason, and would also soon be so to procure the means of subsistence. After much fruitless inquiry, I was received upon trial, by a respectable apothecary, who was so well pleased with my services, that, after six months, he proposed that I should take charge

of a new establishment which he intended opening at Hackney. I agreed, and entered on my duty. Being much confined, and having little exercise during the day, for the sake of my health I took lodgings in the city, walking out in the morning, except when the weather rendered it necessary to take a coach.

I had continued in this charge some months, when one morning, as I was walking out, a hackney-coach passed me, and the glass being down, I believed I saw Hector Jarvis seated in the corner. I am not aware that earth contains any living form, or that ever fancy imaged a being which could have been more hateful to my sight. In a little, I imagined the same carriage turned, and drew slowly up behind me, keeping at this pace till I reached my shop, when it passed on at the same rate; but the glasses were now up, and I could not observe who was within. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been mistaken; but the impression haunted me incessantly through the day; and even in my sleep Jarvis appeared before me. I could not shake off the dreadful image, for fancy still presented him before my perturbed imagination, and I began to fear that my senses would become disordered, when, a few evenings after, I met a man, who, staring me broadly in the face, passed me: it was Hector! I could not now be mistaken, and my emotion may easily be conceived, for, exclusive of my detestation of this monster, he called up associations of ideas, with which all the happiness and misery of my eventful life were inseparably connected. In a few days after this, I went into an eating-house, where I usually dined, in company with several others, and, to my surprise and horror, Jarvis came in and seated himself at table! To rise would have been awkward, and to sit was impossible: my agitation did not escape the observation of the company, some of whom were persons whom I met every day. Jarvis seemed a stranger, but attempted to appear at his ease, and without taking any particular notice of me, behaved like a gentleman. I soon withdrew, but the circumstance had shocked

me exceedingly. I was in the habit of looking at a newspaper, or chatting half an hour in a coffee-house, before walking to the city; that evening I went in as usual, when, in a few minutes, Jarvis, my evil genius, seated himself opposite to me, with only a narrow table between us. I had just got the paper from a gentleman, and not wishing to draw observation by rising instantly, kept my eyes fixed on the page, when Jarvis, with the easy familiarity of an acquaintance, said, "Mr Greenwood, I will thank you for that paper when you have done with it." I took no notice, when he again repeated his request. Agitated at his daring effrontery, I flung down the paper with a look of silent, but indignant contempt. With provoking coolness, he said, "Mr Greenwood, do you mean to insult me publicly? Already have we contended unto blood—must it be so again?" Provoked beyond mortal sufferance, I replied, "Monster! you know I wish to avoid you; but if ever we contend again, our strife is mortal," and I instantly left the room.

Aware that he was capable of desperate deeds, I next morning purchased a spear-staff in the city, for the sole purpose of defending myself, should he attack me. However, discovering that he had lodgings in Hackney, I changed my eating-house, and resolved to avoid the coffee-room, lest I should be thrown off my guard. Nearly a month had passed, and my mind was in some degree tranquillized: one night, after having closed the shop, wishing to speak with a gentleman, I called at his house, and was told he was in the coffee-room, which was just in my way. I entered; Jarvis was there, but went away soon after I came in; my business detained me only a few minutes, and I took my departure. I had placed my staff with the concealed spear behind the door, in a corner where staves and umbrellas were usually deposited; but, upon examination, my staff was gone. Several gentlemen had left the room from the time I came in, and I endeavoured to persuade myself that it had been carried away in a mistake, although I could not help thinking that Jarvis was the man.

especially if he knew it was mine. I returned to the shop, took a pocket-pistol, which lay loaded, and proceeded to town.

The night was exceedingly dark, and there was a drizzling rain, so that few people were abroad. I was not without some apprehension of being attacked, and walked on at a good pace, when, in an open part of the road, I heard a groan close by, and pausing, it seemed just at the edge of the path where I stood. Stepping forward, I found it proceeded from a man laid on his face. Observing a person approaching with a lantern, I stood close by the body till the passenger came up,—called him to come and see,—when we observed that he was surrounded with blood; we turned him on his back, held the lantern to his face—it was Hector Jarvis! Some other people had approached, and every one stopped on coming up. I cannot describe my sensations and feelings, but they were such as induced me to leave the spot, which I did while those around were employed about the man, whom they pronounced mortally wounded. I must now relate, what I only learned afterwards: among the crowd collected was a man with whom I had had some words a short time before, and I was sure that he bore me a grudge; he also knew of my rencontre with Jarvis in the coffee-house. On my departure from the crowd, he dodged me at a slight distance; I had a friend to see in a quarter of the town two miles from my lodgings; this man followed my steps till he saw me lodged there, and hastening back, met the crowd with the body, for the man was now dead.

It came to rain heavily, and as I was in great agitation of mind from what I had witnessed, my friend insisted on my lodging with him for the night: I was prevailed upon, and we sat late. I had just retired to bed, when a party from Bow-street arrived, with a warrant to apprehend me for the murder of Hector Jarvis: my staff was found beside the corpse, the spear drawn and bloody, and my initials were on the head of the staff. More than one person was there who had witnessed my first interview with Jarvis in the coffee-

room, and these certainly afforded just grounds of suspicion against me; but the wounded man had died without speaking; therefore, any evidence that could be brought against me was merely circumstantial.

I was committed to prison, and my trial came on soon after. Without describing forms or technicalities, I shall relate the substance of what passed: I pleaded "Not Guilty," and the evidence was brought forward. My threats in the coffee-house, that, if we contended again, our strife would be mortal, were related,—the murderous weapon was proved to be mine,—and it was known that I alone was standing over the man when the first person approached with a lantern,—the pistol loaded with ball was found in my pocket by the officers of justice,—I had taken another road than that to my lodgings, and had secreted myself in another and distant quarter of the town; all this was sworn to in evidence against me, and I was called on for my defence. I stated the causes of my quarrel with the deceased; his last offence against me having made me a wretched widower; I explained the loss of my staff in the coffee-room; and the reason of my calling upon and stopping with a friend, instead of returning to my own lodgings; and concluded by saying, that although life had for me no charms, I felt reluctant to die an ignominious death, and have my memory stigmatized with a crime of which I was innocent. The court was crowded, and my simple statement had drawn tears from many an eye. The jury retired,—deliberated for many hours,—and at length pronounced a verdict of "Guilty," but warmly and unanimously recommending me to mercy. The Judge approved both of the verdict and the recommendation by which it was accompanied. When just about to pronounce the awful sentence of the law, an elderly gentleman rushed forward from the crowd, crying, "My lord, hear me, —Mr Greenwood is innocent! I killed Hector Jarvis; and if the law pronounce it murder, I am ready to abide the consequences." Judge, counsel, and crowd, were astonished; every eye was fixed on the stranger,

and the Judge requested him to explain this mysterious declaration. The gentleman appeared in great agitation, but began thus:—

“My tale is simple,—I was a merchant in Bristol, had a daughter, the delight of my heart, and the image of a beloved wife, who I trust has long been a sainted spirit. Hector Jarvis came to Bristol as a West-India merchant,—lodged in my house,—sat at my table; and, in return for my hospitality, seduced my daughter,—my Emily,—the comfort of my life, and pride of my heart! They fled together; for three months I heard nothing of them; at last I received a letter from Emily,—she was in London,—on her death-bed,—the villain had deserted her,—left her to perish! Lost to innocence, but still alive to a sense of her guilt, she implored me to see her, to pronounce her forgiveness, that she might die in peace. I flew to her,—found her in a wretched lodging, without the means of support: I folded her to my heart, and proposed taking her home. ‘No, my dear father,’ said she, ‘I feel my guilt cannot now be concealed from the world, and I must hide it in the grave.’ Let me close the heart-rending tale! I watched by her bed-side, till nature was exhausted,—retired for a few hours,—alas! in my absence, Emily had swallowed laudanum,—and I laid her in an untimely grave! Such were my wrongs, which worlds could not repair, and for which the law awards no adequate punishment. I therefore determined to be my own avenger. Yes; I premeditated vengeance against that monster in human shape. My time was employed in searching for him; and at last I discovered that he had lodgings in Hackney. I went to the coffee-house, saw him, followed him out, determined to find out his residence; but he took the road to the city. In my hurry out, I, by mistake, snatched up a staff not my own; and in my agitation, striking it fiercely on the ground, discovered that it contained a spear. I followed my prey, believing that Providence had delivered the victim into my hands. It was dark—I stood before him—plunged the weapon in his bosom, saying, ‘Emily sends you this;’ and turning off the road, I

walked away. I am now ready to abide my trial for ridding the world of a monster:—had the jury pronounced Mr Greenwood ‘Not Guilty,’ I might not have disclosed what I have now done; but conscience would not permit me to let the innocent suffer. Indeed I feel that to him I have been deeply guilty, by having put his life in such imminent danger; for had I died before his trial, he must have been the victim of my criminality. I now insist upon being committed to prison, and tried by the justice of my country, calling God to witness the truth of my statement.” It was obvious that his feelings were keenly touched, although his eye and whole countenance evinced firmness and determination.

He was committed to prison, with instructions to be most kindly treated till his trial: he had an apartment by himself, and I visited him often. He spoke with calm composure of his approaching trial, and assured me, that, from symptoms which could not be mistaken, before that time should come his spirit would be tried before a higher tribunal. At length he became seriously ill, and was confined to his bed: I brought him a physician; but he said it was in vain; the only medicine which gave him relief was my company, which he now entreated, as a particular favour to a dying man.

From what has been already related, it will be obvious that he was likely to obtain my confidence, and I had related the outlines of my life, not omitting my broken faith to Ellen Gray, for which conscience now began to accuse me, in frequent pangs of bitter remorse. “We are both justly punished,” said he; “I heaped up wealth, and for the sake of a daughter, to aggrandise her, was insensible to the sufferings of my fellow-creatures. She is taken from me, and I now feel that I have sinned, in taking the rod of vengeance from the hand of Providence: yes; Heaven has shewn me my sins, both in the pride of heart and the gratification of my unruly passions. You also have been the slave of wayward passions, and have preferred bodily comfort to an approving conscience. This first led you to unite yourself

with Caroline, and she has been taken from you ; but you can still, although late, make reparation to the injured Ellen. I have the means of making you happy, as far as worldly wealth is concerned ; take this packet, and if you would not incur the curse of a dying man, presume not to open it till you hear of my death ; then return to Ellen with all speed ; and may the blessing of Heaven ever attend you !” I attempted to refuse the gift, but it threw him into agony. “ I have no relations in want,” said he ; “ and should I recover, and be acquitted at the bar of my country, both of which I believe impossible, I have still reserved more than I can ever use. Another request I hope you will not deny me ; should I die while you are in London, promise to see me decently buried ; but erect no monument to my memory ; let my name and the tale of my wrongs perish together.” I promised this, took the accursed benefaction ; for such, alas ! it ultimately proved, notwithstanding the blessing with which it was delivered. I left him for the night, and next morning returned just in time for his breathing his last in my arms.

It was not till I had seen his remains mingled with the dust that I opened the packet, which I found contained bank-bills to the value of ten thousand pounds.

There was a time, when the possession of so much wealth would have nearly turned my brain. Now, that I had begun to reflect upon my follies, and the instability of sublunary happiness, it kindled new hopes,—ideas which had long been forgotten awoke in my bosom ; and I revelled in day-dreams of earthly felicity, which I now believed Ellen Gray only could impart.

Without loss of time, I posted down to Scotland, my heart exulting in the happiness I should diffuse around the fireside at the manse of Balwhinny. Two years had nearly elapsed since I knelt on the grave of Caroline, and heaving a sigh to her memory, I thought of the bliss in clasping Ellen Gray to my bosom. I had written both to Mr Gray and Ellen, on my engagement with the privateer at Liverpool ; and now planned the relation of my subsequent adventures, only resolving to

conceal my marriage with Caroline, and proffering my hand and fortune to Ellen.

My welcome at the manse was kind, although less fond than I had anticipated ; but my explanation of my captivity and sufferings restored the sunshine of love on every face. Ellen was now in the bloom of full-blown charms, which I imagined were more lovely, in being shaded with a slight degree of melancholy ; this I was vain enough to place to my own account ; more especially as I perceived the locket with my hair in her bosom ; and a pang shot through my heart, when I recollected that I had given her's to Caroline, at her earnest request, informing her that the hair was my sister's and mine. I learned that my parents were both dead, also my sister and youngest brother ; so that David alone remained, and with him I had no wish to seek intimacy.

I continued to reside at the manse, occasionally conversing with my venerable friend, but oftener walking out with Ellen, over scenes which were endeared to us by many pleasing recollections. At the end of three months I furnished a house in Aberdeen, and, with the joyous consent of both her parents, was united to Ellen. I was so little given to superstition, that I fear I was, and still am, too much inclined to scepticism ; yet on the morning which preceded my nuptials, my mind was much troubled : I have already related, that on my wedding-night with Caroline I dreamed of Ellen Gray ; this, however, I attributed to a slight twinge of conscience for my broken faith. But now, on the first night that Hymen had placed Ellen in my arms, I dreamed that Caroline sat by our nuptial couch, arrayed in mourning weeds, and weeping bitterly. Recollecting my former dream, and the melancholy dissolution of my union with Caroline, I was haunted with a presentiment of impending evil which I could not shake off. My heart also whispered reproaches for not having informed Ellen of my previous marriage.

However, such was Ellen's love, simplicity, and unsuspecting innocence, that it was impossible not to be happy with her : she had once playfully inquired about the keep-

sake which she gave me at parting ; and I, from the silly vanity of flattering her, or rather recommending myself, told her a falsehood of its being taken from me by a Frenchman, after much resistance. Time glided swiftly away, every day seemed happier than the past, and my forebodings of evils were forgotten. Ellen was just about to make me, as I hoped, a happy father ; her mother had come to town for the purpose of being with her daughter when that event should take place, which was now daily expected.

We were one evening sitting in social conversation, the night was dark and stormy, the wind howling, and the rain beating on the sash, when the servant entered, saying, a lady wished to see me. Imagining she had meant Mrs Greenwood, I said, "Show her in." Ellen had stepped into an adjoining closet, and I called out, "Ellen, my love, you are wanted." The stranger entered, habited in deep mourning, with a veil over her face. I rose on her entrance, and she rushed into my arms, exclaiming, "My dear, dear husband !" Ellen was just making her egress from the closet, heard what was said, and beheld me enfolded in the lady's arms.

If ever a scene in domestic life set description at defiance, it was that which now occurred in our family parlour. Caroline, for it was she herself, saw my look of wild dismay ; and upon turning round, beheld the matronly form of Ellen, who looked at her in horror, and almost instantly sunk on the floor : I was incapable of speech, when Caroline, turning round, said, "Attend to the lady—you will hear from me"—and before I could utter a word, had left the room.

Ellen was recovered from her swoon, to anguish both bodily and mental. She was seized with the pains of parturition—delivered of a still-born son—and expired in my arms in a few hours after, without being sensible of my presence, or capable of whispering her forgiveness.

I was lost and bewildered in amazement, and vainly tried to persuade myself that the whole was a frightful dream ; but the lifeless corpse of my "Ellen, and the sad faces of those around me, convinced

me of the dreadful reality ! I saw the coffin brought in—saw her stretched on its narrow boards, with her infant on her bosom—I pressed her cold, pale lips—they closed her from my view, and I recollect nothing more.

I awoke as from a dream, turned myself upon the bed, gazed wildly, and beheld strangers, whom I afterwards discovered were the nurse and physician : I attempted to rise, but found myself weak as a child ; I had been many weeks ill, both in body and mind. My physician would scarcely permit me to speak, but promised to converse with me freely when I could bear it. I gradually recovered, and the Doctor at length talked of the death of Ellen, but made no allusion to the cause, nor did he mention that any stranger had inquired for me. I had now recovered a distinct recollection of every thing that had happened, and was astonished what had become of Caroline. I was now able to walk out, and went to visit the grave of Ellen, leaning on the arm of my physician ; a lady in deep mourning sat on a tomb-stone, but on seeing us approach, walked hastily away in another direction. When we reached the grave, we found it was there the lady had been sitting ; she had dropped her handkerchief ; the physician took it up—it was wet. "This has been some mourner shedding tears to the memory of Ellen," said he : a sudden thought struck me ; I snatched it from him, and thrust it into my pocket, saying, "The tear of my worst enemy shed for Ellen would be precious : " upon inspecting it at home, I saw C.V. marked on the corner.

It is impossible to state the contending emotions which now shook my soul. Hope was for ever banished, and I feared, although I knew not what. I would have died a thousand times rather than see Mr Gray, and yet I thought he should have visited me ; and I imagined death would have appeared more dreadful without his forgiveness, for I knew that my guilt was innocence, compared with what he must imagine it : I would have inquired concerning the family, but when I made the attempt, my tongue, as it were, clave to the roof of my mouth. One day, soon after this, the venerable man

entered my room, and held out his hand, without speaking; I was shocked at his pallid countenance and careworn features, while conscience whispered, "This also is your work." I led him to a chair, and looking mournfully in my face, he said, "I come not to reproach you, and it lightens my grief to find your guilt less than I believed it; read these, we can talk afterwards;" and he presented me with a letter addressed to him from Caroline, inclosing one open for me. I had taught her to read and write English, although with a foreign idiom:

The letter to Mr Gray was long: she began by deploring her coming to Aberdeen, which she affirmed would never have taken place, had she known of my union with Ellen. She then gave a particular account of our first acquaintance; acknowledged that she made love to me, and my returning it as the only condition of my escape from captivity; she related the cause of our flight from Jamaica,—my fall from the smack,—and that she believed me drowned. That after her shipwreck, from which she was the only survivor, she was humanely carried to London by a lady, who, discovering her country, introduced her to an emigrant and his daughter, who took her under their protection; that she inserted a notice in the papers, announcing her escape from the wreck, that I might see it, if I also had been saved. (This must have happened when I was ill.) The emigrant lady losing her health, her father carried them by easy journeys round the south coast of England; at Hastings, she heard in a company mention made of the lady's corpse from the Swift, and of the gentleman who exhibited such distress on seeing her gown; all which Caroline explained, by saying that the lady must have been Mrs Logan, whose clothes being all wetted in the cabin, she had supplied her with a gown and shift. That from these considerations she believed me alive; but the young lady's health becoming much worse, she could not leave those who had protected her, and indeed knew not where to seek me. She had gone into Wales with her friends, and was there, as she afterwards disco-

vered, when Jarvis was murdered. The gentleman and his daughter both died in Wales, leaving her the small property they possessed; she returned to London, and opened a school at Hackney; heard the tale of Jarvis's death and my trial; learned, by inquiring at the apothecary's, that I had gone to Aberdeen, and thither she had, unfortunately for all concerned, followed me: she concluded, by requesting Mr Gray to forgive her for being the innocent cause of such affliction to his family, and also to extend his forgiveness to me, and endeavour to lead my views to a state of happiness not to be found below the skies.

Her letter to me was short, but heart-rending—it was her last farewell, saying, that she was to sequester herself from the world, but never should I discover her retreat; implored me, as I prized her everlasting peace, not to intrude on her retirements, and assuring me that she would never cease to pray for my happiness.

The good man then said, "From my heart I forgive you for concealing your former marriage from Ellen and me; this I consider your great error, and grievous have the consequences been. I had intended to say much more, but this is not the time, and indeed I feel myself unequal to the task—Ellen's mother also forgives, but cannot yet see you; however, the time will come when we may meet, our sorrows soothed down to a calm melancholy: I will try to see you again soon." His heart was full; he left me, and I saw him no more. Grief had overpowered his heart, and he died soon after.

Sadly and slowly have lagged my lingering years; I think sometimes, that, like those of the Wandering Jew, they are never to end; but my mind suffers strange hallucinations. I have never dared to inquire after, nor have ever heard of Caroline. My eventful story affords important lessons. Let me close it in the words of Home:

—————Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth
 should gape,
And from the gulf of hell Destruction cry,
To take Dissimulation's winding way.

Sonnet—Night.

THE ocean, like a mighty monarch, sleeps;
 Pillow'd on silence all the breezes rest,
 And stilly quietness broods on Nature's breast
 Meek as a dove. The far cerulean deeps,
 Studded with isles of pure and spiritual light,
 Are clear as innocence: and the horned moon
 Arises, like some phantom to the tune
 Of the magician, wearing spells by night.
 • The mountain tops, endiadem'd all bright,
 Smile to the stars, their kinsmen of the sky.
 The bashful brooklet, glittering, glides along,
 Repeating to the woods its happy song.
 Oh, Night! how lovely art thou to mine eye!
 Thy quietness on earth, thy stars on high.

D.

ON THE SUPPOSED NECESSITY FOR, AND UTILITY OF, WAR.

(Continued from page 608.)

Book IV.

Preliminary Observations.

WARS have hitherto borne so prominent a part in sublunary events, that we are from childhood accustomed to consider them as indispensable occurrences. We are, in this respect, in the situation of the youth, whose thoughts are still strongly tinctured with the fretful passions, the petty broils, and the other childish incidents of early life, and who has yet to acquire the knowledge of, as well as a relish for, the more manly and rational pursuits of a maturer age. We reflect on the transactions of past times, and are enabled, by the obscure but sufficient light afforded by history, to trace society to its elements; we observe a cloud of complicated events, in which the worst passions of the human heart have ever possessed the principal part; it does not escape our notice, that even in the present day, although partially illuminated by some very striking instances of superior refinement, many nations are still lingering in all the miseries of benighted barbarism, and from which many more have only very recently emerged: we discover in all this so many omens and seeds of future contentions, that we cannot, without a considerable effort, bring ourselves to consider the prospect of an eventual state of permanent peace as a subject of rational hope.

Our difficulty on this head is solely attributable to a common defect in our judgment regarding a point of a peculiar description. An opinion has generally prevailed, founded, probably, upon a misinterpretation of certain passages of Holy Writ, that a very short period is destined to intervene before the final destruction of the terrestrial globe. It has occasionally been successfully shown, that many of the texts alluded to have reference only to the life of individuals; and there can be no doubt, that our comprehension of the whole has sometimes been vitiated by the application of our own narrow views of futurity, to the vast and mysterious designs of Omnipotence. The fact alone is known to us, that a term is fixed for the existence of the material world; but we possess no legitimate grounds for believing that that term will be, in reference to our notions of time, a short one. On the contrary, there is every rational indication of its being so protracted, as to remove it, by almost infinite gradations, from any comparison with that period of which we have already had experience. Conformably with this notion, the world may be regarded as yet existing in a state of infancy, and that numerous ages are still to elapse during its passage to maturity. Nor is this

only an idle speculation, fruitless of use and advantage. A comprehensive mind will see at once, that, in conjunction with a rational theory of the progress of civilization, it removes an immense weight of objection respecting the conduct of Providence, and is particularly calculated to afford us much consolation in the consideration of the subject before us. The world in its non-age—while toiling in the trammels, and undergoing the appropriate discipline of that state—has still to experience the action of a superior civilization: a very insufficient, or a very dissimilar progress, among the several divisions of which it is composed, is necessarily productive of discord and wars; but which may reasonably be expected finally to cease, soon after the mighty work has been achieved of moulding the numerous detached members into an homogeneous form.

By thus attributing a portion of the evils of the present and past time to the intemperate sallies of the youthful state, we in some measure vindicate the dignity of the human nature, and restore it to that rank which, notwithstanding its temporary humiliation, has been evidently assigned to it by the Almighty Creator. The gloom of despair is dissipated. We thenceforward look towards the more manly and rational times with feelings of consolation and pleasure; when the feverish passions which surround the paths of unwary ignorance shall be greatly diminished in force, and no longer successfully oppose the access of the higher terrestrial enjoyments.

But the state of warfare is not only acquiesced in with complacency as a habit and custom,—it is frequently defended and recommended on the score of necessity and utility. The ground thus taken is worthy of some scrutiny; for if the validity of the position could be satisfactorily established, it would of course destroy the inference of a directly contrary tendency, deducible from the acknowledged progressive improvement of society.

The whole weight of the question will be found, upon consideration, to rest upon the comparative amount of that improvement. Wars may unquestionably be both necessary and useful in certain stages of civilization; but having, in the course of this disquisition contended for the proposition, that the whole human population is gradually moving towards the higher stages, to which all nations will infallibly at different periods arrive, it is only incumbent upon us, in support of our peculiar views with respect to the probability of an eventual state of permanent peace, to prevent the plea of the necessity and utility of wars from attaching to those higher stages.

Before a due degree of refinement take place and prevail universally, wars may, from the various causes we have already enumerated, be truly said to be necessary; and it cannot be denied that they have frequently been used as instruments in the hands of a wise and overruling Providence, divinely skilled in diverting the evil passions of man to the promotion of its beneficent designs, to accelerate the great work of general improvement.

But it will be our business to show, that after such a state of refinement has been attained, the necessity and utility of wars must finally cease. To assist this inquiry by a natural and single division, we shall separately consider the supposed physical and moral necessity for, as well as the alleged positive and accidental utility of, a durable state of war, or of its continued recurrence, with occasional peaceful interruptions, to the end of the world.

1. By the *physical* necessity of war is understood the principle of population, by which mankind are supposed to be driven, from the mere want of sufficient food and room, to the destruction of each other.

2. The *moral* necessity has reference to the passions, from the forcible action of which wars are commonly defended, as the natural result of an original defect in our mental constitution.

3. Wars are said to be *positively* useful in stimulating the dormant energies of the human mind, and in their consequent effect of impelling it to the discovery and improvement of the arts and sciences.

4. To the *accidental* utility of war belong the occasional displays of the higher, or more splendid, feelings of humanity,—courage, fortitude, magnanimity, generosity; which, in critical and trying situations, peculiarly incident to war, are presumed to be called into action more frequently than in

the other numerous transactions of life with which we have hitherto been conversant.

In adverting separately to each of these points, which are repeatedly urged on the side of those who are disposed to judge of future events by a comparison with the past, we shall confine ourselves to a few brief observations,—in conformity with the practice we have heretofore pursued, of avoiding the ambitious aim of exhausting our subject, and of purposely leaving many obvious deductions from our premises to the reflections of the discerning reader.

Chapter I.

On the supposed Physical Necessity for War.

It must always have been known to every mind whose attention has been seriously directed to the economy of Nature, that population has a tendency to exceed the means that can be provided for its support. A vague conviction must at the same time have been felt, that the full operation of this principle is perpetually retarded by various circumstances. Disease, and the too certain play of the restless and malignant passions, were generally, in times of semi-barbarism, alone sufficient to prevent the inconvenience of excessive multiplication : in the occasional temporary failure of these instruments, and in the absence of the opportunity or inclination for emigration, famine was inevitable ; and it was during such an emergency that the ignorant vulgar felt all the bitterness of a natural train of consequences, the sure succession of which was previously, but slightly, apprehended by the philosophic but inexperienced mind.

What was to the ancients only the object of a nameless perception, brought to their cognizance either as the result of a painful experience, or as a matter of transitory and uncertain speculation, has been elaborately developed in modern times. The fact has been more definitely brought into view, that the fruits of the earth, although, from their nature, capable of increase to infinity, are necessarily limited in amount, according to the extent and quality of the soil in which they must previously be planted or sown. The animal kingdom is in this respect in nearly the same predicament as the vegetable ; but with this difference—that the latter is passive in the operation of reproduction, and cannot, by the force of individual feeling, act in resistance to the general law ; while the former is under the influence of a selfish bias, which, without due correction, urges each individual member to the pursuit of present gratification, unrestrained by a consideration of public expediency. The brutes multiply without thought ; but the evil of a redundancy of their species is effectually guarded against by the interposing hand of man : man himself, however, before he acquires a high polish in the course of his social career, has little or no protection against the perils of an over-crowded population, and the consequent ever-recurring visitations of famine, save from those fearful circumstances of vice and misery which, upon other grounds, can only be held to be the authors of his torment and reproach.

The whole of the question regarding the principle of population rests upon the simplest foundation ; and it has often been a subject of wonder that it could have given rise to such elaborate discussion, and variety of opinions respecting it, as have been recently experienced. The naked enunciation of the doctrine of the contrary action of two natural principles was, however, too certainly calculated to alarm pious, unreflecting minds : it appeared to inculpate the conduct of Omnipotence ; and left, as it generally has been, by its advocates, unsupported by all the qualifications of which it is susceptible, it has perhaps unavoidably provoked contention. If a third principle—the naturally certain progress of mankind, since the introduction of Christianity through the higher stages of civilization—had at the same time been sufficiently developed, all the difficulties which appeared to attach to the subject would have fallen to the ground. An indirect, and therefore inadequate allusion to this principle, has indeed been made by

the invention of a check to redundant population, which has with sufficient propriety been termed the *moral restraint*. But this check is evidently inoperative in the state of barbarism, and the lower gradations of civilization. The motives which assist in its formation emanate from the purest sources; and while its necessity marks in a peculiar manner the cares and trials to which man is subject, the fact of his power to avail himself of it, after a due course of cultivation, may be pointed at as a strong evidence of the native dignity of his character. A considerable triumph over the selfish principle, and the persevering practice of the more difficult virtues, are included in the notion of a moral restraint upon excessive population; and its predominance is therefore a sure indication of a high state of social improvement.

The doctrine of a progressively increasing civilization provides the only certain operation of the check alluded to, which consists in the general prevalence of prudential considerations in virtuous minds, by which gratifications immediately attainable are sacrificed for the prevention of disproportionate evil consequences. Through its influence, the number of marriages is circumscribed within reasonable limits; and the danger is effectually removed of population pressing too closely upon the means of subsistence. As its existence in any eminently useful degree requires a very extended cultivation of mind and of virtuous habits, the question of the amount of its power involves that of the rank attained in the order of civilization. In a state of comparative barbarism, the preponderating check upon population is that which has been denominated *positive*, whose elements are vice and misery, including therein war and its concomitant ravages and crimes: as we recede from that state, the weight of this check is overbalanced by the other, until at length, in the last stages of civilization, the latter will almost wholly predominate.

We are not, then, compelled at all times to resort to the scourge of war for the means of repressing a redundant population; a far less exceptionable agent will be alone sufficient for this purpose in the mature age of the world. In that better era too, the attention of men, in relation to this point of human economy, will be directed, less to divert an evil, than to improve the blessings which are connected with a well-replenished land. In this department of providential government, as well as in all others, virtue is not permitted to be fruitless of reward even in this life. Much of the dreaded evil of a population, inconveniently extensive, may be reduced by the progress of moral improvement, previously to any marked operation of the preventive check. By a superior application of the powers of industry, assisted by an advanced state of the arts, and a more improved system of government, the means of subsistence may be increased in an immeasurable degree above what has been hitherto experienced. Notwithstanding the gloomy anticipations which have recently been so absurdly and falsely mixed up with this subject, it may safely be prognosticated, that this source of consolation will long survive the fell operations of devastating war.

A direct argument, against the plea of the existence of a physical necessity for war, is offered in the palpable inconsistency of such an order of Providence with the benevolence of the Divine mind; but we are aware, that it may be alleged, that we are really ignorant of the designs of the Almighty, and cannot therefore pronounce with certainty of such inconsistency. The inference involved in this allegation is not unsusceptible of a satisfactory answer; but the subject would lead us into a too-lengthened detail. The extreme improbability of the continued necessity for the recurrence of scenes abhorrent to humanity must be already apparent to the reader; and we trust that we have sufficiently indicated the path by which the same useful results, which are supposed to require the agency of war, are produced in a far superior way, by less exceptionable means.

Perhaps there is no subject more calculated to display the wisdom of Providence than the one we are now considering. War, the source of indescribable misery, appears to be indispensable in that stage of society, in which the

human mind is permitted to slumber in a state of listless apathy, or before its dormant powers and virtues have been duly called into action. An inexorable law proportions the fruits of the earth to the merits of the consumers; and when the virtues are rare and slender, it is no wonder that, under such a plan of distribution, one half of the population must be destroyed, to secure an adequate provision for the other. Upon the aggrandizement of mind, brighter prospects expand into view. A population, truly virtuous, and intent on attaining its destined rank in the scale of creation, can never become inconveniently abundant: a natural law, equally steady as that which assigns to a vicious ignorance a commensurate portion of misery, perpetually directs its course by the lights of reason and religion. Such a population may, without inconvenience, be incomparably more numerous than the world has yet experienced: that it will be proportionably happy is a coincident conclusion—if the summit of human happiness consists, as it unquestionably does, not in a total dispensation from all cares and solitudes, nor even in the enjoyment at the same time of all the innocent gratifications; but in the freedom from vicious propensities, and the undisturbed possession of those moderate and sufficient blessings with which an indulgent Providence condescends to embellish our road to a more perfect futurity.

The dispute relating to the numerical increase of mankind has occasionally involved the consideration of the comparative advantages, in a moral and statistical view, of a numerous and a scanty population. We would apply to this question the same criterion as to the one last noticed. The character or quality of the particular population, upon the utility of which we are called upon to decide, is evidently an indispensable consideration. An ignorant and vicious population, mischievous by inclination, can scarcely be too limited in number: its increase cannot be contemplated in any other light than as the growth into more fearful dimensions of a formidable engine of tyranny and oppression. Noxious as it must be, in a moral point of view, its tendency is also to impoverish and exhaust, instead of being instrumental to the promotion of the true power and real happiness of a state. On the other hand, a truly civilized and enlightened people, subservient as they will infallibly be to the prudential ordinations of Nature, can at no time, notwithstanding their acknowledged prolific disposition, become too numerous: their numerical growth may be confidently considered as a public good,—as the certain means of individual as well as general prosperity,—as an inestimable accession to the number of useful moral agents, endowed with an infinite variety of intellectual powers,—as an increasing sort of contributors towards the perfection of the universal mind, and to the wealth, strength, and dignity, in the first instance, of their own peculiar habitation and country, and, indirectly, of the whole human race.

The reflections deducible from this subject are fraught with valuable political lessons. Security, wealth, respectability, power,—the great objects of statesmen, are only to be obtained by a wide stretch of liberality both in feeling and action. The people must be enlightened and made happy,—they must be free. In their state of ignorance and wretchedness, they are so dangerous as to be only kept down to that level which safety requires by the continual pressure of the most grinding expedients, in which are mingled every thing that can be conceived of criminality and horror: they are then not only terrible to their rulers and neighbours, but destructive to each other. Their increase is portentous of famine, of misery, of devastation; and which, could they permanently endure, would fully satisfy the gloomy conclusions of the writers who inveigh most on the evils of redundant population. A people truly free, a people consequently essentially good, increase in value, in political weight and importance, as they increase in number. In this state, they will not tolerate injustice and oppression—they will insist upon and obtain the blessings of an enlightened government and of rational institutions; but they will, in return, guarantee the undisturbed enjoyment of the full measure of right to every individual,

the highest as well as the lowest of the community. To this point of attainable perfection it is the imperative duty of every good government to endeavour to bring them, as the only means of avoiding the perils supposed to be involved in the operation of the principle of population, and ultimately of deriving from it the highest degree of public advantage.

Chapter II.

On the supposed Moral Necessity for War.

While selfishness, envy, hatred, predominate in the human heart, no barrier can be opposed to the intrusion of discord: while the same passions influence the conduct of rival communities, wars are inevitable. The moral necessity for war is, upon the supposition of the prevalence of these its principal exciting causes, fully established; and our only inquiry, therefore, in relation to the question before us, must be as to the probable durability of the latter.

Allowing the fact, as we have theoretically stated, and as we actually believe it to be, that the world, compared with the time of its destined duration, is at this moment in its earliest stage of infancy, considerable difficulty must be experienced in any attempt to prescribe bounds to the probable future improvement of the human mind during so long a series as this idea conveys of untried ages. After a retrospect of the past, in which we are enabled clearly to trace the progress of savage tribes into the state embraced in our present notion of civilized life, what, not too nearly allied to perfection, may not be expected from a term indefinitely prolonged? We may, it is evident, from this view of the subject, reasonably expect improvements beyond the comprehension of minds necessarily limited like ours, by the results of an inadequate experience, not only in the various departments of human knowledge, of private and public institutions, but in the more difficult one of moral government.

Does this statement include the prospect of a complete eradication of the evil passions from the breasts of men? No: such an expectation would confessedly be weak and visionary. Man, on this side the grave, will be found far removed from perfection, after innumerable ages have been spent in the work of improving and dignifying his species. The shades are infinite between the untutored child of nature and the perfect being; and an insuperable barrier must ever preclude perishable creatures from comprehending, in any of their relations, the mysterious terms of infinity. Perfection is so far inapplicable to the nature of man, that even that negative species, which consists in the entire absence of all the seeds of evil, cannot come within the limits of his experience. Perfection is, however, a fair object of pursuit to every being, in the measure in which his faculties can comprehend it. Perhaps, after our transit into a celestial life, our souls will be taught to dwell, with beatific delight, on a higher standard of perfection than any which we are now capable of conceiving, the progress towards the attainment of which, although never completely attainable, will be to each happy spirit the business of his eternity: in this stage of existence, the standard of social perfection is a total abstraction from vice, and the full possession of the transcendent qualities suitable to such a state of holiness; but which standard, no single individual, much less a whole community, composed of members of unequal attainments, may ever hope to reach.

But may we not range, with steps ever pressing towards the goal, among the infinite lines of the complete series? May not each of the unholy passions, although incapable of being entirely extirpated, be to an indefinite degree weakened and diminished by the incessant moral attrition (if the term may be used) of the powers of civilization? Although in the great human society those passions may, numerically, be found to exist in distant ages, may not their combined operation, in the hearts of individuals, become so much more unfrequent than at present, as to be immeasurably less destructive of their innocence and peace? Assuredly, all this is consistent with

the deductions of temperate reflection, and within the compass of rational hope.

The necessity for an ever-recurring state of warfare upon moral grounds, or in consequence of the continual collision of the restless and malignant passions, is an inference derived solely from a review of the past, uncorrected by those noble, but chastened anticipations of the future, which it is equally our interest and our duty to entertain. War is necessary to the savage, because insensate rancour almost exclusively engrosses his uncultivated mind; under the rule of despotism war is necessary, because peace would be destructive of its unhallowed dominion; in most of the existing political systems war is necessary, because selfishness, cruelty, and the lust of power, although generally deteriorated in strength, are yet far—very far, alas! from being so subdued as to be incapable of disturbing the repose of the world. But a state of durable peace will also hereafter be the inevitable result of a happier disposition of affairs—when the barbarian and the despot will both have ceased to embroil, by the fretful ebullitions of their petty minds, the transactions of this mortal stage; and when many of the anomalous combinations of the present time, peculiarly unfavourable to tranquillity, will be superseded by a more enlightened system of political arrangement.

In periods yet very recent, the doctrine of the possibility of such a change taking place in the hearts and minds of men, as to render, eventually, the recurrence of wars unnecessary, must have been met by almost universal dissent. In the present age it will not want supporters, and the numbers of those who may at first be inclined to treat it as a visionary speculation will most certainly decrease. This difference in the current opinions of times not widely remote from each other, is attributable to that palpably progressive amelioration in the condition of society, which at once illustrates and establishes the truth of our general theory. The most accomplished communities of the present day display eminent proofs of improvement in the general tone of public and private feeling. In a marked manner, the worse are observed, in innumerable instances, to give place to the better passions: those circles wherein intemperance and discord heretofore shut out every avenue for the access of sobriety and humanity, are now eminently conspicuous for virtue. The higher orders blush for, and carefully conceal those vices which they have not yet succeeded in subduing; the lower shine with bright examples of fortitude, industry, and intelligence. A superior system of education, extending its influence even to what are triely and insolently denominated the *dregs* of the people, is in powerful operation; a mighty engine—the periodical press—ever increasing in force, and as firmly established as the immutable chain of natural sequences, gives instantaneous and universal currency to every new creation of mind, and performs an important function, which, although subject to occasional perversion, cannot fail of being highly beneficial to mankind.

All these circumstances indicate the attainment, at no very distant period, of such a state of society, which, however in other respects imperfect, and short of our ulterior expectations, will preclude the plea of a necessity for war upon moral grounds. They point to the probable formation of a majority of minds in some favoured society, (a brilliant example to others!) sufficiently weaned from the most turbulent of the malignant passions; and the consequent completion of the first decided step towards an eventual permanent peace.

The doctrine of the necessity for war upon the ground here mentioned, is not very widely disjoined from one which has been a great source of metaphysical and theological argument. The passions have been frequently referred to by two opposite sects,—the one alleging them to be the latent cause of all human transactions,—the other admitting their agency only under the dominion of the will. Their power in the regulation of conduct is acknowledged on each side; but considerable error apparently attaches to both in their respective estimates of its extent. Our natural feelings, our reason, and it may be added, (although this has been strenuously contested,)

the light of revelation, favour the opinions of those who insist upon the sovereignty of the will ; but it is a mistaken zeal, and little calculated to serve the cause intended to be supported, that would ascribe to its functions an absolutely independent character. The will, although *naturally* independent and powerful, is *in practice* subject to considerable control : the passions, themselves dependent for increase or diminution on the concurrence of exterior circumstances, frequently exercise so overpowering an influence as very materially to affect the responsibility of the agent. This fact, which it is impossible to deny, has probably been the chief occasion of the misunderstanding between the contending parties.

The *Necessarians* appeal, for the validity of their peculiar theory, to the actual state of society, and of the world at large,—the *partial* diffusion of knowledge and civilization among nations and individuals,—the unequal distribution of power, by which human conduct is in almost every assignable instance absolutely divested of freedom,—the wide and unrestrained range of the malignant passions, which seem to set at defiance the very notion of the existence of an internal controlling agent.

The disciples of Calvin, in support of their favourite exposition of certain texts of Scripture, tread over the same ground with the advocates of the system of Fatalism. They have learnt the value of Christianity, as the purifier of morals, the regulator of conduct, the messenger of peace, and the passport to eternal happiness. Like knowledge, civilization, power, they observe that this invaluable blessing is very partially dispensed,—that vast regions of the earth are totally bereft of it,—that even in Christian countries, multitudes, from the consequence of defective education, and the contamination of vicious example, wilfully reject it. Unaccustomed to enlarged views of the designs of Providence, they do not scruple to account for this apparently anomalous arrangement in a way which compromises the justice of the Almighty. They abandon, with *Necessarians*,—with *Fatalists*, the belief of the freedom of the will. They adopt the dogma of predestination in its most abhorrent character ; and, in conformity with its rigid dictates, consign, with complacency, the greater mass of mankind to everlasting torment and misery, for conduct which the arguments and examples adduced in its favour have proved to be inevitable.

Part of the premises upon which these identical theories rest are undeniably true ; the inferences deduced from them are palpably, and it might, without setting too high a value upon human reason, be supposed unquestionably false. It is not necessary to deny the essential freedom of the will, because upon some, or even frequent occasions, it is held under restraint. The true Christian, however, steadfastly believes, that, inasmuch as this freedom is withheld, responsibility is removed. The individual will not be brought to account for an act which is not the deliberate offspring of his will ; or over the commission of which a concurrence of circumstances, independent of himself, had prevented his legitimate control : or, he will be accountable for only so much of his conduct, in the course of which the will, in the true character of a responsible agent, was in the possession of its appropriate functions. The distinction will be made by an omniscient Judge, with whom no task is difficult ; and who also, although in a way incomprehensible to us, can easily reconcile with the exercise of his undoubted attribute of prescience, the freedom of human action.

But in conformity with the views developed in the course of this disquisition, the restraint alluded to, whose effect has been to bring into question the existence of free-will, is destined to be indefinitely reduced. Knowledge and civilization will eventually be universally diffused ; just and liberal institutions will be established, and the dominion of the violent passions restrained within reasonable bounds. The freedom of human action will then become more apparent, and fatalism will lose its great practical argument. Christianity will be extended throughout the boundaries of the habitable earth : it will penetrate more generally into the hearts of individuals in proportion as it becomes divested of those objectionable appendages which are wholly the invention and fabrication of man. The stern predestinarian will

then learn to relax somewhat of the harshness of his creed. As the multitude of the victims of eternal, unappeasable wrath, diminish, he will be the more inclined to commiserate the few that remain; and before he finally separates them from the number of the elect, he will exercise some indulgence in considering the merits and grounds of their supposed condemnation.

Thus, while contentions and wars cease in consequence of the triumph of religion and reason over the evil passions, opinions upon high objects of human interest and animosity will gradually experience a beneficial change. The scheme of Providence, so far as it affects the destinies of man, will be extricated from some of its most perplexing difficulties. Men will be ashamed to draw their inferences upon disputed questions from defective sources: they will be furnished with an appeal from the events of time, in its infancy, to those of the matured age of the world. Their ideas of God and of his dealings will become enlarged. A wide spread of superior feeling, in the true spirit of the Apostle's definition of charity, will take place, and effectually preclude all danger of the recurrence, as well as all grounds for the plea of the necessity of war:

(To be continued.)

Sonnet.—Night-Storm.

THE storm is up; and with a giant's wrath,
Whom wine has madden'd, on their smoking path
The elements in frenzy all have sprung.
Deep calls to deep, as with an earthquake's tongue;
And, like wild war-steeds to the charge, bound on
The foaming billows to the wreck-strewn shore.
The whirlwinds combat with the oaks, and o'er
The forests rave in joy, to list their groan.
Destruction shouts upon his tempest-car,
As heav'n and earth are mingling in the war.
Terror, the tyrant grim, smiles dark as hell,
To mark his vassal's work, his 'hest so well.
Ye Atheists! tremble at the Almighty pow'r
Of Him who summons forth this awful hour.

D.

HOLMAN'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c *.

RUSSIA having lately assumed the rank of the most preponderating state of the Continent, apparently, the ambitious Tsar of the North was anxious to grasp "*the balance of Europe*." But that mortal enemy of despotism—Liberty, the goddess of Britons, was gradually effecting a mighty change in the new world, which has ended in the independence of tens of millions of men who were held in thralldom, and in new connections with Great Britain and the United States, which have totally altered the aspect of European politics, commerce, and power. The

Holy Alliance, which has long made so vaunting a noise, and which, by its illiberality, intolerance, despotism, and oppression, has become detestable, is now sinking into oblivion, and, we doubt not, will be gradually dissolved without a special Congress of Sovereigns. But a few years ago, all the world was keenly alive to the next proceedings of that Association of Sovereigns, and especially to those of the magnanimous Emperor Alexander; now their measures excite little anxiety, and less solicitude, at least in this happy island. In relation to Russia, we were never of the

* Travels through Russia, Siberia, Poland, Austria, Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, &c. &c. Undertaken during the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, while suffering from total blindness; and comprising an account of the author being conducted a state prisoner from the Eastern Parts of Siberia. By James Holman, R. N., and K. W. 2 Vols. 8vo., 21s. London: Whittaker, 1825.

number who were greatly alarmed at her power, but we are of opinion that she ought not to escape from view. Her conduct should be strictly watched, and her aggrandizing progress completely checked. When we recal to mind her immense territory—her population of forty-five millions of souls—her advancement in arts, sciences, and civilization—her intrigues and influence among the powers of the Continent—her great army of nearly a million of men, (which, as a mere mass of physical strength, forms a mighty machine,)—her improvement in military tactics—her new system of military colonization—the extraordinary impulse given to her people by the establishment of public schools and Bible societies, by the formation of roads, canals, and other public works—we must concede that Russia holds a high political and important station. She can, at all times, furnish men to whatever power chooses to pay for them; and thus, by land, may become a dangerous foe or a useful ally to Great Britain. The strength of her trifling fleets in the Baltic and the Black Sea gives us little concern; and were they even formidable, luckily for us they must pass the Sound, or the Thracian Bosphorus, before they can directly do us any injury, and there their progress could at once be arrested by the wooden walls of Old England. But let us quit speculation, and come to matters of fact. How gratifying must it be to every inhabitant of this island to read the following delightful extract!

“In the prosperity of the country at large, it has outgrown all its former greatness; and as it is in human Nature to look invidiously on the success of rivals—nations following the same rule as individuals, it is to be presumed that the other countries of Europe regard with no favourable eye the increasing power and strength of the British empire. In the pain-

ful feelings which this may be expected to excite, where do they look for consolation? To Ireland, and there do they fasten, as if by instinct, upon the unfortunate circumstances of that country. They cherish the persuasion that she is a rankling wound in the bosom of the State, which will work the destruction of its vital powers. Let us then disappoint the hopes of those who look to this as the means of accomplishing their views against the interest of Great Britain. Let us, by healing this wound, annihilate those anticipations, and let the cure be so complete, and the healing so effectual, that not even the cicatrix shall remain*.” Such sentiments do honour to the head and heart of their author, and must claim the highest esteem even of political opponents, for their good sense and their sound reasoning. Long may the pilot of our government live to promulgate such doctrines!

Our readers have no reason to complain of the lack of information respecting the vast empire of Russia. Within the last fifteen months our pages have contained a review of Dr Lyall's *Character of the Russians and Detailed History of Moscow* †: of the same author's *Account of the Military Colonies in Russia* ‡: of Captain Cochrane's *Pedestrian Journey through Russia, Siberia, and Tartary* §: of the *Histoire Militaire de la Campagne de Russie en 1812*, by Colonel Boutourlin ||: of the *History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia in 1812*, by Count de Segur** : and, besides, we have inserted Dr Lyall's Answer to the pitiful tirade of the Quarterly Review against his quarto volume ††. We have now other two works connected with the same subject before us, and which we mean to analyze: viz. Lyall's *Travels in Russia, the Crimea, the Caucasus, and Georgia*, and Holman's *Travels*, the full title of which is at the commencement of this ar-

* Vide Mr Canning's Speech on the motion for the second reading of the Catholic Emancipation Bill.—*Globe and Traveller*, April 22d 1825.

† Vide Number for March 1824.

‡ ————— April ———

§ ————— May ———

|| ————— Dec. ——— and January 1825.

** ————— March and April 1825.

†† ————— March 1825.

ticle. To the volumes of the last-named gentleman we shall now particularly allude reserving our account of Dr Lyall's work for another Number.

Mr Holman, who has long suffered under a total deprivation of sight, is favourably known to the public, by his Narrative of a Journey through France, Italy, &c., and is the individual whom the Russians, with their usual consistency, have designated the *Blind Spy*, and sent out of their country after he had reached the heart of Siberia. In the preface to his former work, Mr Holman gives the following account of himself :

“ Destined to the naval service of his country, his exclusive attention, for some years, was devoted to the attainment of that professional knowledge which he hoped might lead to honourable distinction;” but, “ at the age of twenty-five, while in the very bloom of expectation, his prospects were irrecoverably blighted, by the effects of an illness, resulting from his professional duties, and which left him deprived of all the advantages of Heaven's prime decree,—wholly—and, he fears, permanently blind.”

Since his severe affliction, Lieutenant Holman has employed his leisure in the cultivation of science and literature, and in travelling. A few years ago, he attended a number of the lectures in our University. We should imagine that the *organ* of locomotion must be amply developed in Mr Holman's cranium, for notwithstanding that he is involved in darkness, he has travelled many thousand miles, and had formed a still grander plan. But this assuredly is the age of travelling ; for one performs a journey through Spain, Portugal, Russia, and Siberia, for the greatest part on foot ; and a blind man contemplates making the tour of the globe, and actually continues his journey till arrested in his progress by despotic power, as will be seen in the sequel. We may soon

expect to hear of the deaf, and the dumb, and the lame, and even the Americans, *who dance their shoes and their feet away, and continue dancing on their stumps**, undertaking journeys to Siberia, and to all the other quarters of the globe. But our readers must be longing to hear something of the blind traveller, and of the interesting transcript of his mind, which his pages contain ; and still we must tell them something about the dedication.

The dedication of Dr Lyall's quarto, without permission—though in flattering language—to His Imperial Majesty Alexander, seems to have had an astonishing effect upon some of the potentates of Europe, and put them on the *qui vive*. Through Mr Benkhansen, the Russian Vice-Consul at London, the Emperor caused a notice to be put in the newspapers, to warn the public that the Doctor had no authority to dedicate his quarto to him : and this measure was soon followed by a kind of *ukáz*, or prohibition, for the purpose of preventing foreign writers from dedicating their works to the Autocrat, “ without having previously solicited permission from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, through the Russian Ambassador resident in the country in which the author resides.” In answer to this absurd order, Dr Lyall contends that an author may dedicate his work to whom he pleases, the words *by permission* not being used : although, as a matter of courtesy, he allows that, when practicable, the individual to whom a work is intended to be dedicated may be consulted. At all events, every individual has the power of accepting, or neglecting, or rejecting, a dedication†.

The Doctor laughs at the idea of a Tsar of Russia sending a *prohibition* to Britons, and states, that the Imperial Alexander's *ukáz* only excited universal surprise, laughter, ridicule, and contempt, by the folly it evinced in the Counsellors of His Majesty‡.

* *Vide* John Bull in America, or the New Munchausen, 12mo., just published—a remarkably clever answer and satire of the stupid review of Faux's Travels in the Quarterly.

† We find that Dr Lyall has re-printed all the documents to which allusion has been made in the Appendix of his Travels.

‡ In the library of the University of this city, there is a book bearing the follow-

We had thought that no other Sovereign would commit himself in a similar manner, but, to our astonishment, we lately saw by the *Hamburg papers*, "that the King of Prussia, in imitation of the Emperor Alexander, has ordered that no person shall dedicate any new work to him without special permission." We have been, therefore, for a few weeks past, in the daily expectation of finding a similar prohibition from the *beloved brother and holy ally* of the two monarchs alluded to, the Emperor of Austria; but we have hitherto been disappointed; and we sincerely trust that this Sovereign will think before he acts,—that he will call to mind, in addressing Britons at least, that he speaks to those who are free, and who dare assert and maintain the rights of man.

Scarcely had the ink traced these sentiments when the following notice caught our eyes :

Petersburgh, April 2d 1825.

"The Ministry of Popular Instruction, and that of the Interior, have lately received more rigorous instructions relative to the inspection of writings and books in foreign languages brought from abroad."

Entertaining the opinions already expressed, we could scarcely give credit to our own visual organs, when we read the following lines in our newspapers about three weeks ago :

Hanover, April 2d 1825.

"A notice has been issued by His Majesty's Cabinet Ministry, to the effect, if books or works of art are sent or dedicated to His Majesty, without first asking and receiving permission, no attention will be paid to them *."

What were His Majesty's objects in causing this notice to be issued, or what reasons he had for such an order, we cannot pretend to know, nor even to guess. We trust we shall hear of no such sentiments in this island. At the same time, the most flimsy reasoner will remark the difference often between the *prohibitions to authors*, of the Emperor of Russia

and the King of Prussia, and the mere *annunciation that no attention will be paid to dedications or presents*, unless permission has been given for making them. There is something rational here, for authors may continue to dedicate, without liberty, to the British Sovereign, in Hanover, and, because they have not observed the necessary etiquette, he may pass them in silence.

But the reader may again enquire, why this digression with respect to dedications? We answer, because Mr Holman's volumes are dedicated by permission to King George IV., to whom the author confesses himself indebted for essential benefits. The dedication is conceived in such terms as must please our gracious Sovereign. We think, however, that the Emperor Alexander will take umbrage at the circumstance of His Britannic Majesty having accepted the dedication of a work which exposes the national character of the Russians, and contains an account of the infamous conduct of the autocratic government, in having made Mr Holman a state-prisoner—treated him like a *spy*—and finally sent him out of their dominions. But the time of great complacency towards the Sovereign of the Northern Empire is passed away.

It is a pleasing and edifying task, to develop the minds of different individuals, and to examine them under a variety of circumstances. We have read much of the wonderful deeds of the blind—mechanics as well as philosophers—and we received the first rudiments of chemistry from a blind lecturer, so that we were prepared to meet with the journal of a blind traveller.

The copious title of Mr Holman's work explains the grand outlines and the peculiar circumstances of the author's travels, and he shall now speak for himself.

Were any individual, gifted with the full and ordinary powers that it has pleased the Creator to confer upon the human race, to undertake a journey into a strange,

ing dedication, "To God Almighty!" and we have heard, that, in speaking of the conduct of the Emperor Alexander, one of Dr Lyall's friends said, *a man might dedicate his work to the Devil, if he chooses.*

* The former extract bears the same date.

and a most unknown country, there could be no reason why he should not collect, and communicate, a fund of curious and interesting particulars relative to the scene of his travel, its inhabitants, and productions, but that one circumstance like the Author of the present work, under a total deprivation of that most important of the senses for acquiring a knowledge of external objects—the power of vision, should, in the first place, meditate and attempt such a journey, and, secondly, venture to obtrude its results upon the public, must be deemed a solecism, both in the history of travel and literature.

Impressed by the above considerations, the Author feels it incumbent upon him to explain, as a prefatory subject, the motives which led him to such “deeds of daring enterprise”—to traverse, sightless, and almost alone, the dreary wilds of a barbarous country, wider in extent than Europe itself, and also to declare the channels and opportunities through which he has been enabled to derive that information he is now desirous to impart to the public.

Deprived, by the will of the Almighty, of all intercourse with the visible world, the desire of locomotion has to him become a new sense,—a compensating principle, which, by the succession of objects it presents, serves to fill up the deficiencies of which he would otherwise be sensible, from the loss of the visual organ. It may not be easy to explain, with correctness, the nature of the sensations which are thus communicated, that numberless and interesting associations are called forth may readily be conceived, and which, connecting themselves with ideas previously acquired, relative to the countries, places, and objects with which he is really, or virtually, brought into contact, give rise to operations of the mind more or less pleasurable. This, however, is not all: the novelties which present themselves, dependent on the habits or customs of the people he may meet with, the accidents to which he becomes exposed, many of them rendered singularly peculiar by the peculiarity of his own circumstances and the variety of general information he may be enabled to glean, to which may be added, an almost romantic ardour to surmount difficulties, all conspire to throw an interest, sometimes nearly magical, over his wanderings.

The above observations may constitute something like an apology for what many will regard as an absurd or affected restlessness of mind, a feeling which he is not a little anxious to do away with, since his heart disclaims it, besides, he often

finds it a material annoyance, having more than once been indebted to it for a mortifying opposition to his most anxious wishes.

That he should intrude upon the public the narrative of his journey and adventures, requires a farther explanation. With his great disadvantages, he has no right to presume that he could add much to what was previously known respecting the immense Russian Empire, or with much authority, illustrate the manners, customs, or character of its inhabitants, the field, however, is a wide one, and one which has not frequently been trodden, so that numberless of its indigenous productions, both natural and moral, remain to be discovered. Whether the Author has succeeded in collecting—to carry forward the metaphor—any of its original plants, or of the latent seeds, or springing flowers of the recent civilization of this country, he leaves to the reader, after the perusal of his pages, to determine. He is, however, willing to admit, that in sending forth his narrative, he is not a little influenced by the wish to be regarded as a member, however humble, of the literary world, in which feeling he is, to a degree, encouraged by the favourable manner in which his former production was received by the public. Those who may be inclined to censure his presumption in this respect, he trusts will not deny some indulgence to his peculiar situation, or refuse to admit, however much the work itself may fail in interest that the innocent gratification he has derived from its composition is some excuse for the publication.

Mr Holman is not pleased with the remarks which Captain Cochrane made in his “*Pedestrian Journey*,” with respect to the information which he was likely to obtain, and when the circumstances below are considered, we need not be surprised at his indignation, although we think he has evinced his sensibility with too great warmth, in these words, “Physically blind as the author is, he cannot but be sensible of the mental obscurity of Captain C, and might, without impropriety address him in the words of the Roman satirist,

Cur tu hippos, aliorum vitia timere
acutus”

We have learned from unquestionable authority, that Captain Cochrane, Lieutenant Holman, and

Dr Lyall, were intimate at Moscow, and that the latter gentleman rendered these travellers every assistance in his power. For these attentions Mr Holman testifies his gratitude, in different places of the volumes before us; but Captain Cochrane, on the contrary, when describing Moscow in his *Pedestrian Journey*, never even alludes to Dr Lyall's quarto, from which he seems to have most disingenuously borrowed various statements. Indeed, in his homeward journey, he has the audacity, or the ignorance, to say, "This comparative *exposé* will speak for itself: I should not have introduced it, but for the defect appertaining to publications relating to Moscow*:" yet all this *exposé* is contained in Dr Lyall's quarto, which was published long before the Captain issued his remarks to light. We have been informed, that it is probable that the Captain, when the first edition of his work was published, was held in thralldom by the Directors of the Quarterly Review, who, probably on account of his having changed his publisher—against whom he loudly complained—have, in a late number, shewn him no great mercy. Besides, by the time Captain Cochrane's work was published, Dr Lyall had unfolded too many melancholy truths with respect to Russia, and had become obnoxious to her government, by whom the hardy pedestrian had not lost hopes of being employed in his own element. But his complacency—perhaps we might say servility—were to him of no avail. The Russian Government—as it had previously done at Petersburg—lent a deaf ear to his proposals when he reached London.

In the preface to the third edition of his work, which is an answer to the review of the first and second editions in the Quarterly Review—in allusion "to that hankering after reasons" why he did not go over to America, "and the desire the Editor has to induce" him "to charge the Russian Government with preventing it, because there was already a Russian expedition there," (the author does not mean over in America, but in the seas between the two

continents,) he unequivocally declares there was nothing of the kind. "I," says he, "was never stopped by them from going where I chose; they did me the honour to grant me a *carte blanche*, which I did not abuse." But, from what we deem good authority, we have heard a very different account of the matter; viz. that while the Governor-General of Siberia, Speransky, gave the Captain a private letter of introduction to Baron Wrangel, favourable to his views, acting with the duplicity characteristic of his nation, he sent private orders to arrest his progress, by throwing difficulties in his way, and by withholding from him the necessary means for the prosecution of his designs, if he showed the determination to persevere.

In allusion to his having been conducted a state-prisoner from the eastern parts of Siberia to the frontiers of Austria, by a Government courier, Mr Holman remarks:

One painful subject remains to be noticed—the abrupt and hasty manner in which the author was conducted from out of Siberia, and the Russian empire, by the particular mandate of the Imperial Alexander, a measure for which he is totally at a loss to assign any satisfactory reason, and which prevented him from completing the more arduous and interesting part of the arrangement for travel, which he had sketched out for himself.

The reason advanced, of the Emperor's anxiety for the personal safety of the author, is evidently more specious than real, since it is contradicted by the unnecessary harsh treatment, and strict surveillance, which were extended over him during his conveyance as a state-prisoner to the Austrian frontier. Had this motive really existed, it is reasonable to infer that he would have been left at St. Petersburg or Moscow, in the bosom of his friends, instead of being dragged out of the empire, and left on its borders, a still greater stranger than even in Siberia itself.

The author feels it due to himself to state, that he is neither conscious that he could have given private personal offence to his Imperial Majesty, nor have excited the suspicion or jealousy of the government, by any of his proceedings or enquiries; in short, he neither felt himself prompted by his powers or inclination, to interfere with, or animadvert upon, the

* *Pedestrian Journey*, third edition, Vol. II., p. 261.

government, even so far as to pass the slightest censure upon the many glaring faults which could not fail to be observable to the eye of a free-born Englishman.

Mr Holman left London for St. Petersburg, with the *ostensible* motive of visiting the Russian empire, but with the real one, should circumstances prove propitious, of making a circuit of the world—rather a daring enterprise for a blind person. His motives for concealing his real designs

—are attributable to the opposition my kind friends have always been inclined to make against what, under my peculiar deprivation, they are disposed to regard as Quixotic feelings; a feeling on their parts which I am desirous to suppress, since, on various occasions, I have to charge it with the disappointment of my most anxious wishes. Alas! how little are they able to appreciate my true sentiments and powers, as developing themselves in an intense desire to occupy the mind, to acquire solid information, and triumph over those difficulties which others might deem insurmountable! That my views are not chimerical, may be inferred from the success which, as far as my innate powers are concerned, has hitherto attended my exertions. Where the mind is properly constituted, the diminution of one faculty naturally calls others into more extensive action. In my case, the deprivation of sight has been succeeded by an increased desire for locomotion; nor, little as the world may imagine me adapted for its indulgence, am I conscious of having ever over-rated my abilities in that particular: in short, there are few obstacles which man's perseverance may not enable him to overcome, if he will but rightly exercise those faculties with which the beneficence of his Creator has endowed him.

When the vessel which carried Mr Holman was visited by the guard-ship in the Roads of Cronstadt, they were excessively annoyed by the officers of the revenue, and their conduct called forth the subsequent remarks:

A singular feature in the manners of these gentry, is a system of begging any, or every article which happens to take their fancy, and this in a way that neither expects nor admits of a denial; nay, such was their rapacity and meanness, that one even asked the captain to give him needles, thread, and tape, for the use

of his wife; and which, to keep him in good humour, were promised on the next voyage. I afterwards heard many ludicrous instances of the extent to which they sometimes carry their begging system. A lady of my acquaintance came over when a child, and brought a doll for her amusement: one of the custom-house fellows took it into his head to long for this plaything, and, with rapturous admiration, made his petition accordingly; nor could the poor child's tears, nor the captain's entreaties, induce him to forego his covetous demand. At length, the child's unwilling and faltering consent was gained, by a promise of bringing her a better one next voyage. Cold, indeed, must be the hearts of such men!

Of course, this system is not sanctioned by the government, it is only submitted to by the captains of foreign vessels, to preserve the complacency, and prevent the ill-will and annoyance of these fellows in the arrangement of their port-duties. On the contrary, an instance occurred not long since, where, on a threat of complaint to the government, the officer, in the most abject manner, returned the articles he had received, and entreated that the affair might not be noticed. In our instance, their cupidity received a material check, on finding that there was a British officer on board; and, as they have a wonderful respect for military rank, from that moment all begging ceased.

I trust that these unpleasant traits of Russian character will be softened down on a more intimate acquaintance. They could not, however, fail to excite an unfavourable impression at the very moment of entering the country; nor am I unaware of the injustice of drawing general inferences from the peculiar manners and customs of a sea-port. How incorrect would be the opinion of a foreigner with respect to our own country, were he to take his estimates of its character from the impressions he might receive on his first landing at our sea-ports! He would necessarily fail to discover any of that genuine solidity and integrity of character peculiar to our country, which develops itself so gradually as almost to close the door against the admission of friendly intercourse with strangers; but which, once admitted, evinces more purity and permanence than attaches to any other people in the world.

We should have been glad that Mr Holman had repeated fewer of the details with respect to Petersburg, which has been again and again well described; and very particularly by James, in the most

lively and entertaining manner. The gleanings of the "*Blind Spy*," however, deserve some attention: and we believe our readers will be more highly pleased with the account of a Kozák dinner—which is illustrated by a plate—than with the locally interesting objects of the new Russian capital.

Feb. 27th (1823) was a day of high gratification to me, as I had the honour of dining *a la Cossaque*, with the celebrated General Yefremoff, at the village appropriated for the quarters of the Cossack troops stationed at St. Petersburg, and which is situated about a mile beyond the Nevsky Monastery. Our party was received by the general in the most warm and friendly manner. I was, I believe, the only stranger present; but his polite attention soon banished all reserve. He had even the condescension to bring me his helmet, and a variety of other articles, which he thought might interest me to examine. He also ordered in some of his soldiers, that I might examine their uniform and accoutrements. How gratifying, to receive such attentions from such a man! and how unjust, to designate, as barbarous, a nation, one of whose members, risen from the rank of a common soldier, can shew so much sentiment and sensibility to an apparently unfortunate individual like myself!

Previous to dinner being announced, we were tempted to whet our appetites with caviare, dried fish from the Don, cheese, &c. with brandy and various other liquors, including a peculiar spirit, made in the country of the Don Cossacks, in which the buds of the birch-tree had been infused, that made it so bitter as to be quite nauseous.

At length dinner was served up,—if in order, in a very reverse one to what I had been accustomed. The first dish was corned beef, followed by sturgeon, which, in its turn, was succeeded by soup; after this we had a variety of made-dishes and of game, while roasted meats brought up the rear.

We had a great variety of wines, comprising Madeira and French wines; but these were neglected for the more agreeable ones from the general's own estates in the Don country. Most of these were very sweet and effervescent, like champagne and cyder, agreeable to the taste, but, at the same time, highly treacherous, and sure to give a severe headache next day, if indulged in, particularly when drunk, as is usually done here, out of tumblers.

As soon as dinner was concluded, we

retired into an adjoining room, to take coffee; about an hour after which a most sumptuous dessert was introduced. The glass now again circulated with freedom; and, as there was no escaping the vigilance of a Cossack general, I am afraid few of our party could hope to escape the penalty of the succeeding morning. Our good host was the life of his company; nor do I recollect when I ever spent a more animated and happy day.

While taking our wine, some Cossack children occasionally ran into the room, one of whom, a little girl of about three years of age, I took into my arms, and presented with wine, which she appeared to take with much relish; in short, she was so contented with her situation as to be unwilling to leave me.

The novelty of our entertainment was, however, yet to come. A dozen strapping Cossacks now entered the room, and began to entertain us with a variety of their national songs, the whole singing together, but each taking separate parts. After this had proceeded for a time, all on a sudden they caught up one of our party, laid him out on their arms, and began tossing him into the air, thus making him dance to the tune of their song; this was repeated in succession with each individual, and considered a great compliment, which was returned by a present of money. It was practised upon the general himself, as well as his visitors. A single individual of our party alone escaped this dance in the air: he was one of the imperial chamberlains, and so bulky, that the Don amateurs were actually shy of amusing themselves with his person.

I shall conclude the above account, with a few historical anecdotes of our noble host.

At the period of the battle of Leipzig he had attained only the rank of colonel, and had then the honour of saving his emperor from falling into the hands of the enemy. He was advancing at the head of three hundred Cossacks, when he met his Imperial Majesty, closely pressed by a body of French cavalry. He was ordered by the Emperor to charge the French, with the view of allowing him time for escape; this, notwithstanding the great disparity of force, was effected in the most gallant manner; the clouds of dust which their advance occasioned prevented the enemy from ascertaining their numbers, while the horrid yell, which always accompanies the charge of these troops, struck such terror into the hearts of their adversaries, that they speedily retreated. For this important service, Colonel Yefremoff received from

the Emperor's hand, on the field of battle, the order of St. George, of which he is more proud than of all the other laurels won by him during the war. The rank of general soon followed, and he now stands next to the hetman.

During the retreat of the French army, his gallant conduct attracted so forcibly the attention of Murat, who commanded the French cavalry, that he sent him a valuable watch, accompanied by a flag of truce, with the request that it might be presented to the gallant officer who commanded the Cossack troops, as a mark of his esteem, for the activity and bravery he had so often witnessed. What an honourable testimonial to receive from an enemy!

The history of grand edifices is sometimes extremely curious, and we know of none which has been more so, than what was called the Marble Church of St Isaac, at St. Petersburg, the erection of which, *in toto*, Mr Holman erroneously attributes to Catharine the^d Second. Now, all the world knows, that not much more than two-thirds of that structure was raised during Catharine's life, and that Paul, on coming to the throne, caused it to be finished with great rapidity, and *with brick*—one of the many instances of that monarch's caprice. This conduct gave rise to a most poignant and satirical epigram—

"Of two reigns, behold the image,
Whose base is marble and summit brick."

For this just *jeu d'esprit*, and the folly of divulging it, the author was sent to atone to one of the Aleutian islands*.

With respect to the so called marble and gloomy church, Mr Holman says,

It is now, however, taken down, the Emperor having selected its site for a splendid new church, to be built upon the plan of a French architect. Unfortunately, however, after an immense expense incurred, the foundations have been found inadequate to support the mass of the new intended superstructure; so that the new building is at a stand, until either some plan is devised for strengthening the foundation, or a new spot selected. In whatever way this point may be decided, one thing is certain,—that a church must be re-erected on the site of the Isaac,

since it is a superstitious custom amongst these people, that where a church has once been, a church must continue to be; nay, if one is taken down, with a view of rebuilding it, some portion of the old edifice must remain; and this is the reason why the foundations of the Isaac Church have not been entirely razed.

Our adventurer having made a visit to the Academy of Arts, remarks:

It may be expected that I should explain the nature of the interest I take in a visit to such a place as the present; for it will scarcely be admitted that the loss of sight can, on such an occasion, be compensated by the mental powers. Few who have the blessing of sight, give themselves time to consider what ideas they would entertain of external objects if they were deprived of this sense, or how much pains they would take to compensate such deprivation. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for any one to have a right conception of the confidence which a person, who has been long afflicted with blindness, acquires, with respect to his various intercourses with the world: time and experience must produce it, but reflection and judgment alone can bring it to perfection. There are, however, some points, particularly those which relate to personal intercourse, which may be more instantaneously acquired, as if by a principle of perceptive instinct; this, at least, my experience indicates: for instance, when any one is conversing with me, I conceive myself to see the expression of countenance as the words are pronounced, almost as if I actually saw it, and, in ordinary cases, receive a similar kind of satisfaction. This may be accounted for from a combination of causes,—as the tone of voice, the manner of speaking, and other circumstances, which excite in my mind an ideal picture of the features, personal qualities, manners, nay, even the character of the person conversing with me, particularly when aided by associations derived from my own experience. I thus satisfy myself, at least, with a representation according to my own conception, although my ideas, connected as they are with remembrances of what I have formerly seen, cannot have the same originality as would be the case with persons who have been blind from their birth.

I am only actuated by any intense desire to see, when I meet with some one who excites more than ordinary interest in my feelings, or with any extraordinary

* Vide Clarke's Travels.

productions of nature or art; it is then the imagination takes fire, and my desire to see increases with the difficulty, nay, impossibility of gratifying it; then my feelings are worked up to such a pitch, that I become truly restless and impatient, when nothing but a change of place, or the introduction of a new subject, sufficiently powerful to constitute a counteracting influence, can restore me to calm reflection.

It was very natural for Mr Holman to take great interest in visiting the Asylum for the Blind, of which he gives a very favourable account.

I found its poor, afflicted inmates, all very usefully or agreeably occupied; some with music, reading, and other literary pursuits; others, in the manufacture of different works of art, as baskets, mats, ropes, &c.

The mode in which the art of printing was carried on struck me as particularly interesting. The different types being arranged, alphabetically, in a box, are then transferred, with great expedition, (acquired by habit,) into the grooves of a frame of wood: a proper portion of the subject in question having thus been composed, a damp sheet of paper is laid over it, and pressed with a cushion, after which, it is dried by a gradual and moderate heat, and in this way the surfaces of the letters are sufficiently elevated to be easily distinguished by the finger, by the assistance of which the correctness of the composition is ascertained. In accomplishing this both hands are used; one passes over the surface first, with a view of gaining a general idea, and is then immediately followed by the other to confirm it, the whole being effected with a celerity which surprises the stranger.

They all appear to have some knowledge of music, at least so far as to take part in a hymn, which is sung before sitting down to dinner, and again on finishing the repast. We had the gratification of being present at this interesting ceremony; and after its conclusion, were entertained with an instrumental concert.

We visited their bed-chambers, where each individual had a clean, comfortable bed, with every other convenient accommodation. In short, I left the place highly gratified, and deeply impressed with the benevolence of the Emperor, under whose especial patronage it is conducted.

There is also in this city an interesting Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which unforeseen circumstances prevented my visiting, and I intentionally omit noticing a variety

of other institutions, fearing that the detail would be wearisome to my readers; as, for instance, various cadet corps, and many public seminaries for the education of the different classes of society of both sexes.

In Dr Lyall's history of Moscow we have a good account of the Russian police, which is well illustrated by Mr Holman's statements regarding that of St. Petersburg.

In order to provide for public security and protection, and at the same time to guard against the discussion of, and interference with, the measures of government, an active police pervades every quarter of St. Petersburg.

So great is the vigilance and art of these gentlemen, that it is necessary to observe the strictest caution in conversing with strangers, as they not unfrequently assume every variety of disguise, in order to detect such persons as may be adverse or obnoxious to the government. I have heard of a gentleman, who having business with the master of police at the early hour of seven in the morning, took the opportunity of making an enquiry respecting the probability of finding him at home, from a peasant-like man whom he met on approaching his house. This person immediately conducted him to the house, which, to the surprise of the gentleman, he entered, *sans ceremonie*, and immediately proceeding to an inner apartment, threw off his peasant's dress, and stood forth the master of police himself; after which, he exhibited a great variety of dresses of the different characters he was in the habit of assuming.

Every author on Russia, since the days of Paul's ascent to the throne, finds some curious anecdotes to retail of that monarch's madness; and Mr Holman's book also contains a few in addition. The present whims of the guardians of the city interest us more.

The police regulations for preserving the public peace, and keeping order in the streets, are very strict, and some of them not a little peculiar: for instance, both the self-pleasing art of *whistling*, as well as indulging in *smoking*, are interdicted. A friend of mine one day received a check as he was amusing himself in the former way during his walk. How annoying such regulations must be to bakers' boys and Germans,—the former might, in consequence, be compelled to *think*, the latter prevented from doing so.

The following occurrence, witnessed one day in the street by a friend of mine, serves to instance the dread entertained by the lower classes of getting under the power of the police. As he was passing the Isaac Bridge, a droshka suddenly stopped before him, when the driver leaped down, and, with every symptom of consternation, took his passenger from off the seat of the vehicle, and laid him on the road; he then hastily remounted his box, and drove away with all possible speed. The passenger had been seized with a fit, when thinking he might die, the affrighted, but prudent Russian, took this method of getting rid of him, in order to avoid the trouble and expense the police would have imposed upon him had he been found with the dead body.

In our Number for March, we reprinted Dr Lyall's answer to the review of his quarto, contained in the Quarterly, in which the reader must have remarked that the Editor was very seriously angry with the Doctor, because he had called the Russian merchants a body—with a few exceptions—of cheats and swindlers; and, besides, that the said Editor became their defender, and pronounced them "*a respectable body of men.*" We request our readers to listen to Mr Holman's account of the Quarterly's *protégés*,—that upright, honourable, immaculate, and hence "*respectable body of men.*"

From the above specimens of a Russian merchant's festival, an inference will necessarily be drawn of his great wealth, in which respect some of these people, in their entertainments, vie with the richest of the nobility. They are, however, notwithstanding, looked upon by the latter as an inferior race of beings, with whom it would be a degradation to associate. It is their wealth only which gives them consequence; and as most of them have originally been slaves, and brought up in the grossest ignorance, it is not surprising that few motives of honour or morality should interfere with their means of acquiring money. In cunning, and the art of over-reaching, they yield not to the Chinese themselves; but such is the deficiency of their education, that few of them are able to transact business by the most common rules of arithmetic; for this purpose they make use of an instrument named the *stchot*, very analogous in its principle with the Chinese *swan-pan*, from which it has probably been derived. These deficiencies are, however, the results of a neglected education. not

of a want of natural genius; for some have succeeded in breaking through the trammels of opposing circumstances, and attained eminence in the arts and sciences of their country.

We believe that Mr Holman's account of the commerce of Russia, founded upon the intelligence which he chiefly collected at Petersburg, will not tally much better with the ideas of the Quarterly Reviewer, who, we dare say, is more familiar with latitudes and longitudes, assisting favoured authors in getting up quartos, and reckoning his revenues from Albemarle-Street, than with the system of Russian commerce. But we have got the wrong brief in hand.

The extensive intercourse I had the opportunity of enjoying during my residence in St. Petersburg, with many of its more eminent merchants, induces me to offer a few remarks respecting the commercial relations of Russia with other countries, but more particularly Great Britain.

In the first place, I beg to observe, that, by the prohibitory system, a considerable alteration appears to have lately taken place with regard to those relations. Other causes have also combined to deteriorate them; even so far back as the time of Catharine the Second, a considerable jealousy began to be evidenced on the part of Russia; the temporary influence which the French attained from the year 1807 to 1812, tended materially to aggravate this unfriendly disposition; and the professed object of the government is, at the present time, to render themselves entirely independent of other countries, by encouraging native manufactories of every description; a line of policy, however, which has been carried into effect with so little judgment, as to have almost universally failed in its execution, notwithstanding many of the measures adopted to promote it have been most decided and energetic, such as assisting individuals with loans of money for stated periods, the absolute prohibition of many foreign manufactures, and the imposition of high duties on others, besides affording many other important advantages intended to encourage the object in view.

The actual result of these measures has been, that the Russian manufacturer, unable to produce the finer articles so cheap as they can be supplied from other countries, and availing himself of the extensive contraband trade which the government, from their great line of front-

ter, has not the power to suppress, has attached his mark to foreign goods, and vend them as his own. In short, this system of the Russian government has generally terminated in the ruin of the manufacturer, so that, eventually, the former has been glad to seize upon the remaining property of the latter, in order to reimburse itself for the money that has been advanced.

The above pernicious system is, however, further subversive of the morality of the people, since it holds out to them the strongest inducement to engage in illicit traffic, and which, I am assured, is carried on to an almost incredible extent, principally through the intervention of the Jews. It is also, at the same time, injurious to the revenue, which would, without doubt, be better promoted by a repeal of the prohibitory laws, and the imposition of moderate duties on the various articles of foreign produce.

It can scarcely be imagined, that the government is unaware of the injurious tendency of their measures;—to what then can their persistence in them be attributed? without doubt, they are considerably influenced by a spirit of retaliation for the restrictions imposed by the British government on the importation of their linen and sailcloths. They allege, however, that the diminution of the duties would occasion an excess of the imports over the exports, and thus lead to the ruin of their manufacturers. Specious as this may appear in reason, it is futile in fact, since every one acquainted with Russian commerce knows, that, as the affair now stands, the imports, in consequence of the illicit trade, have actually and virtually much exceeded the exports, although the customhouse documents do not make it appear; and this, of course, without the due advantage being derived by the revenue itself.

Would it not be better for Russia, until her population has materially increased, to discontinue all manufactures excepting those of her native raw material, the barter of which would, in all probability, be equivalent to the introduction of her necessary foreign commodities and luxuries? since it is by no means probable that the demand for the latter would be greater than the former would be capable of covering. It is an acknowledged axiom, that increased imports will be productive of increased exports, and *vice versa*; for the stream of commerce, like that of water, has a tendency to keep its level, so that you cannot detract from one extremity without producing a determination to it from the other.

As matters now stand, the English

merchant is no great gainer by his connexion with Russia; for the obstructions he meets with are innumerable, and certain to do away with any competent profit; he has not merely to contend with prohibitions, excessive duties, and obscure tariffs, but with the necessity of an immense floating capital, a variety of competition, and the bad faith of the Russian merchants.

The liberty of the British merchant has also, of late, been materially infringed upon. Previous to 1806, he was only amenable to the representative of his nation, whose pass was his protection; this privilege he has been deprived of, and he is now placed on the same footing as the common mechanics of the country, and liable to be dragged before the lowest courts of justice on every trivial occasion. How different is this treatment from what our countrymen experienced during the reign of Catharine, and which shed a lustre upon them and their nation!

The Russians, notwithstanding, are under the greatest obligations to the English merchants, by whose capital they may be said to be supported; since, if the latter enters into a contract with the former for the sale and delivery of goods at the expiration of six months, he is obliged to pay down half, and sometimes the whole money at the time; whereas, in the reverse case, of a Russian purchasing from an Englishman, although the delivery be immediate, the payment must be long deferred; and yet, at the same time, they will deal with the Americans, for barter or money, or only short credits.

In the reign of Catharine the Second, which may be regarded as the Augustan age of the country, the exchange between St. Petersburg and London was as high as forty-eight pence for the rouble, while bank-notes and agio were six per cent on silver, in favour of the bank-note: now, the exchange is under tenpence per rouble, and the agio two hundred and seventy-five per cent. (it has been at three hundred) in favour of silver, or rather against the bank-note. This is attributable to the excess of paper-money arbitrarily issued, and to the impolitic measures of the government.

Russia, undoubtedly, from the vast extent of her territory, and the immense variety of her climate, soil, and productions, possesses within herself all the elements of extensive commerce. When she knows how to avail herself properly of the local advantages Nature has so abundantly lavished upon her, she will undoubtedly become a great commercial

nation. At present, however, her power, notwithstanding she has the vanity to think otherwise, is more ideal than real; she may, not unaptly, be resembled to a gigantic child, too little advanced from infancy to throw aside external support, without the risk of injuring those principles which are calculated eventually to carry it to manhood.

As to her trade, it is scarcely, at this time, worth the attention of a man of capital, unless he be a Jew, or a smuggler, and well acquainted with every species of chicanery and meanness; even such an one must be possessed of consummate cunning, and may esteem himself fortunate if he succeeds in carrying his point without the Russian outwitting him.

To conclude—it appears impossible that the Emperor can long remain unacquainted with the injurious consequences of this system of high duties and prohibitions, and from his known character, it may be hoped that he will direct it to be altered, particularly when he sees the effects of our new and liberal system of commerce in producing the extension of our national power, and the welfare of all mankind.

We find little novelty in Mr Holman's remarks respecting the route to Moscow, in that capital. The great bell which has been described by many authors, and more particularly and accurately by Dr Lyall, whose work contains a plate of it, also attracted the particular attention of Captain Cochrane and Mr Holman. Dr Lyall says that this bell has sometimes been called one of the wonders of the world; and he believes that no individual did ever regard it without his wonder being excited at the enormous magnitude of the bell, and the still greater folly of mankind. Dr Clarke well named it a mountain of metal, and as it has no competitor in weight, in magnitude, or in value, the Russians, not unappropriately, have nominated it the *Tsar Kolokol*, or King of Bells. Dr Lyall corrected all previous writers, even the Russian authorities, and proved from inscriptions, that this mass of metal only contains 10,000 poods, equal to 400,000 Russian pounds, or to 360,000 English pounds, *i. e.* above 160 tons. The great bell at Peking weighs 120,000 pounds English, and the heaviest bell in England, which be-

longs to the Cathedral at Exeter only weighs five tons and a half. From these statements, the reader may have some idea of the almost incredible size of the King of Bells.

The great gun of Moscow is also much talked of, and is well represented in one of Dr Clarke's vignettes. Dr Lyall says it is laughingly told, that in this gigantic cannon an addition was made to the human race, who must indeed have been the *son of a gun*: Captain Cochrane, whose stature, by the bye, is diminutive, says he sat upright in its muzzle; and the blind traveller, determined, since he could not see it, that he would revenge himself by feeling, astonished the serjeant who accompanied the party, by coolly taking off his coat and creeping to its bottom.

But we shall now direct the attention of our readers to a more attractive subject than great bells and great guns, of which not a few are found in Moscow, namely, to *woman*.

My power of discriminating female beauty has so often been called in question, and I have so frequently been told, that it matters not to me whether a woman be handsome or not, that a few words in explanation may not be malapropos.

In this respect, as well as under other circumstances, where my power of obtaining a knowledge of external things is limited by the deficiency of that which, Addison tells us, is "the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses," imagination fills up the *hiatus*.

When introduced to a lady, if I find her conversation sensible and refined, and her opinions expressed in an agreeable tone of voice, I immediately assume that other qualities, more or less, harmonize, and that her personal attractions may also be pleasing. Imagination now commences, and finds no difficulty in heightening the picture so as to paint her even as beautiful, since we naturally wish to make the object we admire as perfect as possible. If, however, on the contrary, there is a harshness of voice, a want of graceful and correct diction, or vulgarity of ideas, my inferences are proportionately unfavourable; and were she actually beautiful as an angel, no such impression would be excited in my mind.

It is true, I am liable to much error in forming opinions from such data; but if, in addition, an opportunity is afforded me of feeling the hand, and touching, ever so lightly, the features of the

face, I fancy that I can, from their softness, delicacy, or contour, arrive at conclusions so certain, that I am vain enough to imagine they have not proved often erroneous.

The following illustration of the superstitions of the Russians we well remember.

The following instance has, perhaps, scarcely a parallel, except in the fanaticism of the disciples of Joanna Southcote:—About three years since, a girl, thirteen years of age, commenced digging with her hands under a tree near the church of the village of Gooscever, in the neighbourhood of Moscow, in consequence of communications said to have been received in various dreams, that she would find, in the first instance, a candle; secondly, a post; then an image, which was to be placed in a niche of the church left purposely for it; and, lastly, a spring of water, that would become the source of a mighty river. The nature of this supernatural communication becoming known, immense crowds flocked to the spot, to witness the results of her labours, amongst whom were many sick people, who expected to be relieved from their infirmities, by drinking, or washing their sores with the muddy water that collected during her operations, the ground being composed of argillaceous strata, with much moisture from rain. In the course of her proceedings, the candle and post made their appearance; but the police then interfered, and prevented the continuation of the farce, in consequence of the discovery of collusion between her parents and the priest and clerk of the village, who had devised this extraordinary mode of giving celebrity and wealth to a poor country church. It is generally thought that the affair terminated in all the parties, including the priest, being knouted, and banished to Siberia.

Mr Holman gives the following account of the Saint of Russia:

In their worship, the Russians profess not to address any image that is carved or graven, but only such as are painted in oil-colours on wood, the artist lying prostrate on his face while engaged in the divine occupation. There is something very ludicrous in the mode of obtaining a saint from the manufacturer; they do not purchase him, but call it making an exchange, or buying the gold and silver with which it is ornamented; these holy personages, however, are regularly exposed like other wares of trade. The manner in which the affair is conducted

is as follows: The person who wants a saint, after making his selection, lays on the counter what he thinks an adequate sum, which, if the manufacturer does not consider sufficient, is put back to him: he then, from time to time, makes additions, until the other is satisfied.

We would remark on this passage, that Dr Lyall has indicated various places where graven images are worshipped by the Russians, and has given a representation of one of them:—viz. of St. Nicholas, which is contained in the very centre of the Kremlin: and that although the system of hartering images, to which our traveller alludes, was formerly supported, that in our day it is much less frequent, and that we have ourselves purchased a number of Russian images in the image-market at Moscow.

After the absurd opposition which Dr Lyall's "*Character of the Russians*" has so lately called forth from the Quarterly Review, he must feel gratified at the confirmation of his opinions by Mr Holman.

The Russians, generally, are possessed of much natural quickness of mind, and sensibility of feeling, which gives them the appearance of being a cheerful, amiable, and open-hearted people; but, alas! under this exterior are concealed so much disingenuousness and artful policy, as to diminish materially, on closer acquaintance, that estimation to which they would otherwise be justly entitled. How lamentable it is, that the noble mind of man should be led by the meanness of artifice, to violate the principles of honour and honesty!

Although some of the highest classes are not altogether exempt from a tincture of this discreditable principle, yet it is among the lower orders that it operates most actively, so as to degenerate into the lowest cunning, meanness, and perfidiousness, and cast a shade of obloquy over the various transactions between man and man; in short, they hesitate at no breach of moral duty, so that they can accomplish their darling object of acquiring money.

"And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade!"

The only excuse that can be offered for this want of proper feeling is, that education is in this country so generally defective, that few of the sound principles of religion or morality are instilled to in-

culcate better conduct. Indeed, these people are so little aware of the nature of human justice, that a former writer, advertising to this blemish on their character, observes, that "in whatever they do or perpetrate, they think they are acting right; and as they seldom look back on the past, or anticipate the future, they derive little advantage in the culture of their moral principles from experience."

In further extenuation, it may be urged, that the system of slavery authorised by the government necessarily tends to depress the nobler feelings, and degrade the character of the population of this country.

Mr Holman gives some illustrations of the ingenuity and cunning of the lower classes of the Russian people, of which one is more remarkable than the others.

Perhaps, for ingenuity, the following trick would not be surpassed in London or Paris. A respectable-looking man fell senseless in the street from a fit, when a person in the crowd started forward, exclaiming, "Oh, my master! my poor master!" He now very coolly transferred the contents of the unfortunate gentleman's pockets into his own, not forgetting his watch, and then, with all the concern imaginable, requested the persons near him to watch his poor master, while he ran to procure an equipage to convey him home. On being observed to pass a coach-stand without stopping, the cheat was detected; but it was too late, for he contrived to get clear off with his booty.

To the hospitality and charity of the Russians, upon which Dr Lyall has dwelt at length, both Captain Cochrane and Mr Holman bear witness. As Dr Lyall maintains that female beauty is rare in Russia, and the Quarterly Review supports a contrary opinion, we must allow our readers the gratification of hearing what the blind gentleman has to say on this subject.

Nothing can be more fascinating than a Russian ball or dress-party, where the ladies exhibit all the taste of our Gallic neighbours, and which, it must be confessed, on such occasions surpasses that of our fair countrywomen. The latter, however, transcendently out rival all other women in the world in their morning costume: in short, it is in the neatness and simplicity of her dress at the breakfast-table, that the English lady evinces a degree of propriety and elegance, to which no parallel can be found. The

ladies of Russia, indeed, pay so little attention to their personal appearance, that throughout the morning the hair is generally seen in paper, and the body inelegantly enveloped in a loose robe, *sans corset*.

The Russian ladies are not generally considered handsome; nor is this the mere invidious observation of a stranger, for the Russian gentlemen themselves are disposed to admit the superior charms of other females; and I have frequently heard them speak, with rapturous delight, of the beauty of their Polish neighbours. To assert, however, that there are no handsome women in Russia, is a libel not to be credited; at all events, the exceptions are most numerous; and if they are not all beautiful, they are generally amiable, frequently fascinating, and possessed of many of the virtues that adorn the female sex.

There is one habit attached to the ladies of this country, which, in my opinion, detracts materially from the interest they would otherwise excite in the eye of an Englishman—the disgusting custom of taking snuff, and for which I can imagine no reasonable excuse. They are also more intensely devoted to card-playing than is rational, or consistent with mere amusement. I knew a married lady, with a young family, who had such a passion for these occupations, that the cards or snuff-box were scarcely ever out of her hands. I also heard of an instance, where a priest came to confess a lady while engaged at cards, when he was requested to wait until she had finished her game.

There is also a complete coincidence of Captain Cochrane's and Mr Holman's account of the state of the Russian peasantry, with that of Dr Lyall, previously given, and indeed quoted in our pages.

Nor is the condition of the lower peasantry so degraded or pitiable, as has been generally imagined. With all its exertion of arbitrary power, the government is sufficiently paternal to adopt, generally, the most excellent measures to promote their best interests. It is true, the serfs are much exposed to the caprices of their more immediate lords, who occasionally exercise the privileges they possess with a rigidity amounting to despotism; but they have advantages which, with industry, will generally enable them to break through the fetters of indigence, attain wealth, and enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of life, as far as the constitution of their minds admit of it. One circumstance, however, has often excited a most

painful feeling in my breast, a feeling amounting to indignation; the manner in which persons who possess rank make use of the whip, to stimulate the peasants to exertion; a fact that I have frequently been sensible of, at the various post-stations which I have made on my journey. It is true, that this is part of a system which custom has rendered familiar, if not necessary; and in consequence, it appears not to gall the mind, however much the body may suffer from it; and at all events, it excites none of that warmth of injured feeling, or spirit of retaliation, that would instantly burst forth in the bosom of an Englishman, subjected to similar treatment.

Notwithstanding Dr Lyall's and Captain Cochrane's evidence to the contrary, the Quarterly Reviewer had the hardihood and disingenuousness—but unaccountable weakness, for detection was unavoidable—to assert, that now-a-days "*slavery in Russia is stript of all its horrors*"—"that no master is permitted to flog his slaves"—"that this punishment can only be awarded by the police"—and, that in the Moscovite provinces "*flagellation no longer exists, either as an 'imperial amusement,' or as a 'high privilege of the superior nobility' **."

The next extracts from Mr Holman will confirm Dr Lyall's accuracy, and put the Reviewer to the blush—if blush he can;—for we suspect he is—like these Russians who dandled him out of his reason—not very liable to the calls of conscience.

A few hours afterwards, while descending another mountain, a sudden turn in the road brought us in contact with a peasant's sledge, which, although we passed over it, fairly upset and materially injured our own carriage, and at the same time threw down two of our horses. As a return for his carelessness, the feld-jäger beat our driver unmercifully with his steel-sheathed sword. In the course of the same day we were again overturned.

On the following day (Jan. 20th 1824) the weather was extremely fine, but severely cold. We were this day twice upset when approaching the town of Lower Odinsk; partly, I conceived, in consequence of the terror with which the feld-jäger had inspired the driver by his repeated chastisements with his sabre. As

I was now becoming accustomed to it, I lay quiet in the sledge, while the feld-jäger got out to beat the driver and assist him in putting all right again.

As we do not find any very peculiarly striking points in our traveller's progress from Moscow to Yekatrinburg, east of the Ural Mountains, we shall merely quote his reflections on setting out to Siberia.

My situation was now one of extreme novelty, and my feelings corresponded with its peculiarity. I was engaged under circumstances of unusual occurrence, in a solitary journey of several thousand miles, through a country, perhaps the wildest on the face of the earth, and whose inhabitants were scarcely yet accounted within the pale of civilization; with no other attendant than a rude Tartar postillion, to whose language my ear was wholly unaccustomed. And yet I was supported by a feeling of happy confidence, with a calm resignation to all the inconveniences and risks of my arduous undertaking; nay, I even derived a real inward gratification, in the prospect of retirement from the eternal round of pleasure and social enjoyments of which I had been participating to a degree of satiety that began to be oppressive: again and again I interested myself by contrasting my voluntary exile with the constrained banishment of the numerous unfortunate wretches who have been doomed to languish away, in the inhospitable wilds I was about to traverse, the remnant of a protracted existence, aggravated by an eternal separation from all the blessings that they have deemed most dear to them in life.

The author gives an animated picture of his feelings when he got out of Europe.

I was now crossing the Ural Mountains, which separate Europe and Asia, and my heart bounded with joy that I had accomplished so considerable a part of my journey, and was entering, as it were, upon a new world, a world of strangers, with Providence only as my guide. I had now succeeded in what had been, for many years, one of the most ardent objects of my wishes, but which I had little expectation of realizing—a desire of visiting the fourth quarter of the globe. The satisfaction I felt is indescribable, and served to animate me with increased zeal to perseverance

in my future projects. I almost imagined that a supernatural power was imparted to me, and that I had only to wave my wand, and will it, and every obstacle, every difficulty, would give way before me. With my mind thus enthusiastically interested, I arrived at Yekatrinnburg.

There are some beautiful spots in dreary Siberia, as we were long ago informed by Pallas, and one of them is now occupied by a countryman, Mr Major, a great mechanical genius. It is thus described by Mr Holman.

The estate comprises about two square miles, and the village, which is named Istock, is most delightfully situated, being excellently watered by different rivers, and abounding with wood, game, fish, and the most luxurious verdure.

Yekatrinnburg is described by Cochrane, and our author adds some particulars worthy of remark.

Yekatrinnburg, founded by Peter the Great, and so named in honour of his empress, contains about twelve thousand inhabitants. Perhaps a duller town for a traveller cannot be found. Its more respectable population consists of government officers, attached to the mines and manufactories in its neighbourhood. It has a post from St. Petersburg only once in the week, which is seventeen days on the road, and which, of course, anticipates all the public news, so that little information, except of a private nature, can be gleaned from the traveller who makes it in his route. The town contains seven stone churches, and a nunnery, besides some excellent stone-houses, where the merchants principally reside: one of these, occupied by the senator, is almost worthy of being a royal residence. The streets are not paved, and consequently very dirty after rain; from the situation of the town, however, they soon become dry again, particularly in summer; so that the chief inconvenience is felt at the commencement and breaking up of winter.

In page 315 of our Number for March 1824, we made a quotation from Dr Lyall's quarto, respecting the Russians, even at the first tables, partaking, in succession, of jellies, narmalades, and preserved fruits, with the same spoon, which well illustrates the want of nicety, which, as might be expected, prevails among their countrymen, even in Siberia.

Mr Holman, who had been invited to the house of the governor of Yekatrinnburg, says,

The entertainments of the evening at this gentleman's, consisted, as usual, of tea and supper, with cards and conversation. I noticed one peculiarity, which was the introduction of punch immediately after tea; most of the gentlemen partook of it. It was prepared without lemons, which are probably too scarce to be procured in this country. The ladies, and many of the gentlemen, refreshed themselves with different kinds of preserved fruits, which stood on a table in the middle of the room, and which were eaten by each person with the same spoon, a circumstance I was at the time ignorant of, but which I afterwards learnt was a common custom throughout Russia.

With regard to the society of Tobolsk, Mr Holman found it truly respectable and agreeable, and so did Captain Cochrane. But indeed Clarke said enough, from well-founded report, to show that this distant town, the name of which was heard with horror at a distance, is one of the cheapest and most delightful in the globe—the very temple of ease, luxury, and amusement.

Mr Holman advanced by the usual post-road through Kainsk, Tomsk, Krasno-Yarsk, to Irkutsk, which proved the boundary of his eastern excursion.

From whatever cause it originated, it seems as if some suspicion had become prevalent that Mr Holman was in reality a spy,—a "*blind spy*;" and, indeed, report even said that his blindness was feigned, the better to cover his ulterior views. At all events, the Russian government had taken the alarm. But we shall allow Mr. Holman to tell us his own tale.

January 2, 1824.—I was this day sitting with the governor-general, after his dinner-party had retired, when our conversation turned upon some news that had just arrived from St. Petersburg by a lieutenant of the *Feld-jagers*, when his excellency greatly surprised me by communicating that the Emperor had sent that officer for me, adding, that his Imperial Majesty would not consent to my embarking from, or even proceeding to Kamstchaka, and was much concerned that I should have advanced thus far into Siberia, without that attendance which my affliction made necessary, or any

knowledge of the language; he had therefore sent this officer for my protection, and directed him to accompany me on my return to Europe. His excellency then suggested, that it would be better not to allow the circumstance to transpire, as no other person was acquainted with the nature of the feld-jäger's commission.

This was a most severe disappointment of my favourite project and sanguine expectations.

Meantime our traveller remained at Irkutsk, and partook in the amusements of the place. He has given a representation of a masquerade, which was attended by various individuals in the costumes and characters of Asiatic tribes. One of the scenes must have been extremely amusing:

Two persons, with very droll masks, entered the room seated on a table, and playing a game at cards, called "Nosey," which table moved from place to place, without any apparent aid; by their side was a bottle of brandy, from which they occasionally drank to each other. When the game was up, the forfeiture was paid by a smart blow on the loser's carbuncled nose, accompanied by some humorous *bon mot*, after which a glass of brandy was administered, to comfort his battered proboscis; the effect of which was so truly comic, that the whole party, not excepting the vestal virgins themselves, were convulsed with laughter.

Between the time of the advance and of the return of Captain Cochran to Kaïnstchatka, Irkutsk had been greatly improved, and it rejoices the philanthropic heart to hear of such a city as Mr Holman now describes it, in the heart of Siberia.

Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, in the latitude of fifty-one degrees eight minutes, is situated on the right bank of the Angara, at a point opposite to where the Irkout falls into that river, upon a plain surrounded by mountains of moderate height, and which abound with slate and coal. Its agreeable climate, picturesque situation, the good breeding and wealth of its inhabitants, and its adaptation for commerce, conspire to make it the most important and flourishing city of Siberia, as well as one of the first towns of the Russian empire.

We are not sure that we should be so highly pleased with the severe

inquisitorial conduct of the police of Irkutsk, as was our traveller.

The police of Irkutsk is so excellently regulated, that you cannot walk out after dark, without being challenged in all directions by watchmen. As a substitute for our rattle, and as a mode of communicating with each other, these guardians of the night carry with them a mallet, with which they beat a plank of wood, when the signal is repeated in succession by each of them; this strict vigilance is necessary, in consequence of the great number of exiles with which the city and its neighbourhood abound, and who not unfrequently commit depredations.

Mr Holman tells us that Irkutsk

—is well supplied with provisions of all kinds; vegetables in particular are cultivated in abundance and variety; the hop also thrives well in the neighbourhood. No fruits, however, except the natural and wild productions of the country, are to be met with; probably, in consequence of the trouble, or expence, of procuring grafts from distant countries; but the deficiency is in some measure supplied by the abundance of gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, &c. with which the woods and gardens abound. There is also an apple peculiar to this country, about the size of a small cherry, but which is not eatable until after the frosts have set in, when its fruit much resembles the pulp of the hip: this apple is not only preserved with sugar, but also used as a pickle.

The trade of Irkutsk, agreeably to our adventurer,

—principally depends upon the intercourse with Kiachti, and Nijni-Novogorod, and the intermediate towns. Its merchants, however, by no means monopolize this trade, as other places, and particularly Cazan, participate freely in it. They have also connexions with various other parts of the empire, so that it is not unusual for a merchant to be absent nine months in the year, from January to October. Many of them are exceedingly rich, and have erected noble houses. The present mayor, some time since, built one worthy of being the residence of a prince, and so contrived, that every apartment, passage, and staircase, is preserved at the same equable temperature.

The trade of Irkutsk, however, has lately fallen off, so that many merchants complain of bad times. What has chiefly

contributed to this is, that the merchants of St. Petersburg and Moscow have latterly adopted the plan of sending their own agents to transact their business. Another cause is, that there are two fairs held annually at Irkutsk, which are open to merchants from all parts of Russia; and which not only prevent the exclusive monopoly of those of Irkutsk, and reduce the quantity of their sales, but oblige them, from the spirit of competition, to dispose of their commodities at lower prices than they would otherwise take. They have strongly petitioned the governor-general to suppress these fairs, but he is too honourable and patriotic to sacrifice the good of the community for individual interest.

Another powerful cause operates to depress the profits of the Irkutsk merchants—the economy now observed in the arrangements of the government contracts, which, previous to the present governor's administration, were conducted upon the most fraudulent principles, so as to have been the sources of immense opulence to the contracting merchants, as well as the government officers. In the article of grain, for instance, one rouble per pood is only now paid by government; whereas, three years ago, the contract price was three roubles. It has even, during the present summer, been purchased by the inhabitants as low as forty copecks. What a saving this is, both to the government and the people! and how satisfactory must be the feelings of the present governor-general, in thus having merited the approbation of his Emperor, and the blessings of the poor! I have often been present when this excellent man has stimulated the peasantry to the pursuits of industry, and had my feelings highly excited by my admiration of his philanthropy and patriotism.

Mr Holman's account of the hospitality of Siberia is in consonance with the former experience of all travellers. We are afraid, however, he has stretched his reasoning too far, when he talks of this region as a whole being "inhabited by a civilized people." We believe the really civilized people, or rather civilized inhabitants, are the Russian employes, with whom our author seems to have chiefly associated. But Mr Holman must be allowed to speak for himself.

February 9th.—Finding myself better this morning, I prepared to take leave of Yekatrinnburg, Siberia, and Asia! nor was it without emotions of the sincerest regret, that I felt myself about to quit,

what has generally been deemed one of the most savage and inhospitable countries inhabited by a civilized people, but in the bosom of which I had met with kindness and the warmest friendship, with a spirit of as true philanthropy as actuates any other people it has yet been my lot to associate with. Rich in the productions of nature, its great deficiency is a scantiness of population; but even in this respect, instead of meeting with mere tribes of wandering Tartars, as is generally expected, you find many populous towns, whose inhabitants possess a refinement of manner scarcely surpassed by the first cities of Europe.

It is an old observation, that the greater the degree of civilization a country has attained, the less genuine is its principle of hospitality; since forms and ceremonies take the place of the natural feelings, and that warmth of soul which welcomes the stranger and the destitute; in Siberia, however, I could not but remark, that there was a greater combination of these contrary principles than I had elsewhere observed. Its inhabitants do not merely present their visitor with the ordinary and cheaply-purchased necessities of life, the productions of their immediate soil, but the expensive luxuries of distant countries are accumulated for his use, and lavished upon him in profusion.

We shall now return to the *Blind Spy's* movements.

On Friday the 14th, I was sitting with his Excellency, when he enquired whether I was prepared to set out with the feld-jager, as he could not remain any longer; to which I replied, that it was not my intention to return as yet, unless I was compelled to do so. He then said, "You are compelled." I urged that I had not sufficient money with me to pay the expenses of so long a journey. This objection he made light of, assuring me, that he had no alternative but to enforce the Emperor's orders, and that he would accommodate me with whatever money I might require. I rejoined, that it was not my habit to borrow money, and that as the government obliged me to go, and treated me in the light of a prisoner, I conceived it ought to be responsible for the expenses incurred. This, he said, would not be done; and that, instead of being considered as a prisoner, the directions of the Emperor were, to treat me as an independent gentleman, travelling for my pleasure, and with every possible attention; only that I was to be conducted from out of the empire, with the choice of two points to leave it at: viz. either

the Austrian or the Prussian frontier. I gave the preference to the former, but expressed my anxious wish to be permitted to make a detour before arriving at that point; and then proceeded to detail to his Excellency the plan I have before mentioned. This, however, was declared to be impossible. Anxious to make some variation from my former route, I then solicited to be allowed to take the less extensive circuit by Omsk, Orenburg, and Saratoff; but the only modification which I could obtain, was permission to go by Omsk and Ishim, which made the distance much the same as by Tobolsk. I then enquired whether I should be allowed to visit my friends at the different points of my journey; this was consented to, but the feld-jager was to accompany me. I was also obliged to stipulate for permission to take Moscow on my route, in order to enable me to make my requisite pecuniary arrangements for future proceedings. After this, I agreed to set off at the time appointed, which was on the following Sunday, or Monday at the farthest.

Again, he says,

On reflection, I could in no way account for the motives of the Russian government, in denying a humble individual like myself, whose affliction and circumstances placed him peculiarly in their power, the gratification of travelling in its territories, according to his inclinations. I did not conceive that they could suspect me of any motives or conduct obnoxious to their feelings; yet it appeared singular, that I should be regarded of sufficient importance to have a lieutenant of the corps of feld-jagers sent a distance of four thousand miles to attend my movements, and watch over me.

What was the real motive for such an exertion of arbitrary power will, probably, never be developed. I am unwilling to believe that I had given offence to any individual who would be so base as to misrepresent me to his Imperial Majesty; and felt assured that no public or private expression had ever escaped my lips, which could be justly construed into disrespect of his Majesty's person, or the measures of his government. In fact, I was too well aware, before I entered the empire, of the nature of an arbitrary government, to expose myself to the risk of its resentment, and where I knew every stranger was under the eye of a vigilant police. I did not, however, imagine that these circumstances would militate against my enjoying the society of friends, or deriving all the pleasure and interest which the localities of their country afforded.

Had I, indeed, been disposed to search out the faults of the land, I certainly had ample time and opportunity to do so; but to me such an occupation would have afforded no gratification. Nor did I enter Siberia with any view of forming a catalogue of crimes, since a Newgate Calendar has no charms for me. I would rather commiserate, or throw a veil over, the failings of a nation, than expose them to obloquy.

My chief motives for undertaking this arduous journey, were the love of novelty, and desire of obtaining information respecting the customs and manners of an immense empire, at present so little known, and which feelings were heightened by the recollections of interest formerly derived during eight years' services on the coast of North America, for I expected to find a great similarity between the climate and productions of the two countries. I anticipated that the farther I penetrated into the interior, the more I should be interested with the primitive simplicity and manners of the Russian and Tartar tribes. I had partly accomplished my anticipations, but the more interesting part was about to be entered upon. I had hitherto only, as it were, been feeling my way, but now was becoming sufficiently acquainted with the language of the country, to facilitate my collection of more original information. The only consolation that was offered me in return for my cruel disappointment was, that it was the Emperor's own act; an assurance, the truth of which I have no reason to call in question; but I cannot—will not, believe that the magnanimous and benevolent Alexander would have interfered with my rational and innocent gratifications, and much more, that he would have sanctioned the harsh measures to which I was afterwards subjected, unless his feelings had been influenced, or his confidence abused, by misrepresentation!

"I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some
office,

Hath not devised a slander."

We know something of Russia, and we join with Mr Holman's suspicion; but the cause of his treatment will be developed. We are aware, that, through the continental, and our own newspapers, it has been ascribed to the publication of Dr Lyall's quarto; but the government courier had left Petersburg before that work was published, for the

purpose of conducting Mr Holman from Siberia.

We shall not follow this gentleman's progress from Irkutsk with his unwelcome companion, nor allude to his mishaps as they travelled rapidly.

When approaching Yekatrinnburg, the author says,

I now met with the first marked indication of the hypocrisy of the government, in professing not to consider me in the light of a prisoner. As we approached Yekatrinnburg, I was particularly anxious, instead of proceeding to the town, to have rested at the house of my estimable friend Mr M——, where I had received so much kindness on a former occasion, and whom I had promised to revisit should I return that way. This, however, was not permitted, and I was compelled to drive past his house without so much as being allowed to enter it. This was truly painful to me, and a violence inflicted on both my person and feelings, for which I know not how to offer the slightest palliation or excuse.

The party having reached Moscow, they early waited upon Mr H.'s bankers, Messrs Gillibrand and Holiday; and after their return,

the feld-jäger went to pay his respects to the governor and commandant, and as I had the honour of being well acquainted with the latter gentleman, I was desirous to have accompanied him; this, however, he would not consent to, but promised to communicate my wishes to him, and let me know the result. On his return, he informed me, that neither of these gentlemen desired to see me, but that the former had consented that I should remain two or three days in Moscow, which would be the extreme limit. The master of police, however, I was told, would wait upon me to communicate the intelligence *in formâ*. He also announced to me, that I was not to call at the houses of any of my friends, not excepting my bankers; but they were to be permitted to visit me at my hotel during three days of my stay at Moscow.

This being the case, I determined to make the best of it, and therefore, in a jocular mood, drew up the following notice, to apprise them of my situation.

"CIRCULAR.

"The prisoner Holman, begs leave to acquaint his friends in Moscow, that he has just arrived from Siberia, under charge, of a feld-jäger. As his keeper does not

allow him to visit his friends, he begs to inform them, that he may be seen at the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Tverskoi, for three days only. Should it be necessary for him to remain in Moscow any longer, no person will be allowed to visit him after that time, with the exception of his physician and banker.

"P. S. He has just learnt, that a tailor will be included in the exception, which precludes the risk of his being exposed on the frontiers *sans escorte*."

As, however, I was interdicted from writing by my feld-jäger, I was obliged to resort to a stratagem to draw up the above circular, or, in other words, to use a nautical expression, *to get to windward* of his vigilance, for as soon as I had him asleep at night, I crept out of bed, took my writing machine from my portmanteau, and committed to paper whatever I desired.

We cannot but remark the tranquil, amiable, and playful state of mind in which our author, suffering under total blindness, and the oppression of despotic power, sits down by stealth and writes his circular, which highly amused his friends and acquaintances.

Mr Holman has given us some rather tedious details respecting the conduct of the governor, the master of police, his physician, the feld-jäger, and an attendant, or police spy, who replaced the last person whenever he was absent; so that our traveller was never left alone, nor with his friends. Being unwell, he refused to quit Moscow, and as his physician said there was a risk in taking his departure, and advised his remaining beyond the three allotted days, after much fuss, and a communication to the governor on the subject, the author received "the following humane communication from the governor,"—that he had permission to remain until the morrow, when he must leave the city, whatever might be the state of his health.

How ridiculous it must appear, that the government of the mighty Russian empire should make the residence of a day or two longer in its territories, of a single humble and afflicted individual like myself, an object of such immense importance, as to induce them to hurry him away at the risk of his life; an individual and subject of a friendly nation, from

which they had accepted, and are still accepting, all the rights of hospitality; against whom no offence, either political or moral, had been proved, or even so much as brought to the threshold of accusation, and whom they (hypocritically, indeed) professed to consider, not as a prisoner, but as a gentleman travelling for his own gratification; and yet were cruel enough to compel him, contrary to his inclinations, to an incessant journey of nearly five thousand miles, at this inclement season, through the wildest country in the world, extending over him the strictest and most jealous surveillance, and denying him the privilege of seeing a friend in private, or even of addressing a countryman in his native language! There must have been a *zelo* somewhere. At all events, the transaction is most arbitrary, and constitutes an unjustifiable violation of the principles of hospitality and humane feeling.

At length, the prisoner left Moscow, without the satisfaction of seeing any of his Russian friends. All appeared afraid to visit him, although many kind messages were exchanged through the medium of his countrymen, whose independence, and purity of intentions, did not cause them to apprehend any ill consequences from keeping up a friendly intercourse with him.

Mr Holman pursued his course through White Russia, and entered Poland, of which country we shall say nothing, having lately cited many of the valuable observations of Mr Lock Szyrma, from Anonymous Letters in Poland, in a former Number.

At seven in the morning of the 6th March we arrived at the last post-station in the Polish dominions, where, after arranging my accounts with the feld-jäger, I hired a breechka and a pair of horses to carry me out of the Russian frontier, into the republic of Cracow. This vehicle was made of basket-work, about the size and form of a cradle, and by no means of sufficient dimensions to contain two persons. We now proceeded in our respective equipages, for about a German mile, to the custom-house, where we were detained half an hour, while the feld-jäger made the necessary arrangements for my passing the frontier. After this, accompanied by the custom-house officer, we proceeded half a German mile farther to the latter post, when the feld-jäger de-

livered me my passport, and assuring me that it was correct, we parted, with mutual congratulations on our respective liberations. I immediately drove forward in the direction of Cracow, when I might well say that I had the world before me, and Providence for my guide, since my postilion and myself were quite incapable of exchanging a sentence with each other.

Thus, after travelling nearly five thousand miles with the feld-jäger, Mr Holman again found himself at liberty; but owing to an irregularity of his passport, notwithstanding the assurances of the Russians that all was in order, he was detained three weeks at Cracow.

From Austria, the author proceeded through Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, &c. &c., and embarked at Ham-
burgh for Hull, which he reached, after two years absence from his country.

In conclusion, we must say that we have been highly amused with Mr Holman's travels, and, doubtless, he has picked up more intelligence relative to Russia and Siberia, than some *seeing*, *aye*, and *knowing* authors. We should have wished he had avoided telling a number of things which are familiar to all—that he had abridged some of the details which regard himself—and that he (or his printer,) had been more careful of typographical errors, which are numerous.

We are also willing to pass over some grammatical errors—as the style is generally clear and explicit—as well as some deficiencies, for instance, the partial enumeration of edible mushrooms in Vol. I.; while a complete list is contained in the Appendix of Dr Lyall's quarto, which he might have copied, as well as the methods of preparing them.

We have also to accuse the author of want of information on one point. In his Appendix, he has given the antiquated form of what was absurdly called a *Russian passport* to heaven—copied from King's work on the rites and ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church. While Dr Lyall's Character of the Russians, contains a *fac-simile*, and translation from the Slavonic of this prayer, as it is used in our days. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than an absolution prayer.

The Wish.

WOULD that my head
Were on that bed
Where all the weary be at rest ;
Where the night is still,
And where no ill
Can pierce the sod that wraps the breast !

My life has been
A chequer'd scene
Of woe and transient happiness ;
My friends are gone,
And I alone,
With none to love me, none to bless.

A carved stone tells
Where my father dwells,
My mother sleepeth in that grave :
The earth contains
All that remains
Of those I could have died to save.

The maid that blessed
This lonely breast
The spoiler Death hath made his prey :
I would I were
At peace with her
Cold dust, beneath my kindred clay.

I saw her die,
And know not why
My heart broke not when her's did
break ;

I felt as one
Left all alone—
Like mateless swan upon the lake.

The winding sheet
Is garment meet
For him whose earthly joys are fled ;
When love is o'er,
And hope no more,
Where can he dwell—but with the dead !

The grave brings peace,
There troubles cease,
There sorrow's wailings never come ;
There heart meets heart
Nor more to part,
Friends say not farewell in the tomb.

Oh let me be
At rest with thee
Beneath the hallow'd grassy mould !
No worms that riot
Shall break my quiet
When once this aching heart is cold.

Would that my head
Were on that bed
Where all the weary be at rest ;
Where the night is still,
And where no ill
Can pierce the sod that wraps the breast !
D.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

It has been well said by the poet, that "the proper study of mankind is man," for certainly none else so strongly fixes his attention. Others may have their attractions, but it is only, I apprehend, where human beings are concerned, that the very highest degree of interest is excited. The drama must be admitted to be an object of this sort, and eminently calculated to excite a deep and powerful interest. Professing, as it does, "to hold the mirror up to Nature, and to shew the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," we are strongly induced to look into this mirror, and we are pleased or disgusted with what we therein behold, according as we recognise a just and faithful, or as we see a deformed and distorted representation. If the picture we behold is faithful, and corres-

ponds to the original, we dwell upon it with complacency, and forgetting for a moment the circumstances in which we are placed, believe all before us to be real. We enter into the feelings, and adopt the interests of the fictitious characters, and may, for the time, be truly said actually and properly to associate with them. It is evident enough, therefore, that the effect of such association may be either good and beneficial, or quite the reverse, to the morals of the beholders. That evil "communications corrupt good manners,"

Φθισαι ἢ θη χρησθ' ὁμιλῖαι κακαί,

is an observation little less than three thousand years old, having been made about that period by a celebrated Greek comedian, and is so just, that it has been quoted by a sacred writer. But if intercourse

with bad company in general have a tendency to mislead and contaminate, little doubt can be entertained, that intercourse with such upon the stage will be attended with similar effects. In other words, that the representation of improper characters will pervert, debase, and corrupt the minds of the audience. Of what importance, then, is it to prevent such representations, and to guard the minds of all, particularly of the young, from this demoralizing influence! The proper regulation of the theatre, therefore, is a matter of the utmost importance, and has indeed always been so considered by the wiser part of mankind.

Having been long accustomed to hear it praised, and loudly extolled, on the one hand, as the best and most rational, the most dignified and beneficial of all human amusements,—and vilified, on the other, as the bane of society, the great corrupter of morals, the school of vice and profligacy, the encourager of every bad and reprehensible passion,—I was lately led to reflect a little on the subject, and the following is the result of my cogitations. Is it indeed true, that the play-house is so great a nuisance, so copious a source of corruption, so powerful an instrument of contamination, and if so, what is the cause? Does this arise from any thing essentially and intrinsically bad in the nature of the institution itself, or is it a consequence only of its abuse and improper management? That there is any thing essentially bad in the very nature of stage representations, I cannot easily bring myself to believe. Surely there is nothing more immoral, in representing fictitious characters on the stage, than in writing a fictitious history, or in embodying truth and sentiment to the mind, in the allegory, the fable, or the parable. Both appear to have the same object in view, namely, to fix the attention of the reader or spectator more completely, and to amuse, while they convey useful instruction. Admitting, then, that stage representations have nothing in them essentially and intrinsically bad, how comes it to pass that they have been, by what are considered (and I do not say but justly) the serious and

virtuous part of the community, long held in abhorrence, and avoided as the schools of vice? This can only have arisen, I think, from their having been wrong conducted, and perverted to improper purposes.

Undeniably, at one period of our history the play-house was very far from being a school of virtue. The most indecent and scandalous scenes were not unfrequently introduced. Characters were exhibited on the stage, of a very highly dangerous tendency to good morals. Invested with the imposing splendour of rank, of riches, of wit and humour, of elegant manners and humanity, they were at the same time guilty of the most flagrant breaches of moral rectitude. A false colouring was thus given to vice. Its natural deformity was disguised or concealed by the glitter of its exterior, and the mind was bewildered and misled by the fascinating principle of association. The unwary spectator was at first thus brought to endure, and afterwards to love, what, under other circumstances, he would have hated and shrunk from with abhorrence.

“Vice is a monster of such frightful
meine,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar to her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

That all representations of this sort should be discouraged, nay, reprobated by the well-wishers of society, there cannot be the slightest doubt: but the question is not, whether improper scenes should be discouraged, but whether theatrical representations altogether should be discountenanced, or put a stop to, as essentially and necessarily bad; or whether it may not be possible so to regulate them, as to render them not only harmless, but highly beneficial to society. To me this appears a subject of the very first moment; for such is the degree of amusement afforded to most people from the representations of the theatre, that in every society where luxury has made any progress, there will always be a number to attend such places of resort. The opulent and idle, who have time upon their hands, will employ that time as they find it

most agreeable, and if the play-house be open, (and we cannot shut it,) they will assuredly attend it. The point, then, for our consideration is, what sort of entertainment are they to receive there? What sort of company are they to meet? I do not mean in the pit, boxes, or gallery, but on the stage. Are they to go to be amused by the low ribaldry, the profligate jests, the indecent allusions, the profane swearing of the vicious vulgar; or by the frivolous levity, the loose principles, the sneers at religion and good morals of the silly coxcomb, the profligate libertine, the corrupt, insignificant part of those called the higher ranks? Or are they to be introduced to the society of true wit, genuine humour, innocent elegance, sprightly eloquence, and real wisdom? To decide here cannot be difficult. There can be no question which is the most desirable. But the query is,—how are we to exclude vicious representation, and to secure the introduction of nothing but what is correct, virtuous, and proper? The following appears to me to be a sure method of accomplishing this, and one which will never fail of success.

At an early period of our history, such was the abuse of stage-plays, from their being permitted unchecked among the people at large, that the government found it necessary to interfere, and to wrest from the hands of the profligate an instrument of such powerful effect. They prohibited the representation of characters on the stage, except by licensed companies, (*by his Majesty's Servants*), and this was doing all, perhaps, that the legislature properly could do; and it was certainly doing a great deal, though by no means everything. Much was still left to be done, and can only be done by the well-disposed part of the community themselves; and which was now, by the regulations of the legislature, completely within their power. Let us see, then, how they have discharged this part of their duty, and performed the task assigned them.

Instead of taking advantage of the wise enactments of the law, by which they were now enabled to regulate the theatre in almost any way they might think proper, they have cho-

sen to abandon the institution to its fate, and contenting themselves with standing by and reprobating it as a school of vice, have left it in the hands of the vicious, or, at least, of those whom they conceive to be such, to make the best use of it they can. The latter, as might have been expected, have not been backward in improving the opportunity thus presented to them. They have not failed to turn to their advantage (I mean to the advantage of their cause) an instrument of such power. And in this instance, as in many others, the children of this world have, no doubt, shewn themselves, in their generation, wiser than the children of light. Can the virtuous really be surprised that the vicious should continue so, or become worse, while quite left to themselves—left to find their own employments, and to amuse themselves in their own way? Is the precept to avoid bad company to be understood so strictly that we must not associate with them, even for the purpose of their amendment? I should think not. The precept to avoid bad company can only be understood to mean, that we are not to associate with them for the purpose of partaking in their vices, or of countenancing the irregularities and improprieties of their conduct: neither are we to run the hazard of being ourselves contaminated by them, without a rational prospect of contributing to their reform. But when we have such a prospect, when we may reasonably expect to be of use in correcting wrong sentiments, and in recalling the misled or unthinking from the error of their ways, it is surely not only lawful, but our highest duty to frequent their society. Now, I contend, that in the case of the theatre, there is not only a rational prospect, but, I will venture to say, an absolute certainty, that the presence of the correct and virtuous would contribute most effectually and completely to reform the institution. And the reason is—they can, without injustice to any person, and at a trifling expense, (namely, that of attending the theatre,) apply themselves to the *interest* of those who are its immediate managers. They can make it evidently advantageous for those to reform it. And if this

can be once done, then, as surely as a principle of *self-interest* resides in the human breast, the institution itself will be reformed. Bad as the world is, and corrupted in his nature as man may be, he is not so corrupted as to practise mischief for mischief's sake, to persevere in a course of vice, in opposition to the clearest convictions of great and immediate self-interest; at least he will not do so for any great length of time; and if examples of such characters do exist, they are rare, and have only been produced in consequence of inveterate habits, previously formed,—by the long practice of iniquity,—from erroneous views of self-interest. It is not the general way. Make it the immediate interest of men to act right, and they will almost always do so. Let the players find it their interest to bring forward nothing but good plays, and they will, you may depend upon it, seldom fail to give you such. Let the good and well-disposed be regular in their attendance at the theatre, fill it uniformly with a moral and correct piece is produced, and discountenance, by the most decided marks of disapprobation, every thing like improper allusion, indecent representation, or loose principles, and there can be no doubt, that in a very short time you will have small reason to complain of vice and profligacy about the play-house.

It may be said, that in this case the matter would not be mended, because the viciously disposed would no longer attend, but, abandoning the play-house to the grave and serious, who take delight in such sort of dull *sermonial* dramas as I have been supposing, would form to themselves other modes of amusement no less improper than before. Doubtless, some of them might do so, though I suspect the number of such would be very small. And that they should set up another play-house in opposition to the well-regulated one supposed, the wise enactments of the legislature have fortunately rendered impossible. They might, therefore, betake themselves to other amusements, and desert the play-house; but that many of them would do so is by no means probable, for stage representations, when carried on by

able performers, have always been found to possess so very superior a degree of attraction, that numbers will ever be found to attend. Besides, it must be remembered, that the reform of the stage which I have been proposing is by no means meant to convert it from a play-house into a church,—from a place of amusement into a place of worship. These two are not to be compared, and to be kept entirely distinct. But I would convert a place of criminal amusement into a place of innocent amusement, or rather into a place of amusement attended with improvement.

A prejudice has been too often entertained, that virtue and amusement are incompatible with one another, or that genuine wit and humour have no scope to display themselves except on the side of vice. But than this there cannot be a more erroneous notion. True wit and humour have no natural affinity with vice, and are equally capable of pleasing when combined with virtuous sentiments. Nay, in the garb of virtue and innocence, they are infinitely more pleasing—universally more attractive. For this we have only to appeal to the works of our most popular and admired writers, an Addison, a Richardson, a Burney, an Inchbald, a Cumberland, a Baillie, and a Scott, whose writings, I believe, are more extensively read, and more generally admired, than any of those of the loose wits of this or former ages, and will continue to be admired when the latter will have been forgotten—

“Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.”

Let the virtuous, then, by every means in their power, endeavour to promote the union of wit and humour with virtue on the stage, and they will most assuredly contribute in a high degree to reform that institution; while in so doing, they will do more towards reforming the morals of the age than many of them are probably aware of. A few pounds spent with this view, in their attendance on the play-house, will do more towards promoting an object of such inestimable value, than sums laid out on certain institutions too often misnamed charitable; but which are

really so far from being so in the right sense of the term, that they defeat their professed purpose, and promote, instead of virtue, immorality, idleness, and vice.

At all events, the good and well-disposed may rest assured that they will much more effectually counteract the bad effects of the theatre, of which they so much complain, by thus taking it, as it were, under their own management, than by leaving it to the will of those who have an interest in perverting it to a bad purpose. It is a powerful instrument of moral effect either the one way or the other, either in favour of virtue or of vice. And if the friends of the former have given it up, and left it to be wielded by those of the latter, they have themselves to blame; they have been guilty of neglect of duty, and have to answer for the mischief done. A weapon was in their power which they were called upon to wield and to employ in the cause of virtue. They did not choose to wield this weapon, but left it to be used by the vicious. They have thus deserted their post, given up their vantage-ground, and left it to be occupied by the enemy. They have themselves rendered the play-house bad, if it is bad, or, which is nearly the same thing, they have allowed it to become so when they had it in their power to have prevented its corruption; and then they declaim against the immorality of the place, and blame those who attend it.

But, as I have already said, stage representations are to most people so alluring, that nothing will prevent their attending. The object, then, is to see that they may attend with innocence, nay, with benefit; and this I maintain to be most completely in the power of the well-disposed.

It is a mistaken view of things that leads some people to exclaim, not only against the theatre, but against all public amusements whatever, as leading to nothing but vice and dissipation. On the contrary, it must appear to every reflecting mind abundantly evident, that, in a state of society such as that in which we live, far advanced in the road of civilization, refinement, and luxury, public amusements are not only harmless, but highly useful. In every state or

country abounding in wealth, there must of course always be many who are above the necessity of constant employment,—many who, by their riches, can command the labour of others. And those having what is called time upon their hands—time which they are not under the immediate necessity of employing for their support, can always squander it away, or spend it in mere idleness, if they please. But such is the nature of the human mind, that mere idleness cannot long be borne; and those who are not forced to be active, in order to support life, are forced to be so, in order to render it supportable. They must, some way or other, ward off the *tedium vitæ*, the languor of idleness, and free themselves from the intolerable pain of having nothing to do. Amusement is the consequence—a voluntary employment, either personal, mental, or corporeal—to relieve the fatigue of inaction, and repel the attacks of ennui. Now, as the voluntary employment, commonly called amusement, may be either of an innocent or of a vicious nature, either useful or unprofitable, either calculated to improve, elevate, and invigorate the mind, or to pervert, weaken, and degrade it, it is of the utmost consequence to give the employment a right direction. This has always been a favourite object with the moralist, and certainly there are few to be found which claim his more serious regard. For, as amusement is of an alluring nature, and apt to occupy much of the attention of those who have leisure to devote to it, it is of infinite importance that it be of a proper kind. And to me, at least, it appears that public amusements, when under the regulation of the judicious and well-disposed, promise to be much more harmless (not to speak of their being in many cases convertible to a beneficial purpose) than such as are almost uniformly had recourse to by the wealthy in private. For example, who can doubt that an audience in the theatre, attending to the representation of a good play, where wit, and humour, and eloquence, are employed with judgment to recommend virtue and good morals, and where the mind, from the very number and mixed character of the assembly, is held un-

der a proper degree of restraint, and where the social affections are cherished; who, I say, can doubt that such an audience is much more favourably situated than the same number of persons would be, split into perhaps a dozen, or a score, or a hundred groups, shuffling the cards, or pushing the bottle? There can, I should suppose, be little difference of opinion on this question; and there is nothing more certain, than that if the opulent, and wealthy, and idle, are not occupied in public amusements, they will often be occupied in such as are of a far less innocent kind. Those, therefore, who, without discrimination, and by the lump, condemn public amusements as corrupters of society, and declaim against balls, and assemblies, and concerts, and routs, and play-houses, cannot surely have given the subject

a proper degree of consideration. These amusements, in a state of society such as that in which we live, appear to be evidently useful; but, like many other useful things, they are no doubt liable to be abused. We must not, however, condemn every thing that human folly or depravity may abuse; for if we do so, what shall we not condemn? Of all public amusements, it appears that the play-house is the most important, as being capable of accomplishing the greatest moral effects. Let the lovers of virtue, therefore, no longer neglect this institution, for it is a dangerous instrument in the hands of the vicious; but, if put under proper regulations, will certainly produce much good; and we have shewn, I think, to a demonstration, that it can be well regulated only by the presence of the virtuous. C. F.

Harold's Last Pilgrimage.

Ἦλθε καὶ ἔμπνευς ὧς ἄλλος Τυρταῖος,
Εἰς κάθε στῆθος πολέμων ὀρεμῆν,
Πλήν Φανὸς βαρδὸς ἑλπίσας μεταίως,
Ἰδὸν μένει εἰς αἰώνιον σιωπὴν.

Romantic Elegy.

— αἰοιδίμον ἀθάνατον τέ μιν
Ἔργοισιν αὐξήσουσι Μοῦσαι,
Μεταμοσύνας θυγατέρες.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΕΟΣ Πιπιδαν.

“Ye, who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene,
Which is his last!”—So spake the Bard renown’d *:
And yet belov’d Italia hath not been
His last; he perish’d on e’en holier ground:
One other scene his matchless spirit found,
Even that resplendent scene, where th’ heav’nly flame
Caught his first muse—and now his bust is crown’d—
Hellas!—which boasts the glory of his fame,
And ‘mid her godlike sons enrols our Byron’s name!

Yet in the sunny and the pleasant land,
Where last his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell
Were worn, the Pilgrim linger’d; and his hand
Wander’d o’er a new lyre, whose rapturous swell
Charm’d the wide-listening world; and Tasso’s cell
Grew vocal in Ferrara once again;
And Dante’s shade breath’d woe beneath his spell:
And Venice and Ravenna not in vain
His sojourn woo’d—Hark, hark! they echo to his strain.

* See the last stanza of *Childe Harold*.

And if, amid the luxury of the clime,
 Amid all sweets that charm the soul and sense,
 Enticing pleasures witch'd (but for a time)
 His heart from its high sympathies intense,
 And held in dalliance soft that mind immense,—
 What marvel? Did he not break proud away,
 Finding therein no fitting recompence,
 And to the world ere long again display
 The unconquerable soul, that spurn'd the bounds of clay?

There was a cry of war; the worm had turn'd
 In Greece upon the foot that crush'd it down;
 And the old, bright, heroic flame, that burn'd
 At Marathon, 'gainst Persia's threatening crown,
 Had burst to life once more; and Othman's frown
 Was answer'd proudly; and each native chief
 Felt stirr'd and stung by that bequeath'd renown,
 Which was so long forgotten in the grief
 Of slavery—but now prompts war's final, dire relief.

There was a cry of war—of war in Greece;
 And Harold, whose high muse had sung her woes,
 And pointed her revenge, when coward Peace
 Skulk'd through the land, in generous zeal arose,
 Shook off the soothing pleasures of repose,
 And, all unmindful of himself, essay'd
 To join the fight against her ruthless foes—
 Resolv'd that all his fortunes should be laid
 Upon her shrine, whose cause he gloried thus to aid.

Lo, he is on the blue sea once again!
 And once again, "with the Ionian blast,"
 That swiftly urges o'er that tideless main,
 He seeks fair Greece—still breathing of the past—
 By his own muse re-consecrated last.
 He near'd high Stromboli's volcanic isle,
 Awaiting night—whose curtain might contrast
 Its shade with Vulcan's fires; but none the while,
 Though customary, glared from that steep furnace-pile.

Yet did he watch throughout the livelong night;
 And, when pale streaks of morn suffus'd the sky,
 He turn'd in disappointment from the light—
 Then pass'd the fabled god's dark islet by.
 Greece spread her classic chart before his eye:
 But whither steer? and where assume his post?
 Faction among the patriot chiefs was high—
 And Faction's tangling web he dreaded most:
 Awhile in doubt he lay, on Cephælonia's coast.

Thence, O o'erjoy'd *Metaxata*! 'twas thine
 The Philhellenic hero to receive;
 And charities, as from a spring divine,
 Flow'd o'er thee from his heart and hand!—To give
 Redress when needed—freely to relieve
 The destitute—to succour the distress—
 These are the impulses that half retrieve
 Our nature from its curse; and these possess'd
 The noble, generous heart, that warm'd Childe Harold's breast.

And now he sends his emissaries forth
 To gather tidings. Civil discord reign'd

Among the chiefs, alas ! whose patriot worth
 Had shone conspicuously, and bravely gain'd
 Freedom for their Morea, erst enchain'd.
 Yet Spartan virtue glows in every soul—
 The jealousy of stratagem unfeign'd ;
 And though dissensions mar their just control,
 One heart, to freedom staunch, still animates the whole.

Young dauntless Botzāris—immortal chief !—
 'Was up in glory's van—a rallying name ;
 Speeding on his career, alas ! how brief !
 Urging his reckless Sullotes on to fame.
 Greetings he sent to Harold—as became
 His own, and the renown of Albion's bard—
 Well pleased that this Tyrtæus, whose soul's flame
 Flash'd hope o'er all the expectant land, that warr'd
 For liberty long lost—had cho's'n a Suliote guard.

Ah ! these brave spirits ne'er met ! On glory's field,
 Early, yet full of fame, Botzāris fell,
 Charging his gallant comrades not to yield,
 By their deep vow, against the Infidel !
 And now, in Cephalaria, rumours tell
 Of danger in the West : the Moslem fleet
 Menaces Missolonghi—whose appeal
 For aid was heard ; and Harold proffers meet
 Supplies—whereby repulsed, Mustapha's powers retreat.

Urged now by the Albanian, Harold's sails
 Flutter for Missolonghi's haven—where
 A burst of grateful joy his advent hails :
 Hark ! as his galleys pass the fortress fair,
 Quick thunderings of cannon storm the air !
 Him, disembarked, a motley crowd attend,
 Civil and military, greeting there :
 Mavrocordatos hails his country's friend,
 And shouts of loud acclaim the heavens rejoicing rend.

'Tis not for me, who, sorrowing, strike the lyre,
 E'en while I sing of joy—it is not mine
 To follow all that *History* will require
 Of Harold's enterprise,—his brave design
 Against Lepanto ; how pure thoughts divine
 Of mercy ruled his counsels ; how the powers
 Discordant still he laboured to combine :
 Ah ! my muse drops unwreath'd th' heroic flowers,
 And paints the last sad scene—where Death untimely lowers

In Missolonghi centers Pleasure's voice,
 The season smiles, and Easter is the tide ;
 Singing is heard—and merry hearts rejoice
 O'er Samian cups, crown'd high in freedom's pride—
 And care by young and old is well defied :
 But, ah ! what shades of woe the scene o'ercloud !
 From the dark chamber, where their hopes reside,
 Issue sad tidings, scarcely breath'd aloud,
 And every list'ning heart with anxious grief is bow'd !

Oh ! shall *he* die—the fam'd, the brave, the young—
 The darling pride of Greece ? shall *he* expire ?
 Hush'd is the song of mirth, and every tongue
 Dwells on his name belov'd, whose warlike line

Equall'd the living fervour of his lyre !
 The temples of the God are throng'd in prayer ;
 Soft eyes are wet, and tremulous lips enquire
 Of him whom all hearts lov'd ; the prospect fair
 Was cross'd with clouds, and Joy fled, exiled by Despair !

Delirium sways that mind, whose flame divine
 Had pierced all climes, from charmed pole to pole ;
 And incoherent words alone assign
 Import to feelings that surpass control :
 Ah ! 'tis the contest of a parting soul !
 The eyes are closed—anon their glance is wild—
 And now sleep soothes the sufferer at life's goal ;
 And now he wakes, as one of pain beguil'd :
 Hark ! he speaks—" Oh, my wife ! my sister ! oh, my child !"

Vainly to Heaven the prayers of Greece are pour'd—
 Pass'd is the dark, th' inscrutable decree.
 The warrior bard—so glorious, so ador'd—
 Who would have died ten thousand deaths for thee,
 Oh, Greece ! and crown'd thy struggle to be free,
 With his whole means and might—he, he expires !
 'Tis o'er—the mighty spirit's at liberty—
 Sink quench'd those orbs, with all their vital fires :
 'Tis o'er—yet, Hellas ! yet his deathless name inspires !
 Who can forget, to the last hour of time,
 That he—the brightness of whose glory throws
 All other names in shadow, though sublime—
 For thee, O Greece ! the sword of freedom drew ?
 The voice of song was heard in thee anew,
 Urging to glorious war ; and, as of old,
 The inspiring bard would act the hero too.
 O Greece ! once kindled, can'st thou e'er grow cold,
 In chains henceforth, while *this* heroic tale is told ?

But concentrate thy powers, a common foe
 Preys on thy vitals ; concentrate thy might ;
 Give jealousies to the four winds, and so
 Fulfil the bard's incessant prayer—" unite !"
 And, oh ! let mercy gleam through freedom's flight—
 There let not Harold's counsel perish vain ;
 In firm and brave resolve, pursue the right—
 Thy glorious part inflexible maintain,
 But let not savage rites a Christian contest stain !

How fondly hope anticipates the day,
 When Athens shall grow famous, as before.—
 When Tyranny shall wither in the ray
 Of rising Liberty, and be no more !
 When Greece again shall dictate classic lore,
 And her Parnassian heights exult in song,
 Inspiring thoughts heroic, as of yore !
 'Tis a bright dream ; but 'twill be felt ere long
 That sunshine fills this world—and right must vanquish wrong.
 Lo, the great South ! to darkness damn'd so long,
 Wither'd in chains, by bigot powers debas'd—
 Behold, as from the tomb of ages wrung,
 To life it starts, with freedom's first-fruits grac'd !
 Tyrants, your reign is out ! The sweet, sweet taste
 Of infant liberty is at the core—
 And flowers spring beauteous o'er the mighty waste ;
 Centuries of shame, and sleep, and death, are o'er—
 Now, now that world's awake ! That world shall sleep no more !

No ! the great moral energies roll on,
 Even as the floods of the vast seas, sublime !
 While the young beams of freedom's conquering sun
 Stream glorious forth, prevailing over crime—
 Brightening the 'Tropics—pouring o'er each clime'
 The day-spring of regenerating fire—
 Purging its stains of immemorial time,
 Kindling the new world, with a new desire—
 Implanting lofty hopes, enkindling freedom's fire !

What boots it now to sing, how o'er the wave,
 In gloom and grief, Childe Harold's dust was borne—
 How in his native land he found a grave,
 Whereat true hearts in speechless anguish mourn ;
 Early from Greece and glory was he torn ;
 Early—but, oh ! how crown'd with every wreath
 That can the brows of mortal man adorn !
 Early—yet proudly waiting to bequeath
 The unvalued wealth of mind that triumphs over death.

Yes ! while love's hapless tale shall stir the heart,
 So long shall Leila and Medora live ;
 While Nature's varying forms a charm impart,
 Or passing hours and scenes a moral give,
 Or classic climes bewitching dreams revive ;
 So long shall Harold's page each soul command,
 So long the thoughts, that in all bosoms strive
 For utterance or development, expand,
 In ecstacy of life, beneath the Magian's wand !

SPEECH OF THE REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH ON THE CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

WE are indebted to a London contemporary, for having brought under our notice the following speech of the Rev. Sydney Smith. The speech was delivered at a meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire, held at the Tiger Inn at Beverley, for the purpose of adopting a petition against the Catholic Claims. The Rev. Sydney Smith stood alone in opposing the petition, amidst a numerous meeting of the Clergy. What opinions were delivered by these worthy persons, whose terror of the Pope had made them trot up from many a comfortable rectory and vicarage, we do not know, and indeed care little. We presume they dealt at large in the usual topics of vituperation against the poor scape-goat Cardinals and the Pope, with which our own pages have been of late much more encumbered than we fear was agreeable to the majority of our readers. One thing farther we presume these priests were nearly unanimous in wishing for,

was, that they might have the power of sending this unruly brother to enjoy for a time the sweets of North-allerton tread-mill. Sound sense, poignant wit, and unbounded good-humour, have always, as on this occasion, distinguished this reverend gentleman, Mr Smith, in his "sayings and doings" among the cloud of otherwise-minded parsons, by whom he is surrounded, and from whose company we earnestly pray, if it were not for their own sakes, he were safely delivered. Having dealt out rather a scanty measure of justice to the cause of our oppressed and insulted brethren in Ireland, (for such we hold them to be to all purposes, human and divine,) we wish now to give a slight view of the reverse side of the argument for the relief of Catholics from all the degrading afflictions under which they now groan. Such a task is relieved, by the easy process of clipping out a speech as the following, from the leaves of another journal. Having done so,

we commit it to the hands of a watchful errand-running devil, to find its way to the press, and from thence, we trust, to some of the hearts of those who peruse our publications. To some it may be acceptable to learn, that the Reverend Sydney Smith has done little else than repeat, in very pointed, though in very good-natured language, the arguments of one person, called George Canning, and of another person, named William Plunkett, whose authority, however, is now somewhat questionable, as they have the character of having become rather obscure, absurd sort of men, and to others of our good and patient readers, it may also not be unacceptable to be informed, that nearly the same opinions have been espoused by one Mr Brougham, and by another, Sir Francis Burdett, whose names it is possible that a few anticatholic petitioners, and others who neither have petitioned for nor against these raw-head and bloody-bone fellows, the Catholics, may by accident have heard. The authority of these four persons, to be sure, cannot be very great, since they have all been brought to a dead silence and a dead halt, by a large-bodied, but ill-constructed and even unarmed man, in a red coat, and a few big-looking but truly *fickless* parsons, and very old and almost bed-ridden children. As the subject belongs to the politics of yesterday, and not properly of to-day, we scarcely think that we transgress the rules on which we wish to proceed, in rigidly excluding from our pages the low, insufferable cant of daily party-scribblers. But without further apology, we proceed to the speech of the Reverend Sydney Smith himself. It will astonish people who live ten years hence, that it was necessary to use such arguments after the commencement of the nineteenth century.

Mr Archdeacon—It is very disagreeable to me to differ from so many worthy and respectable clergymen here assembled; and not only to differ from them, but (I am afraid) to stand alone among them. I would much rather vote in majorities, and join in this, or any other political chorus, than stand unassisted and alone as I am now doing. I dislike such meetings for such purposes—I wish I could recon-

cile it to my conscience to stay away from them, and to my temperament to be silent at them; but if they are called by others, I deem it right to attend—if I attend, I must say what I think. If it is unwise in us to meet at taverns to discuss political subjects, the fault is not mine, for I should never think of calling such a meeting. If the subject is trite which we are to discuss, no blame is imputable to me; it is as dull to me to handle such subjects, as it is to you to hear them. The customary promise on the threshold of an inn is good entertainment for man and horse. If there is any truth in any part of this sentence, the Tiger, at Beverley, our horses at this moment must, certainly, be in a state of much greater enjoyment than the masters who rode them. It will be some amusement, however, to this meeting to observe the schism which this question has occasioned in my own parish of Londesborough. My excellent and respectable curate, Mr Milstones, alarmed at the effect of the Pope upon the East Riding, has come here to oppose me, and there he stands, braving war and vengeance on the Vatican. We had some previous conversation on this subject, and in imitation of our superiors, we agreed not to make it a Cabinet question. Mr Milstones, indeed, with that delicacy and propriety which belongs to his character, expressed some anxiety upon the propriety of voting against the Rector, but I insisted he should come to vote against me. I assured him nothing would give me more pain than to think I had prevented in any manner the free discussion of honest opinions. That such conduct on his part, instead of causing jealousy and animosity between us, could not, and would not fail to increase my regard and respect for him.

I beg leave, Sir, before I proceed on this subject, to state what I mean by Catholic Linacritism. I mean eligibility of Catholics to all civil offices, with the usual exceptions introduced into all bills—jealous safeguards for the preservation of the Protestant Church, and for the regulation of the intercourse with Rome—and, lastly, provision for the Catholic clergy.

I object, Sir, to the law as it stands at present, because it is impolitic, and because it is unjust. It is impolitic, because it exposes this country to the greatest danger in time of war. Can you believe, Sir, can any man of the most ordinary turn for observation believe, that the monarchs of Europe mean to leave this country in the quiet possession of the high station which it at present holds?

Is it not obvious, that a war is coming on between the governments of law and the governments of despotism?—that the weak and tottering race of the Bourbons will (whatever then our wishes may be) be compelled to gratify the wounded vanity of the French, by plunging them into a war with England? Already they are pitying the Irish people, as you pity the West-Indian slaves—already they are opening colleges for the reception of Irish priests. Will they wait for your tardy wisdom and reluctant liberality? Is not the present state of Ireland a premium upon early invasion? Does it not hold out the most alluring invitation to your enemies to begin?—And if the flag of any hostile power in Europe is unfurled in that unhappy country, is there one Irish peasant who will not hasten to join it?—and not only the peasantry, Sir—the peasantry begin these things, but the peasantry do not end them—they are soon joined by an order a little above them,—and then, after a trifling success, a still superior class think it worth while to try the risk: men are hurried into a rebellion, as the oxen were pulled into the Cave of Cacus—tail foremost. The mob first, who have nothing to lose but their lives, of which every Irishman has nine—then comes the shopkeeper—then the parish priest—then the vicar-general—then Dr Doyle, and, lastly, Daniel O'Connell. But if the French were to make the same blunders respecting Ireland as Napoleon committed, if wind and weather preserved Ireland for you a second time, still all your resources would be crippled by watching Ireland. The force employed for this might liberate Spain and Portugal—protect India, or accomplish any great purpose of offence or defence.

War, Sir, seems to be almost as natural a state to mankind as peace; but if you could hope to escape war, is there a more powerful receipt for destroying the prosperity of any country, than these eternal jealousies and distinctions between the two religions? What man will carry his industry and his capital into a country where his yard-measure is a sword, his pounce-box a powder-flask, and his ledger a return of killed and wounded?—Where a cat will get, there I know a cotton-spinner will penetrate; but let these gentlemen wait till a few of their factories have been burnt down; till one or two respectable merchants of Manchester have been carded, and till they have seen the Cravatists hanging the Shanavists in cotton twist. In the present fervour for spinning, Ouran Outangs, Sir, would be employed to spin if they could

be found in sufficient quantities; but miserably will those reasoners be disappointed, who repose upon cotton—not upon justice, and who imagine this great question can be put aside, because a few hundred Irish spinners are gaining a morsel of bread, by the overflowing industry of the English market.

But what right have you to continue these rules, Sir, these laws of exclusion? What necessity can you show for it? Is the reigning Monarch a concealed Catholic? Is his successor an open one? Is there a disputed succession? Is there a Catholic pretender? If some of these circumstances are said to have justified the introduction, and others the continuation of these measures, why does not the disappearance of all these circumstances justify the repeal of the restrictions? If you must be unjust,—if it is a luxury you cannot live without, reserve your injustice for the weak, and not for the strong—persecute the Unitarians, muzzle the Ranters, be unjust to a few thousand Sectaries, not to six millions—galvanise a frog, don't galvanise a tiger.

If you go into a parsonage-house in the country, Mr Archdeacon, you see sometimes a style and fashion of furniture which does very well for us, but which has had its day in London. It is seen in London no more; it is banished to the provinces; from the gentlemen's houses of the provinces, these pieces of furniture (as soon as they are discovered to be unfashionable) descend to the farm-houses, then to cottages, then to the faggot-heap and the dunghill. As it is with furniture, so it is with arguments. I hear, at country meetings, many arguments against the Catholics, which are never heard in London; their London existence in Parliament is over—they are only to be met with in the provinces; and there they are fast hastening down, with clumsy chairs and ill-fashioned sofas, to another order of men. But, Sir, as they are not yet gone where I am sure they are going, I shall endeavour to point out their defects, and to accelerate their descent.

Many gentlemen, now assembled at the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, believe that the Catholics do not keep faith with heretics; these gentlemen ought to know, that Mr Pitt put this very question to six of the leading Catholic Universities in Europe. He inquired of them whether this tenet did or did not constitute any part of the Catholic faith? The question received from these Universities the most decided negative; they denied that such doctrine formed any part of the Creed of Catholics. Such doctrine, Sir, is denied upon oath, in the bill now pending in

Parliament, a copy of which I hold in my hand. The denial of such a doctrine upon oath is the only means by which a Catholic can relieve himself from his present incapacities. If a Catholic, therefore, Sir, will not take the oath, he is not relieved, and remains where you wish him to remain; if he does take the oath, you are safe from this peril; if he has no scruple about oaths, of what consequence is it whether this bill passes, the very object of which is to relieve him from oaths? Look at the facts, Sir. Do the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland, living under the same state with the Catholic Cantons, complain that no faith is kept with heretics? Do not the Catholics and Protestants in the kingdom of the Netherlands meet in one common Parliament? Could they pursue a common purpose, have common friends and common enemies, if there was a shadow of truth in this doctrine imputed to the Catholics? The religious affairs of this last kingdom are managed with the strictest impartiality to both sects; ten Catholics and ten Protestants (gentlemen need not look so much surprised to hear it) positively meet together, Sir, in the same room. They constitute what is called the religious committee for the kingdom of the Netherlands, and so extremely desirous are they of preserving the strictest impartiality, that they have chosen a Jew for their secretary. Their conduct has been unimpeachable and unimpeached, the two sects are in peace with each other, and the doctrine, that no faith is kept with heretics, would, I assure you, be very little credited at Amsterdam or the Hague—cities as essentially Protestant as the town of Beverley.

Wretched is our condition, and still more wretched the condition of Ireland, if the Catholic does not respect his oath. He serves on grand and petty juries in both countries; we trust our lives, our liberties, and our properties, to his conscientious reverence of an oath, and yet, when it suits the purposes of party to bring forth this argument, we say he has no respect for oaths. The right to a landed estate of £3000 per annum was decided last week, in York, by a jury, the foreman of which was a Catholic! Does any human being harbour a thought, that this gentleman, whom we all know and respect, would, under any circumstances, have thought more lightly of the obligation of an oath, than his Protestant brethren of the box? We all disbelieve these arguments of Mr A. the Catholic, and of Mr B. the Catholic, but we believe them of Catholics in general; of the abstract Catholic, of the Catholic of the

Tiger Inn, at Beverley, the formidable unknown Catholic; that is so apt to haunt our clerical meetings.

I observe that some gentlemen, who argue this question, are very bold about other offices, but very jealous lest Catholic gentlemen should become justices of the peace. If this jealousy is justifiable any where, it is justifiable in Ireland, where some of the best and most respectable magistrates are Catholics.

It is not true, that the Roman Catholic religion is what is was; I meet that assertion with a plump denial. The Pope does not dethrone Kings, does not give away kingdoms, does not extort money; has given up, in some instances, the nomination of Bishops to Catholic Princes; in some, I believe, to Protestant Princes. Protestant worship is now carried on at Rome. In the Low Countries, the seat of the Duke of Alva's cruelties, the Catholic tolerates the Protestant, and sits with him in the same parliament. The same in Hungary,—the same in France. The first use which even the Spanish people made of their ephemeral liberty, was to destroy the Inquisition. It was destroyed also by the mob in Portugal. I am so far from thinking the Catholic not to be more tolerant than he was, that I am much afraid the English, who gave the first lesson of toleration to mankind, will very soon have a great deal to learn from their pupils.

Some men quarrel with the Catholics, because their language was violent in the association; but a groan or two, Sir, after two hundred years of incessant tyranny, may surely be forgiven. A few warm phrases to compensate the legal massacre of a million of Irishmen are not unworthy of our pardon. All this hardly deserves the eternal incapacity of holding civil offices. Then they quarrel with the Bible society; in other words, they vindicate that ancient tenet of their church, that the Scriptures are not to be left to the unguarded judgment of the laity. The objection to Catholics is, that they did what Catholics ought to do; and do not many prelates of our own church object to the Bible Society, and contend that the Scriptures ought not to be circulated without the comment of the prayer-book and the articles? If they are right, the Catholics are not wrong; and if the Catholics are wrong, they err in such good company, that we ought to respect their errors.

Why not pay their clergy? The Presbyterian clergy in the north of Ireland are paid by the State; the Catholic clergy of Canada are provided for; the priests of the Hindoos are, I believe, in some of

their temples paid by the company. You must surely admit, that the Catholic religion (the religion of two-thirds of Europe) is better than no religion. I do not regret that the Irish are under the dominion of the priests. I am glad that so savage a people, as the lowest orders of the Irish, are under the dominion of their priests, for it is a step gained to place such beings under any influence, and the clergy are always the first civilizers of mankind. The Irish are deserted by their natural aristocracy, and I should wish to make their priesthood respectable in their appearance, and easy in their circumstances. A government provision has produced the most important changes in the opinions of the Presbyterian clergy of the north of Ireland, and has changed them from levellers and jacobins into reasonable men; it would not fail to improve most materially the political opinions of the Catholic Priests. This cannot, however, be done without the emancipation of the laity. No Priest would dare to accept a salary from Government, unless this preliminary was settled. I am aware that it would give to Government a tremendous power in that country; but I must choose the least of two evils. The great point, as the physicians say in some diseases, is to resist the tendency to death. The great object of our day is to prevent the loss of Ireland, and the consequent ruin of England; to obviate the tendency to death, we will first keep the patient alive, and then dispute about his diet and his medicine.

Suppose a law were passed, that no clergyman who had ever held a living in the East Riding, could be made a bishop: many gentlemen here (who have no hopes of ever being removed from their parishes) would feel the restriction of the law as a considerable degradation. We should soon be pointed at as a lower order of clergymen. It would not be long before the common people would find some fortunate epithet for us, and it would not be long either, before we should observe in our brethren of the North and West, an air of superiority, which would aggravate not a little the injustice of the privation. Every man feels the insults thrown upon his caste; the insulted party falls lower; every body else becomes higher. There are heartburnings and recollections. Peace flies from that land. The volume of Parliamentary evidence I have brought here, is loaded with the testimony of witnesses of all ranks and occupations, stating to the House of Commons the undoubted effects produced upon the lower order of Catholics, by these disqualifying laws, and the lively interest they take in

their removal. I have seventeen quotations, Sir, from this evidence, and am ready to give any gentleman my references; but I forbear to read them, from compassion to my reverend brethren who have trotted many miles to vote against the Pope, and who will trot back in the dark, if I attempt to throw additional light upon the subject.

I have also, Sir, a high-spirited class of gentlemen to deal with, who will do nothing from fear, who admit the danger, but think it disgraceful to act as if they feared it. There is a degree of fear, which destroys a man's faculties, renders him incapable of acting, and makes him ridiculous. There is another sort of fear, which enables a man to foresee a coming evil, to measure it, to examine his powers of resistance, to balance the evil of submission against the evils of opposition or defeat, and if he thinks he must be ultimately overpowered, leads him to find a good escape in a good time. I can see no possible disgrace in feeling this sort of fear, and in listening to its suggestions. But it is mere cant to say, that men will not be actuated by fear in such questions as these. Those who pretend not to fear now, would be the first to fear upon the approach of danger; it is always the case with this distant valour. Most of the concessions which have been given to the Irish have been given to fear. Ireland would have been lost to this country, if the British Legislature had not, with all the rapidity and precipitation of the truest panic, passed those acts which Ireland did not ask, but demanded, in the time of her armed association. I should not think a man brave, but mad, who did not fear the treasons and rebellions of Ireland in time of war. I should think him not dastardly, but consummately wise, who provided against them in time of peace. The Catholic question has made a greater progress since the opening of this Parliament than I ever remember it to have made, and it has made that progress from fear alone. The House of Commons were astonished by the union of the Irish Catholics. They saw that Catholic Ireland had discovered her strength, and stretched out her limbs, and felt manly powers, and called for manly treatment; and the House of Commons, wisely and practically, yielded to the innovations of time, and the shifting attitude of human affairs.

I admit the Church, Sir, to be in great danger. I am sure the State is so also. My remedy for these evils is, to enter into an alliance with the Irish people,—to conciliate the clergy, by giving them pensions,—to loyalize the laity, by putting them on a footing with the Protest-

tants. My remedy is the old one, approved of from the beginning of the world—to lessen dangers, by increasing friends and appeasing enemies. I think it most probable, that under this system of Crown patronage the clergy will be quiet. A Catholic layman, who finds all the honours of the State open to him, will not, I think, run into treason and rebellion,—will not live with a rope about his neck, in order to turn our bishops out, and put his own in: he may not, too, be of opinion that the utility of his bishop will be four times as great, because his income is four times as large; but whether he is or not, he will never endanger his sweet acres (large measure) for such questions as these. Anti-Trinitarian Dissenters sit in the House of Commons, whom we believe to be condemned to the punishments of another world. There is no limit to the introduction of Dissenters into both Houses,—Dissenting Lords or Dissenting Commons. What mischief have Dissenters, for this last century and a half, plotted against the Church of England? The Catholic Lord and the Catholic Gentleman (restored to their fair rights) will never join with levelers and Iconoclasts. You will find them defending you hereafter against your Protestant enemies. The crossier in any hand, the mitre on any head, are more tolerable in the eyes of a Catholic, than doxological Barebones and tunsured Cromwells.

We preach to our congregations, Sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging—Otaheite is emerging—Ireland is not emerging—she is still veiled in darkness—her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floors of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty, when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history any thing but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hanging, famine, and disease, as never existed before in the annals of the world? This is the system which, I am sure, with very different intentions, and different views of its effects, you are met this day to uphold. These are the dread-

ful consequences which those laws your petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart, to that memorable proclamation which the Head of our Church—the present Monarch of these realms—has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover—*That no man should be subjected to civil incapacities, on account of his religious opinions.* Sir, there have been many memorable things done in this reign. Hostile armies have been destroyed; fleets have been captured; formidable combinations have been broken to pieces; *but this sentiment in the mouth of a King* deserves, more than all glories and victories, the notice of that historian who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the cabinet of genius, and so uphold it to the world, that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man. Great as it is, Sir, this is not the only pleasure I have received in these latter days. I have seen, within these few weeks, a degree of wisdom in our mercantile law, such superiority to vulgar prejudice, views so just and so profound, that it seemed to me as if I were reading the works of a speculative economist, rather than the improvements of a practical politician, agreed to by a legislative assembly, and upon the eve of being carried into execution, for the benefit of a great people. Let who will be their master, I honour and praise the ministers who have learned such a lesson. I rejoice that I have lived to see such an improvement in English affairs—that the stubborn resistance to all improvement, the contempt of all scientific reasoning, and the rigid adhesion to every stupid error which so long characterized the proceedings of this country, is fast giving way to better things, under better men, placed in better circumstances. I confess it is not without severe pain, that, in the midst of all this expansion and improvement, I perceive that in our profession we are still calling for the same exclusion—still asking that the same fetters may be rivetted on our fellow-creatures—still mistaking what constitutes the weakness and misfortune of the Church, for that which contributes to its glory, its dignity, and its strength. Sir, there are two petitions at this moment in this house, against two of the wisest and best measures which ever came into the British Parliament—against the impending Corn Law, and against the

Catholic Emancipation; the one Bill intended to increase the comforts, and the other to allay the bad passions of man. Sir, I am not in a situation of life to do much good, but I will take care that I will not willingly do any evil. The wealth of the Riding should not tempt me to petition against either of those Bills. With the Corn Bill I have nothing to do at this time. Of the Catholic Emancipation Bill I shall say, that it will be the foundation-stone of a lasting religious peace; that it will give to Ireland, not all that it wants, but what it most wants, and without which no other boon will be

of any avail. When this Bill passes, it will be a signal to all the religious sects of that unhappy country to lay aside their mutual hatred, and to live in peace, as equal men should live under equal law. When this Bill passes, the Orange flag will fall. When this Bill passes, the Green flag of the rebel will fall. When this Bill passes, no other flag will fly in the land of Erin, than that flag which blends the Lion with the Harp—that flag which, wherever it does fly, is the sign of Freedom and of Joy—the only banner in Europe which floats over a limited King and a free people.

LOCHANDHU, A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY *.

WE have been rather dull of late in the novel-reading world. Hope delayed, with regard to the Crusaders, has almost begun to render the heart sick, and we really feel not a little indebted to our new unknown, who has furnished us, in our state of ennui, with the stimulus of an interesting and well-written tale. We took it up in that listless, careless way, that an experienced novel-reader generally does a new publication, which has not been ushered in by the “trump of Fame,” and of the author of which he knows nothing; but we had not finished three chapters, before we perceived we had been fortunate enough to stumble at last on a really good novel; and forthwith “bending up each corporal agent to the terrible feat,” we placed ourselves resolutely on the sofa, and finished the volumes. We have, in fact, seldom met with a book, where, anticipating little, we have had the good fortune to find so much; and we venture to predict, gentle reader, that if thou dost once embark in the reading of these neat duodecimos, thou wilt be carried down the stream of narrative, with as pleasing and rapid a course, as if some of the proudest names in modern literature had guided the helm. And if the point to which thou art tending doth not wholly engross thy attention, and thou canst find time to look upon the pictures of Nature, both in her gentle and her savage moods, which are lavishly presented to thee in the course of the voyage, thou wilt admit that thou

hast seldom been led through scenes more sublime, more beautiful, or more varied.

We have been thinking for some time past, that the tendency of novel-writing has been too much towards the mere exposition of sentiment; a system which, even in the hands of the greatest masters, is one of difficulty and hazard, and where the author is in continual danger of overstepping the narrow boundary which separates the sublime from the ridiculous; but which, in the hand of inferior writers, is of all kinds the most miserable. Accordingly, we are really glad to meet again with a proper allowance of incident, to qualify the liberal doses of sentiment, which have of late been administered to us, and must do the author of *Lochandhu* the justice to say, that he has compounded his scenes of action and feeling in very happy proportions. Perhaps, on considering the matter a second time, we should be disposed to say, that the first preponderate a little too much, or rather, that the quality of some of them is more objectionable than the quantity. In the two first volumes, there is little to complain of; but that part of the machinery of the story which is developed in the third, is rather clumsy and common-place. While the author is busied among the rocky scenes of the East coast of Scotland—the drunken revel in Mrs M’Claver’s cottage—the residence at Eaglesholme castle—and still more, the wild and terrible adventures at the house of Lochan-

* *Lochandhu, a Tale of the Eighteenth Century*, 3 vols. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.

dhu, and the pictures of the scenery of Badenoch,—we recognise the hand of a powerful and original artist; but in the involved and improbable narrative of the early incidents in Italy—in the masquerade scene in England, and in the accumulation of surprises which close the tale, we perceive traces of imitation, and that, too, of very indifferent models. The author of *Lochandhu* should be above the common trick of endeavouring to astonish, by the conception of such a fiend as Lady Deborah: and Antonio, we fear, has little to distinguish him from the “time-honoured” bandit, who has figured in every romance from Mrs Radcliffe downwards. We can tolerate a murder occasionally; but, really, three murders and a suicide, not to mention half-a-dozen attempts at cutting and stabbing, are rather too much for one individual. Were we to select instances of this occasional employment of hackneyed means of effect, we should mention—the frequent abductions of poor Miss Malcolm, who is actually in a state of transit during two-thirds of the tale—the unnecessary mystification with which the dwarf is surrounded—and the discovery of the clergyman’s brother in the smuggler Brandywyn. These are slight defects, however; inartificial and hasty contrivances, no doubt, but not materially affecting the interest of the story, and leaving behind a vast field of well-drawn character, striking incident, and powerful description.

Of the characters, *Lochandhu*, as might be expected, is the most prominent, and the most carefully finished,—a man of loose principles and vicious conduct, but, still retaining, amidst his villany, some principles of honour and generosity. We question whether there is not something of inconsistency, however, in the supposition, that such a man, unscrupulous as he is represented, would have been engaged in scenes such as are supposed to have taken place among the mountains of Badenoch. We can conceive that the “lifting” of a drove of cattle, or a smuggling connection, might not appear high enormities in the eyes of a Highlander; but the idea that any being, possessing such an infusion of the better

feelings of our nature as the author has bestowed on *Lochandhu*, should be an accomplice in a regularly-organized system of robbery and murder, does, we confess, appear to us not a little startling. Lord Eaglesholme, though not distinguished by any peculiar traits of character, inspires, throughout, a strong interest. Amherst, the hero, is about as interesting as heroes generally are, or rather more so, for he possesses more of decision and promptitude than it is the custom at present to bestow on the performers of that role. Cleaver, a good-humoured English navy officer, with a strong leaning to the Epicurean philosophy, in one of its practical applications, is a very lively and amusing sketch. By the bye, there is rather a striking coincidence between this gentleman and Captain Polwarth, a personage of similar habits, in the last of Mr Cooper’s *Transatlantic Novels*, *Lionel Lincoln*. Which author has the merit of the conception, or are they both lineal descendants from Sir Dugald Dalgetty? They differ, at least, from that abstemious warrior, only in the same way as the *gourmet* differs from the *gourmand*: Sir Dugald looked chiefly to quantity; Polwarth and Cleaver are rather more particular as to quality. Of the heroine, we see less than we could have wished, and we could willingly have exchanged some of the hair-breadth ‘scapes, seizures, and rescues, in which she plays a principal, but a very helpless part, for a few more quiet scenes at Eaglesholme castle.

We really fear, that any attempt to give an outline of a story so crowded with incident, would be hopeless. We shall try, however, to cull a specimen or two of the author’s manner, prefacing them by such explanation as to render them intelligible.

Our readers must know, then, that Amherst Oakenwold, the only son of Sir Cable Oakenwold, an irritable, good-hearted, gouty old Admiral, and a near relation of Sir Anthony Absolute, had thought proper to run off on a voyage to Scotland, along with his friend Cleaver, in order to escape a threatened match with Miss Delassaux, a lady with whom he had at one time been in love, but whose character had latterly opened to him in

such a questionable light, as entirely to cure him of his passion. The pleasure-party land in the twilight of a summer evening, on the east coast of Scotland, and after some adventures, are set down in a small hut, then occupied by a party drawn together by the occurrence of the landing a cargo of wine and spirits in the neighbourhood. The scene in the hut affords a very fair specimen of the author's comic and descriptive powers. The party consist of Sir Alexander Sanderson, a fat, joyous, polite old baronet, who fancies himself an invalid—his hanger-on, Julius Cæsar Macflae, a tall, withered West Indian,—Bailie Sparrowpipe, the mercer of the neighbouring borough—Deacon M'Candy, the grocer of said borough—and Doctor Partenclaw, the village Æsculapius, who prides himself on his vocal powers, and is a leading hand at a catch,—with a host of lairds, who assist merely in emptying the hogshead, and filling up the chorus of the songs.

When Macgillivray entered with the gentlemen, the tumultuous Bacchanalian roar that followed the termination of the catch was hushed, and the strangers were surveyed from all quarters, with half-closed eyes, and twisted-up mouths, betokening the serious scrutiny of men in a state of wise intoxication. To judge of the plight of the party, it is only necessary to be informed, that this was the second night of their orgies.

Macgillivray having introduced Amherst and Cleaver to Sir Alisander, the good Knight rose to receive them, and the maudlin company got up in imitation of their President, like an ill-drilled squad, tardily following the motions of the fugal.—“Chairs,—chairs for the gentlemen!”—cried the Baronet. But besides that on which he sat himself, there was but one rickety chair in the place. That was instantly ceded by the polite Fustlecrraig of Windlestraw, who placed it for Amherst near Sir Alisander, and went to seat himself on the end of a form lower down the table. Cleaver, whose jovial heart was expanded by the sight of so jolly a party, was so eager to join the revellers, that he immediately placed himself on an empty brandy anker set on end, and proceeded, without loss of time, to attack two huge high-flavoured dishes, one containing hot, broiled, smoked haddocks, and the other, red herrings of most inviting savour, which, with some oaten cakes, and a few pewter

platters, were at this moment put on the board by the bustling Mrs M'Claver, and the bonny Peggy Galravage.

“I see,” said the good-natured Baronet, who could not resist a pun,—“I see, Mr Oakenwold, that your friend Captain Cleaver has already brought himself to an anchor, like a good seaman, chee! he!—he!”—The joke, though it produced the usual spasm of approval in the face of Macflae, and a laugh from such of the rest as were within ear-shot, was lost upon the subject of it, who was too much occupied with his haddock to hear it.

“My friend,” said Amherst, “though long a man-of-war's man by profession, is now only a navigator for pleasure.”

“Your present voyage is of that nature?” said Sir Alisander.

“It is so,” said Amherst, “and is occasioned chiefly by our wish to see a little of Scotland.”

“A very laudable desire,” replied Sir Alisander, “and I hope our Land of Cakes will not disappoint you. Since pleasure then, and not business, is your object, you cannot do better than make my house of Sanderson-Mains your headquarters for some weeks. I shall be happy to do my best to entertain you, or rather, to see that you are entertained, for I am but a weak vessel myself, and not much able now to leave the house. I will take you thither as soon as I can get away from these honest people, who must always have me for their presences on such occasions as this—much against my will, I assure you, for such bouts do not by any means agree with my stomach, which has been very ticklish for some years. But they will not have me excused, so I must e'en sacrifice a little to the wishes of my good neighbours, by yielding to their importunity, though it should even be to the curtailing of my life.”

Amherst, while he expressed his thanks for so kind an invitation, given to strangers, and assured the worthy Baronet, that his friend and he would be happy to avail themselves of his hospitality, stared with astonishment at the person who gave it, and wondered where the secret sapping disease could lurk, that rendered him a frail vessel, who had so much the outward appearance of good health and a robust constitution, and whose trappings, consisting of all the paraphernalia of the sick man, had so whimsical an effect when contrasted, with the *embon-point* of his figure, and the rustic healthfulness of his face.

The prepossessing, and even noble appearance of Amherst, followed by the Baronet's invitation, that sufficiently

spoke his good opinion of the strangers, like oil upon the stormy seas, produced a certain lull upon the obstreperous mirth of the company, and it was some time before it again began to swell itself into a roar. A deep pledge was passed round by the chairman to the health of the new guests, and replied to, of course, by one from each of them, and the claret again began to mount into the brains of the votaries of Bacchus, and again to loosen the shackles of their tongues.

"Maister 'Oakenwold," said Bailie Sparrowpipe, rising and addressing Amherst in a tone of voice, thin, shrill, and sharp, resembling the cutting notes of a fife,—“I drink to you, and to your country, Sir; I rejoice for to see ane Englishman amang us. I have a high respect for England, Sir, and troth, gif I shou'd say otherwise, my verra speech itsell wad betray me, for ye may observe that my dialect is somewhat polished. And nae wonder nor it shou'd be sae, for I was nae less than sax weeks in Lunnon itsell about aughteen years syne, whare I gathered the tongue, as likewise thae manners which hae acquired for me the appellation of the feenished man.” A simper of great self-approbation followed this speech.

“I am glad, Bailie, said Macgillivray with an air of gravity, evidently intended to bring him out.—“I am very glad that you are here, were it only to show our English guests that we are not all barbarians in this country.”

“Hout fye, hout fye, Maister Macgillivray!—barbarians!—na truly, though we do leeve in the North, we're no just that neither;—there's mony a ane o' us has traivelled,—there's you ha'e been in Italy—and Maister Macflae in the Wast Indians—and Dr Partenclaw there, forbye mony ither voyages, was ance at the Greenland fishing—no to crack o' mysell being in Lunnon.”

“Upon few people, however, are the advantages of travel so apparent as upon the elegant Mr Sparrowpipe,” said Macgillivray. “But then nature, Sir,—nature is everything.”

“Troth that's true enough,” replied Sparrowpipe.—“I had aye a sort o' gently cast about me—I mind verra weil that Sally Hopkins, the dancin' master's dochter in Threadneedle-Street, used aye to say that o' me; and her father, wha was a verra gude judge o' siccan matters, used to declare, that I could mak as bonny a boo as ony Lord o' the bed-chamber.”

“I have no doubt of that, Bailie,” said Macgillivray.—“you are still remarkable for your talent that way, which

indeed has rather improved than otherwise, and is perhaps one of the causes of your being such a terrible fellow among the ladies.”

“Hout fye, hout fye, Maister Macgillivray,” said the Bailie, stretching his long neck and nose across the table like a goose, with a simper of ineffable delight upon his face; “ye are pleased for to flatter me, Sir,—that is to say—I mean—ye wrang me sair, Sir,—I dinna deserve nae siccan character. But an I do,” added he, looking down, or rather inwards upon his yellow waistcoat, with manifest satisfaction,—“ane canna help ane's attraction, ye ken.”

“Aye, aye,” said the Baronet.—“very true, Mr Sparrowpipe, the rose cannot be blamed for its fragrance.”

“Nor good claret for its seducing flavour,” said Cleaver, who now for the first time had found leisure to speak, and putting a brimming flaggon to his head, he tossed it off to wash down the immense mass of dried fish he had swallowed.

“Come now, Bailie,” cried Sir Alexander.—“give us a toast,—give us one of the many beauties on your list!”

“I'll give ye—I'll give,” said the Bailie, with some hesitation, and looking upwards to the rafters, as if appealing to them for aid in making his selection.—“I'll give ye—Miss Louisa Matilda Mactavish, a young leddy that maist o' ye ken verra weil; she's a lovely lassie, and I'll drink a mutchkin stoup till her.”

“Say more, Bailie!” roared out young Barklay o' Blutterbog; “I can't consent to yield her to ye so easily,—she's a particular favourite of mine.”

Blutterbog's speech was received with a general cheer, resembling that species of applause which runs round an English ring when a brace of bruisers have agreed to pit themselves for a match at milling. The Bailie, however, seemed now like a snail that draws in its horns on the approach of something from which it apprehends danger; he felt that he was in a scrape, and he wished to recede if possible. The rule on such occasions of Bacchanalian challenge was, that as the party who proposed the toast drank a bumper, so he who advanced an equal claim to the lady, by the words “say more!” was obliged to drink a double bumper, after which the first drank double that, and the other that again doubled, and so on alternately, doubling the quantity of the draught every time, until one or other of the parties gave in, or was fairly floored. To Blutterbog, who had already swallowed gallons, and

whose capacious throat was gaping for gallons more, this contest was mere sport. But the bilious Bailie of the borough, though he had no objections to a long tattle where he was permitted to do as he liked, and where he had listeners to his long love stories, felt that such a deluge of drink as now threatened him would be death to him. He grew doubly pale at the very thought.

"I'm no just preceesely inclined to gang a' that length for the lass, Maister Barklay o' Blutterbog," said the Bailie, screwed up by vexation to the highest pitch of his soprano. "She's a bonny lass enough I maun confess till ye, but she's no just ane that taks my fancy naither."

"Fire and fury, Sir, why did you toast her then?" cried the impetuous bullyboy of a laird.

"Troth, Blutterbog," said the Bailie, now alarmed for something more than his stomach, "I kenna preceesely how it was I happened on her—I'm sure I had fifty mair i' my head to pick and chuse amang—and I'm far frae wishing to come in your way. But I hae siccan a compassionate heart! an' the lassie, puir thing, is aye glowrin frae her windows at me, as I gae by in state till the kirk on Sabbath days, wi' the town offishers an' their red coats and muckle halberts afore me—and she aye giggles for to see me—she canna help fa'in' in fancy wi' me, ye ken, an' sae——"

"Fancy with you, ye damn'd sneaking coil of list!" interrupted Blutterbog, to whom the lady in question was privately affianced at the time—"Tis false, ye yand of staytape!"

The Bailie glided lengthways under the table like an eel under a stone, just as his antagonist had sprung on it to get at him. The furious laird's weight and violence together were too much for its frail supports,—and crash,—down went the whole, stoups, claret, haddocks, herrings, boards, and Blutterbog, upon the unfortunate Sparrowpipe, who lay sprawling beneath. All was now confusion. Macgillivray and some of those nearest to him, laid hold of Blutterbog as he was scrambling over the wrecks of the broken table, to glut his vengeance upon the unlucky magistrate, and dragging him apart, endeavoured to pacify him, whilst others drew Sparrowpipe from under the ruins like a boiled welch from its shell. His body, indeed, seemed as pliant as if it had had no more bones in it than that marine species of snail, and the paleness of death was upon him; his eyes were fixed, and he uttered not a word.

"By Jupiter, gentlemen," cried Dr Partenclaw, as he bent over him, "this is a serious matter!—the man's gone!—poor Sparrowpipe has piped his last—what will our concert do now for a counter alto? There wasn't such an one in any opera in Europe! it was like a piccolo flute, or a bird organ, his cranium is fractured—a blood-vessel is ruptured—and two or three spoonfuls of the cerebral mass are protruded." A dead silence prevailed for some moments.

"I shall be Bailie myself at the neist clection o' magistrates," said Deacon M'Candy, with the most stupid indifference.

"I confess," continued the Doctor, "I did think his skull was thick enough to have borne worse shocks than this, bad as it was. Nor, indeed, should I have expected the subject to exhibit even so much brain as we now behold. But bring a light here, and I will soon ascertain the true state of the case, and if, as I suspect, he is fairly gone, then we may open his skull, and have a peep into its interior." All this the Doctor pronounced with as much coolness and unconcern, as if he had been talking of opening his snuff-box.

While the rational and less intoxicated part of the company were occupied in endeavouring to pacify the rage of Blutterbog, Partenclaw, who happened to be surrounded by those who had most deeply drenched their senses in the juice of the barrel, now gave various directions, which were hastily and implicitly obeyed. The body was laid at length on a form, and the Doctor's dissecting tools were out in an instant, whilst a group of eight or ten individuals of the party, stimulated by curiosity, hung over him to see what he was going to do. The saw was actually applied to the unfortunate man's head, when, at the very first touch of it, Sparrowpipe suddenly screamed out, with a yell that might almost have been heard a mile off; and at the same time drew his head and feet together with a jerk so violent, as to render the recoil something like that of a twisted-up piece of Indian rubber. The effect of it was like the explosion of a bomb, the circle was dispersed, and the persons forming it tumbled in all directions, and Partenclaw was laid on his back like a lobster, with his saw held up in the air. The Doctor, however, though with some difficulty, yet with undiminished *sang froid*, rose again to the charge.

"There is some life in the man yet," quoth he: "give me a spoon, that I may remove his brains, and examine the fracture in his skull."

Sparrowpipe, with whom the application of the saw had in some degree served the purpose of the lancet, had begun to regain his senses, as the Doctor uttered these words. They acted upon him like the touching of the spring of an automaton. He started up to the sitting posture, and having clapped both his hands to his head, he exclaimed, in the most doleful voice,

"Oh, I'm a dead man!—I'm a dead man!—sure enough my skull is crackit, and my brains are a' out, and some o' them are scattered on the very floor."

The sudden relief the spectators experienced from all dread of the Bailie being killed outright upon the spot, coupled with the ludicrous effect produced by his dolorous accents, and highly ridiculous appearance, instantaneously changed their silent breathless anxiety into a burst of unextinguishable laughter, in the midst of which he sat in all the horrors and anguish of mind, inspired by a firm belief of immediate death.

"You may laugh, gentlemen," cried he, in yet more woeful strains, as soon as he could be heard—"ye may laugh, unchristian-like sinners as ye are!—but," said he, holding out a handful of the pulpy matter taken from his head, "an' ye winna believe me, there's a pickle o' my brains in my ain hand, and there's the rest o' them lying on the floor." The roar of laughter was renewed.

"Bailie," said the Baronet, at the first pause that occurred, "if you are resolved to insist upon being scatter-brained, it is not for any of us to gainsay you."

The renewed shout that followed this observation made Sparrowpipe angry.

"I *have* lost my brains, I tell ye," exclaimed he, in a pet, "and gif ye winna believe me, there they are in your face," so saying, he threw the soft mass slap into Partenclaw's eyes, and almost blinded him.

The real state of the case was now discovered, much to the satisfaction of every body. A mass of herring milts, tinged with the streams of claret, had fallen into his hair, and this, added to his temporary stupor, had led to the Doctor's mistake. The drunken company had now leisure to note the figure of Sparrowpipe in detail. Never was mortal in such a pickle. His garments, and above all his yellow waistcoat, the pride of his very heart, were covered with fish entrails, brine, and claret, and he stunk so, that he would have made an excellent drag for a pack of hounds, to which purpose, indeed, any one who beheld him, without doing violence to probability, might have easily

imagined that he had been actually applied. All this minor part of his misfortune had been overlooked by him in the dreadful idea of immediate death. But now that all his fears on that score had subsided, he began, in sad strains, to deplore the damage his drapery had sustained.

"Waes me! waes me! siccan a fesome sight as I am. My new kassimer vest is a'thegither ruined!—Fich, fich! it stinks like a fishwife's creel,—it's an ill-fared tradin' voyage to me this. I may buy a bargain o' lace and silken hose, but my new stand o' clues, my gude coat and breeks, and aboon a', my vest, can never gang on again. Ugh! I wish I had them aff!—my verra stamick scunnars at my verra sell!"

"Then, Bailie," said the Baronet quietly, "I fancy it's the first time you were ever sickened with your own person, whatever effect it may have had upon others. But come, cheer up, man!—let Mrs M'Claver do the best she can to cleanse you from the pickle you have been soused in, and then let us endeavour to get things into some sort of order again."

At a subsequent part of the tale, our hero, Amherst, accepts the invitation of Mr Macgillivray, to visit him at his house at Lochandhu. Certain suspicious circumstances convince him that his host is engaged in a system of robbery and plunder, and he begins to fear that his own life is in danger from the natural brother of Lochandhu, Alexander Macgillivray. He determines, however, to dissemble, and goes out to shoot in his usual manner, among the hills, where he contrives to lose his way. The powerful interest of the following terrible scene must be our apology for the length of our extract.

After wandering for a long time through trackless thickets, he was at last gladdened by the appearance of a light that glimmered through the foliage, and he scrambled towards it with the hope of finding some one who could put him on his way.

On his nearer approach, he found that the light proceeded from the interior of a hovel formed of sods, on a foundation of dry stones. It stood not far from the edge of a bank overhanging a deep ravine, through which a stream held its course. The door was more than half a-jar, and he listened for voices from within, but all was silent. He advanced and knocked, but his appeal was unattended to; he re-

peated his signal, and, as he still had no answer, he ventured to enter.

A wood-fire was burning on the earthen-floor, as if somebody had been recently there; but seeing no one within, he was about to leave the place, with the idea that, by following the course of the stream, he would soon arrive at the great valley, to which it must be a tributary, when an object caught his eye that immediately arrested his attention. This was no other than the very travelling trunk he had so particularly remarked the night before, with the letters S. H. M. in brass nails upon its lid; and among a variety of other strange things scattered up and down, he descried three other trunks, of different sizes, all of them with the same letters.

Very disagreeable ideas now crowded upon his imagination, and sensible how dangerous his situation was, he was about to make a hasty retreat, when, as he moved away, a bright object glanced upon his eye from amongst some branches of brushwood, lying over the rafters at the farther end of the hut. As he looked with more attention, he thought it resembled a silver button. The brushwood seemed to be pressed down just in that particular spot, as if from a superincumbent weight, and he was seized with an irresistible desire to ascertain what was there. He lifted up a small fragment of lighted fir, and proceeded to satisfy himself. His eyes rested upon a ghastly human face, which being turned downwards, stared at him from among the withered branches.

He started involuntarily, and put his hand to his gun, believing it was some one with whom he should have to contend; but it moved not, and he discovered, with the utmost horror, that the eyes, though wide open, were fixed in death.

Availing himself of a large chest standing underneath, he mounted, and raised his head and shoulders through between the rafters, and, holding up his light, he discovered the dead body of an officer in full regimentals. He put his hand on the corpse, and felt that it was still so warm as to indicate the murder to have been very recent.

He had hardly time to give it a cursory examination, when he was alarmed by the sound of numerous voices, and the noise of feet running towards the hut. All chance of retreating unperceived was cut off. What was to be done? To be discovered in his present situation would ensure his murder, as his single fowling-piece could have been but of small avail against many armed men. There was nothing for it but immediate concealment.

He had not a moment to deliberate. The gang were almost at the door. He extinguished his torch, and, drawing himself and his gun hastily up between the rafters, he had laid himself at length by the dead body on the birch boughs.

He had hardly crept out of sight, before a party of seven or eight Highlanders came hastily into the hovel, vociferating in Gaelic, and exhibiting every appearance of having made a precipitate retreat into their concealment. They were all armed, most of them with long guns, and all with broad-swords, dirks, and pistols, and at their head was Alexander Macgillivray. From the spot where he lay, he commanded a sufficiently distinct view of the scene below, through the interstices of the dry birch boughs, which sufficiently concealed him. The men hastily shut and barred the door behind them, as if apprehensive of pursuit, and, drawing around the fire, they continued their clamorous talk in Gaelic.

"Winna ye no gie ower, wi' yere damned Erse, and let a body ken what ye're saying?" cried one of them, whom Amherst immediately recognized as the person with whom Alexander Macgillivray had held so much close converse in his way down the glen, when returning from the deer hunt, and whose dress, as we before remarked, partook of both the Highland and Lowland costume, and whose grey coat, and old hat covered with meal dust, and his red ferret eyes, that seemed almost burnt out by his long vigils over the hopper, now satisfied Amherst as to what was his ostensible profession. "Will ye no gie ower wi' yere Erse, wi' a devil till ye?"

"Hoot aye, John Forbes," said a savage-looking fellow, with long tangled red hair, and who had been speaking when he interrupted him; "hoot aye, man; I was only makin' an observe till Maister Alexander, that the fellow's horse had served him weel, or he wadna bae won awa' sac easy, sorrow gae wi' him!"

"Troth, Willy Davison," replied Forbes, "ye might hae made a better shot. An' mair na that, gin ye had na stappit in afore me, just as I was gawin to let drive at him, I wad hae turned him heels uppermost aff the beast, afore he wan a hunder yairds. Ye saw hoo I coupit the offisher chield about an hour before. Fient a word he ever spak mair."

"You did that job very neatly, miller," said Alexander Macgillivray; "but since you speak of him, let us examine his waulees, for our watch called us off so suddenly to this less fortunate adventure, that we had not time to ascertain the profits of the first. Ewan MacIauchan,"

said he to another man, "reach over behind that trunk, and pull out the red-coat's saddle-bags. These *Sideran Dea-rug* seldom carry much of the king's gold in their bags, however much they may wear on their backs. But should this fellow turn out to be the paymaster man, who came from the south with money for the garrison at Inverness, his luggage may be a prize worth all the trouble we have had to-night."

A pair of small saddle-bags was now handed into the circle, and Alexander Macgillivray, taking them upon his knee, began to attempt to undo them.

"There's a padlock there," said the miller, rising from the ground; "stay a bitty, till I gang and ripe the chield's pouch, till I see whether I can find ye the key."

Amherst, now anticipating an immediate discovery, prepared to make desperate resistance, and to sell his life as dearly as he could. But he was fortunately relieved for the time, by Macgillivray calling out to the miller, "No, no, John; sit down, man—a Highlander laughs at a lock upon leather." And unsheathing his dirk, he ripped up the valise from end to end.

The contents were now exhibited, and along with two or three shirts, a pair or two of stockings, some handkerchiefs, a soap-box, a pocket-glass, combs, razors, blacking-ball and brushes, &c. there was found a chamois leather-bag, containing coins, which Alexander Macgillivray emptied into the lap of his kilt, in such a manner as to enable himself to form a general judgment of the amount, without permitting the others to be equally wise. Amherst, from his position aloft, had an opportunity of observing that there were a number of gold and silver pieces, but he could not possibly guess at the amount, for all the heads in the group were instantly thrust forward to reckon them, and so concealed the heap from his view, without getting any satisfaction themselves, for Alexander Macgillivray still managed very cleverly to veil them.

"This is not so bad," said he, "though, after all, it can hardly be the fellow I suspected. Let me see now—there's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—!—ten yellow boys!—then as to silver. But hold!" said he, shovelling them again into the bag,—"We'll count them all over, and share the booty in the morning. John Forbes, you shall have a double portion, as a reward for your good shot; meanwhile, I'll put them in here," rising and opening a chest on which he had been sitting; "and now let us

have something to eat and drink. Donald Robertson, see what you can get us out of the pantry, man!"

In obedience to his command, one of the gang got up, and, much to Amherst's uncasiness, came towards the end of the hut over which he was lying, and lifted the lid of the large wooden chest, and going and returning once or twice, took from it some cold provisions, some bottles of spirits, and other articles for their meal. As he passed under the spot where the young Englishman was concealed, he observed a pool of blood on the clay floor, which had dropped from the death-wound made by the miller's ball in the breast of the unfortunate officer.

"Och, hoch! hoo she bluids!" cried he.

"Never mind that, Duncan!" said the reckless miller, with a hardened laugh, "it's the blude o' the bottle, man, that we hae to do wi' ye noo,—sae come awa' wi't!"

The gang now began to eat, and to carouse it heartily, quaffing down large draughts of ardent spirits at intervals. The chief speakers were Alexander Macgillivray and Forbes the miller, who seemed to be a sort of lieutenant amongst them.

"Weel, after a' noo," said the miller, "that devil o' a hellicate drover wad hae been worth twa o' this lobster-coated fellow, had we but felled him. I see warrant his bags were furnished in anither sort o' manner, after a' thae south kinty marcats."

"It's a thousand pities we missed him, John," replied Alexander Macgillivray. "But what is worst of all, I fear he may tell some tales, that won't be much to the advantage of our trade."

"Troth we have muckle need to do things cannily," rejoined the miller,—"the mair, sin' we see that the Laird is sae resolved to protect that English loon that's staying wi' him the noo, down yonder at the house o' Lochandhu. An I had the sortin o' him,—my faith, I wad whittle his craig for him as soon as gif he ware ane of my ain grice."

"My brother Edward is too much of a gentleman for us," said Alexander,—"his imprudence is absolutely astonishing to me. If he didn't mean to permit us to make our own of the youth, who, from what Angus saw at Macphie's, has something about him well worth our while, at least it was madness to bring him to Badenoch to be a spy upon our actions. I have argued and argued with him till I am tired about this Saxon. I have endeavoured to persuade him of the truth of what I myself believe, that he

was the man who defended Lord Eaglesholme, and assisted him in killing the two brave fellows who beset him on the cliffs,—but all in vain. It won't do,—we must not suffer Edward's folly to hang us as well as himself. We must serve this fellow as we served Kennedy, and that soon too. The accident of his finding the corpse of that traitor has made a strong impression on him, by Lochandhu's account. We know not all he may have learned from the villain when he was alive, and we must not give his suspicious time to operate. I should have proposed to way-lay him last night when he went to the loch, or this afternoon as he returned from the moors, where I understand he went this morning, had not the job of these trunks, and these affairs to-night, given us enough to do. But to-morrow night the deed must be attempted, even if it should be in the house of Lochandhu itself; and we must even trust to our after endeavours for pacifying Edward, and overcoming those ridiculous notions of 'the rights of hospitality,' and 'the hereditary claims of gratitude,' about which he is always rhyming."

"Can ye no shake the Laird's determination anent him, by raising suspicions of his having discovered some o' his secrets?" demanded the miller; "that might, maybe, be a way o' throwin' could water upon his scruples."

"I thought I did succeed in some degree last night, after he told me of the lad's discovery of the corpse of that rascal Kennedy," replied Macgillivray. "Edward was very angry at first, that we should have taken such summary vengeance upon the false knave at our own hands, without consulting him. But when I told him the cause, and described to him what we had observed to pass between them that day of the deer-hunt, I thought he seemed to wince and fidgit a little, as if he thought that every thing was not as it should be; and he harped, two or three times, on the unlucky accident of the Englishman having found the body. I'll see what I can make of him to-morrow. If I can work on him to give his consent to the thing, so much the better; but if that cock wont fight, then we must do this job at our own hand as we did the other, and take our chance of satisfying him after it is all over. You know that, though somewhat obstinate in sticking to his opinions beforehand, he is easily appeased, when he sees that a thing is put past all chance of mending."

The strong potations they were swallowing had been for some time operating

on the heads of the rest of the gang, who, little interested in what was passing between the persons of the preceding dialogue, had been talking away among themselves in Gaelic. Their Celtic conversation became so loud by this time, that the greater part of what subsequently fell from Alexander Macgillivray and the miller was drowned in their vociferations. Amherst, however, still gathered enough to satisfy him, that he continued to form the subject of their talk.

"His sport at the loch was stopped last night, and he will be for trying it again," said Macgillivray.

"It wad be a noble chance," said the miller, after something additional that fell from the other, but which was lost in the noise.

"It would," said Alex. Macgillivray; "or what think you of his expedition to Glenmore? Edward was telling me, that he has been raving about that place ever since he happened to come through it, in his way back from the Cairngorum. The lad is resolved to go there to spend a day or two by himself in watching the deer; and if we could only learn when he is to follow out this whim, we might make sure of him there, without risk and without noise, and Lochandhu need never be the wiser. But, as I said before, there is no time to be lost; we must take the first fair chance that offers. Could not you manage to sift the Irishman to-morrow morning? He seems to be a simple sort of chap. Could we but hear from him of his master's intentions, we might lay some certain plan, and carry it into immediate effect."

"Aye, faith, might we," replied the miller; "and gif he should tak' it into his wise pow to gang till Glenmore, we might easily forgather wi' him there; and, then, di'el hae me, gin I get a grup o' his craig, but the fient a out o't he shall come. By my troth, it wad be any thing but canny, to let that chield slip awa' to the laigh kintra wi' siccan notions in his head, as that senseless coof Kennedy crammed intil him. But dy'e think the Laird 'll be here the night noo?"

"No," said Alexander Macgillivray, "he had some business to settle with Macrory."

This latter part of their conversation had gradually become more audible, from the rest of the gang dropping asleep, overcome by their draughts of whisky. Even Alexander Macgillivray and the miller, neither of whom had drank so deeply, now began to look wiser as they addressed each other.

"I say, John," said Macgillivray, winking at the sleepers, "these fellows

must be kept small to-morrow. This gold is too good for them. A piece each will be enough, and more than they deserve—we'll make silver serve the rascals—eh !”

“He ! he ! he !—and gude enough for them, the knaves,” said the miller. “I saw what you were after, Maister Alexander. By my faith, it seemed to be a bonny bag. I doot gin the tallow-headed drover himsel' had a better. But ye manna forget me !”

“Forget you, my dear fellow,” said Macgillivray, thaking the miller by the hand, “no, that I won't, you shall share like a prince ; but hush,—let's to our straw,—for we must be astir early.” Then lowering his voice to a whisper, which, however, Amherst easily caught in the silence that now reigned,—“We'll send them to bury the carcase, whilst you and I are taking our first share of the spoil,—you understand me ? and then when the grand division comes, we'll behave with great show of generosity to the rogues.”

Their heads were brought closer together as he spoke. A wicked and triumphant smile, called up by the consciousness of his own superior cunning, played on his countenance ; and the miller's red eyes glared through the unvarying hue of his mealy features, as he grinned with a hellish sympathetic delight.

“Was't no a gude shot, after a', Maister Macgillivray ?” said he. “Od I've a mind to gang and see hoo the red loon's lookin' ;” said the wretch, taking up a fire-brand ; and scrambling to his feet, he began to stagger towards that end of the hovel over which Amherst was lying. “Fich ! fich ! what a bluid the chield has had in his inside ! Ane o' my grumphies could na had mair,” said he, as he stepped into it, and almost slipped down from the lubricity it occasioned on the clay-floor. Then steadying himself a little, he held up the blazing light to the rafters. “Aye, aye,” continued he, with a fiend-like laugh, as he surveyed the dead man's visage, looking down upon him with all the grim expression produced by a violent death,—“ye may girn at me, he ! he ! he !—my bonny braw buck !—But faith ye're just as weill there as trotting on yonder till Inverness. I wad na care gin we had the ither Englisher lad on the same baulk wi' ye.”

“Come away, man, John,” exclaimed Alexander Macgillivray, somewhat impatiently ; “you'll set fire to the birch-bushes if you don't take care. Come

away to your straw. Remember what we have to settle in the morning.”

“Od, an' that's very true,” said the other. “Weel, guid night till ye, Captain,” added he, nodding to the dead man. “I'se warrant I needna wush ye to sleep sound.”

So saying, he staggered away, much to Amherst's relief, who, by the strength of the light, had seen his red eyes staring up within a few inches of his own ; and who had felt the very heat of his breath, poisoned as it was with the stench of the spirits he had been swallowing, and who, every moment dreading he must certainly be discovered by him, had more than once been on the eve of springing down in desperation, and attempting to fight his way to the door.

Having thrown his torch into the fire, the miller retired into a corner, and dropped himself down, quite overcome ; and before Alexander Macgillivray had raked the embers together, he was snoring as audibly as any of the other sleepers.

The villain looked around him to see that all of them were certainly sound ; and then hastily taking a key from his pocket, he opened the chest, into which he had put the money-bag, and taking it out, he picked a number of the gold pieces from it, and putting them into an old stocking, he secreted them in his otter-skin purse ; then locking up the bag again in the chest, he wrapped himself in his plaid, and lay quietly down beside the miller, where he soon composed himself to sleep.

He escapes by putting on the dress of the officer, and stalking out of the cabin like a spectre.

We conclude, by heartily recommending the work to our readers, as an interesting and well-written tale. As we are making our bow, we may hint, that we do not much admire the system of prefacing each chapter by Italian and Spanish quotations. To do the author justice, they are, in general, extremely appropriate ; but every body is not bound to understand Spanish and Italian, and those who do not, will infallibly set the matter down to the score of pedantry. We hope, therefore, that in the “Wolf of Badenoch,” which we see announced, our unknown will “reform it altogether.”

G. M

Stanzas to —.

LIFE'S morning, love, shines on thee now,
And hopes are high, as well they may;
The sunshine of thy cloudless brow
Tells of a bosom gay,
Where sorrow's trace has never been,
To blight the hopes there budding green.

The rainbow hues of bliss are o'er,
Thy spirits playing in their glee,
And bright their beams of joy they pour
To gild life's jubilee.
The spotless—pure—but fleeting hour,—
The best—the direst in our pow'r:

The hour of joys unstain'd and bright—
Of lofty thought and daring act—
Of aspirations doom'd to blight—
As down life's cataract
The force of passion sweeps us on,
When innocence and peace are gone:

The hour when deadliest are the woes
Which crush the spirit's young de-
sires—
When direful is the damp vice throws
O'er virtue's soon quench'd fires,
And glories—oh distressing thought!—
In the destruction it hath wrought.

How oft the dew-bespangled rose
Is rudely dash'd by sweeping wind!
How oft the stem where beauty blows
Conceals the thorn behind,
To call those bitter feelings up
That doom has mingled in our cup!

But so it is:—the brightest morn
That ushers in an April day—
As if our fondest hopes to scorn,
And chase our dreams away—
Reminds us oft, by chilling show'rs,
That life has thorns as well as flow'rs.

But oh! I cannot, dearest, think
That woes are treasur'd up for
thee—
That bitter potions thou must drink
From this life's troubled sea—
That sorrow shall usurp the throne
Which innocence hath made its own.

Oh no! thy youthful morn is fair,
And stainless is thy being's sky—
Clouds surely will not gather there
When youth has fled by.
I still will deem, as they have been,
Thy prospects bright—thy sky serene.

⊙.

PROCTOR'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE ANDES—RESIDENCE IN LIMA AND OTHER PARTS OF PERU, IN 1823 AND 1824*.

EVERY thing relating to South America is at this moment looked upon with intense interest in England, and accordingly any second or third-rate sort of a book, treating of that vast country, is received with the greatest eagerness by the public; and every traveller and voyager, who has by chance touched at the ports, or visited the interior of any of the new republics, takes it into his head, the moment he again sets his foot on British ground, to indite a thick volume of stories about the Andes, the gold mines, and the dress, food, and manners, of the ladies and gentlemen of Rio Janiero, Buenos Ayres, or Lima. Meagre as these stories may be, the whole world is pleased with them. Every fool who has bought at a high premium, or at no premium

at all, the share of a gold or silver mining company, as a matter of course, feels anxious to learn every thing which may corroborate his dreams of wealth to be drawn from mountains, which, for aught he knew, were situated at the frozen pole of the moon, but which he at least imagined had their locality somewhere beyond seas, in a region where one General Bolivar has been fighting for the last dozen of years or so. The speculators in South American stock form, also, a numerous class, to whom any well-substantiated information, as to the present political condition and probable stability of the different governments whose bonds they hold, is received with an anxiety corresponding to the sums they have at stake. The Lon-

* Narrative of a Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes, and of a Residence in Lima and other parts of Peru, in the years 1823 and 1824. By Robert Proctor, Esq.; London. Printed for Arch. Constable & Co., Edinburgh, and Hurst Robinson, & Co., London.

don, the Liverpool, and Glasgow merchant, on the other hand, gloat over with delight the story told by the traveller, that at Buenos Ayres or Lima, he actually saw some women dressed in gowns of English or Scotch muslin, and petticoats of the same ; and that he recollects perfectly well of having used one day, at dinner, a knife and a fork which had unequivocal marks of being English manufacture. Even simpering milliners glance into these lucubrations on another world with much delight, especially when they find how much more elegantly they can deck out a belle than the united wisdom of all the milliners of Lima dare pretend to dress any given South American damsel, notwithstanding all their money,—their silver-paved streets and gold-covered houses. We cannot exclude from the list of those most deeply interested in South America the men of our country, who rejoice that a long night of tyranny, and ignorance, and superstition, and poverty, has now begun to be succeeded by the bright sunshine of freedom, of knowledge, of virtue, and happiness, in these wide blooming regions beyond the ocean.

This is Mr Proctor's first attempt at the manufacture of a book ; and although, with the materials he had at his command, he might have made a much thicker volume, he has satisfied himself with giving us one of 370 pages of very readable print, which we really think may be perused with some degree of satisfaction, by the above-mentioned classes of persons, and even by others whose time is not more profitably employed than in cramming their brains with all the trash that is daily issuing in cart-loads from the great manufacturing factories of literature. The author, with very becoming modesty, tenders an apology, in his preface, for making this book at all, as he confesses freely that he is not a member of the scribbling fraternity. He was employed as agent to the contractor for the Peruvian loan, and in this capacity he had occasion to travel from Buenos Ayres, where he was landed, across the chain of the Andes, to Lima. In the course of his work, he takes occasion to speak, in a very decided tone, of the

conduct and character of most of the individuals who have signalised themselves in South America, and for this he has assigned as a reason in his preface, that he was brought into connection with them in consequence of the responsible situation which he held, and had frequent opportunities of seeing and knowing them. As a farther reason for the publication of his book, he mentions, that many of the public events to which he has referred have been misunderstood in this country, and that of course it is for the interest, at least for the satisfaction of many persons, that these events should be noted in their true light.

The admirable little work of Captain Basil Hall supplied us with many materials for a correct estimate of the South American character, and of the circumstances of the country, when it was engaged in working out its now triumphant deliverance from Spanish bondage and bigotry, and the work before us adds still new and authentic testimony to the great capabilities of that extensive region, for improvements in agriculture, mining, and commerce. The last blow which we have lately heard has been struck at the power of Spain, has now banished from the breast of him who was actuated by mercantile cupidity, and from his, too, who was animated by an ardent wish for the increasing happiness of his species, all fears that this interesting region should ever again linger in the fetters of a brutalising despotism, or waste its natural treasures in the support of a benumbing superstition. Thanks to the energies and intelligence of those patriots whose characters Mr Proctor has well portrayed in this volume, we shall no more hear of royalist armies and royalist generals, on the free plains of America. Aided by European, and chiefly by English capital, skill, industry, and instruction, a long career of improvement, both physical and moral, awaits these fertile lands, which, till of late, the despicable spirit of mercantile jealousy, operating on Spanish pride, had surrounded with the strongest barriers which legislation could erect against all intercourse with strangers.

Our author arrived with his family

at Buenos Ayres on the 9th of February 1823, and was delighted with the cordial reception which the resident English families of that flourishing capital gave to him. The society of Buenos Ayres is esteemed the most agreeable in South America, and it was not without regret that our traveller prepared for a journey of many hundred leagues through the frightful passes of the Andes, at a season when the winter of these ridges was fast approaching. He hired one of the government couriers, who had been bred on the road between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso: this man took the whole management of the journey, and became responsible for every thing. He was assisted by a number of persons called *peons* or postillions; and as the road, which seems itself to be wretched, is as wretchedly provided with inns, and entirely unaccommodating in point of luxuries, our traveller was obliged to take with him a stock of wine, spirits, biscuit, and Paraguay tea.

After quitting the province of Buenos Ayres, Mr Proctor entered that of Santa Fé, and here his journey lay across the Pampas, the description of which, as it is applicable to many parts of South America, may not inappropriately be given here.

The Pampas (says Mr Proctor) are immense plains, extending as far as the eye can reach, covered with long grass and high thistles, which are so tall, as in summer to give the country the appearance of a low forest: as it was now autumn, they had died down, and the ground was in many places covered with their stalks. The common grass is long and fine, not growing in a thick turf, as in England, but in small tufts nearly close together; in low situations, it reaches the height of four feet, and is filled with mosquitos, which annoy the traveller dreadfully, covering both him and his horse. The scenery is extremely dull, as there is not a shrub on which the eye can rest, nor a dwelling, except the post-houses, to inform him that he is in an habitable world. The post-houses are situated at the distance generally of about four leagues from each other, and are constructed of large mud-bricks dried in the sun; they are roofed with crooked boughs of trees brought from a distance, and covered with long grass mixed with mud. The hut especially appropriated to the couriers or travellers is of the same con-

struction, having a door of hide stretched over a frame, which is far from fitting the door case. The furniture sometimes consists of a couple of old chairs, and perhaps two frames, with an ox hide across them for benches; but even these are luxuries not often obtained, the traveller commonly having nothing more than a mud floor to spread his bed upon, or a mud bench against the wall, which must serve for bedstead, table, and chairs.

Such is the miserable appearance of this country, which, but for Spanish oppression and misgovernment, might have been turned to the most useful agricultural purposes; but it is to be hoped that the new order of things will produce as many and as remarkable changes on the natural face of the country as it is now doing in the minds of its people.

On the 7th April Mr Proctor got the first view of the mighty ridge of the Andes.

Nobody can imagine (says he) the effect which the view of this stupendous barrier of mountains produces on the traveller. I discovered it quite by accident, for while the peons went for horses, our time was spent in rambling in the neighbourhood of the wretched post-house of *Corral de Cuero*: at last my eye was caught by what appeared, on a transient glance, to be stationary white pillars of cloud. However, having been practised a little at sea in looking out for land, I thought that there was a resemblance to it, and the intervening mists clearing away, a spectacle was presented which I shall never forget. The enormous mountains were entirely covered with snow, and rose to such a height that we were obliged to strain our necks to look up at them: they seemed to belong to a different world, their heads only being seen, for the sky was perfectly bright above, while the horizon was somewhat obscured. We were at this time certainly not less than 170 miles from the summit of the Cordillera.

After performing a journey of 1000 miles through a most uninteresting country, our traveller arrived at the city of Mendoza, situated at the foot of the Andes, in a well-cultivated plain, fertilized by numberless streams. The beneficent hand of Freedom seems to be working to purpose in this happy town. It consists of about 10,000 inhabitants, and under the scientific care of one of

our own countrymen, Dr Gillies, is a pattern of improvement to the other towns of South America. A Lancastrian school had been instituted when Mr Proctor was there, and a public library established; in addition to which, a newspaper was edited by some young men of the place, which was the channel of conveying the principles of freedom to the whole continent. It is added, that considerable opposition had been made to these institutions by bigoted persons, particularly by the clergy, as usual; but the patronage of General San Martin was sufficient to silence the clamour of these narrow-minded enemies of improvement. Our traveller had letters of introduction to this distinguished soldier, San Martin, and had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of him. Here is the account given of him:

I certainly never beheld more animated features, particularly when conversing on the events of past time; and though he praised the retirement of Mendoza, I fancied I saw a restlessness of spirit in his eye which only waited a proper opportunity for being again called forth with its wonted energy. He was leading a very tranquil life, residing chiefly at an estate eight leagues from the city, which he was rapidly improving. He seemed as much attached to Mendoza as the inhabitants were to him, and no doubt, as this place was the point from which he commenced his brilliant career, it was the more endeared to him.

The passes of the Andes have been so often described already, that we scarcely think it worth while to detain our readers by repeating a twice-told tale. On descending the mountains on the Chili side, our traveller passed through the plain of Chacabuco, famous for the victory of San Martin over the Spanish army. He spent one night near the field of battle, and in a cottage he was gratified by hearing the Chilean song of liberty chanted by three peasant girls. The following is given by Mr Proctor, as a translation of the first part of it:

Our country's love, brave friends, invites us,
To our vengeful arms to fly;
Freedom's holy voice delights us,
The word—to conquer or to die!

The haughty Spaniard still aspirant,
Offers us but chains and death;
With your daggers strike the tyrant,
Quell his pride and stop his breath!

Chorus.

Sweet country, receive on thy altar
The vows of thy children to thee,
That thy soil shall to freemen give shelter,
Or that soil be the grave of the free!

At Santiago, Mr Proctor was introduced to the director Freire, whose appearance is said to have been plain, with the blunt manners of a soldier. Freire had distinguished himself by his bravery, particularly at the storming of Talchuana, the last fortress which was defended for Spain. He was beloved by the soldiers; but from what our traveller saw and heard, he was without that sort of talent calculated to make a wise and politic governor of a young state.

After an interview with General O'Higgins, the ex-director of Chili, at Valparaiso, our author sailed from that city to Callao, where he arrived after a pleasant voyage of ten days. He was much struck with the appearance of bustle and mercantile activity displayed all the way between Callao and Lima.

Travelling to this capital (says he) were mingled goods from all parts of the world: British manufactures, with their neat packages, marks, and numbers; American, our in barrels; jars of Pisco brandy; silks and cottons from India and China; bales of tobacco from Guayaquil, and lumps of sugar from the northern coast of Peru. The Muleteers formed the most grotesque appearance imaginable. Most of them are blacks, or half caste, and remarkably tall: their dark features, under the immense brimmed hats of the country, sometimes of the natural colour, white, sometimes painted black, and their long legs hanging down naked on each side of their beasts, with their huge Dutch breeches, gave them a wild and ferocious appearance, the effect of which their long whips and cries of anger or encouragement to the mules tended to increase.

Almost immediately after landing, Mr Proctor was invited to a grand ball, given by the Buenos Ayreans resident at Lima, in commemoration of their independence, at which, he says, there was not per-

haps a single country of America, or perhaps even of Europe, of which some of the natives were not present. With regard to the females, he observes, - that while many of them were much better looking than any he had yet seen in South America, and dressed in better taste than he could have expected so far from Europe, others appeared a century or two behind the rest, covered with huge ill-made ornaments of fine brilliants, hung about their persons without order or elegance. The fashions of Europe had, in fact, come gradually with French milliners from Buenos Ayres to Chili, and from thence to Lima, and had made very rapid progress in a single year.

Mr Proctor believes that the population of Lima, although estimated at 70,000, exceeds 100,000. Now that Spanish power has been reduced to a mere phantom in America, we may take the following account of the vast consequence of Lima, in a commercial point of view, to Great Britain, as expressive of the state in which things now are, or to which they are fast approaching, under the healing influences of peace and liberty. We have not a doubt, that long ere this time Callao, with its cruel governor, Rodil, has again fallen into the hands of the patriots, never more to be wrested from them, either by treachery or force.

Lima, in times of prosperity, must always be a place of the greatest commercial importance to Great Britain. Besides the quantity of manufactures consumed in the city, which is immense, in proportion to the population, the whole northern coast has been supplied from the Lima market. The mountainous country towards Huaras, the towns of Guanuco and Pasco, and the valley of Xauja, all situated in populous districts, obtain them also from the capital, and require large importations of goods. It was estimated by an English merchant in Lima, while I was there, that the revenue from the customs at twenty-five per cent. on imports, in time of peace, would amount to between two and three millions of dollars annually. We are to recollect, that most of the goods are valued at less than the cost price, so that the amount of imports

would be as much as two millions sterling, annually. The returns, at present at least, must be in specie, as little of the produce of Peru could be taken as a return cargo.

Some account is given of the silver mines of Pasco, on which so much money has been lost and gained in London. From all that appears in this book, the mines are very productive, and if worked under an improved mode of management, with the aid of powerful machinery, might be made to yield a great return from almost any amount of capital. But the business of Joint Stock Companies is always conducted upon an extravagant scale, and it remains yet to be seen whether these mines, which, during years of peace, drew a profit of 30 per cent. to a private individual, will yield any profit at all to a public company.

During Mr Proctor's stay in Lima, he had frequently occasion to see Bolivar, the Washington of South America. The following short graphic sketch is given of his appearance and character, and it is expressed in language which speaks well for the discrimination and sound sense of our author :

Bolivar is a very small, thin man, with the appearance of great personal activity ; his face is well formed, but furrowed with fatigue and anxiety. The fire of his quick eye is very remarkable. He wears large mustachios, and his hair is dark and curling. After many opportunities of seeing him, I may say that I never met with a face which gave a more exact idea of the man. Boldness, enterprise, activity, intrigue, proud impatience, and a persevering and determined spirit, are plainly marked upon his countenance, and expressed by every motion of his body.

We find it impossible to devote more attention to this unpretending volume. It has afforded us a good deal of amusement, and we are sure that it contains a good deal of solid and new information, which ought to recommend it to the perusal of every one who feels an interest in the triumphant struggles of a great people against a race of determined plunderers and oppressors.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

In the press, in one volume 8vo., a Manual of the Elements of Natural History, by Professor Blumenbach, of Berlin. Translated from the tenth German edition.

Mrs H. Rolls, author of "Sacred Sketches," "Moscow," &c. &c. will soon publish "Legends of the North," or the Feudal Christmas; a poem.

Travels in Brazil, Chili, Peru, and the Sandwich Islands, in the years 1821-22, and 1823, by Gilbert Farquhar Mathison, Esq., are announced.

Outlines, illustrative of Shakespear's Plays. Part I. *The Tempest*, 12 Plates, 8vo., is nearly ready.

In the month of June will be published, a small volume, entitled, a Summer's Ramble in the Highlands of Scotland; giving an account of the Towns, Villages, and remarkable Scenery in that romantic country, during a tour performed last summer.

The Troubadour, Spanish Maiden, and other Poems, by L. E. L., author of the "Improvisatrice," are just ready.

Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful, will be published in a few days.

Mr Croly will speedily publish, the Providence of God in the Latter Days.—The Prophecies of the Rise and Dominion of Popery—the Inquisition—the French Revolution—the Distribution of the Scriptures through all Nations—the Fall of Popery in the midst of a great general Convulsion of Empires—the Conversion of all Nations to Christianity—the Millennium; being a new Interpretation of the Apocalypse.

Historical and descriptive Narrative of a Twenty Years' Residence in South America, containing Travels in Arauco, Chili, Peru, and Colombia, by W. B. Stephenson, Captain de Fragata, is announced, in 3 vols. 8vo.

The Poetical Album, or Register of Modern Fugitive Poetry, edited by Alaric A. Watts, is just ready.

Sketches of Corsica, or a Journal of a Visit to that Island; an Outline of its History, and Specimens of the Language and Poetry of the People, by Robert Benson, are in the press.

The Adventurers; or, Scenes in Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth, is nearly ready.

Medical Researches on the Effects of Iodine in Bronchocele, Paralysis Chorea, Scrophula, Fistula Lachrymalis, Deafness,

Dysphagia, White Swelling, and Distortions of the Spine, by Alexander Manson, M.D., will speedily be published.

Mr Astley has in the press, Observations on the System of the Patent Laws, with outlines of a plan proposed in substitution for it.

Dr Southey's long promised Tale of Paraguay, is now just ready.

Shortly will be published in two vols. crown 8vo., the Poetical and Dramatic works of Christopher Marlowe.

The Dramatic Works of Samuel Foote, Esq., in 3 vols. crown 8vo., on yellow-laid paper, are announced for re-publication.—This edition will be limited to 250 copies.

The Story of a Life, by the author of Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy, is announced as just ready for publication.

A London Chemist and Druggist has in the press, a List of Drugs and Chemicals, including the New Medicines; Horse and Cattle Medicines, Perfumery, and other articles generally sold by Chemists and Druggists; arranged alphabetically under the English names, with the Latin synonymes in general use, and also the altered names in the new Pharmacopœia. To which are added, the Doses; intended as a price-book.

In the press, a Course of Sermons, intended to illustrate some of the leading Truths in the History of the Church of England, by the Rev. F. Close, A. M., Curate of the Holy Trinity Church, Cheltenham.

As in the press, is announced Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England, Wales, and part of Scotland, on the Plan of Reichard's Itinéraires; the whole forming a complete Guide to every object worthy the attention of travellers.

Dr H. Clutterbuck has nearly ready for publication, a second edition, enlarged, of an Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever.

Mr Woolnoth will complete his Series of Views of our Ancient Castles in the course of the ensuing summer: No. XXIII. is just published; and No. XXIV., concluding the work, will contain a Descriptive Catalogue of all the Castles in England and Wales, with other introductory matter.

Mr Elmes's long-promised Anecdotes of Arts and Artists are now just ready for publication.

The Arabs, a Tale; in 4 Cantos, by

H. Austin Driver, may speedily be expected.

Mr Upcott's "Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn," is now just ready for publication; as are also the "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly.

Sir Jonah Barrington's *Historical Anecdotes of Ireland* will be ready in a few days.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly's *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piemont, and Researches among the Vaudois, or Waldenses, Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps*, will speedily be published.

Pepys' interesting *Journal* will be ready in about three weeks.

The Rev. J. T. James, author of *Travels in Russia and Poland*, has in the press the *Scepticism of To-Day, or the Common Sense of Religion considered*.

The Rev. Dr Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is preparing for publication, a *Documentary Supplement to "Who wrote Icon Basilikè?"* in which will be contained recently-discovered Papers and Letters of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and of the Gaden Family.

In the press: *Sonnets, Recollections of Scotland, and other Poems*, by a Resident of Sherwood Forest, will soon appear.

Mr W. W. Sleigh, Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, has in the press, a *New System of Pathology*, by which the treatment of Diseases is simplified and established according to the laws of the animal economy.

Letters of Horace Walpole, (afterwards Earl of Orford) to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris, are now just ready.

Lord Porchester's *Poem of The Moor* may be expected in a few days.

Letters of Marshal Conway, from 1744 to 1784, embracing the period when he was commander of the Forces, and Secretary of State, may speedily be expected.

Anselmo, a Tale of Italy, illustrative of Roman and Neapolitan Life, from 1789 to 1809, by A. Vieusseux, author of *Italy and the Italians*, is just ready, and also *Babylon the Great*, by the author of the *Modern Athens*: and the *History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain*; founded upon a Comparison of the Arabic MSS. in the Escorial with the Spanish Chronicles.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in two large volumes quarto, dedicated, by permission, to the King, *Dictionarium Scoto-Celticum: a Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, in Three Parts: the First Part comprehending a complete Gaelic*

Vocabulary, with Explanations in English and Latin, Etymological Deductions, and examples from the most authentic sources. The Second and Third Parts comprehending English and Latin Vocabularys, with the corresponding words and phrases in Gaelic. Compiled by direction of the Highland Society of Scotland.

In the press, and will be published in the course of next month, in one volume quarto, *Historical Account of the Family of Frisel, or Fraser, particularly Fraser of Lovat, embracing various Notices, illustrative of National Customs and Manners, from original and authentic sources; Correspondence of the celebrated Simon, Lord Lovat, never before printed, &c.* By John Anderson, W. S.

In the press, *Cases Decided, on Appeal from the Court of Session, in the House of Lords, from 1821.* Reported by Patrick Shaw, Esq. Advocate.

In a few days will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo. *Brother Jonathan; or, The New Englanders.*

Speedily will be published, a *System of Algebra*, translated from the German Writings of Meier Hush. By T. P. Nichol, of the Cupar Academy. This Treatise contains the substance of two celebrated works of Hirsh, which the Translator has modelled into a continuous system. It will be found one of the completest works on Algebra extant.

Speedily will be published, the *Scottish Tourist and Itinerary, or Guide to the Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland and the Western Islands; with a description of the principal Steam-Boat Tours. Illustrated by Maps and Plates.*

A *Treatise on Mineralogy*, popular and practical, embracing an Account of the Physical, Chemical, Optical, and Natural Historical Characters of Mineral Bodies, with their uses in the Arts. By David Brewster, LL.D. Sec. R.S.E. In one large volume 8vo., illustrated by nearly 1000 figures.

The *German Novelists; a series of Tales, Romances, and Novels, selected from the works of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Tieck, Paul Richter, Lafontaine, Muscous, Hoffman, La Motte Fouque, &c.; with Introductory Essays, Critical and Biographical.* By the Translator of *Wilhelm Meister*, and Author of the *Life of Schiller.* 3 vols. post 8vo.

Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution. A new edition, to be handsomely printed in 8 vols. 8vo., with new and complete Indexes of names and matters.

Elements of Natural Philosophy; by

John Leslie, Esq., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Volume Second.

A Treatise on the Law of Libel, with Reports of Cases of Defamation which have not been previously collected. By John Borthwick, Esq. Advocate.

A Treatise on Heritable Succession, and the completing of Titles by the Heir. By Erskine Douglass Sandford, Esq., Advocate.

General Synopses to the Decisions of the Court of Session, contained in Morison's Dictionary of Decisions, the Supplement to the Dictionary, the Collections of Robertson, Elchies, Hailes, and Bell, and the Faculty Decisions down to the present time. By M. P. Brown, Esq., Advocate.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Music. By G. F. Graham, Esq.

The Rev. Samuel Butler, M. A., Magilligan County, Londonderry, has in the press a dense volume, containing fifty-two discourses, entitled *Death and Life*; commencing with Life *Paradisaical*, and Death *Spiritual*, through a historical and moral view of the chief subjects of Religion that may be embraced under the general title of the work, and ending with Millennial life and Eternal life. The preparations for Millennial life, in the present times, are also stated at considerable length.

On the 1st of July next will be published, by William Curry, jun. & Co. 9, Upper Sackville-Street, Dublin, the First Number of a New Monthly Periodical Work, to be entitled *The Christian Examiner*, and *Church-of-Ireland Magazine*; to be conducted by Clergymen of the Established Church.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, with Memoirs of royal and distinguished Persons. By John Bayley, Esq. F.R.S. Part 2. 4to. £3.3s.

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EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The law for the reduction of the *rentes* has passed the Chamber of Peers, by a majority of 134 to 92, and a royal ordonnance, regulating the manner in which the holders of the five per cents. are to effect the conversion of their stock, has been published. VILLELE has thus carried his two great measures,—the indemnity and reduction of the *rentes*,—and is considered to be firmly seated in power. Eleven new Peers have been created. The Deputies are engaged in discussing the expenditure of the Spanish war. The debates are conducted with great animation, and with much party hostility. M. de VILLELE has also introduced a new project of law, to allow foreign grain, on the 1st September next, to be warehoused and bonded in certain frontier towns of France. An ordonnance has been issued for a new coinage of gold and silver, to the amount of four millions of francs. The new coin is to bear the head of the King, with the legend round it “Charles X. Roi de France,” and the date. Prince Wittgenstein, who, it appears, has quitted the service of Russia, in which he distinguished himself so much in the campaign of 1812, is to attend the coronation of Charles X. as Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Prussia.

The following extract teaches us to expect farther troubles from the sad misrule under which unhappy Spain is doomed to languish:—“We have just received,” says the *Courier Francais*, “a curious document from Barcelona. It is a pastoral letter, by which the Archbishop establishes an Apostolic Junta, consisting of three priests of the order of St. Dominic, to proceed to the investigation and canonical punishment of all those transgressions which were formerly in the resort of the Holy Tribunal of the inquisition. The publication of this piece has excited a most lively sensation in Catalonia, and cannot fail to cause new troubles in the Peninsula.”

Coronation of the King.—The coronation of the King of France took place on Sunday the 29th May, at Rheims, with great pomp and ceremony. His Majesty's arrival at Rheims, on the 28th, was preceded by an accident, which the superstitious will consider an unfavourable omen. As the *cortège* was descending from Fismes, the horses of the carriage

which conveyed the Dukes d'Aumont and de Damas, and Counts Cosse and Curial, took fright at the firing of the artillery, and ran away. The carriage was speedily dashed to pieces; Count Curial had his left shoulder-blade broken, and his right cut by the glass. The Duke de Damas was dangerously wounded, and Count Cosse had a violent contusion on the head. The King himself was in considerable peril; for the horses of his carriage also took fright, and attempted to run away. He would not proceed farther till he knew that his wounded attendants were properly taken care of, and that the injury which they had received was not mortal. The King then moved forward, and entered Rheims under a salute of 100 guns. The civil authorities of the department met and addressed him at the gates, and offered him the keys of the town, which he gave to the captain of the guards. He then repaired to the Cathedral with the other members of the Royal Family, and heard vespers and the evening service, besides a complimentary speech from the Archbishop of Rheims, to which he briefly replied. Before retiring he laid the royal presents upon the altar. After his return to the Archbishop's Palace, he received the military and civil authorities of the place, and in the evening there was a general illumination.

Before five o'clock, on the morning of May 30, the doors of the Cathedral were besieged by the crowd. At six they were opened, and at half-past six all the galleries in the body of the church, the choir, the sanctuary, &c. were filled. The galleries erected on both sides, between the pillars, were filled with ladies, in dazzling apparel. The Dauphiness had a robe embroidered with silver on a gold ground, and a diadem sparkling with diamonds. The Duchess of Berry wore a crimson-coloured robe, bordered with silver lina; she wore in her hair a wreath of roses mixed with diamonds. The Princesses of the blood wore white robes worked with silver. The King wore a silver robe; his slippers were trimmed with silver, and he had a cap (*toque*) of black velvet, with two white aigrettes, separated in the middle by a diamond cross. When he arrived at the door of the church, the King was conducted by the two Cardinals to the foot of the altar, where his Majesty knelt down; while the Archbishop of

Rheims, as soon as the King entered the choir, said over his Majesty the prayer, *Omnipotens Deus Calcatum Moderator*. His Grace, having saluted the altar and the King, commenced the *Veni Creator*, and then advanced to the King, accompanied by his two assisting Cardinals, one bearing the book of the Evangelists, the other the relic of the true cross; he took the book, on which he placed the relic, and held it open before his Majesty, while the King, seated and covered, with his hand placed on the book, and on the true cross, pronounced the following oaths:—“In the presence of God, I promise to my faithful people to maintain and to honour our holy religion, as becomes the most Christian King, and the eldest son of the church; to do good justice to all my subjects, and to govern conformably to the laws of the kingdom, and the constitutional charter, which I swear to observe faithfully, so help me God and his Holy Gospel!” and the oaths as Chief and Sovereign Grand Master of the order of the Holy Ghost, and as Grand Master of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, and of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour. After the oaths, the King being led to the altar by two Cardinals, put off his upper robe, only retaining a salon camisolle, embroidered with silver, and open at the places where the unction was to be performed, and remained standing during the prayers. The High Chamberlain put on his Majesty the boots of purple velvet, embroidered with fleur de lis in gold. The Dauphin put on his Majesty the golden spurs which were on the altar. The Duke of Cornegiano, acting as constable, laid aside his sword, and advanced to the King, who rose and approached the altar, when the Archbishop blessed the sword of Charlemagne, saying the prayer, *Exaudi quæsumus Domine, preces nostras, &c.* The Archbishop then girded the sword about the King, and presented it to him, saying, *Accipe gladium tuum*. The King, conducted by the Cardinals, sat down, while the Archbishop opened the reliquary containing the holy phial, and with the point of a golden needle, took out a portion, which he had mixed with consecrated oil. The two Cardinals then opened the places in the King's garment for the unction, and led him to the altar, where he knelt down on cushions placed for the purpose, while the Archbishop, seated, with his mitre on his head, said the prayer, *Omnipotens sempiternus Deus Gubernator cæli*. The Bishop of Soissons then took from the altar the holy oil, and presented it to the Archbishop, who took some with his thumb to anoint his Majesty on the usual places.

After this, the High Chamberlain put on his Majesty the tunic and the dalmatica of crimson satin, embroidered with fleur de lis of gold, and over this the Royal mantle of purple velvet, with gold fleur de lis, lined and trimmed with ermine. The Archbishop sprinkled the gloves with holy water, and put them on the King. The same ceremony took place for the ring, which his Grace put on his Majesty from the finger, saying, *Accipe Annulum*. The delivery of the sceptre and the rod of justice was performed in the same manner; after which, the Archbishop, with both hands, took from the altar the crown of Charlemagne, and placed it over the King's head without its touching his Majesty, the Princes putting their hands to it to support it. The ceremony of the coronation being finished, the Archbishop put off his mitre, made a profound obeisance to the King, kissed him in his forehead, and said *Vivat Rex in æternum*. The Dauphin and the Princes then took off their crowns, and, repeating the Archbishop's acclamation, received the embrace from the King. At the same moment the trumpets sounded, the people entered the church, the heralds distributed the medals, a thousand birds were let loose, all the bells were rung, and three volleys of musketry, fired by the infantry of the royal guards, were answered by the artillery on the ramparts of the city.

Several royal ordinances are announced in the *Moniteur* on the occasion, granting an amnesty to fifty-eight condemned persons, amongst whom is the Count d'Erlon; to seventy-two deserters; to all persons sentenced under the law of the 17th of May 1219, and the 25th of March 1821, to individuals who have been guilty of offences against the laws for the protection of forests and fisheries; and to deserters from the navy. There are three other ordinances making new members of the Privy Council, augmenting the number of Counsellors of the Royal Court of Paris, and making various nominations, in the courts of justice, throughout the kingdom.

On the return of King Charles the Tenth from his coronation at Rheims to Paris, the following fêtes and spectacles are appointed:—On the 6th June, public entry into Paris and service at Notre Dame; 8th, fête at the Hotel de Ville; 10th, King visits the Grand Opera; 11th, King visits the Theatre Français; 12th, reception at the Tuileries by the Dauphin and Madame Duchesse de Berry; 13th, bal paré at Court; 14th, King visits the Feydeau (Opera Comique); 16th, Opera at Court; 17th, King visits the Odeon; 18th, reception in the “Grands

Apartments" at Court; 19th, King visits the Italian Opera; 20th, representation at Court, by the actors of the *Theatre Français*; 23, ditto, by the actors of the *Feydeau*.

SPAIN.—Ferdinand has issued a manifesto, in which he declares his determination to maintain his absolute authority in every respect undiminished. He is resolved to "preserve entire and in all their plenitude the legitimate rights of his sovereignty, without giving up, at any time, the slightest particle of them, and without permitting the establishment of Chambers, or any other institutions, of whatever denomination, which may be contrary to the present laws and usages of his realm." He declares further, that "all his august allies will continue to support his legitimate and sovereign authority, without advising or proposing any innovation in the form of his Government." He is at Aranjuez. On the 15th ult. a member of the permanent commission at Madrid, accompanied by a strong detachment of infantry, presented himself at the school of medicine, college of St. Charles, and demanded that the professors should surrender up to him the pupils from Biscay and Navarre, in number about 16. They were immediately taken, without any one knowing why, to the city, prisoners. The retirement of the French from Spain is proceeding; Cardona and Hostalrich have been evacuated by them, and were immediately occupied by Spanish troops.

It appears, by all the accounts, that a crisis is rapidly approaching in this unhappy country. The *Journal de Toulouse* gives letters, which contain recitals of the murder of many French soldiers, and the private letters contain long and apparently authentic details of acts of turbulence among the Spanish troops, which promise to end in a general rising. Ferdinand is doing all in his power to conciliate the army, but as he has no money to give them, his efforts amount to little, and with respect to the clergy, although he continues to issue decrees, declaratory of his resolution never to alter the present system, they are dissatisfied to such an extent with the difficulties which are thrown in the way of their vengeance by the French, that they take every opportunity of harassing the Government, and will certainly continue to do so as long as the French remain in Spain.

A military commission at Barcelona have condemned a man to the gallies for ten years, for having said that the image of the Virgin at Montserrat was made of wood. During the trial, the counsel for

the prisoner remarked, that there was no more harm in saying that the image of the Virgin at Montserrat was made of wood, than in saying that her image at Saragossa was made of marble. For this expression he was sentenced by the same commission to six months imprisonment in a fortress.

The Spanish minister of finance has made a report, declaring that the resources of the state are daily diminishing, that the receipts do not cover half the expenditure, and that public credit is ruined. The report concludes with suggesting some remedies, but they appear inefficient. There has been another change in the Spanish ministry.

According to a French paper, an attempt was made some time ago to destroy Ferdinand, and the rest of the royal family, by poisoning the fountain which supplied them with water. No details have been made public. A letter from Bayonne, however, states, that one man implicated has been executed at Madrid, his body having first been horribly mutilated. This individual, however, met death with much *sang froid*. A physician and two apothecaries are still in imprisonment as his accomplices.

GREECE.—The affairs of Greece, on the whole, are more favourable since the month of March. By a letter from Smyrna, dated April 18, it appears that Ibrahim Pacha was on the point of taking Navarino, when Conduriote appeared with his army, and, after successfully attacking the Egyptians, and killing a number of them, obliged the remainder to raise the *siege*. This intelligence is confirmed by the *Greek Chronicle of Missolonghi* of the 13th of April. Other engagements had subsequently occurred, and the result has been the blocking up the Egyptians in a place which had no communication with Modon. Miaulis, who had been in the water of Candia with a naval force, attacked twelve Turkish transports, laden with ammunition and provisions, proceeding to Modon, six of which he sunk, captured three, and the other three escaped. Twenty-eight other Greek vessels, with eight fire-ships, under Sactouris, proceeded to Samos to intercept the Turks. Ibrahim Pacha finding his situation critical, had commenced negotiations with the Greek chiefs, to obtain leave for the Egyptians and Arabs to quit the Morea, and re-embark without being molested, but the negotiations were broken off, as the Morcetes demanded that Ibrahim and his troops should surrender prisoners of war.

The French papers give the following intelligence from Greece, as extracted

from Zante letters of April 29. Ibrahim Pacha, finding himself unequal to further operations in the field, is said to have thrown himself with a division of his troops into Corun ; there, as his hopes of succour failed him, his savageness increased, till it vented itself in acts of cruelty on the European officers in his army. He caused their hands and ears to be cut off, under the pretence that they had betrayed his confidence. Their number is computed at not less than one thousand—French, Italians, Genoese, and Germans.

The German papers are wholly silent on this savage act of the Pacha. Accounts from Constantinople bring intelligence of the death of the Sultan's son, Abdel Hamed, who was heir to the throne. The Janissaries are said to be disappointed at this event, as they had not determined how soon they might need an heir of such a father. Letters from other parts of Greece represent Redschid Pacha as being in a state not less disastrous than Ibrahim Pacha.

POLAND.—A Hamburg mail has brought papers to the 21st ult. They contain the speech of the Emperor Alexander to the chamber of representatives of the kingdom of Poland, on the opening of the Session at Warsaw, on the 13th ult. The finances are described as being in a most prosperous condition, with an excess of income over the expenditure, which has enabled the government nearly to extinguish the national debt; while, at the same time, the depression and great stagnation in the sale of agricultural produce is complained of. Perhaps the most important part of the Imperial Majesty's speech, however, is the declaration which he makes, that he must influence the elections to the Representative Assembly, if it persist in making its proceedings public.

AMERICA.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The report that Cuba had thrown off the yoke of Spain, is not confirmed, and appears to have been premature. There had, however, been a similar report at Jamaica, and in consequence the Isis, Dartmouth, Valorous, and Union ships of war, were despatched to the Havannah, for the protection of British property. They found on their arrival that no such event had taken place; but it was thought that it had been prevented only for a time, by the sudden arrival at the Havannah of the French frigate *Nymphé*, a French brig of war, and two Spanish frigates, with transports, having about 2000 troops on board, from Teneriffe, as a reinforcement. The French ships convoyed the transports from Mar-

tinique. This information has been brought to England by the *Pyramus*, which called at the Havannah, on her return from Vera Cruz, whence she has brought home Mr M'Kenzie, the British Consul, at that place, with despatches from Mr Morier, his Majesty's commissioner in Mexico.

The *Lima Government Gazette* of the 1st of January contains a decree issued by Bolivar, ascribing the glorious termination of the war to the heroism of General Sucre, and ordering the erection of a monument, on the battle field, to commemorate the triumph of Ayacucho. It also contains a despatch addressed to Bolivar, by the French Vice-Admiral Rosamel, expressing the neutrality of France towards the South American States, and that France would only interfere between the New States and Spain, as a common friend, in her good offices to both parties.

A letter from Alvarado of 12th March states the arrival of the Lion cutter from England with specie, being a part payment of the loan for Mexico lately negotiated. The accounts of the recognition of the independence of Mexico by the Government of England had been received with the greatest demonstrations of joy, ringing of bells, firing of guns, &c. &c. Mr Baring of London arrived at Alvarado on the 10th March in the *Carnation* via Jamaica. The country was perfectly tranquil. St. Joan de Ulloa still held out against the Independents. Trade was rather improving; the exchange with England was 47 to 48.

BUENOS AYRES.—The ratification of the Commercial Treaty between this country and the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata is completed, and the political independence of these new South American States fully recognised. The treaty was concluded at Buenos Ayres on the 19th February; and the official copy, when the ratifications are duly exchanged, will be laid before both Houses of Parliament. The Plenipotentiaries were Don Manuel Jose Garcia, Minister for Foreign Affairs of the United Provinces, and Mr Woodbine Parish, Consul-General at Buenos Ayres; and thus, to use the words of the Consul, that country "is placed in the rank of the nations recognized in the world." The treaty stipulates perpetual friendship between the dominions and subjects of the contracting parties, reciprocal freedom of trade, liberty of conscience, and the exercise of religion, public or private, conformable to the system of toleration established in England. The free disposal of property is mutually agreed to; and the United Provinces, anxious to co-operate with this

country in the total abolition of the Slave Trade, have prohibited all persons residing in the United Provinces, or subject to their jurisdiction, in the most effectual manner and by the most solemn laws, from taking any part in the said traffic. It is also stipulated, that, in case of any unfortunate interruption of the amicable relations of commerce, or a breach between the two parties, the subjects and citizens of each shall remain and continue their trade without interruption, so long as they do not offend the laws, and their effects and property shall not be subject to embargo or sequestration. The treaty was submitted to Congress, approved, and duly ratified by Juan Gregorio de las Heras, Captain-General, and Governor of the Province of Buenos Ayres; and attested by Francisco de la Cruz, Minister of War and Marine. Senor Don Bernardino Rivadavia has been appointed by the General Government Minister Plenipotentiary to the Courts of England and France; Senor Don Ignacio Nunez Secretary to the Legation at the French and English Courts; and Mr Griffith, Vice-Consul.

PERU.—Some accounts have been received by way of Buenos Ayres, whither they were brought by the Chili mail, of what had happened in Upper Peru subsequent to the battle of Ayacucho. A letter from Santiago de Chili says, that Rodil refused to deliver up Callao, which conduct had obliged Bolivar to outlaw him and his garrison. On the 9th January it was blockaded by a Colombian corvette, and, probably, by the Squadron of Admiral Guise. The blockading force, it is said, had been joined by those of Rodil's gunboats. Bolivar had above 2000 men at Lima, and expected 6000 from Guayaquil, with which it was his purpose to besiege Callao. Rodil did not appear to have above 2000 men. Letters from Salta state, that an armistice for four months was concluded the 12th January, between Olaneta and the liberating army.

The *Lima Government Gazette* confirms the particulars relating to the refusal of Rodil to surrender Callao; it announces, moreover, the resolution of the Independents to make an example of the defenders of that place. The day of its fall, it is declared, "shall be the day of justice. No criminal shall escape the sword of the conquerors." It adds, "it could be wished that Rodil and his accomplices should receive a thousand deaths for one, in consideration of the assassinations and cruelties which they have perpetrated. Humanity demands that atonement shall be exacted from these monsters in the human shape, for the innocent victims sacrificed on the altar of their

ferocity." It concludes by declaring, that all the past shall then be avenged, and Rodil shall answer before God, and before the human race, for the horrors of which he is the author.

MEXICO.—The proceedings of the General Congress, as contained in the *Mexican Sun*, are highly interesting, as they include the discussion and settlement of important objects of public economy in a liberal and enlightened spirit, and show that the Institutions of that country are in a state of progressive improvement and consolidation, and that public spirit—that vital principle of a healthy social system—is beginning to develop its influence.

The news of the British recognition of Mexican independence was received every where in the republic with extraordinary exultation. It was the subject of mutual addresses between the President and Congress, and of congratulations to the latter from various State Legislatures; a day was set apart for national rejoicings in reference to it, and it appears to have been generally considered as the complete guarantee of all interests.

Mr Ward, the bearer of the British recognition, arrived at Vera Cruz in the frigate *Egeria*, bringing full powers to conclude a treaty of commerce, as Commissioner, associated with Mr Morier.

COLOMBIA.—Bolívar, disgusted by the calumnies of his enemies, has tendered his resignation as Liberator, a second time, but it has been again refused by the Colombian Legislature.

UNITED STATES.—New York papers to the 16th ult. have been received by way of Liverpool. They state, that the honourable Rufus King, a senator in Congress from New York, has been appointed Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain. Mr King formerly held the same office for a number of years, and was considered an able diplomatist.

A dreadful fire took place at Boston, in New England, on the 7th of April. It broke out in the fish inspection store, in Doane Street, and destroyed about 60 large buildings in that and the adjoining streets, with a considerable quantity of merchandize. The loss is estimated at half a million of dollars, not one half of which was insured.

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.—The accounts from India are not of very great importance. Some stockades had been taken in Assam, the northmost part of the Burmese empire, and a force was about to advance from Chittagong, under the command of General Morrison. The army which met the Burmese on 10th December, was still

among the marshes of Rangoon, and was only to begin to follow up its victory on the 1st February.

(From the *Supplement to the Government Gazette*, December 27.

"*Rangoon*.—By the last accounts from Rangoon, it will appear that the reports of the revolution at Ava were incorrect. The following paper of intelligence was given in a short time before the departure of the *Nereide* :—

"The King of Ava having placed his son, Prince Chukiamen, on the throne, merely for the purpose of dispelling the predominant influence of ill luck, went

himself to Isagine. Consequently, the present war with the English is carried on in the name, and under the auspices of the said temporary King. Sara Woon-ghce is dead. Sykia Woonghce has been disgraced, and stripped of all his titles and dignities, in consequence of his cowardice at Thamtabain, when attacked by the British forces. The grand army of the Burmese consisted, before the action, of from forty-seven to fifty thousand men, also one thousand invulnerables, armed with swords, and decorated with silver gorgets and medals, conferred on them by the Regent Chukiamen."

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—*May 2.*—The Game Laws Amendment, and other Bills, were brought up from the Commons, and read a first time. A considerable number of petitions were presented against the Catholic Claims, and some in favour of their emancipation. Several petitions in favour of the Equitable Loan Bill were presented. The other orders of the day were gone through.—Adjourned.

3.—The Debt's Recovery (Scotland) Bill, and the Sheriffs' Court in Scotland Bill, were returned from the Commons.

4.—The amendments of the Commons on the Scotch Jurors Bill were agreed to.

6.—A number of petitions were presented against the Catholic Bill.

9.—The Duke of York presented a petition from Edmontons, against the Catholic Claims. His Royal Highness observed, he heartily concurred in the prayer of the petition.—Ordered to lie on the table.

The Bishop of Norwich presented a petition in favour of the Catholic Claims. The Reverend Bishop spoke in favour of the Bill, on the ground of civil and religious liberty. The petition was from various clergymen and others in the county of York.

The second reading of the Game Laws Bill was opposed, and finally thrown out by a majority of 38 to 23.

10.—Earl Grosvenor, in presenting a petition from Manchester in favour of the Catholic Claims, said, that the Anti-Catholic petitions were got up by being hawked about for signatures at different houses, and when their origin was inquired into, no father was to be found for them! The Lord Chancellor rebutted the remarks of the Noble Lord, and again averred that he had no hand in getting up these petitions.

CATHOLIC BILL.

11.—A message from the Commons

brought up the Roman Catholic Disabilities Bill. Sir J. Newport presented the Bill, and Mr Brougham, Lord Milton, Mr Scarlett, Mr S. Wortley, were among those who attended. The Lord Chancellor took the Bill from Sir J. Newport, and, in the usual form, carried it to the woolsack. He there read the title of the Bill in a very audible voice. The House was peculiarly crowded, and below the Bar, Mr O'Connell, Mr Macdonald, and others, appeared. The greatest anxiety was evinced on bringing up the Bill, and there was a loud huzza through the House.

Lord Donoughmore moved the first reading of the Roman Catholic Disabilities Bill. It was then read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Tuesday.

13.—Some conversation arose as to the influence that had occasioned so many petitions to be presented against the Roman Catholic Bill. Lord King repeated, that the Bishops had promoted them, by the exercise of undue influence. The Bishop of Exeter expressed his astonishment that any Noble Lord should persevere in such statements, and again denied that the Bishops or the Clergy had exercised any *undue* influence! The petitions were the spontaneous efforts of the people. The Lord Chancellor observed, that the people of England were not willing to hear the Clergy held up to odium as they had been; that he verily believed that many of the petitions had resulted from such remarks as had been made by Lord King. Lord Holland declared that he had heard with astonishment the opinion expressed by the Lord Chancellor, that a great majority of the people were against the claims, and denied that anything had as yet appeared to warrant the expression of such an opinion.

17.—Many petitions were presented against the Catholic Claims—one, from Manchester, signed by 40,000 persons, and another from Liverpool, signed by 30,000. Several petitions were also presented in favour of the Claims. One by the Marquis of Lansdown, from the Members of the Senate of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge,—and one from Waterford, by the Duke of Devonshire, who implored the House to give its sanction to this just, salutary, and healing measure,—a measure which had been sanctioned by the most illustrious statesmen, and which could not, *must not* be allowed to sleep, (*hear, hear*).

Lord Grey then presented a petition from the Roman Catholic Peers, Clergy, Gentry, &c., of England, signed by 30,000 persons, praying for a repeal of the disqualifying laws, and complaining of the foul and false aspersions which had been cast upon them. They broadly, said the Noble Earl, assert, that there is nothing in the tenets of their religion which ought to exclude them from the full enjoyment of their civil rights. (*Hear, hear!*) And in proof of this assertion, they call your attention to the modern history of different countries around you. The Noble Earl proceeded to implore the House to grant the prayer of the petitioners, and urged upon it the expediency and grace of doing that at once to which they must ere long certainly concede. The feelings of the other House, he said, at a period like the present, were no bad criterion of the feelings of the country; for a General Election being at hand, it was not likely that they would act in direct opposition to the opinions and wishes of their constituents. (*Hear!*) Seeing, said his Lordship, that not one county meeting had been called by the opponents of the measure,—that hardly any great town has petitioned against it; or, at least, that we have had no petition from any great town without having an opposite petition from the same place; taking into consideration, too, that wherever a meeting has been called against the measure, it has ended by adopting resolutions in its favour—I say, taking all these things into consideration, I have a right to conclude, that if the sense of the country be not strongly in favour of the Roman Catholics, it is not hostile to their claims. (*Loud cries of "Hear!"*) Let me beseech your Lordships to do, while it is yet time, that which is recommended to you equally by policy and by justice. (*Hear, hear, hear!*) If you do not grant these concessions now, the period may not be far distant, when you

will offer them, but offer them in vain. (*Hear!*) True it is, that we are at this moment prosperous, but who is there that does not perceive certain clouds rising above the political horizon, which ought to induce a wise and cautious legislature to prepare for the coming storm? (*Loud cries of Hear, hear, hear!*) You may at present, without the slightest suspicion, grant to the Catholics, as a matter of grace and favour, every thing which they seek at your hands; but refuse them at present, wait a little longer, and you will bring into play those passions and angry feelings which men deprived of their rights are apt to entertain; you will do to Ireland that which, at a former period, you did to America—but God grant that it may be without producing other effects not so easily remedied as were the disasters of the American war! The petition, which was of extraordinary dimensions, was read, and laid on the table, and the Noble Lord sat down amidst loud applause.

CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.

The Earl of Donoughmore then moved the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill. Lord Colchester moved that it be read this day six months. The Marquis of Anglesea seconded the amendment. He said he had changed his opinions on the subject, and *now* he was satisfied that Emancipation would not satisfy the Catholics, who would be content with nothing short of Catholic Ascendancy. If it must, therefore, be a trial of strength, a struggle with six millions of people, he thought the present was the best time to bring the matter to an issue! Earl Camden, after several observations, said he was most anxious for the favourable termination of the question. Earl Darnley made various observations in favour of the Bill. Lord Longford, and the Bishop of Llandaff, opposed it. The Bishop of Norwich implored the House to put an end to the system of unprovoked and cruel injury, which, year after year, had been heaped upon five millions of loyal subjects and conscientious Christians. It had been said that the Catholics were intolerant, and the persecutions which took place in this country in the sixteenth century had been cited. But he would ask, whether it was consistent with Christian charity to revive recollections of this nature, which had really no bearing on the question, and which none but those who were themselves intolerant could suppose to be applicable to the present times? Let them examine history, and find out a single country in the whole of Christian Europe, which was more disgraced by persecution than our own. The history of the penal

laws in Ireland afforded a lamentable proof of this fact. If it could be proved, which he thought it never could, that any particular ecclesiastical establishment could not be maintained without a gross violation of the leading principles of the Christian religion, and above all, of the inestimable precept of our Divine Master, which taught us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us—if the Church of England could not be maintained, unless its members acted in direct opposition to the precepts of our holy religion, he, for one, should not scruple for a moment to say, "Let it fall." He had been asked, whether he was prepared to abide by the consequences which might result from the successful enforcement of his opinions; whether he was prepared to abide by the loss of all those worldly honours, and among these, the honour of a seat in that House, which he held in consequence of his situation in the Church of England? His answer to this question should be very short and very sincere: "If worldly advantages, of whatever kind, can only be secured by the oppression of five millions of loyal subjects, and conscientious Christians, those worldly advantages have no charms for me." (*Hear, hear, hear!*) He did not wish to hold them by so harsh a tenure; and if such were the conditions of holding them, he would gladly relinquish them. These were his sentiments: they were the same which he had held for more than half a century. The Earl of Carberry said, while concession was withheld, Ireland could never be happy, and, unhappy, could never be tranquil. (*Hear, hear.*) The Bishop of Chester said, that his present opinions were contrary to some he had formerly entertained on the question. In the discussions on the present question, it had been asserted, that those Bishops who opposed concession were influenced by *interested* motives. (*Hear.*) What right had any man to say that the Protestant Bishops of England had acted, or were capable of acting, from base and mercenary motives? (*Cheers.*) What, he would ask, was there in their public conduct, as recorded in history, which could justify the foul insinuation of their want of public principle? No; they were inspired by a pure and virtuous ambition, and their less-talented successors were animated by those same sentiments which had made their predecessors the sleepless sentinels and intrepid champions of the doctrines and privileges of their Church. (*Cheers.*) The evidence, the Rev. Prelate said, before their Lordships, proved that the late disturbances in Ireland did not arise from religious, but

domestic causes—that her evils proceeded from the misery and ignorance of the peasantry, and from a melancholy state of society, which required the remedial application of the most rigid statistical measures. And the remedies for those evils were—a revision of the revenue laws—the establishment of a sound system of popular education—and, above all, the return and residence of the great landed proprietors in the midst of their oppressed tenantry. (*Cheers.*) After making a variety of other remarks, the Learned Prelate concluded by imploring the House not to pass a bill pregnant with such extreme danger to the Protestant Establishment. (*Cheers.*) The Earl of Limeric thought the speech of the Right Reverend Prelate unequalled for its promotion of intolerance and violence—it was calculated to irritate every class of men in Ireland: it was almost an equal censure on the Catholics, the Protestants, the landholders, and the peasantry. He should have cast his eye upon a Right Reverend Brother who sat near him, and have learned a better feeling. He seemed to say to the House, "Meddle not with the ark of the Lord, or with his anointed"—that is, its treasure. (*Hear! and a laugh.*) The Marquis of Lansdown said, that property, religion, and the interests of the Protestant Church, all required that an end should be put to the evil of exclusion—an evil greater than had ever before existed in any other country whatever. He was confident that the great end of tranquillizing Ireland, and of rendering her prosperous, were to be found in granting that which would give contentment to the Catholic gentry, and inspire the Catholic yeomanry and peasantry with a firm reliance upon the justice of Parliament. In the United States of America, in Holland, and even in Prussia and Denmark, there was no obstacle to Catholics taking a part in the government of the country. He should support the Bill, in order that the rights of citizens might not be withheld from men on the single pretence of difference of religious persuasion. Lord Liverpool said, that the House of Commons had purchased a majority for the Bill, by the introduction of two other Bills, which were held out as a bonus. The measure should be considered upon its own merits; and, judging of it, he could say, that in this Protestant kingdom, Roman Catholics were not entitled to the same privileges, because the former could give only a conditional allegiance to the crown. He could not help viewing the measure as most dangerous to the established church, for whatever might be their present inten-

tions, they, doubtless, if they gained the present concession, would attempt to destroy the Church of England. Lord Harrowby contended, that the arguments advanced, to prove the Catholics incapable of receiving a share in the Constitution, also proved, if correct, that they could not be loyal or faithful subjects. He at some length supported the Bill. The Lord Chancellor did not understand how the Bill came before them in this particular form. They knew from the votes of the House of Commons, that that House had passed through certain stages a Bill for disfranchising freeholders in Ireland, and also that a vote was agreed to for paying the Catholic clergy. What security had they that these measures could be passed? If he had no other reason, he would vote against this motion. His Lordship then gave a history of his friendship with Mr Pitt, of that great man's determination to have securities, of the *veto*, of the preambles of all the various Bills for emancipation, of plans of conciliation always setting the nation together by the ears, of the council of Catholic Bishops, of his own oath, and its obligation. If they recognised the Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, &c. &c. in Ireland, by taking them into pay, could they refuse to do the same in England? Could that be done with safety to the peace of the country? If, again, this were done, must not a *regium donum* be given to the Protestant dissenters of this country. Would such unpopular measures tend to the peace of the country? Reformers and revolutionists agreed in this measure: but the infinite majority of the people of England was decidedly averse to it. Earl Fitzwilliam said that he could not let the question go to a vote without saying, that from deliberate conviction and much experience, he was the firm advocate of admitting the Roman Catholics to a full participation of the blessings of the constitution. The House divided at a quarter before five in the morning. For the Bill—Contents—Present 84, proxies 46—120. Non-contents—Present 113, proxies 65—178. Majority 48. The Catholic Relief Bill was thus lost.

18.—A message from the Commons brought up the Glasgow Improvement Bill, the Sheriffs' Court Bill, several private Bills, which were afterwards read a first time.

19.—Upon the motion of the Earl of Liverpool, the Warehoused Corn Bill was read a second time, and committed for Thursday, when their Lordships were ordered to be summoned. The College of Physicians' Bill, the Scotch Poor Relief

Bill, and the Irish Chancery Court Bill, were read a second time.

20.—The Royal assent was given, by commission, to the Capital Convicts' Bill, the Scotch Juries' Bill, the Scotch Sheriffs' Court Bill, the Small Debts Bill, the Metropolis Justices' Bill, and to a great many Road, Gas-Light, and Inclosure Bills. Lord Melville presented a petition from Elgin against any alteration in the Corn Laws; also a petition from the same place, praying an alteration in the Stamp Duties.—Laid on the table. On the order of the day being read for the second reading of the Bill for regulating the trial of Scotch Peers, the same was read accordingly, on the motion of Lord Viscount Melville, without any discussion. Adjourned to Wednesday.

26.—Lord Holland moved the second reading of the Bill to remove corruption of blood from all those by whom high treason had been committed. The motion was opposed by Lord Colchester and the Lord Chancellor, and lost by a majority of 15 to 12. Adjourned.

27.—Lord Liverpool, after a brief speech, proposed an Address for an addition to the incomes of the Duchess of Kent and Duke of Cumberland; which was agreed to without opposition.

CANADIAN CORN BILL.

31.—The Earl of Liverpool moved the order of the day for going into committee on the Canadian and Bonded Corn Bill.

The Earl of Malmesbury objected to the Bill, because it combined two objects which should be separate—that of Canadian and that of Canadian bonded corn. He therefore moved, that the part of the Bill relating to the duties on Canadian corn be left out. Earl Bathurst said, that the duty proposed on Canadian corn was 6s. per quarter; and it was also proposed that it should be imported in the shape of wheat, and not flour, as this precaution would prohibit the importation of American corn, which was always sent into Canada in the shape of flour. The Earl of Lauderdale was opposed to the Bill. The Earl of Rosslyn was disposed to place Canada upon the same footing as Ireland, but that could not be done by granting the present boon, unless also they placed it on the same footing as regarded taxation. Lord Ellenborough approved highly of both the objects. The Earl of Caernarvon said, that although the Bill might be the advanced guard of an attack upon the corn laws, yet he was of opinion that it was not an attack upon the landed interests, because he was of opinion that the corn laws required revision. Lord Redesdale contended, that the constitu-

ion of the country could not exist unless he landed interest were supported. And if once a free trade in corn were allowed, a revolution was effectuated in the constitution of the country.

Their Lordships then, divided on the amendment. Contents, 27; Proxies, 7—

34. Non-Contents, 24; Proxies, 15—39. Majority against the amendment, 5.

The Committee was ordered for Monday next.—Adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 2.—Sir J. Ferguson presented a petition from Mr James Gibson Craig, against the Edinburgh Water Company's Bill.

BONDED CORN.

Mr Huskisson brought forward his proposition for admitting bonded corn into the English markets on payment of a moderate duty. He said, that in 1815, all foreign corn was prohibited, whenever the average price should be under 80s. per quarter. The act of 1822 provided that foreign corn should be admitted when English corn had reached 70s. per quarter, upon a duty of 17s. per quarter. This was the state of the law at the present moment. It had occurred to him, and others, that, looking to the high prices which corn had reached, and to the deterioration which corn under bond was likely to suffer, it was desirable that some facility should be afforded to the admission of that corn for home consumption, until the supply which the next harvest would afford should be available. He had fixed on the duty of 10s., believing that amount would be sufficient at once to secure the public, and to induce the holders to bring their corn into consumption; but should 10s. be thought too high, and that it would defeat its object, he was not indisposed to lower it, or it was not a question of high or low duty, but of what regulation would be most advantageous for the public and the consumer. His proposition would be this—that the holder should have the option of bringing out his stock in portions of one-third at a time. There would be three months between the passing of the Bill and the 15th of August, when its provisions were to terminate. During this period, the corn now in warehouse was to be admitted upon payment of a duty of 10s. per quarter, after which the present regulations were again to come into force. The other resolution which he had to submit was relative to Canada corn, of which there was now in this country about 20,000 quarters. Mr H. moved, “that all corn and wheat flour, not the produce of Canada now warehoused, and which was warehoused on or before the 13th of May 1822, shall

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be admitted to entry for home consumption, at the times, and in the proportions following, viz.:—One-third of each of the several quantities of such corn or wheat flour belonging to the respective proprietors, between the 16th May and 15th June, 1825; one other third between the 15th June and the 15th July; and the remainder between the 15th July and 15th August following, upon payment of the following duties per quarter:—Wheat, 10s.; rye, pease, and beans, 6s.; barley, bear, or bigg, 5s.; oats, 3s. 6d.; flour, per cwt, 2s. 10d. 2. That all duties now payable upon wheat, the produce of, and imported from, the British colonies in North America, shall cease, and that in lieu thereof a duty of 5s. per quarter be laid on importation.” After a conversation of some length, in which several amendments to lower the duty were proposed, but withdrawn, the above resolutions were agreed to without a division.

A clause in the Dissenters' Marriage Bill, the object of which was, to remove the necessity of having the registers of Dissenters' marriages made in the usual way, by the clergyman, in the church, and to transfer them to the regular registrar of the diocese, was agreed to.

3. Several petitions, one from Ross-shire, were presented against any alteration in the Corn Laws, and from operatives in different parts of the country, against the re-enactment of the Combination Laws.

5. Mr Maberly made his promised motion, “That from and after the 5th of January 1826, the duty on beer should entirely cease.” The amount of this duty was £3,200,000 per annum, and the charge of collecting it £695,000. Its operation was also most unequal, for whilst the rich paid 20s. per quarter, the poor paid 55s. Mr Brougham supported the motion, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed it, chiefly on the ground, that, to create a sudden deficiency of £3,200,000 in the revenue, would be a most serious step. The question having been pushed to a division, Mr Maberly's motion was rejected by a majority of 88 to 25.

TRIALS IN SCOTLAND.

Mr J. P. Grant rose, pursuant to the notice he had given, to move for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the existing laws respecting wrongous imprisonment, and delays of trial in Scotland. The Hon. and Learned Gentleman said, that it was evident it would be much better that all the laws on this subject should be comprehended in one act, rather than spread, as they now were, over the whole statute-book. The objects which he had in view were principally these: First, to throw greater

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responsibility upon the Magistrates in granting warrants for the apprehension of offenders; next, to increase the power of the Judges of the Criminal Courts, for the better protection of the liberty of the subject; next, to remove doubts and difficulties where they existed, and, lastly, to place the poor man on the same footing as the rich with respect to his trial. The Hon. and Learned Gentleman then moved for leave to bring in the Bill. The Lord Advocate said he would not oppose the bringing up of the Bill. Great caution, however, ought to be observed in meddling with a law which had existed for above one hundred years, and which might be considered as the Habeas Corpus Act of Scotland. He hoped, however, that his Honourable and Learned friend would rather bring in the Bill to amend than repeal the existing law; as the word "repeal" might excite some alarm among the people of Scotland. Mr Grant declared himself willing to adopt the suggestion of the Lord Advocate and others, by framing his Bill so as to amend the act, instead of repealing it. The motion was then agreed to in its amended form.

The Lord Advocate moved for leave to bring in a Bill, to restrict the punishment of leasing-making and sedition in Scotland. The object of the Bill, the Learned Gentleman said, was to assimilate the law of Scotland to the law of England on these subjects.

6 On the motion of the Lord Advocate, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the whole House on the Scots Judicature Bill. The report was brought up, and ordered to be taken into further consideration on Monday se'ennight.

The House, on the motion of Mr Brougham, resolved itself into a Committee on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, Mr James McDonald in the chair. The speaker said, he wished to take that opportunity to state, that after all the discussion that had taken place on the Bill, there was nothing he had heard, nothing he had read, that relieved his mind from the apprehensions he entertained from the passing of the Bill. The several clauses, after a good deal of discussion, and after some amendments had been proposed and rejected, were then agreed to. The third reading was fixed for Tuesday. Adjourned.

Mr A. Campbell brought up the report of the Glasgow Improvements Bill. Agreed to, and ordered to be read a third time.

Mr Brougham presented the report of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which, after some discussion, was agreed to.

Mr Littleton moved that the House do resolve itself into a Committee on the Irish Elective Franchise Bill. Mr Grattan entered his protest against the Bill as one of the most unjust and unconstitutional measures ever brought under the consideration of Parliament. Mr Hume opposed the Bill. He declared, that had the substance of this measure been introduced as a clause into the Bill for the Emancipation of the Catholics, he would rather have voted against that great Bill itself, than support for one moment such an enormous invasion of the rights of so large a class of the people, as this Bill for the abolition of the Forty Shilling Freeholders' Franchise went to commit. (*Hear, hear*) He begged to move, "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire what faults and abuses exist in the exercise of the elective franchise in Ireland, and to ascertain whether any and what measures can be adopted with a view to correct the same." Colonel Johnson seconded this amendment. Mr S. Rice said, he approved of this Bill because he was a friend to Parliamentary Reform. It would effectually enlarge the number of real constituents. There was no analogy between Ireland and England as to this subject. The law was the same, the practice was different. The Bill would cure the evils of numbers and poverty. Lord Milton said he should support the Bill, because it would promote the object of the great measure. The question for going into the Committee was carried by 168 to 53. Mr Lambton strongly opposed the Bill. Mr Brougham earnestly entreated his Hon. Friends not to oppose the Catholic Relief Bill, because the present measure had been brought forward in conjunction with it. Mr Lambton replied, that he could not vote for the Catholic Relief Bill, if it were accompanied by a Bill of Disfranchisement. (*Hear, hear*) He did not vote from interested motives, but from deep conviction—(*hear, hear*) and not even the threatened displeasure of any of those with whom he had long been in the habit of acting, could induce him to abandon his opinion. (*Hear, hear*) After some further remarks, the House went into the Committee, when the blanks were filled up *pro forma*.

CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.

10.—Mr Curwen now moved the third reading of this Bill, the passing of which he then strenuously advocated.

Sir R. Inglis opposed it, contending that the Catholic spirit was as intolerant, as ambitious, and as dangerous as ever. Mr Horace Twiss maintained quite an opposite opinion, and urged, that all the original causes for enacting the present

restrictions had ceased to exist; the vindicators of those laws, therefore, stood just in the same position as though they had expired, and they were demanding to re-enact them. Mr Hart Davis contended, that the constitution of England being essentially Protestant, no concession of power should be made to the Roman Catholics, beyond that which they possessed at present. Mr C. Grant argued strongly in favour of the measure. We had, he said, hitherto been legislating for the people of Ireland, as for men quite passive—not as for a nation of sensitive beings, who had feelings and passions like other men, and who were more bound by feelings of attachment for kindness conferred, than by coercion; we lost sight of the moral influence of the penal laws, which were calculated to degrade those on whom they operated; and when it was objected to any enlightened foreigner, that the Government had not accommodated itself to the more liberal spirit of the age, his ready answer was, “Look at the state in which you keep Ireland.” From such degradation he would wish to have Ireland emancipated; he would also wish to see the English nation freed from the stain which had so long rested on them by the continuance of the penal code. He maintained, that wherever a good and enlightened Government prevailed, the Roman Catholics were as tolerant as the Protestants. This measure might be delayed for one or two years; but that it must pass before any great lapse of time, was the conviction of every man who paid the slightest attention to public affairs. He therefore called upon the House to render that boon which the progress of knowledge and of religious charity showed must ultimately be granted, delightful and acceptable to those on whom it was to be conferred, but not postponing it to any distant period. (*Hear, hear!*)

The Solicitor-General opposed the Bill, as well as the measure respecting the Irish Forty Shillings freeholders.

Mr Huskisson said, he thought that the argument had ran too much upon the question of establishing a Roman Catholic Church, instead of the question of tolerating one which was established. With their spiritual tenets and doctrines he had nothing to do. In the practices and intentions of the Romish hierarchy he could see nothing to dread, were they even wickedly inclined. He owed it to justice to vote for the removal of every enactment against the Catholics, or any other body of men who remained exposed to pains and disabilities long after the evils and dangers anticipated by those enactments had ceased. It was on this ground

that the Catholics were entitled to his vote, to which his country had a heavier claim. Mr Peel observed, that his opinions on this most momentous subject were already on record; and it would be trifling with that indulgence which the House had shown towards him on other occasions, if he were merely to repeat now what he had so often advanced to them before. He merely wished to take this opportunity of re-stating, that the opinions he had formerly held on this matter remained still unaltered. When he looked at the numbers of the Roman Catholics, and at the circumstances under which the transfer of Church property from theirs to Protestant hands took place at the Revolution, he could not feel satisfied or convinced that it was either wise or expedient to remove those barriers, which he thought much better calculated to protect the Protestant ascendancy in this country, than those ecclesiastical securities which it was now proposed to substitute in their stead. Mr Brougham rose amidst some cries of “Question,” and began by assuring the House, that after twelve nights discussion, it was not his intention to trespass on the House at any length, when there could not possibly be any poverty of argument, and when the question had been over and over again exhausted. Mr Peel still apprehended danger, it seemed, to the Protestant Establishment both in Church and State, if the Roman Catholics were to be allowed access to the offices of the latter. The very same alarm, on the very same accounts, had been experienced in England one hundred and twenty years ago. But as no harm had happened, he had a right to anticipate, that, a hundred and twenty years hence, our posterity would laugh at our fears, as we did at those of our ancestors. When the Scottish Union was to introduce into the House of Lords sixteen Presbyterian Peers at once, the Bishop of Bath, the venerable predecessor of one of the most vehement opponents of the Catholic Claims at this day, earnestly besought the Lords to consider that they were, by such admission of the Presbyterian Peers, exposing themselves to a danger, the greatness of which no tongue could speak. (*A laugh.*) He had heard a great deal about the Jesuits of the Church of Rome. But what would they say to a Protestant Bishop, an enemy to the Catholic Claims, if, when you signed the Thirty-nine Articles, he said, (he, he it observed, hating Jesuitism) “Though you sign the Thirty-nine Articles, you do not agree with them separately; but in the lump, you admit of their propriety. Your belief with respect

to some of them is an overflow; with reference to others, it is an ebb tide; and so far as certain other points are concerned, it is nearly a spring-tide. You, therefore, can make a sort of average statement of your belief; and you may take your living, for having swallowed the whole of the Thirty-nine Articles in this manner." (*Laughter.*) He had, in the course of the debate, heard something of persecution; and it was said that the principle of persecution was inherent in the Catholic Church. Let not those who used this argument be too nice in its application. He called on the House to look at the scenes which, at no very remote period, had been acted in our own country. He alluded to those infernal torments, which one hundred and fifty years ago were inflicted on the people of Scotland, under that tyrant, who, alike condemning the law of God and the sacredness of the Constitution, sent his people to die the death of martyrs on account of the Covenant. In arguing this question, he put all mention of heresies, Jesuits, and persecutions, out of his view. Such violent language was unsuited of such an occasion, and he hoped they should have no more of it on the one side or on the other. If they wished to secure the happiness of the empire, if they wished to complete its safety, let no foreign country have the opportunity of looking with a malign aspect towards Ireland. Every thing that passed in Ireland found its way into foreign newspapers. In the *Vitna Gazette*, not a word was said about our improvement in arts and sciences—not a syllable about the strides which education was making—not the least notice was

taken of the liberal policy which distinguished our commercial arrangements. These matters were all carefully concealed; and, with one exception, our domestic affairs were passed over wholly unnoticed. Unfortunately, the history of Ireland formed that solitary exception. Without arrogating to himself any vain spirit of prophecy, he would say, that were this bill carried by a large majority through that House, he would be one ready to answer for the thorough pacification of Ireland; because he could then answer for its becoming a law. But if it did not become a law in that manner—if it were not carried by such a majority, and that at the present moment, in this very reign—in the reign of his Gracious Majesty the King who now sat on the throne—then he could only say, that he had exonerated himself from any blame that might attach to future consequences, by calling on the House to be wise—by imploring them to act while it was day—by entreating them not to wait till the dark night shrouded them, when no man can tell what will come! (*Chorus.*)

Sir F. Blake rose amidst tremendous shouts of "Question," which continued during the whole of his speech. He supported the Bill; and declared that he would always be at his post.

The House divided: For the motion, 215; against it, 227; majority 21. The announcement of the majority was received with cheers.

The Bill was then read a third time, and passed.

The other orders of the day were disposed of; and the House adjourned at two o'clock.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

APRIL.

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.—*Glasgow, April 26.*—John Cain, or Kean, was arraigned at the bar, accused of "discharging loaded fire-arms, with intent to murder." The indictment set forth, "that the prisoner did, as actor art and part with others, namely John Graham, a cotton spinner in the employ of Mr Dunlop, on the thirtieth day of March last, on the Barrowfield-road, and did there discharge at him one or more pistols, loaded with powder, and a number of small shot, by which the said John Graham was severely and desperately wounded in or near the back, to the great effusion of his blood, and the imminent danger of his life."

The unfortunate victim, John Graham, was brought into the Court on a litter, or

bed, and laid above two of the boxes in front of the Judges. He was pale and wasted; his voice was weak in the extreme; and it was with painful difficulty he could hold up his hand during the administration of the oath.

The sentence of the court was, "That John Cain, or Kean, be taken to the front of the Jail, on Wednesday, the 11th of May, and there receive the usual number of stripes on his bare back, from the hands of the common executioner, and thereafter be transported beyond the seas for life."

Perth, April 21.—Alexander Adam was charged with an assault and robbery on the person of Joseph Watt, James Hutcheon, and Wm. Peter, of a very aggravated nature. The prisoner's counsel objected to the indictment, on the ground of a

misnomer, the prisoner having been called "Adams" from his infancy. The objection was overruled; and the jury returned a verdict of Guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to be executed at Montrose, on the 3d day of June next. When his Lordship addressed him, pointing out the enormity of his crime, the prisoner interrupted him, with "I have enough of it!" and left the bar singing, with a strong unshaken voice, "I'm wearin' awa', Jean," which continued to echo along the subterraneous vault, till he arrived at the jail. Next day, being visited by a clergyman, Adam was found quite penitent.

Dumfries, April 27.—John Dow, or Colquhoun, or James Colquhoun, for swindling, was sentenced to banishment for seven years. The prisoner had imposed upon various persons, by representing himself as the eldest son and heir of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart. of Luss.

Lord Hermand observed to the prisoner, that he ought to thank the court for sending him out of the country. He was a young man, and, by the blessing of God, might yet return a reformed character.

Prisoner—Am I at liberty to address the court?

Lord Hermand—Yes; but you had better let it alone.

Prisoner—All I have to say is, that I am falsely charged with the name of John Dow. My Lord, I am heir to the Marquis de Castle, and entitled to a large fortune, which I could here prove; but since the Court has passed sentence, I submit with confidence. (This was spoken in a very agitated manner.)

Richard Lestar, W. Davies, and James Lestar (the latter was outlawed for not appearing), were charged with breaking into the house of Mr William Proom, merchant, Sanquhar, on the night of Friday, the 14th January last, and stealing therefrom a variety of gold and silver coins, bank-notes, and other articles, to the value of nearly £60. The prisoners at first pleaded Guilty; but on the Advocate-Depute intimating that this was a case in which he could not restrict the libel, they afterwards retracted their first plea, and the trial proceeded. The proof was complete; and the jury, without retreating, returned their verdict in the following terms:—"Find the prisoners guilty; but, in consequence of their youth and inexperience in crime, strongly recommend them to mercy." They were sentenced to be executed on Wednesday the 1st of June.

MAY.

6.—*London Mail.*—Very important alterations took place to-day in regard to the London Mail, which have been for

some time in contemplation, particularly in its departure and arrival. The new Mail, by Haddington and Berwick, is to be dispatched from the Post-Office at eight o'clock in the morning, which, on and after Monday, will continue to arrive shortly after five in the evening, nearly four hours earlier than at present. The second Mail will be dispatched as at present, but by a different road at the outset, namely, by Kelso, Coldstream, Newcastle, Sunderland, and York, and to be called the York Mail. There will thus be two Mails to London each day, although but one from it, as both Mails leave London the same evening, at eight o'clock. The facilities which this acceleration will afford to the Commercial world will, when completed, be most felt to the northward, for Inverness will gain a whole day in its correspondence with London. The public will also see that the Post-Master-General has been spiritedly seconded by the Mail-Coach Contractors.

8.—The direct mail from London reached the Post-Office, on Sunday afternoon, at ten minutes past five, nearly an hour within its time, thus accomplishing the journey between London and Edinburgh in the short space of 45 hours. The rapidity, ease, and safety, with which communication can now be had with every part of Britain, is one of the most striking improvements in modern times, and forms an amusing contrast to the delays, dangers, and difficulties, that, within the recollection of many, awaited the unfortunate traveller.

Glasgow, May 12.—Public Whipping.

—On Wednesday, John Kean, cotton-spinner, who was convicted at the last Circuit Court here, for shooting at John Graham, another cotton-spinner, and severely wounding him, underwent the punishment of the law, upon a temporary scaffold erected in front of the Court-house. On the scaffold was erected an upright frame-work, to which Kean was closely bound, as if extended on a cross, and in a manner that he could not move either one way or the other. About ten minutes past twelve o'clock, the criminal was brought out and bound to the post, when the common executioner inflicted the punishment awarded by the law, namely, eighty stripes—a punishment certainly trifling, compared to the enormity of his offence. He was then conducted to his cell, to undergo the remainder of his punishment. The severest part of it yet remains, namely, banishment for life, and to be confined at hard labour, on the public works, we presume at Bermuda, amongst other atrocious criminals.

13.—A grand entertainment was given to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, by a number of the noblemen and gentlemen connected with the commerce of the metropolis, at the City of London Tavern, on the occasion of presenting to him a magnificent Vase, as a testimony of gratitude for the advantages experienced from the victory of Waterloo, and the other triumphs of the army under the command of his Grace on the Continent; the Lord Mayor in the chair. The Vase is valued at 1000 guineas. It is of considerable dimensions, and in shape resembles the celebrated Warwick Vase.

14.—*New Infirmary.*—Proposals have been in circulation for some time for the establishment of a new Infirmary in the city of Edinburgh. Every one who takes an interest in what has for its object the alleviation of human suffering, will hail with pleasure, and do what is in his power to carry this proposal into effect. That one hospital is inadequate to supply the wishes and wants of the diseased poor of this spreading metropolis, is proved in the most satisfactory manner, by the additions which it has from time to time been found necessary to make to the present Royal Infirmary. A numerous and highly-respectable meeting of the inhabitants of the city was accordingly held this day in the Waterloo Tavern, to consider the propriety of raising a fund for carrying these proposals into effect. Sir William Fettes in the chair.

Mr Francis Jeffrey said, he took it for granted that all present knew the object of the meeting. He thought it right to state, that the meeting was called by a number of private individuals, who felt convinced that a new hospital or infirmary, on a large scale, ought to be established in this city or neighbourhood. In this stage of the business, nothing more was necessary than giving a general outline of the proposed object; and the questions that suggested themselves were, whether public opinion was favourable, whether a new hospital was wanted, and allowing that it was wanted, whether it was practicable to be carried through? The population had increased upwards of threefold since the foundation of the Royal Infirmary seventy years ago, and the wealth, the philanthropy, the public spirit, and the intelligence of the people, had more than kept pace with the increase of the population. He knew not whether any interest or prejudice were opposed to their views, but he had heard that those friendly to the new, were opposed to the old establishment. He could declare, that no such feeling actuated any individual who had taken an in-

terest in bringing forward this project. He was somewhat acquainted with the matters of the Royal Infirmary, as he had some years ago taken a great share in the inquiry that had been then instituted as to its management; and although that inquiry was attended with good effects in checking some abuses, yet he had the satisfaction to state, that, on many points, he found he had been misinformed, and gave his humble testimony to the singular zeal and fidelity with which all the officers of that establishment conducted themselves. While he said so, it was no disparagement, to these officers to say, that they were encumbered in their aim of doing good, by the limits of the old building; that their system was narrow and confined, and that they could not extend accommodation to the numerous applicants under the present system. A great many of the wards were at present crowded to a most dangerous extent. It would therefore be only opposing the interests of the poor and diseased to throw obstacles in the way of the establishment of a new hospital. A new hospital would give great relief to the old one, by removing a number of patients now crowded together. The public and science would reap great advantage from another establishment, for there was in the administration of public charities an honourable feeling of excelling. Every one knew that no public institution can exist but under the public eye—it watched and directed its efforts, and this he trusted would be the case with the one proposed—it would endeavour to rival the old hospital in skill, economy, and prudence. Nothing would be so great a damp to him as to imagine that it would be opposed to the other hospital in any thing but honourable rivalry. He felt confident that this would be the case, and the institution would do the Royal Infirmary much good, it would tend to its prosperity and success. He would beg leave to propose, that a subscription-list should be opened for the new Hospital, and that a Committee should be named, who should make such arrangements as might put the matter in a proper train, before the next meeting, to whom they should report. He should also propose, that, in order that all might be informed on the subject, the report should be printed; that another public meeting should be called some time next month, and afterwards a meeting of the subscribers should be held. The main point to be looked to was the amount of the subscriptions. It was not a mere cold, philanthropic concept that would do; a considerable sum was required, and he had little doubt would be raised. The in-

stitution would be of great practical benefit to medical students attending our celebrated schools. The Learned Gentleman again reverted to the necessity of pecuniary aid in carrying forward the project, and pressed upon the meeting the urgency of subscribing, remarking, that unless a sufficient sum was subscribed, they would give up all thoughts of prosecuting the plans. The Learned Gentleman concluded by moving a series of resolutions, which was carried by acclamation, and the meeting separated. A proposal has since been made by Dr Duncan, sen. to the Managers of the Royal Infirmary, that they should again open, as soon as they conveniently can, in Queensberry House, a branch of the institution under their charge, for the reception of patients labouring under contagious or loathsome diseases, and for incurables requiring constant medical assistance.

19.—*General Assembly.*—This day the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland met. Lord Forbes, his Majesty's Commissioner, walked in procession from the Merchants' Hall to the High Church, attended by a number of noblemen and gentlemen. The streets were kept by the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the 72d Regiment. After sermon by the Rev. Dr Duncan of Ratho, Moderator of last Assembly, the Commissioner and members proceeded to the Aisle, when Dr George Cook of Laurencelirk was elected Moderator, and Dr Lee of Lady Yester's Church as Depute-Clerk.

23.—This day the Assembly took under consideration an overture from the Presbytery of Hamilton, relative to certain innovations which had been introduced into some churches in the west of Scotland, namely, the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to communicants sitting in pews and not at the communion-table, which the Presbytery unanimously declared to be contrary to the purity and uniformity of this very solemn part of the Church ordinances. Dr Begg of New Monkland supported the overture at considerable length. Mr P. Macfarlan, of St. John's Church, Glasgow, moved that it should be dismissed; and rely on the inferior Church Courts for correcting any innovation which had taken place. Dr Chalmers considered the innovation as of a very trifling nature, and gave a simple narrative of the manner in which the practice had been introduced. After several other members had delivered their opinions, the motion of Principal Nicol, That the Assembly approve of the conduct of the Presbytery of Hamilton, in bringing the subject under

consideration of the Assembly, and, that the immemorial practice of the Church has been to administer the sacrament to communicants sitting at or round communion-tables, and recommend that this practice be followed, unless under particular circumstances, and recommend to Presbyteries, when churches are built, or old churches new seated, to use their best endeavours to provide accommodation for communicants at proper communion-tables, was unanimously agreed to.

Dr Duncan then rose to call the attention of the House to the situation of Parochial Schoolmasters, whose salaries had not kept pace with the times, and were inadequate to the learning they possessed, and the exemplary lives they led. This was a subject of very great importance: learning was the handmaid of religion, and knowledge was the mother of devotion. It was not till the Revolution that this object of the Presbyterian Church was attained. It had been before this venerable Assembly year after year, and our late venerable Sovereign earnestly wished that every individual should be able to read his Bible. The Rev. Doctor strongly urged the necessity of providing efficient men for the education of the lower orders, as a means of attaching them to that Bible, from which they would derive every comfort; and would also tend to attach them to their minister. The Reverend Gentleman then read a set of resolutions, expressive of the deep feeling of the Assembly on the subject, and of the high satisfaction called forth by the support given to the measure by the country gentlemen and the law-officers of the Crown; where parishes were large, there might be additional schools, and each to have a dwelling-house and garden attached; Latin to be taught at the principal schools, but it may be a question whether it should be taught at the subsidiary schools. A Committee was appointed to consider the Resolutions, and to report.

24.—After some routine business, the House proceeded to consider the petition of Mr Thomas Nelson, presented to the parish of Little Dunkeld. Mr Nelson had received a crown presentation to this parish, which the Presbytery of Dunkeld had refused to sustain, on the ground that he was unacquainted with the Gaelic language. Various proceedings had taken place in consequence, both in the Presbytery, and in the Synod of Perth and Stirling, which last, when the case was brought before it, had remitted it back to the Presbytery, as the spiritual guardians of the parishes within their bounds. On this decision Mr Nelson appealed to the

General Assembly. It was contended on the one side, that all the parishioners, with a few exceptions, understood the English language, and that there were no reasonable grounds for refusing the presentation of Mr Nelson; on the other, that though many of them had a smattering of English, they could not carry on the common business of life in that language, far less what appertained to their souls,—that no man was qualified to dispense the sacred duties of a pastor to this parish—that no man could undertake all the functions of the ministerial office, unless he was master of the Gaelic language. In proof of this, it was mentioned that the grocer had to get a Gaelic apprentice, the banker a Gaelic clerk, and the surgeon a Gaelic interpreter, to enable them to carry on their respective businesses with the inhabitants. As well, was it contended, might you send a person who understood no English to the High Church of Edinburgh, as one who understood no Gaelic to the parish of Little Dunkeld. Principal Nicoll moved, that the Assembly reverse the sentence of the Presbytery and Synod; sustain the presentation, and, under the circumstances, (the Presbytery having already adjudged the question,) remit to a committee to proceed to that country, and inquire into the amount of the Gaelic population, particularly in Strathbrann; the committee to report to the commission of the Assembly in August, with power to the commission to take up the matter and determine the same. This was resisted by a number of members, particularly by Dr A. Thomson, who concluded a powerful and eloquent speech, by moving to the effect, that the Assembly sustain the sentences appealed from. The discussion was prolonged till midnight, when the question being called for, the votes stood thus—For Dr Thomson's motion, 108—For Dr Nicoll's, 100—Majority, 8.

23.—The Assembly, proceeded to the consideration of the overtures respecting the union of offices of professorships in Universities with parochial charges, upon which subject there were seventeen overtures now on the table of the House. At the request of Mr Patrick Macfarlane, minister of St. John's Parish, Glasgow, the overtures from the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, and from the Presbytery of Glasgow, were read, the clerk had also read the overture from the Synod of Perth and Stirling, and was proceeding to read that from the Synod of Angus and Mearns, when several members interposed, and prevented the reading of the remaining overtures, as unnecessary.

Mr P. Macfarlane said, an overture

had been sent from the Presbytery of Glasgow, of which he was a member, and in rising to support that overture, he should beg leave to state the remedy which he meant to propose. The overture stated, that the union of professorships with parochial charges was injurious to the cause of religion in our land; and they now proposed to put an end to that evil at once, without in the least degree modifying it; and that these offices should be in no instance joined: and if so joined, that they should be subject to a process before the church courts. Such was the nature of the overtures now before them, that they might let him who ministers wait upon his ministry, and him who teaches wait upon his teaching.

Dr Chalmers supported the overtures in a speech of great eloquence and ability. All that was wanted was just such an extension of the act 1817, as that the holding of two professorships in any of our Universities should be incompatible with the charge of a town, as it was now with that of a country parish. He held that the reformation of 1817, important as it was, embraced not one half of the mischief in question—not one half of the mischief was done away; for how did the matter stand?—the whole number of professorships, including even those Regius professorships, which form no part of the Faculty in any of the Colleges, is just 81—and this is just at all times the maximum of pluralities that could be formed. The proportion formerly was as 956 to 46, but the proportion now was of 81 to 46, owing to the act 1817. The existing condition of their law was, that 46 pluralities could be secured as formerly, or, in other words, more than one half the pluralities of Scotland were upheld. In university towns there were more professors than clergymen, as 1 a great deal more of the former than the latter in St. Andrew's and Aberdeen. There were 13 to 3 in St. Andrew's; it was therefore possible that all the churches, all the universities, all the pulpits of all university towns, might be filled by professors; and indeed the two last-mentioned towns were liable to be overwhelmed by the competition arising from such a disproportion. If there was any one place where Christianity should appear clothed in the majesty of reason, and armed with a moral power to convince and overawe,—if there was any one place where its ministers ought to stand forth in the full panoply of their order; where they should bring, Sabbath after Sabbath, the whole force and richness of divine truth to bear on one quarter more than another,—if there was any

quarter in the land where the religion of the New Testament stood more in need of its able and most accomplished expositors, and where a clergyman should give his undivided strength to his work—it was that field of consecrated ground which was given to pluralists, but which the act 1817 ought to have protected. He concluded by moving, that a committee should be appointed to prepare an overture and interim act, declaring the union of the parochial town charges with the professors' chairs to be in future incompatible, and farther, that the General Assembly should take into consideration the means of raising revenues for the better endowment of professors' chairs. Mr J. Moncrieff seconded the motion. Dr Forbes of Old Machar, Dr Nicoll, and others, spoke against the motion. Mr H Grey, Dr Begg of New Monkland, Dr Brown of Ladykirk, &c &c supported it. Dr Nicoll, in substance, moved, that the General Assembly, not considering a total separation of the universities and the church expedient, do not think it necessary to transmit the overtures to presbyteries. The discussion was prolonged till 12 o'clock, when the cry became general to adjourn, which was at last agreed to.

26—After some preliminary business, the Assembly resumed the consideration of the subject of pluralities. Professor Jardine spoke in favour of the overture, on the ground that the union of office was unconstitutional. The Procurator, in opposing the overtures, contended, that, before they make a new law, the supporters of the measure should establish a strong case of necessity. Mr Menzies, Esq Advocate, was a decided enemy to prospective legislation. Before he would sanction any alteration of the law, he should like to know if any presbytery had ever complained of one holding a church and a professorship who had not done his duty. Dr D Ritchie was one of those who were against making any alterations. Dr Hodson, Mr Donald, Mr Burns of Paisley, and Mr Brown of Largo, supported the overtures. Principal McFarlane opposed them. If they were carried into a law, he said, the clergymen must give up literature, classics, and all personal property, for the care of it would disturb his thoughts; he must continue in a state of celibacy, for the rearing up a family would distract his attention. They must be converted, in short, into a dark, gloomy, monastic body. Dr Chalmers here begged to read an alteration in his amendment, which was, "that until such adequate provision be obtained, such act shall be suspended." The Lord Justice Clerk would give his unqualified support to the motion

of Dr Nicoll. Dr A. Thomson then rose, and spoke for nearly three hours in support of the overtures. He went over, with great ability and effect, all the arguments adduced on the other side, and contended, that when a clergyman accepts of a professional chair, he puts himself under a jurisdiction which commands him to employ his time and talents different from another jurisdiction, which, as a member of the church, he was bound to obey. Other members having delivered their opinions, cries of "vote" became general, intermingled with calls for Dr Chalmers, who having briefly replied, the roll was called, when the numbers were—for Dr Chalmers' motion, 118—for Dr Nicoll's, 144—Majority 26. The Assembly adjourned at half-past ten o'clock.

27—To-day the Assembly was occupied with no business of any general interest.

28—The report on the state of the funds of the Church was made by the Procurator, from which it appeared, that there is a debt against the Church of £1157. In the course of the bygone year, contributions had been received to the amount of £103 but it was still impossible to attend to any new petition till the debt was diminished. He said there were two petitions for aid this year, the one from Dr Adamson of Cupar, (and a former Assembly had resolved to defend this very question with respect to his predecessor,) the other was the petition of the Rev W. Fraser of Kilchreunan, and it was a particularly distressing case. The Assembly agreed to take upon themselves the debt which Mr Fraser had incurred, in defending an action wherein the interests of a large number of clergymen were materially concerned. It amounted to £192. A subscription was likewise commenced, and a considerable sum obtained for the Rev. Mr Fraser, to enable him to defray some additional expense beyond that to be paid out of the Church funds. The Procurator made a communication from the Court of Session, relative to ministers refusing to sign certificates for such individuals as claimed to be put on the poor's roll. He instanced the case of the minister of Coldstream, who had refused to comply with the Act of Sederunt, because the appellant had refused to submit his lawsuit to arbitration; and that of the Rev. Mr Thomson of Perth, who had refused, conceiving that the Court of Session had no power to make Acts of Sederunt, which were imperative on any clergyman. The Learned Gentleman contended, that the intentions of the Court had been completely misunderstood. It never was contemplated, in framing that act, to make an unperpetive law, al-

though the Court did expect, as a matter of courtesy, that the request would have been complied with. The object of the Court in making the present communication was, that the Assembly would recommend that the practice, which had been followed with so much benefit for 40 years, might be continued. Principal Nicoll moved, that the General Assembly, considering the Act of Sederunt was of a beneficial tendency, strongly to recommend to all ministers of the Church to give it their aid in being carried into execution. He also suggested that a committee be appointed, to have the objectionable parts of the Act removed.

30.—Sir John Sinclair, in reference to a subject which he had before introduced, said, that in no less than three instances, parishes had lost their whole funds by bankruptcy. It was sometimes necessary to transfer the poor's funds from the hands of one individual to another, on account of alterations of the rate of interest, and it was necessary to exempt the minister and kirk-session from the responsibility which attached to them, and he thought it would be extremely proper that they should have it in their power to avail themselves of the same means which Saving Banks possessed, of investing their money in the funds; in this way the security was undoubted, and the interest duly paid. He therefore moved, that it be an instruction to the Commission of the Assembly to endeavour to ascertain the amount of funds belonging to the poor in the different parishes of Scotland, and what amount of such funds had been lost by bankruptcy or otherwise; whether there was any difficulty of having these funds invested in proper securities; and whether it might be proper to apply for a law by which such funds might be invested in the same manner as those of Saving Banks? After some discussion, the instruction proposed was agreed to, Dr Lee reported from the committee on the manuscripts of the Church. In addition to the report, he made an interesting communication relative to the measures adopted to obtain a book called the Book of the Universal Kirk, the only copy of which deserving consideration is in the possession of Zion College, in the diocese of London, and which, from the account given by Keith, was the property of this General Assembly. The Lord Bishop of London had expressed himself anxious that the Assembly should be put in possession of it, but the governors of the College refused to part with it, or even to allow of a collation with the imperfect copy already in the possession of the Assembly. Dr Duncan of Ruthwell reported from

the committee on the qualifications of parochial schoolmasters. The committee were of opinion that no person should be employed in the principal schools without being qualified to teach Greek and Latin; that no person should be admitted as teacher in a Highland parish who had not a competent knowledge of the Gaelic language; that no person should be appointed a schoolmaster who was under 21 years of age, and that these qualifications should be judged of by Presbyteries, subject to an appeal to this House. At present, the emoluments in many cases do not amount to so much as the income of a common mechanic, and they ought to fall on some means to remedy this, in order that the character of the Scottish peasantry might maintain the high estimation in which it was held, not only in this country, but in other countries. The manner in which this was proposed to be accomplished was set forth in the resolutions. With regard to accommodations, the schoolmasters were in a very incomplete situation. Considerable discussion arose as to the qualifications requisite, after which, it was moved by Dr Nicoll, that they should approve the preamble of the Bill, and state their opinions on the subject of qualification; which motion, after being amended by Mr James Moncrieff, was unanimously agreed to. After some other business, the Moderator closed the proceedings with prayer, and the Assembly separated.

21.—*British Catholic Association.*—

A meeting of this body took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, the Duke of Norfolk in the Chair. Much regret was expressed at the failure in the Lords, and various resolutions were voted on the subject. Mr O'Connell was greeted with much applause when he entered the room. Lord Nugent, and other patriotic Noblemen, took a part in the proceedings.

31.—*Departure of the American Minister.*—Mr Rush, who has been for the last seven years Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the British Court, embarked with his amiable lady and their family, for New York. Mr Rush, during his long and important mission to this country, has evinced an exalted talent as a diplomatist, and has had the gratification to secure to himself the unqualified esteem, and give the highest satisfaction to both Governments. Mr Rush's important services to his country here have been duly appreciated, and have been rewarded by a ministerial appointment at Washington.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

May 11. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield to the dignity of a Baron of Ireland; Title, Baron Bloomfield, of Oakhampton and Redwood, county of Tipperary.

23. Major General Sir James Campbell to be Governor of the Island of Grenada.

— Major-General Sir Patrick Ross to be Governor of the Island of Antigua.

24. Lord Viscount Stanford to be Ambassador at the Court of Petersburg.

Right Hon. Stratford Canning to be Ambassador at Constantinople.

June 2. Viscount Strathallan elected a representative Peer of Scotland.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

May 9. Mr James Ewing ordained Minister of the new Relief Congregation, Portpatrick.

23. Mr James Boyd, Preacher, elected House Governor of George Heriot's Hospital.

June 2. Rev. James Monlans inducted to the Church and Parish of Annan.

— Rev. Robert Smith appointed by the King to the first charge of the Parish of Montrose.

III. MILITARY.

(Continued from last month.)

I. CIVIL.

58 F.

Lieut. Sargent, from 68 F. Lieut.

8 April 1824.

Ensign Jones, from 59 F. Lieut.

— Fife, from 42 F. Lieut.

— Robertson, from h. p. 37 F. En-

sign

C. Bridge, Ensign

E. J. Cruice, Ensign

W. Jesse, Ensign vice Jones, 58 F.

Lieut. Carlos, Capt.

— Von Boeck, Capt.

Capt. Goldtrap, from h. p. 65 F.

2d Lieut. Stapleton, 1 Lieut.

— O'Brien, 1st Lieut.

— Sweeney, 1st Lieut.

Lieut. Smith, from 48 F. 1st Lieut.

Ensign Morphy, from 47 F. 1st Lieut.

— Hornsby, from h. p. York Light

Inf. 2d Lieut.

— O'Meara, from h. p. 5 W.L.R.

2d Lieut.

— Colman, from h. p. 15 F. 2d

Lieut.

— Havelock, from h. p. 43 F. 2d

Lieut.

T. N. Bruere, 2d Lieut.

Lieut. Gloster, Capt.

Capt. Straith, from 95 F. Capt.

Ensign Grieve, Lieut.

— Malet, Lieut.

Lieut. Coghlan, from 38 F. Lieut.

Ensign Hoey, from h. p. 96 F. Ensign

— Dalgety, from Cape Corps, En-

sign

F. Barlow, Ensign

J. J. Burslem, Ensign

— Jones, Ensign vice Coghlan, 58 F.

Lieut. Dennis, Capt.

— Rothwell, from h. p. York Chas.

Lieut.

Ensign O'Meara, from 39 F. Lieut.

— Dely, from h. p. York Light

Inf. Ensign

S. H. Johnson, Ensign

Lieut. Gen. Dyott, Colonel, vice Gen.

E. of Balcarres, dead

Lieut. Pennefather, Capt.

Capt. Campbell, from Afr. Col. Corps,

Capt.

Ensign Aubin, Lieut.

Lieut. Backhouse, from h. p. 25 F.

Lieut.

Ensign Carter, from h. p. 101 F. En-

sign

— Carew, from h. p. 62 F. Ensign

do.

W. Pedder, Ensign

J. L. Kingston, Ensign vice Cumming, 34

F.

Lieut. Parker, Capt.

Ensign Molesworth, 1 Lieut.

Lieut. Kothergill, from 54 F. Lieut.

do.

Ensign Boates, from 12 F. Lieut.

— Farrell, from h. p. 2d Gn. Bn.

Ensign

R. R. Du Pre, Ensign

— Lechmere, Ensign

Mandeville, Ensign vice Thomas, 43 F.

10 do.

Lieut. McLaune, Capt.

Capt. Seymour, from h. p. 15 Dr. Capt.

Ensign Walker, Lieut.

Lieut. Hay, from h. p. York Chas.

Lieut.

2d Lieut. Downing, from h. p. 2d Cey-

lon Reg. Ensign

S. Y. Martin, Ensign

— Dawbrow, Ensign

68 F.	Lieut. Moffett, Capt.	7 April 1825.	75 F.	G. Champain, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign	7 April 1825.
	Capt. Bayne, from h. p. 14 F. Capt.	8 do.		— Ferguson, do Ensign	8 do
	Ensign Rainsford, Lieut.	7 do.		W. J. Saunders, do Ensign	9 do
	Lieut. Goodfry, from 45 F. Lieut.	8 do.		Assist. Surg. Grattan, from h. p. 6 Dr.	14 do
	— Glascoot, from h. p. 12 F. Lieut.	9 do.		Lieut. Hatchell, Capt.	7 do
	Ensign Newsom, from h. p. 1 Greek	7 do.	76	— Ogilvie, Capt.	8 do
	Light Inf. Ensign	7 do.		Ensign Ross, Lieut.	7 do
	E. F. Hutton, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign	8 do.		Lieut. Stephenson, from h. p. 85 F. Lieut.	8 do
68	E. F. Gibson, Ensign	9 do.		— Edwards, from h. p. 40 Dr.	do
	Lieut. Meneses, (Capt.	7 do.		Lieut	do
	— Smyth, Capt.	8 do.		— Preston, from h. p. 19 F. Lieut.	do
	Ensign Macdonald, Lieut.	7 do.		Ensign M'Kenzie, from h. p. 45 F. Lieut.	7 do
	Lieut. Blood, from 7 F. Lieut.	8 do.		— H. E. B. Hutchinson, Ensign	8 do
	Ensign Carson, Lieut.	9 do.		E. Lucas, Ensign	9 April 1825.
	— Foster, from h. p. 18 F. Ensign	7 do.	77	Lieut. Tatton, Capt.	7 do
	— Fuller, from h. p. 67 F. Ensign	do.		Capt. Ramsay, from h. p. 4 F. Capt.	8 do
	E. Macpherson, Ensign	8 do.		Ensign Castle, Lieut.	7 do
	E. Johnstone, Ensign	9 do.		Lieut. Macalister, from 20 F. Lieut.	8 do
	— Durnford, Ensign vice Harvey,	37		R. Bevan, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign	7 do
70	F.	10 do.		C. Lee, Ensign	8 do
	Lieut. Creighton, Capt.	7 do.		M. F. Steele, Ensign	9 do
	— Kirk, Capt.	8 do.		Ensign Sutherland, from 46 F. Lieut.	14 do
	Ensign Brown, Lieut.	7 do.	78	— vice Clarke, dead	7 do
	Lieut. Funstall, from h. p. 104 F. Ensign	8 do.		Lieut. Macleod, Capt.	7 do
	— Dalgety, from 51 F. Ensign do.	8 do.		Ensign Gore, Lieut.	do
	Ensign Sheehan, from h. p. 101 F. Ensign	7 do.		Lieut. M'Bath, from h. p. Dillon's Reg.	8 do
	— Tuthill, from h. p. 10 F. Ensign	8 do.		— Pickthorn, from h. p. 72 F. Lieut.	7 do
	Hon. C. Howard, Ensign	8 do.		J. F. Bull, Ensign	8 do
	J. Rose, Ensign vice Westera, 7 F.	9 do.	79	F. Pawsey, Ensign	8 do
71	Lieut. Roberts, Capt.	7 do.		C. C. McIntyre, Ensign	9 do
	Capt. Park, from h. p. 71 F. Capt.	8 do.		Lieut. Riach, Capt.	7 do
	Ensign Jones, Lieut.	7 do.		Brevet Maj. Mitchell, from h. p. 19 Dr.	8 do
	Lieut. Dutton, from h. p. 6 F. Lieut.	8 do.		Ensign Townshend, Lieut.	7 do
	Ensign Cuning, from 63 F. Lieut.	9 do.		Lieut. Cameron, from h. p. 39 F. Lieut.	8 do
	— Leslie, from h. p. 1 Line Ger.	8 do.		T. Bates, Ensign	7 do
	Leg. Ensign	8 do.	80	P. Macdonald, Ensign	7 do
	W. Wallace, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign	9 do.		Lieut. French, Capt.	7 do
72	F. Pack, Ensign	7 do.		— Bowler, Capt.	8 do
	Lieut. Graham, Capt.	8 do.		Ensign Bowness, Lieut.	7 do
	— Maclean, Capt.	do.		— Jackson, Lieut.	8 do
	Ensign Craven, Lieut.	7 do.		Lieut. Edwards, from h. p. 101 F. Lieut.	9 do
	Lieut. Woolcorube, from h. p. 71 F. Lieut.	8 do.		2d Lieut. Toole, from Ceylon R. Ensign	7 do
	— Leabe, from 59 F. Lieut.	do.		W. H. Christie, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign	8 do
	— Pitts, from 20 F. Lieut.	do.		G. Black, Ensign	9 do
	Ensign Campbell, from 58 F. Ensign	7 do.		C. A. Brooke, Ensign	10 do
	T. E. Lacey, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign	8 do.	81	J. Lacy, Ensign	11 do
	H. P. Raymond, from do Ensign	9 do.		Lieut. Hall, Capt. by purch. vice Carnes, dead	25 March
	Lieut. Wentworth, Capt.	7 do.		Ensign Creagh, Lieut. by purch.	7 April
	Capt. Raymond, from h. p. 75 F. Capt.	8 do.		J. U. Jeffery, Ensign do.	do
	Ensign Drew, Lieut.	7 do.		Lieut. Sisson, Capt.	do
	Lieut. Nicolls, from h. p. 66 F. Lieut.	8 do.		Capt. Pratt, from h. p. 91 F. Capt.	8 do
	— Boucher, from h. p. 57 F. Lieut.	do.		Ensign Macdonald, Lieut.	7 do
	Ensign Dcmay, from h. p. 84 F. Ensign	7 do.		Lieut. Douglas, from 41 F. Lieut.	8 do
	F. G. A. Pinekney, Ensign	8 do.		Gent. Cadet G. F. De Rottenburgh, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign	7 do
	R. W. Bamford, Ensign	9 do.		W. Dyer, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ensign	8 do
	Assist. Surg. Cardiff, from h. p. 82 F. Assist. Surg. vice Martin, prom.	14 do.	82	J. B. Creagh, Ensign	9 do
74	Lieut. Hassard, Capt.	7 do.		Lieut. Starkie, Capt.	7 do
	Ensign M'Pherson, Lieut.	do.		— Davies, Capt.	8 do
	— Gere, Lieut.	8 do.		Ensign Casteln, Lieut.	7 do
	— Hawthorne, from h. p. 27 F. Ensign	7 do.		Lieut. Abbott, from h. p. 90 F. Lieut.	8 do
	L. Allen, Ensign	8 do.		Ensign Campbell, from h. p. 40 F. Ensign	7 do
	E. F. Colyear, Ensign	9 do.		— Macdonnell, Ensign	8 do
75	E. A. de Koven, Ensign	10 do.		J. Nagel, Ensign	9 do
	Lieut. Maclean, Capt.	7 do.		Il. C. Hay, Ensign vice Walmesley, 56 F.	10 do
	Capt. Newton, from h. p. 62 F. Capt.	8 do.	85	Lieut. Johnson, Capt.	7 do
	Ensign Hall, Lieut.	7 do.		Ensign Rayson, Lieut.	8 do
	Lieut. Pictet, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut.	8 do.		— Johnson, Lieut.	8 do
	— Mikimay, from h. p. 22 Dr.	do		— Bell, from h. p. 22 Gar. Bn.	7 do
	Lieut	do		— Robbins, from h. p. 78 F. Ensign	do

53 F.	W. Atterton, Ensign	8 April 1825.	93 F.	O. Delancey, Ensign	8 April 1825
	J. Keating, Ensign	9 do.		— Boulger, Ensign	9 do.
81	Lieut. Bernard, Capt.	7 do.	94	Lieut. Stewart, Capt.	7 do.
	— Bindon, Capt.	8 do.		Brevet Maj. Poppleton, from h. p. 12 F.	12 F.
	Ensign Seton, Lieut.	7 do.		Capt.	8 do.
	Lieut. Glasgow, from h. p. 49 F. Lieut.	8 do.		Ensign Bickerton, Lieut.	7 do.
	— Norton, from h. p. 15 F. Lieut.	do.		— Alexander, Lieut.	8 do.
	— Raven, from h. p. 17 Dr. Lieut.	do.		Lieut. Lindsey, from h. p. 11 F. Lieut.	9 do.
	Ensign Clarke, from h. p. 88 F. Ensign	7 do.		Ensign Moore, from h. p. 11 F. Ensign	7 do.
	Y. J. Driscoll, Ensign	8 do.		A. F. Morgan, Ensign	8 do.
	H. Vigoureux, Ensign	9 do.		S. Philips, Ensign	9 do.
81	Capt. Williams, Maj. by purch. vice	do.	95	Ensign Rogers, from h. p. 44 F. Ensign	44 F.
	De Bathe, prom.	do.		vice Henry. 85 F.	4 do.
	Lieut. O'Connor, Capt.	7 do.		Lieut. Dickens, Capt.	7 do.
	Capt. Jackson, from h. p. 85 F. Capt.	8 do.		Capt. Fraser, from h. p. 90 F. Capt.	8 do.
	Ensign Hon. J. Stuart, Lieut.	7 do.		— Hall, from h. p. 25 Dr. Capt. vice	do.
	Lieut. Acats, from R. Art. Lieut.	8 do.		Straith, 61 F.	do.
	Ensign Henry, from 95 F. Ensign vice	4 do.		Ensign Bunbury, Lieut.	7 do.
	Bateman, h. p. 41 F.	4 do.		Lieut. Rame, from 31 F. Lieut.	8 do.
	— Harris, from h. p. 3 F. Ensign	7 do.		Ensign Magee, from h. p. 5 F. Ensign	7 do.
	Hon. A. H. A. Cooper, Ensign	8 do.		H. D. Collard, from R. Mil. Acad. at	do.
	M. Wynyard, Ensign	9 do.		Woolwich, Ensign	8 do.
86	Lieut. Crough, Capt.	7 do.	96	Wm. Darley Hull, Ensign	9 do.
	Capt. Wynne, from h. p. 60 F. Capt.	8 do.		Lieut. Spratt, Capt.	7 do.
	Ensign McIntyre, Lieut.	7 do.		Ensign Cross, Lieut.	do.
	Usker, Lieut.	8 do.		— Telford, Lieut.	8 do.
	Lieut. Ormond, from h. p. York Regt.	9 do.		Lieut. Rice, from Vet. Comp. at New-	foundland, Lieut.
	L. Halliday, from R. Mil. Acad. at	do.		Ensign Finney, from 1 W. I. R. Ensign	7 do.
	Woolwich, Ensign	do.		P. F. de Meuron, Ensign	8 do.
88	W. C. Caldwell, Ensign	8 do.		C. Irvine, Ensign	9 do.
	Lieut. Meade, Capt.	7 do.	97	T. O. Partridge, Ensign	10 do.
	Capt. Burrell, from h. p. 60 F. Capt.	8 do.		Lieut. Cannon, Capt.	7 do.
	Ensign Fitz Roy, Lieut.	7 do.		Capt. Maher, from h. p. Port. Serv.	8 do.
	Lieut. Garstin, from h. p. 68 F. Lieut.	8 do.		— Vincent, Lieut.	8 do.
	— Mitchell, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut.	do.		T. R. Traven, Ensign	7 do.
	Gent. Cadet B. J. Finnis, from R. Mil.	do.		H. Handcock, Ensign	8 do.
	Coll. Ensign	7 do.		W. Morris, Ensign	9 do.
	R. Warburton, from R. Mil. Acad. at	do.	98	— Lamert, Ensign	10 do.
	Woolwich, Ensign	8 do.		Lieut. Stevens, Capt.	7 do.
	C. M'Clintock, do.	9 do.		Capt. Spence, from h. p. 81 F. Capt.	8 do.
90	Lieut. Cranfield, Capt.	7 do.		Ensign Roberts, Lieut.	7 do.
	— Nickoll, Capt.	8 do.		— Whyte, Lieut.	8 do.
	Ensign Buckenidge, Lieut.	7 do.		Cornet Halpin, from 1 Light Dr.	German Legion, Ensign
	Lieut. Daunt, from Rifle Brig. Lieut.	8 do.		T. M. Edwards, Ensign	8 do.
	— Gledhill, from 46 F. Lieut.	do.		A. W. Horne, Ensign	9 do.
	— Howby, from 6 F. Lieut.	do.		E. H. Clarke, Ensign	do.
	Gent. Cadet H. H. Cuming, from 11	do.	99	Lieut. Rickards, Capt. vice Crooke,	5 March
	Mil. Coll. Ensign	8 do.		Afr. Col. Corp.	do.
	R. Stratton, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wol-	do.	100	Ensign Patison, Lieut.	do.
	wich, Ensign	9 do.		G. D. Griffiths, Ensign	do.
	D. Foot, Ensign	9 do.		Lieut. Gaynor, Capt.	7 April
	Assut. Surg. M'Arthur, Surg. vice	14 do.		Capt. Campbell, from 54 F. Capt.	8 do.
	Whitney, dead	do.		Ensign Phibbs, Lieut.	7 do.
	Hosp. Assist. W. Blake, Assist. Surg. do.	do.		Lieut. Greenham, from R. Afr. Col.	do.
91	Lieut. Lamont, Capt.	7 do.		Corps, Lieut.	8 do.
	Ensign Robeson, Lieut.	do.		J. Cannay, Ensign	7 do.
	Lieut. Hughes, from h. p. 3 W. I. R.	8 do.		J. Campbell, Ensign	8 do.
	— C. S. Teale, from R. Mil. Acad. at	do.		A. B. St. Leger, Ensign	9 do.
	Woolwich, Ensign	7 do.		R. C. Macdonald, Ensign vice Griffiths,	25 F.
	J. A. Campbell, Ensign	8 do.		Rifle Brig. Lieut. Middleton, Capt.	7 do.
	J. B. Brunker, Ensign	9 do.		— Coxon, Capt.	8 do.
	C. W. S. S. Stuart, Ensign vice Weten-	do.		Capt. Ricketts, from h. p. 72 F. Capt.	9 do.
	hall, 51 F.	10 do.		— Kelly, from 15 F. Capt.	do.
92	Lieut. Peat, Capt.	7 do.		2d Lieut. Power, 1st Lieut.	7 do.
	Ensign Buckley, Lieut.	do.		2d Lieut. and Adj. Falconer, 1st Lieut.	8 do.
	Frising and Adj. Deane, Lieut.	8 do.		Lieut. Gascoyne, from 54 F. 1st Lieut.	9 do.
	Lieut. Sutherland, from 2 W. I. R.	9 do.		— Hon. C. D. Blayney, from 89 F.	1st Lieut.
	Ensign O'Kelly, from h. p. 25 F. Ensign	7 do.		— Buller, from 45 F. 1st Lieut.	do.
	T. C. Loft, Ensign	8 do.		R. Dering, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-	wich, 2d Lieut.
93	Lieut. White, Capt.	7 do.		J. R. Groves, from do. 2d Lieut.	8 do.
	— Brown, Capt.	8 do.		C. F. Napier, from do. 2d Lieut.	9 do.
	Ensign Burgh, Lieut.	7 do.		C. P. Ainslie, 2d Lieut.	10 do.
	Lieut. M'Nicol, from h. p. R. W. I. Ran-	8 do.		J. C. Clithrow, 2d Lieut.	11 do.
	— Stewart, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut.	do.		W. Croble, 2d Lieut.	12 do.
	Ensign Grier, from 27 F. Lieut.	9 do.		Gent. Cadet T. W. Nesham, from R.	Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. vice Lloyd, Horse
	— Dillon, from h. p. 9 W. I. R.	7 do.		Guards	14 do.

R. St. Co. Lieut. Du Vernot, Capt. 7 April 1825
 — Longmore, Capt. 8 do.
 2d Lieut. Read, 1st Lieut. 7 do.
 — Robe, 1st Lieut. 8 do.
 Lieut. Forte, from R. Art. 1st Lieut. 9 do.

— Ridge, from 27 F. 1st Lieut. do.
 2d Lieut. Jones, from R. Art. 1st Lieut. do.
 10 do.
 W. Gold, 2d Lieut. 7 do.
 G. M. Parsons, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich 8 do.
 F. Adams, from do. 9 do.
 R. L. Phipps, from do. vice Geddes, 45 F. 10 do.
 G. B. Cumberland, from do. 11 do.
 R. Fraser, from do. 12 do.
 H. Vachell, from do. 13 do.
 1 W.I.R. W. Calder, Ensign vice Finney, 86 F. 7 do.

2 Lieut. Carruthers, from h. p. 4 F. 9 do.
 Lieut. vice Sutherland, 92 F. 9 do.
 Ceyl. Reg. H. A. Atchison, 2d Lieut. vice Toole, 80 F. 7 do.
 C. C. (Inf.) Capt. Head, from R. Eng. Capt. vice Batty, 35 F. 8 do.
 F. Macnamara, Ensign vice Dalgety, 61 F. 7 do.
 R.A.F.C. Co. Capt. Crooke, from 99 F. Maj. vice Hollis, cancelled 3 March
 Lieut. Clements, Capt. vice Campbell, 63 F. 8 April
 — George, from 21 F. Capt. vice Brady, 21 F. do.
 V.C. Newf. Lieut. O'Farrell, from h. p. 98 F. Lieut. vice Croly, 22 F. do.
 — Wieburg, from 60 F. Lieut. vice Rice, 96 F. 9 do.
 — Capt. Vernon, from Gren. Gds. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Desbrisay, R. Art. ret. 2 do.
 Maj. De Baïne, from 85 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Henderson, R. Eng. ret. 9 do.
 Lieut. Lord G. A. Hill, from R. Horse Guards, Capt. of Inf. by purch. vice Coles, R. Eng. ret.

Staff.

Capt. Wall, from h. p. 81 F. Sub Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Islands, vice Heathcote, 27 F. 31 March 1825.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Rice, from h. p. Surg. 24 March 1825.
 Assist. Surg. Waterston, from h. p. > Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. M'Christie, superseded 25 do.
 Assist. Surg. Hart, from h. p. 22 Dr. do. vice Hosp. Assist. Evers, 14 F. do.
 Assist. Surg. Horne, from h. p. Glengarry Fen. do. vice Hosp. Assist. Cuming, 67 F. do.
 Hosp. Assist. Parkin, Assist. Surg. vice Doherty, dead 31 do.
 Hosp. Assist. D. Lamont, do. vice Perkins, res. 14 April
 Hosp. Assist. J. A. Orr, Hosp. Assist. vice Thornton, res. 24 March
 Hosp. Assist. J. Paterson, do. vice Parkin 31 do.
 Hosp. Assist. W. B. Ross, do. vice Orr, cancelled 7 April
 Hosp. Assist. J. Cayet, do. vice Lamont 14 do.
 Hosp. Assist. R. Elthson, do. vice Stewart, 84 F. do.
 Hosp. Assist. R. M'Math, do. vice Blake, 90 F. do.

Ordnance Department—Royal Artillery.

Maj. and Brev. Lieut. Col. Sir A. Dickson, K.C.B. Lieut. Col. vice Desbrisay, ret. 2 April 1825,

Capt. and Brev. Maj. Rogers, Maj. 2 April 1825.
 2d Capt. Miller, Capt. do

Royal Engineers.

M. Gen. Hamfrey, Col. Comm. 23 March 1825.
 Lieut. Col. Durnford, Col. do.
 — Whitmore, do. do.
 Bt. Maj. Fyers, Lieut. Col. do.
 — Vigoureux, do. do.
 — Buchanan, do. do.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Ellicombe, Lieut. Col. do.
 Bt. Maj. Fanshawe, do. do.
 Bt. Lieut. Col. Macleod, do. vice Durnford do.
 Bt. Maj. Douglas, do. vice Whitmore, 9 April
 — Cunningham, do. vice Henderson, ret. do.

2d Capt. Slade, Capt. 25 March
 — Harper, do. do.
 Bt. Maj. Tylden, do. do.
 — Wells, do. do.
 2d Capt. Dawson, do. do.
 — Mudie, do. do.
 — Stanway, do. do.
 — Walker, do. do.
 — Williams, do. vice Fyers do.
 — Smyth, do. vice Vigoureux do.
 — Eagin, do. vice Buchanan do.
 Bt. Maj. Blanshard, do. vice Ellicombe do.
 2d Capt. Brown, do. vice Fanshawe do.
 — Perke, do. vice Macleod do.
 — Linnett, do. vice Douglas do.
 Bt. Maj. Thompson, do. vice Cunningham 9 April
 2d Capt. Ord, from h. p. 2d Capt. 25 March
 — Hulme, from h. p. do. do.
 — Burch, from h. p. do. do.
 — Macaulay, from h. p. do. do.
 — Kitchin, from h. p. do. do.
 — Pringle, from h. p. do. do.
 — Savage, from h. p. do. do.
 — Waters, from h. p. do. do.
 — Prince, from h. p. do. vice Skyle do.
 — Cole, from h. p. do. vice Harper do.
 — Linton, from h. p. do. vice Tylden do.
 — Elliot, from h. p. do. vice Wells do.
 — Watson, from h. p. do. vice Dawson do.
 — Victor, from h. p. do. vice Mudge do.
 — Grierson, from h. p. do. vice Stanway do.
 — Baron, from h. p. do. vice Walker do.
 — Fenwick, from h. p. do. vice Williams do.
 — Hall, from h. p. do. vice Smith do.
 1st Lieut. Yule, 2d Capt. vice English do.
 — Head, do. vice Blanshard do.
 — Phillips, do. vice Brown do.
 — Gilbert, do. vice Peake do.
 — Selwyn, do. vice Linnett do.
 — Rosset, do. vice Thompson 9 April
 — Hawkshaw, from h. p. 2d Capt. 25 March
 — Hotham, from h. p. do. do.
 — Lemon, from h. p. do. do.
 — Hore, from h. p. do. do.
 — Foster, from h. p. do. do.
 — Laiden, from h. p. do. do.
 — Bordes, from h. p. do. do.
 — Randolph, from h. p. do. do.
 — Kennedy, from h. p. do. do.
 — Hope, from h. p. do. do.
 — Forbes, from h. p. do. do.
 — Stothard, from h. p. do. do.
 — Gordon, from h. p. do. do.
 — Rose, from h. p. do. do.
 2d Lieut. Maklow, 1st Lieut. do.
 — Drummond, do. do.
 — Dawson, do. vice Yule do.
 — Pooley, do. vice Head do.
 — Murphy, do. vice Phillips do.
 — Pettingall, do. vice Gilbert do.
 — Wentworth, do. vice Selwyn do.
 — Tucker, do. vice Gosset 9 April

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
May 1	M. 37 A. 45	29.462 .416	M. 48 A. 47	E.	Foggy with showers rain.	May 17	M. 76 A. 54	29.934 .996	M. 58 A. 57	E.	Morn. dull, day unsh.
2	M. 38 A. 43	.302 .302	M. 48 A. 48	Cble.	Heavy fog.	18	M. 79 A. 51	.999 .999	M. 59 A. 59	Cble.	Sunshine, very warm.
3	M. 39 A. 50	.264 .264	M. 50 A. 50	E.	Morn. and night rain.	19	M. 41 A. 54	30.105 .105	M. 60 A. 59	E.	Sunshine.
4	M. 39 A. 50	.264 .270	M. 54 A. 56	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. but cold.	20	M. 37 A. 50	.114 29.999	M. 59 A. 55	E.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
5	M. 40 A. 48	.570 .488	M. 52 A. 51	Cble.	Dull with rain.	21	M. 54 A. 47	.920 .889	M. 54 A. 57	Cble.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.
6	M. 40 A. 53	.470 .470	M. 57 A. 59	Cble.	Warm, showers rain.	22	M. 39 A. 55	.820 .715	M. 58 A. 60	E.	Morn. foggy, afternoon show.
7	M. 41 A. 50	.384 .450	M. 56 A. 59	Cble.	Warm, with sunsh.	23	M. 41 A. 46	.650 .440	M. 56 A. 54	N.	Dull, with showers rain.
8	M. 43 A. 55	.460 .580	M. 59 A. 58	SW.	Dull, sh. rain h. rain, night.	24	M. 38 A. 44	.401 .299	M. 49 A. 48	NE.	Rain, for the day, cold.
9	M. 43 A. 52	.802 .882	M. 58 A. 58	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.	25	M. 36 A. 42	.245 .483	M. 45 A. 47	Cble.	Morn. rain, aftern. fair.
10	M. 40 A. 52	.875 .850	M. 59 A. 55	E.	Foren. warm aftern. cold, dull.	26	M. 39 A. 45	.561 .650	M. 48 A. 50	E.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
11	M. 39 A. 48	.780 .719	M. 55 A. 52	E.	Rain morn. day dull	27	M. 39 A. 47	.660 .652	M. 54 A. 50	N.	Aftern. hail night snow.
12	M. 38 A. 51	.668 .765	M. 53 A. 50	E.	Dull & very cold.	28	M. 30 A. 45	.592 .556	M. 48 A. 50	Cble.	Sunsh. with showers hail.
13	M. 38 A. 46	.964 .964	M. 50 A. 50	E.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.	29	M. 35 A. 46	.571 .692	M. 53 A. 55	NW.	Day fair, shower even.
14	M. 35 A. 47	.998 .996	M. 51 A. 51	E.	Sunshine.	30	M. 35 A. 49	.316 .991	M. 55 A. 56	Cble.	Fair, with sunsh.
15	M. 37 A. 50	.994 .906	M. 56 A. 58	E.	Foren. mild, aftern. cold.	31	M. 34 A. 34	.980 .989	M. 58 A. 57	W.	Ditto.
16	M. 38 A. 48	.971 .875	M. 56 A. 57	E.	Sunshine.						

Average of rain, 2.191 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

From the date of our last till the 24th, the weather continued dry, and fallows were wrought with advantage, but the temperature was rather low for forwarding vegetation; nightly frosts were frequent, which did serious injury to the blossom on fruit-trees, and these have not set well. On high and exposed situations, oats were blackened, barley showed a yellow leaf, and pease were stunted in growth. From the 24th of May till the 4th of the present month, cold showers were frequent, the tops of the hills appeared covered with snow, and fallow ground was too wet for the plough. The mean temperature for the last ten days in April was $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; for the first ten days of this month, $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; and for the two past days it was 63° ; under this temperature, with the moisture at present in the soil, vegetation will come forward with vigour, and a favourable change is already visible. Wheat on carse lands looks well; on light lands the plants are strong, but stand thin and unequal. Oats, in general, look well, and barley has for the most part resumed a fresh colour; pease improve, and promise a lengthened culm; beans appear vigorous; potatoes are looking up; clover improves, but, in general, the hay crop will be light. Farm labour is in a forward state on clays: fallow ground is still too wet for the plough: in friable loams, turnip-sowing has commenced, and the soil is in excellent condition for producing a braird. A spirit of improvement is more manifest than for some years past, as may be seen by the quantities of lime already spread on potatoe and turnip grounds. In the corn and cattle-markets there has been no material alteration since our last.

Perthshire, 13th June 1825.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1825.	Wheat.			Barley.			Oats.			Pease.			Quar. Loaf.		Potat. p-peckl.		1825.	Oatmeal.			B.&P. Meal.		
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.															Bls.	Peck.		Bls.	Peck.	
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
May 25	539	35 6 30 0	16 0	29 0 35 0	17 0 24 0	17 0 21 0	0 11	1 0	0 11	1 0	0 11	1 0	0 11	1 0	0 11	1 0	May 25	384	1 4	52	1 7	1 7	1 7
June 1	854	32 0 30 0	15 4	28 0 32 0	18 0 24 6	19 0 21 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	June 1	300	1 4	63	1 7	1 7	1 7
June 8	549	33 0 38 6	15 10	28 0 32 6	18 0 22 0	19 0 21 6	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	June 8	476	1 4	65	1 7	1 7	1 7
June 15	501	34 6 38 0	16 10	30 0 33 0	19 0 21 6	20 0 22 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	0 10	1 0	June 15	408	1 5	65	1 7	1 7	1 7

Glasgow.

1825.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.			Barley, 320 lbs.			Bns. & Pe.			Oatmeal, 140 lbs.			Flour, 280 lbs.		
	Dantac.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	Scottish.	Irish.	Scotts.	Scil. Meas.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
May 19	—	—	—	31 0 35 0	19 0 21 0	—	—	27 32	32 0 34 0	21 0 22 6	18 6 21 4	51	—	—	—	—	—	—
May 26	—	—	—	31 0 34 6	18 6 20 9	—	—	27 31	32 0 31 0	21 0 22 6	18 6 21 4	51	—	—	—	—	—	—
June 2	—	—	—	31 0 35 0	18 6 20 9	—	—	27 31	32 0 31 0	21 0 22 6	17 6 20 0	51	—	—	—	—	—	—
June 9	—	—	—	31 0 35 0	18 6 20 9	—	—	27 31	32 0 31 0	21 0 22 6	17 6 20 0	51	—	—	—	—	—	—

Haddington.

1825.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1825.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
May 20	49	29 0 36 6	33 7	21 0 30 0	16 0 21 6	16 20 0	16 0 20 0	May 22	17 6	15 0
May 27	345	30 0 37 0	34 11	25 0 31 0	17 0 22 6	16 20 0	16 0 20 0	May 30	18 0	19 0
June 3	373	29 0 37 0	35 4	26 0 30 0	17 0 22 6	17 24 0	17 0 21 6	June 6	18 6	19 0
June 10	461	32 0 37 6	35 7	28 0 31 0	17 0 24 6	17 21 6	17 0 21 0	June 13	18 0	19 6

London.

1925.	Wheat.		Rye.	Barley.	Oats.			Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb		Quar Loaf											
	per. qr.				Fd & Pot.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.													
May 23	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.											
	50	75	34	36	30	74	20	27	31	41	47	33	37	42	48	33	37	42	48	33	37	42	48	33	37
May 30	50	75	34	37	30	40	20	27	32	41	48	33	37	42	48	33	37	42	48	33	37	42	48	33	37
June 6	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.											
	52	78	34	38	31	40	20	27	32	41	48	33	38	42	48	33	38	42	48	33	38	42	48	33	38
June 13	52	78	34	38	30	40	20	27	32	41	48	33	37	42	48	33	37	42	48	33	37	42	48	33	37

Liverpool.

1825.	Wheat. 70 lb.				Oats. 45 lb.				Barley. 60 lb.				Rye, per qr.		Beans, per qr.		Pease, per qr.		Flour.						Oatm 240 lb			
																			Eng. 240 lb.		Irish.		Amer. 196 lb.		Engl		Scot	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
May 17	4	6	10	9	2	9	5	9	4	9	6	3	35	38	40	44	34	56	16	55	46	54	20	27	31	34	30	74
24	4	6	10	6	2	6	3	8	4	9	6	0	35	40	36	44	34	56	18	54	46	53	20	27	31	34	30	74
31	4	6	10	6	2	4	3	8	4	9	6	0	35	40	36	44	34	56	18	54	46	53	20	27	31	34	30	74
June 7	4	6	10	9	2	4	3	6	4	9	6	0	35	40	36	44	34	56	18	54	46	53	20	27	30	34	30	74

England & Wales.

1825.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Benns.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May 14	69	2 35 9	56 10	24 5	37 7	37 9	—
May 21	69	8 11 9	36 0	21 0	38 2	37 8	—
May 28	67	10 38 5	33 0	24 7	68 0	39 6	—
June 4	67	8 58 0	35 6	24 8	37 9	38 11	—

FIAR PRICES IN SCOTLAND, CROP 1824.

ABERDEENSHIRE—Oatmeal, eight stone weight, 2s—Bain, or marked, Bear, Aberdeen measure, without fodder, 1s 8d—Ditto ditto with fodder, 2s 8d—Barley, Aberdeen measure, without fodder, 2s—Ditto ditto, with fodder, 3s—Oats, first quality, without fodder, 1s 6d—Ditto ditto, with fodder, 2s 6d—Oats, second quality, without fodder, 1s 6d—Ditto ditto, with fodder, 2s 6d—Malt, (duty included,) 4s—Pease, 1s—Wheat, without fodder, 2s 6d—Ditto, with fodder, 3s 6d—(Three last, Linlithgow measure.)

BANFFSHIRE—Wheat, 2s—Potatoe Oats, with fodder, 2s (d—Ditto, without ditto, 1s 6d—Common Oats, with fodder, 1s 6d—Ditto, without ditto, 1s 6d—Barley, with fodder, 2s—Ditto, without ditto, 2s—Best Bear, or Big, with fodder, 2s—Ditto, without ditto, 2s—Second Bear, with fodder, 2s 6d—Ditto, without ditto, 1s 6d—Oatmeal, eight stone per bushel, 1s 6d—Pease and Beans, 1s 6d—Rye and second Oats, (no evidence adduced.)

BERWICKSHIRE—Wheat, 2s boll, 2s 10d—Morse Barley, 2s 6d—Lammermuir Barley, 2s 9d—Rough Bear, 2s—Morse Oats, 1s 9d—Lammermuir Oats, 1s 1d—Pease, 1s 8d—Oatmeal, eight stone 2s boll, 1s 9d.

CLACKMANNANSHIRE—Wheat 3s—Kerse Barley, 3s 6d—Dryfield ditto, 3s—Moonland ditto, 2s 6d—Oatmeal, 1s 6d—Kerse Oats, 1s 4d—Dryfield ditto, 1s—Beans, 1s 5d—Malt, 4s—Potatoes, 6s.

DUMFRIESSHIRE—Wheat, 7s 6d—Barley, 1s 1d—Potatoe Oats, 2s 8d—Common Oats, 2s 4d—Malt, 9s 6d 2s Winchester bushel—Oatmeal, 2s 6d.

EDINBURGHSHIRE—Best Wheat, 2s boll, 3s 1d—second ditto, 3s—Best Barley, 3s—second ditto, 2s—Third ditto, 2s—Best Oats, 1s 10d—second ditto, 1s—Best Oatmeal, 1s—Pease and Beans, 1s 1d

FIFE SHIRE—White Wheat, 3s 1d—Red Wheat, 2s 4d—Barley, 2s—Bear, 2s—Malt, 1s—Meal, by weight, 1s 6d—Meal, by measure, 1s 6d—Pease and Beans, 1s 10d—Rye, 1s 4d—Malt, 1s 6d.

FORTHSHIRE—Wheat 3s 5d—Barley, 1s 8d—Potatoe Oats, 1s 2d—Common Oats, 1s 1d—Oatmeal, 1s 6d—Pease and Beans, 1s 1d

GADDINGTONSHIRE—Wheat, first 5s 6d, second, 5s 7d, third, 2s 10d—Barley, 3s 10d, second, 2s 2d, third, 2s 1d—Oats, 1s 1d, second, 1s 9d, third, 1s 4d—Pease, 1s 2d, second, 1s 8d, third, 1s 8d.

INVERNESSSHIRE—Wheat, 2s boll, three firlofs of the county measure, 3s 6d, 3s—Ditto, with fodder, 5s—Oatmeal, 9 stone, 20s—White Oats, 5 firlofs, 2s—Ditto, with fodder, 2s—Black Black Oats, 5 firlofs, 12s—Ditto, with fodder, 1s—Meal, the produce of Black Oats, 19s—Barley, 4 firlofs, 2s—Ditto, with fodder, 3s 6d—Scotch Bar, or Bigg, 2s—Ditto, with fodder, 2s 6d—Pease, same measure as Wheat, 20s—Ditto, with fodder, 2s—Rye, same measure, 20s.

KINCARDINESHIRE—Oatmeal, 1s 2d—White Oats, without fodder, 1s 5d—Ditto, with fodder, 1s 11d—Potatoe Oats, without fodder, 1s 9d—Ditto, with fodder, 2s 3d—Bear, without fodder, 2s—Ditto, with fodder, 2s 3d—Pease, without fodder, 1s 10d—Ditto, with fodder, (no evidence)—Barley, without fodder, 2s 10d—Ditto, with fodder, 3s 4d—Wheat, without fodder, 3s 3d—Ditto, with fodder, 3s 3d—Beans, without fodder, 1s—Ditto, with fodder, (no evidence)

KINROSSSHIRE—Wheat, 3s 6d—Best Bear, 2s, second ditto, 2s—Best White Oats, 1s 2d, second ditto, 1s—Best Black Oats, 1s, second ditto, 1s—Oatmeal, 1s 1d—Pease and Beans, 1s 6d—Malt, 4s.

STEWARTRY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT—Common Oats, 2s 5d 2s bushel, or 2s 7d 2s boll—Potatoe ditto, 1s 8d ditto, or 2s 4d ditto—Bear, 3s 9d ditto, or 4s 4d ditto—Barley, 4s 6d ditto, or 5s 1d ditto—Oatmeal, 2s 2s stone, or 3s 3d ditto—Wheat, 7s 4d 2s bushel.

LANARKSHIRE—Best sort of Wheat, 3s 8d 2s boll, second sort, 2s 6d—Best sort of Barley, 3s 8d, second sort, 2s 10d, third sort, 2s 2d—Best sort of Bear, 2s 5d, second sort, 2s—Best sort of Oats, (seed excepted,) 1s, second sort, 1s 1d—Best sort of Oatmeal, 1s 2d, second sort, 1s 9d—Best sort of Pease, 20s.

MORAYSHIRE—Wheat, 2s boll, 2s 6d—Barley, or Bear, 2s—Oats of five firlofs, 20s—Oatmeal, nine stone, 20s—Oatmeal, eight stone, 1s 9d—Pease, 2s boll, 2s—Beans, 2s—Rye, 20s.

PERTHSHIRE—Wheat, best, 3s—second ditto, 2s 6d—Barley, best, 2s 6d; second ditto, 2s—Oats, best, 1s 9d, second, 1s—Pease, 1s—Rye, 1s—Meal, by weight, 1s 9d—Ditto, by measure, 1s 9d.

PERTHSHIRE—Wheat, first rate, 3s 8d—Medium, 3s 5d—Oats, first rate, 1s 5d; Medium, 1s 1d—Bear & Barley, first rate, 2s 11d; Medium, 2s 5d; third rate, 2s—Beans & Pease, first rate, 2s 1d; Medium, 2s 11d—Oatmeal, first rate, 1s 6d.

ROSSSHIRE—Wheat, 3s 2d—Barley, first, 2s 9d, second, 2s—Oatmeal, nine stone, 20s 6d—Oats, first, four firlofs, 1s; second, ditto, 1s 5d—Beans and Pease, 20s—Barley meal, 1s.

ROXBURGHSHIRE—Wheat, 3s 1d—Pease, 2s 4d—Barley, 5s 9d—Oats, 20s 7d—all by the Tivendale Ball—Oatmeal, by the load of sixteen stons, 3s.

SCLKIRKSHIRE—Linlithgow Boll—Common Oats, 1s 2d—Potatoe Oats, 1s 2d—Meal, 2s boll of eight stone, 1s 7d—Bull, 2s—Rough Bear, or Big, (no ev)—Pease, 1s 4d—Wheat, 2s 2d

STIRLINGSHIRE—Wheat, 3s 6d—Kerse Barley, 1s—Dryfield ditto, 3s—Malt, 4s—Beans and Pease, 1s 6d—Kerse Oats, 1s 6d—Dryfield ditto, 1s 6d—Oatmeal, 1s 6d—Munland Oats, 1s.

SUTHURLANDSHIRE—Wheat, 2s boll, 3s—Barley 2s—Bear, 2s—Pease, 2s—Beans, 2s—Oats, Potatoes, 20s—Oats, Dun, 16s—Oatmeal, 8j stone Dutch, 20s.

WIGTONSHIRE—Oatmeal, weighing 280 lbs. avoirdupois, 7s 6d 2s boll or quarter, or 2s 4d 2s bushel or stone—Barley, 2s (allow 2s boll, 7s 6d ditto, or 4s 1d ditto—Bear 2s ditto, 10s 9d ditto, or 4s 2d—Malt, 2s ditto, 9s ditto, or 7s 6d ditto—Potatoe Oats, 2s ditto, 3s 6d ditto, or 2s 7d ditto—second ditto, (no evidence)—Common ditto, 2s ditto, 2s ditto, or 2s 4d ditto—second ditto, (no evidence)—Rye, 2s ditto, 3s 7d ditto, or 4s 5d ditto—Wheat, 2s quarter of eight W. meal bush 5s 6d ditto, or 7s 2d—second ditto, 2s ditto, 5s bushel—Beans, 2s ditto, 10s ditto, or 5s ditto—Pease, 2s ditto, 40s ditto, or 7d ditto—Potatoes, 2s boll of 16 bushels, 9s

Course of Exchange, London, June 14.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 36 : 10. Altona, 36 : 11. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 20. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 151. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 50. Genoa, 45½. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 48. Dublin, 9½. Cork, 9½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3:17:10.—New Doubleloons, £0:0:0.—New Dollars, 4s. 11½d.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s. 0½d.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d.—Hamburg, 9s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 15s. 9d. a 20s.—Jamaica, 25s. a 30s.—Home, 35s. a 40s.—Greenland, out and home, a gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from May 18, to June 8, 1825.

	May 18.	May 25.	June 1.	June 8
Bank Stock.....	229	227½	227½	231½
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	89½	—	89½	90½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	90	—	90½	—
3½ ½ cent. do.....	97	96½	97½	97½
4 ½ cent. do.....	104½	104½	104½	—
Ditto New do.....	—	—	—	—
India Stock.....	—	277½	227½	49
— Bonds.....	60	51	54	29
Exchequer bills.....	44	30	34	91½
Consols for account.....	90	89½	90½	—
French 5 ½ cents.....	74 fr. 25c.	101fr.—c	100fr.—	101fr.—c

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 22d of April and the 19th of May 1825: extracted from the London Gazette.

Alexander, W. Bath, hatter.
 Anderson, W. Wotton Underedge, clothier.
 Bally, J. Bristol, merchant.
 Barnett, C. Waterhead mill, near Oldham, cotton-spinner.
 Boddington, T. and J. Olond, Gloucester, brown-stone, ware potters.
 Boorer, T. Sutton, Surrey, horse dealer.
 Boulbee, E. Liverpool, merchant.
 Downen, G. Bristol, oil and colourman.
 Erdgman, J. Hereford, coin dealer.
 Browne, W. H. Hemmington road, merchant.
 Brownley, P. Poland street, tailor.
 Brown, H. T. Wickham, cabinet maker.
 Brown, S. Oxford street, cheesemonger.
 Burgess, G. Chatham, baker.
 Burn, J. Manchester, cotton merchant.
 Campbell, C. Liverpool, merchant.
 Carter, J. Hanover street, milliner.
 Chamberlain, W. Bath, corn dealer and hotel-keeper.
 Chambers, T. Fenchurch street, land-wareman.
 Chave, W. Bristol, provision merchant.
 Chawner, R. Hanbury, Stafford, brick-maker.
 Clay, W. Culmum street, flour factor.
 Coates, S. Palace ul, plumber and glazier.
 Crane, R. Liverpool, tailor.
 Crockett, C. and T. Wilkie, Lawrence Poutney-place, merchants.
 Crowther, T. Huddersfield, manufacturer.
 Dare, G. Liverpool, grocer.
 Davidson, J. Gutter lane, warehouseman.
 Dietrichsen, F. Newman street, woollen draper.
 Dixon, T. Clithorne, Lancaster, corn-merchant.
 Dryden, R. Newcastle on Tyne, common-brewer.
 Durrant, J. T. Lambeth road, victualler.
 Edmans, J. Warwick-lane, cheesemonger.
 Edmond, J. Sze lane, warehouseman.
 Escott, H. Dunster, Somerset, maltster.
 Fitzpatrick, C. G. Great Guildford street, grocer.
 Foulkes, J. Wood street, tea-dealer.
 Fox, F. Liverpool, surgeon.
 Frearson, M. and J. Gordon, Holborn, linen drapers.
 Fuller, R. Reigate, shopkeeper.
 Gardie, L. Regent street, jeweller.
 Gough, J. Dursley, linen draper.

Griffiths, W. H. Lime street, wine merchant.
 Halford, R. Old street, jeweller.
 Hancock, R. Xenbury, Hereford, dealer in hor
 Hauling, F. Portland street, Brighton, brazier.
 Helt, G. Deptford, and W. Pitcock, Dartford, brewers.
 Haswell, J. F. Curtain road, horse dealer.
 Hanson, S. Brownlow street, tailor.
 Hoatson, S. and J. Halifax, iron founders.
 Hodgson, S. Halifax, iron founder.
 Hollins, J. Aldwick, iron founder.
 Hurd, B. Charlotte street, Blackfriars-road, dealer.
 Jones, W. Wormwood street, corn and coal merchant.
 Lloyd, T. H. Wood street, Cheapside, warehouseman.
 Lloyd, T. Winstanslow, Salop, timber merchant.
 McKinnon, T. Wapping, High street, oilman.
 Martyr, T. F. Carshelton, corn and coal merchant.
 Mathews, R. Watling street, warehouseman.
 Meads, G. Bath, horse dealer.
 Milne, J. Liverpool, tavern keeper.
 Moore, J. Manchester, corn-dealer.
 Morris, T. Blackwall, carpenter.
 Moss, A. Shadwell, slopseller.
 Morgan, T. L. Bristol, mason.
 Parfitt, T. Bristol, cabinet-maker.
 Pavy, J. St. James, draper.
 Payne, J. Wilmouth, linen-draper.
 Pettifer, H. High-Holborn, cheesemonger.
 Phillips, J. Dorsetdown, cheesemonger.
 Phillips, W. R. Bingham-wood, Herts, horse dealer.
 Quinlan, J. T. and J. T. Stokes, St. George, H. Dover square, dyers.
 Quirk, W. Liverpool, ale and beer brewer.
 Ramsbotham, C. W. Clement's lane, merchant.
 Rayner, J. City road, grocer.
 Richardson, P. J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Richmond, R. Leicester, woollen-draper.
 Ridgway, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.
 Robertson, J. Red Lion street, Clerkenwell, jeweller.
 Roper, P. Haymarket, hosier.
 Sawyer, G. Wynyard street, Goswell-street, dealer in lace.
 Shannon, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Shave, C. St. Peters, Worcester, cyder merchant.

Sheppard, C. Lambeth, leather-dresser.
 Shields, J. Lambeth, wire-worker.
 Skang, J. Leeds, draper.
 Smith, C. builder, East street, Waltham.
 Smith, G. Newcastle upon Tyne, victualler.
 Smith, R. Northampton, lace dealer.
 Somerville, W. Liverpool, victualler.
 St. Alban, W. Warrington, Lancashire, music seller.
 Stanton, J. Worcester, coal and timber merchant.
 Sunchcomb, A. Oldbury on the hill, Gloucester, maltster.
 Taylor, J. Little Pulteney street, chessmonger.
 Thatcher, J. Stockport, saddler.

Uphill, R. West-Lydford, Somerset, apothecary.
 Vandermoelen, V. L. Hound-ditch, watchhouse-man.
 Wakeford, J. W. Bolton le Moors, linen draper.
 Warwick, J. Austin friars, wine-merchant.
 Wells, G. Oxford street, trunk maker.
 Wilford, E. Bolton, corn factor.
 Wilkinson, W. Ulverston, Lancaster, merchant.
 Wills, J. Queen Ann street, boot-maker.
 Wilson, T. Edgeware-road, shop-keeper.
 Wood, T. Bilson, Stafford, ironmonger.
 Woods, G. Stowmarket, corn merchant.
 Wright, W. C. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
 Young, J. Austin friars, merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS. announced May 1825; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Forrie, William, distiller at Ormiston.
 Galloway, John, builder in Leith.
 Ross, Andrew, merchant and grocer in Tain.
 Stevenson, John & Son, dyers and calico-printers, Hutchinsontown, Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Bell, James, fish merchant, Perth; by R. Bunt, merchant there.
 Brown, George, (the firm of) distillers at Rutherglen Bridge; by R. Laurie, merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Giant, Lewis, bookseller, Inverness; by R. B. Lusk, bookseller there.
 Hynd, John, merchant, &c. in Greenock; by Alexander Murdoch, town clerk's office, Yvr.
 Hunter, Duncan, London, and Alexander Hunter, Glasgow, merchants; by J. Falconer, writer, Glasgow.
 King, George H. late merchant in Glasgow; by John Eadie, accountant there.
 Leva h, George, late merchant, Thurso; by G. Dunnet there.
 Lure, J. J. merchant in Greenock; by J. Fraser merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1824. Aug. 21. At the Government House, near Parramatta, New South Wales, the Lady of his Excellency Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane Macdougall, K.C.B. a son and heir.

1825. March 17. At Gibraltar, the Lady of Major Hill Dickson, 61th regiment, a daughter.

April 16. At Warkton, the Lady of the Rev. David Wauchope, a son.

23. At 5, Bernard Row, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Mrs Macfarlan, a son.

— In Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Parsons, a daughter.

29. At George's Place, Leith Walk, Mrs W. B. McKean, a son.

27. At his house, 96, Great Russell Street, London, the Lady of James Loch, Esq. a son.

— Mrs W. Nicholson, 29, Castle Street, Edinburgh, a son.

20. At No. 5, Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Crawford of Cartburn, a daughter.

— At 16, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mrs John Tod, a daughter.

— At Venlaw, Mrs William Campbell, a daughter.

May 1. At Cumbernauld House, the Hon. Mrs Fleming, a daughter.

— At Lochnew Castle, Lady Agnew, a daughter.

2. Mrs Dundas of Armlston, a son.

1. At Manchester, the Lady of Sir Alexander Don of Newton, Bart. M. P. a son and heir.

— At Walton Park, Mrs Major Campbell, a daughter.

5. At Edinburgh, the Lady of H. Stopford Nixon, Esq. R. N. a son.

— At Kelvin Grove, Mrs Buchanan, Auchin- torry, a daughter.

6. At 26, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, the Marquis de Riaro Morza, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of Robert Eckford, Esq. superintending surgeon, Bombay medical Establishment, a son, still-born.

5. At Drumsheugh, the Lady of Adam Hay, Esq. a son.

— At Calais, the Lady of Robert Gun, of Mount Kennedy, Esq. a daughter.

4. At 3, Dundas Street, Edinburgh; Mrs Mac- lund, a son.

10. Mrs Robert Cadell; 151, George Street, Edinburgh, a son.

12. At Canon Hall, the Lady of Major Dun- la, a daughter.

May 13. At Melville House, the Countess of Leven and Melville, a daughter.

16. At Drummohill, the Lady of Captain D. Macpherson, a daughter.

— Mrs Irvine, Northumberland Street, Edin- burgh, a daughter.

— At Garscube, the Lady of John Campbell, Esq. a son.

17. At Houston, the Lady of Major Sharp, younger of Houston, a daughter.

21. The Marchioness of Anglesea, a daughter.

22. Mrs Dickson, West Kirk Maise, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Pirig-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Moule, a son.

— At Muscuburgh, Mrs Langhorne, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1824. June 16. At Baulcah, Bengal, George Gordon Macpherson, Esq. of the Bengal Medical establishment, to Maria, daughter of T. Dawney, Esq. Buckinghamshire.

July 29. At Van Diemen's Land, Newman Wil- hite, Esq. of Glen Neilson, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr James Fowry, of Cambusbarren, in Shirlingshire.

1825. March 1. At Rio de Janeiro, John L. Mac- farquhar, Esq. to Catherine, daughter of the Rev. John Dampier, rector of Colford, Dorset, and Langton, Thatchraver, Wilt.

April 25. At Muirburn, Glasgow, William Douglass, Esq. merchant, Demerara, to Janet, second daughter of James Aston, Esq. of Muir- burn.

— At Edinburgh, James Bennett, Esq. writer, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr Wil- liam McKimmie, Elgin.

— Mr David Ferguson, merchant, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Hume, merchant, Glasgow.

26. At Glasgow, Alexander Haig, Esq. of Loch- rin, to Miss Berry, daughter of John Barry, Esq. of Moore Place, Glasgow.

— At the manse of Old Kilpatrick, Thomas Thomson, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. William Macintyre.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Nathaniel Morien, West Chapel, Greenock, to Mary, daughter of Alexander Shand, Esq. advocate.

— At the parish church of Warton, near Wee- don, Northamptonshire, Lieut. Colonel Henry

Hely Hutchinson, second son of the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, and nephew of the Earl of Donmore, and Lord Hutchinson, to the Hon. Mrs. Frederick North Douglas.

April 27. At Glasgow, John Crooks, Esq., to Helen Metta, daughter of Samuel Cooper, Esq. of Ballinacalloh.

— At Raddert House, Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of Ord, to Miss Anna Watson Fowler, daughter of James Fowler Esq. of Raddert.

— At Hawick, the Rev. Charles Thomson, minister of the Scottish Church, North Shields, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Ballantyne, merchant, Hawick.

28. At Campbellton, Capt. James Coutts Crawford, of the R. N. to Miss Helen Campbell, third daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. of Kildallog, Argyleshire.

29. At Raemore House, William Gordon, Esq. Lieutenant Colonel of the Aberdeenshire local militia, eldest son of Lieutenant General Gordon Cumming Skene, of Pittburgh and Dyce, to Ann, daughter of the late Alexander Brebner, Esq. of Lairney.

30. At Edinburgh, Thomas Knatchbull, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, son of the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. of Mersham Hatch, in the county of Kent, to Jane, second daughter of Sir John (now Sir) Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.

— At Garbith, Alexander Macpherson, Esq. surgeon, Milford Cottage, Aberlour, to Annie, youngest daughter of the late George Grant, Esq. Drumturrock.

May 1. At Cheltenham, Charles Brodrie, Esq. nephew of Lord Viscount Middleton, and eldest son of the late Archbishop of Cashel, to the Hon. Emma Stapleton, third daughter of Lord Le Despencer.

6. At Milton, the Rev. Peter Steele, 13, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, to Eliza, eldest daughter of James Paddy, Esq. architect.

7. At Mary le Bonne Church, London, James Grant Duff, Esq. of Eden, Aberdeenshire, Captain in the Bombay army, to Jane, only daughter of Whitelaw Ainslie, M.D. late of Madras.

8. At Chatterfat, Mr. Wiler Symington, merchant, Paisley, to Lillias, daughter of Robert Stevenson, Esq. of Chatterfat.

11. At London, Sir William Fouth, Bart. of Ingieby Manor, Yorkshir, to Mary Jane, second daughter of the late General Sir Charles Ross, Bart. of Balmagown, and of Lady Mary Ross, and niece to the Duke of Leinster, who gave away the bride.

11. At Stonehaven, Mr. David Fairweather, merchant, to Miss Helen Nicolson, of that place.

17. At Edinburgh, Robert Mackay, Esq. Jane field Place, Leith, to Mary, second daughter of Robert Brown, Esq. of Newhall.

23. Captain Forbes, 78th regiment, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late John Urquhart, Esq. of Crugston.

24. George Home Simpson, Esq. merchant, London, to Isabella, youngest daughter of John Turnbull, L. q. Peebles.

DEATHS.

1824 June 25. At Ponny, Miss Priscilla MacGachen, daughter of the late Robert MacGachen, Esq., and grand daughter of the deceased Captain Robert MacGachen of Dalquhlan, in the county of Dumfries.

Aug. 15. At Calcutta, Wm. Paton, Esq. Member of the Board of Revenue there.

Oct. 20. At Secunderabad, Euphemia Tod, eldest daughter of Captain Wright, 40th regiment Madras, N. I.

30. At Belise, Honduras, John Thornton, Esq. surgeon.

Nov. 23. In Assam, Charles Stuart, Esq. assistant surgeon of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, third son of the late John Stuart, L. q. of Overtown.

27. At Trincomopoly, William Gordon Cumming Dunear, Captain in the 5th regiment of Madras native cavalry, and fourth son of Sir Archibald Dunbar of Northfield, Bart.

Dec. 2. In the harbour at Bombay, Capt. Wallace, 1. Dunlop, of the 7th native infantry, second son of John Dunlop, Esq. of Ballinacalloh, and the fourth son he has lost since the month of August 1820, between the ages of 17 and 32.

9. At Rangoon, aged 32, James Walker, Esq. (third son of the late Francis Walker, Esq. of Tandilanc), Major of the third Regiment of Madras Native Infantry. Major Walker had been in India above twenty years, during which period he had been much engaged in active service. He was in the command of a brigade at Rangoon, and fell, at the head of his troops, in the hour of victory.

11. At Moonshehabad, William Loch, Esq. Resident at the Court of the Rajah of Bengal.

— In camp, of a wound he received on the 2d of that month, while gallantly volunteering his services with troops who attacked the insurgents, before the fort of Kuttore, in the Marattah Doab, of which country he officiated as chief collector and political agent, John Collins Munro, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, Madras establishment.

1825. Jan. 22. At Queenston, Upper Canada, Thomas Dickson, Esq.

April 4. At Summerfield, near Haddington, Robert Dodds, Esq.

6. At Hambahurg, Mrs. Stoddart, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Stoddart, merchant there.

11. At his father's house, Carnber, Wiltshire, Robert Heinderson, late student of divinity, Edinburgh.

15. At Bath, Mary, wife of Jas. Strachan, Esq.

21. At Brussels, aged 52, the Hon. Robert Anlev, many years his Majesty's consul at Antwerp, and next brother and heir presumptive to the Earl of Annesley.

22. At Lally's, county of Waterford, in consequence of a fall from his horse on the previous Wednesday, John Campbell, Esq. chief officer of police.

25. At Murrtoown, Miss Christian Baillie Duff, daughter of H. R. Duff, Esq. of Murrtoown, in the 18th year of her age.

— At Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Jane Drummond, wife of Lieutenant D. Macfarlan.

24. At Inshingow, Miss Andrew, sister of the late Provost Andrieu.

25. At Greenhill House, Dingwall, Ross shire, Rose, lady of Captain Munro, late of the 42d Royal Highlanders.

27. At Paris, M. Denon, so well known as the Director of the French Museum, and for his travels in Egypt. On coming away from the sale of the pictures of M. Laperriere, he was seized with violent pains in the stomach, against which the succour of art were of no avail. In fifteen hours he was no more. This short illness terminated a long life.

At Skene, in the 7th year of his age, George Skene, Esq. of Skene and Carsetone.

Later. Professor Picot, of Geneva. He was born in 1752, and succeeded the celebrated Savary in the chair of philosophy in 1786. He is well known to Europe.

At Rangoon, in the Burman empire, J. Spotswood Trotter, Esq. Captain in the 10th regiment of native infantry, and Commander of the force of Madras pioneers. After a service of 50 years in various countries of the East, and in many campaigns, in which he bore a distinguished part, this gallant officer fell a victim at last to fever, brought on by fatigue and over exertion in the late conflicts with the Burmese.

At Port Glasgow, John McMurtrie, Esq. Chief Magistrate.

At Tullyallan, the Hon. Mary Elphinstone, in her 86th year.

At her house, Penbedw, Flintshire, Mrs. Williams, widow of Major Williams, many years M.P. for Flintshire. Mrs. Williams, and her sister, Lady Cotton, were married on the same day, were widows in the same year, and died in the same week, in the same house.

At Rome, in her 48th year, the Princess Borghese, formerly Paulina Buonaparte, the favourite sister of Napoleon, after a long and severe illness.

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